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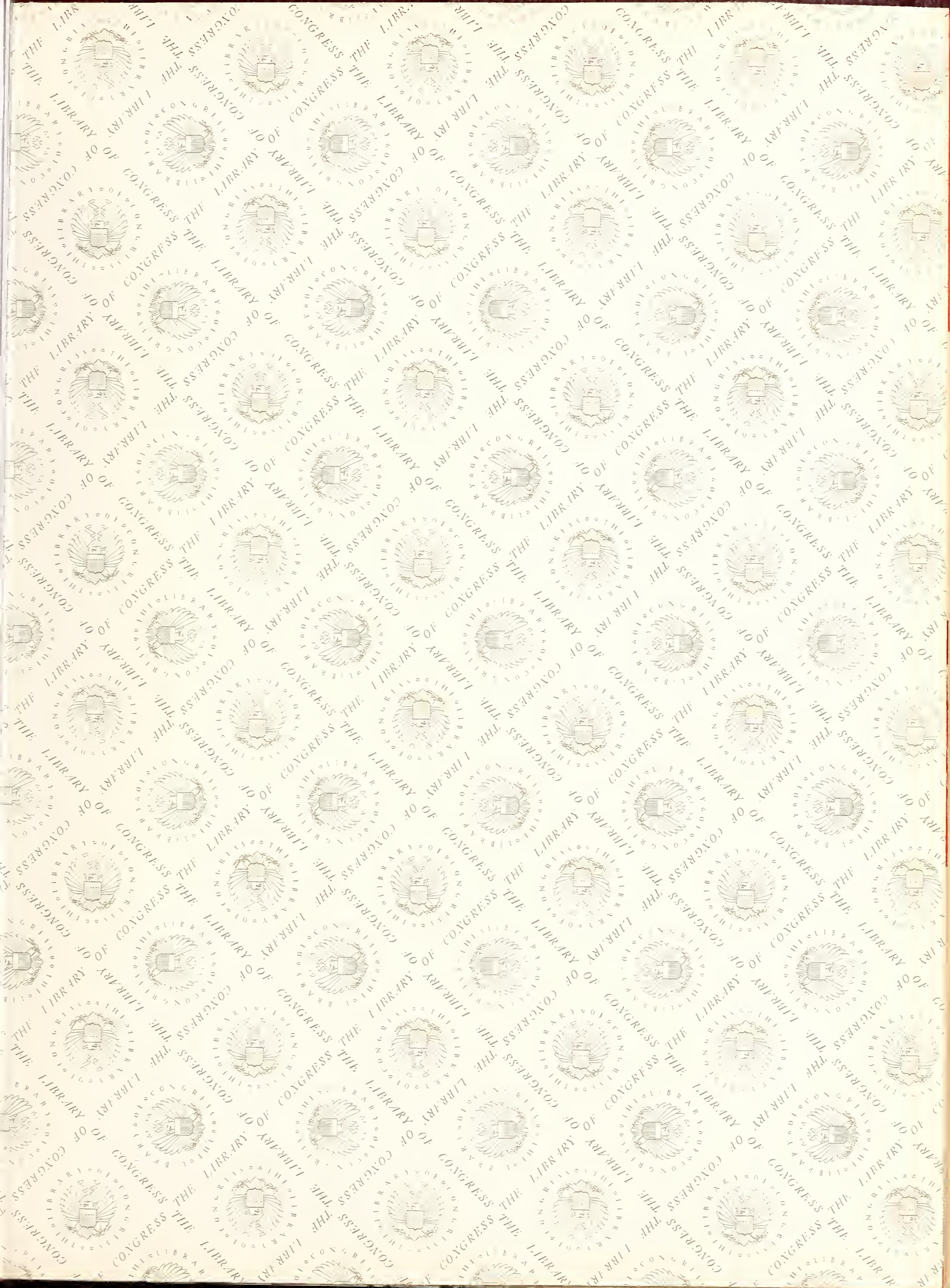

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Modern Screen

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special issue

1945 POLL WINNERS!

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No Other Shampo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action
will make your hair look so lovely!
Drene your hair and bring out all its gleaming beauty,
as much as 33% more lustre than any soap.
Drene is not a soap shampoo.
It never leaves any dull, dingy film on hair, the way all soaps do.
Such manageable, satin-smooth hair, right after shampooing
. . . now that Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action.
Complete removal of unsightly dandruff too . . .
when you shampoo your hair this glamour way.
So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action,
or ask your beauty shop to use it.

• In Private Life, Lily often wears
shining example of a casual, soft hai
"Remember," says Lily, "the more si
your hair-do, the more importan
gleaming beauty." She knows that
Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditi
action will make her hair look so lo

Learn About Hair-dos From the Girls who Know

Lovely Lily Carlson, glamorous New York model, Cover Girl and Drene Girl . . . poses for many famous fashion photographs. She wears her Drene-lovely hair in many exciting styles.

In Front of the Camera, Lily chooses this center-part upsweep to go with the jersey dress by Joel. "See how my back hair is combed up into shining rolls. Twist strands of pearls around velvet ribbon for the matching comb and choker." That polished-smooth look of Lily's hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

"Finally got yourself a man, Honey?"

PN 1993
.M334

CUPID: What a couple! Coldest little romance since the Ice Age! Mister Frozen Face and Miss Poker Face! . . . Sis . . . don't you *ever* smile?

GIRL: Smile? *Me?* I–

CUPID: Marshmallow, don't you know that even plain girls get dates if they go around gleaming at people? Try it, Sis! You–

GIRL: Hold it, Little One. I can smile, yes. Gleam . . . No. Not with my dull teeth. I brush 'em like clockwork, but they just won't gleam.

CUPID: Hmmm. Any "pink" on your tooth brush lately?

NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

GIRL: But–

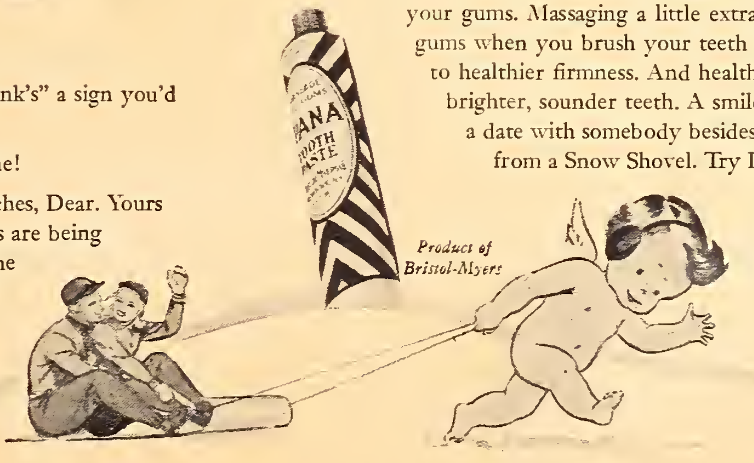
CUPID: "But," *nothing*, Baby! That "pink's" a sign you'd better *see your dentist!* And in a hurry!

GIRL: *Dentist?* I haven't got a toothache!

CUPID: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Dear. Yours might say that "pink's" a sign your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he might suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But what about my *smile?*

CUPID: Plenty, Precious. Because Ipana not only cleans your teeth. With massage, it's designed to help your gums. Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean brighter, sounder teeth. A smile that gets you a date with somebody besides that Fugitive from a Snow Shovel. Try Ipana, Angel, today.



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For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're embarrassed! Caught, as it were, with our paws down!

★ ★ ★ ★

Just when our Dictionary of Superlatives has disappeared, along come not *one*—but *two* magnificent M-G-M musicals ... "The Harvey Girls" (ahhhh!), and "Ziegfeld Follies" (more ahhhh!).

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Harvey Girls" is the romantic, wide, wild West—set to wonderful music—in Technicolor! And it stars our own honey-voiced, vivacious Judy Garland! It couldn't happen to a nicer picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Besides lassoing our heart with her grand portrayal of one of the adventurous Harvey Girls, Judy sings the nation's top tune, "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"!

★ ★ ★ ★

Supporting our scintillating Judy G. (for Glamorous, for Gorgeous, for Garland) is a swell cast of favorites, headed by John (handsome he-man) Hodiak, Ray Bolger, and Angela Lansbury. You'll love 'em all!

★ ★ ★ ★

Ten more top tunes, besides "Atchison", from the popular pens of Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren, earn "The Harvey Girls" a double-E award—for Excellent Entertainment! That goes, too, for the direction of George Sidney ("Anchors Aweigh") and the production of Arthur Freed ("Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Ziegfeld Follies"—see below!)

★ ★ ★ ★

Hold on to your heart...or you'll lose it to—"The Harvey Girls." As *we* did!

★ ★ ★ ★

And speaking of Girls leads us, naturally enough, to **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**, a huge, star-studded Technicolor spectacle. Only Vincente Minnelli could have directed, only Arthur Freed produced. And only M-G-M could have brought it to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Its roster of Stars reads like the Who's Who of Show Business from A to Ziegfeld: There's Fred Astaire, Lucille Ball, Lucille Bremer, Fanny Brice, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, Lena Horne, Gene Kelly, James Melton, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams and William Powell! If it's true that "Names make News"—here's *the* Movie News of the Month!

★ ★ ★ ★

Flo Ziegfeld would have been proud of "Ziegfeld Follies" on the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

One of the biggest follies would be your failure to attend.

—*Leo*

Let's Finish The Job! Buy Victory Loan Bonds at Your Movie Theatre

modern screen

STORIES

***ORCHIDS FROM UNCLE LOUIS**
You'd expect adoring females to rave over Van Johnson. But when Louis Mayer, his boss, joins the rooters—! 22

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There were blue lights for atmosphere, red roses for romance, a sweet-hot band for rhythm—and Van Johnson, June Haver, and Peter Lawford for glitter 24

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Beginning the story of a ba-a-ad boy, who fought with everybody until he learned he was his own worst enemy 32

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Frankly, Frankie was worried. Swooners he had. But who has to travel 15,000 miles to get booed by a mob of GIs! 40

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The other kids used to worship baseball kings and football stars. But Greg Peck's dad was hero enough for his son 42

***MY BUDDY by Claire Drake Kennedy**
They call him Tom Drake now, and he's pretty famous, but he'll always be just the kid, just "Buddy" to his adoring older sister . 46

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He was an English lad, y'know, this Peter Lawford—well brought up and "teddibly" correct. Until that certain Christmas 48

***THAT MAN OF MINE**
Dana Andrews couldn't believe his eyes when Mary fussed with an upsweep hairdo and mascara—and the stork 20 minutes away! 50

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He did one scene in "Since You Went Away" and the fan mail started pouring in. So Hedda Hopper's betting on your Guy 54

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COVER: June Allyson in M-G-M's "The Sailor Takes a Wife," Frank Sinatra in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh" and Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Easy To Wed." Cover and color portraits of Van Johnson, Peter Lawford and Guy Madison by Willinger.

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OH! THOSE HARVEY GIRLS..
They know the way to a man's heart!

See them woo the West from the wicked can-can dancing girls!

It's lovely, lyrical Judy and a gorgeous bevy of beauty...

It's M-G-M's musical romance of a bold and golden era in....

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M·G·M
presents

JUDY GARLAND

Hear Judy Garland singing some of the nation's top hit tunes including the sensational: *"On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"*.

in **"The HARVEY GIRLS"**

with

JOHN HODIAK · RAY BOLGER · ANGELA LANSBURY
and **PRESTON FOSTER · VIRGINIA O'BRIEN · KENNY BAKER**
MARJORIE MAIN · CHILL WILLS

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Nathaniel Curtis, Harry Crane, James O'Hanlon and Samson Raphaelson · Additional Dialogue by Kay Van Riper · Based on the Book by Samuel Hopkins Adams · Words and Music by JOHNNY MERCER and HARRY WARREN · Directed by George Sidney · Produced by Arthur Freed · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

It's new, thrilling . . . and so effective—
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FLOATING FACIAL*
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MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—
Remove one side of your make-up with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene-treated side. How clean the cotton stays! Then wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge from left-on dirt . . .

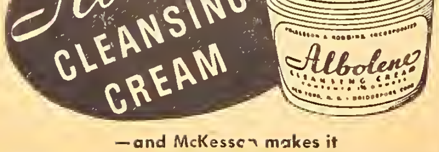
*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY

on application—and a cream must liquefy to float off beauty-blurring impurities gently, effectively

ONLY A CREAM specially made for super-cleansing can give your skin the beauty of a *Floating Facial*—a cream so light, so pure and crystal clear—a cream that literally *floats* away old make-up rubble, dirt, dust, grit and skin scales, even stubborn cake make-up, without irritating rubbing or tedious "double creaming." And Albolene *lubricates* as it cleanses—a "must" for dry, flaky skins.

This lovely, quick-liquefying cream tissues off so easily. *All*-cleansing—no fillers, chemicals—none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Leaves skin miraculously cool, soft, dewy-moist—immaculately *clean!* That's why new make-up on an Albolened skin can be such a freshly radiant base for clear, breath-taking make-up effects.

Thrill to a *Floating Facial* this very day. It's so modern, so effective! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction the cost. Sizes at 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and the big economy 16 oz. jar at $1.00.



—and McKesson makes it

They're doctors, both of them, Constance Peterson (Ingrid Bergmon) and the memory-clouded "J. B." (Gregory Peck). And they fall in love, desperately, but not before murder threatens. . . .

Fannie Hurst SELECTS "SPELLBOUN

■ "Spellbound," presented by David Selznick, produced by David Selzn directed by Alfred Hitchcock, is based on a novel by Francis Beeding. It picture that obviously takes itself quite seriously. It uses psychiatry and psy analysis as the background of the solution of a mystery story. This might be and good, but—well unfortunately, it isn't always well and good, althc "Spellbound" is by no means to be dismissed facetiously.

The unwary spectator who finds himself relaxed in the restful darkness of motion picture theater, is going to be let in for shock. In its early footage story gives no warning that psychoanalysis is going to get into its hair.

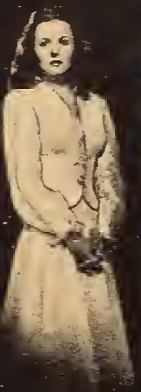
As a matter of fact, psychoanalysis has been relatively slow in creeping motion picture literature. I can think of only "Lady in the Dark." Compari are odious.

From this point on, it may be just as well not to probe too closely intc scientific authenticity of the story. We have the assurance that Alfred Hitch worked with an eminent English psychoanalyst.

Be that as it may.

Ben Hecht then proceeded to build the screen play (*Continue* pag

HERS
WAS THE
DEADLIEST
OF THE
SEVEN
DEADLY
SINS!



BEN AMES WILLIAMS'

Leave Her To Heaven

in TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

GENE TIERNEY · CORNEL WILDE · JEANNE CRAIN

WITH

VINCENT PRICE · MARY PHILIPS · RAY COLLINS · GENE LOCKHART · REED HADLEY · DARRYL HICKMAN · CHILL WILLS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL · Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER · Screen Play by Jo Swerling · Based on the Novel by Ben Ames Williams

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

active women have set their coifs with

Victory

HAIR AND BOBBIE* PINS

VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from page 6)

on the alleged psychiatric truths.

All this odor of Freud is rather subtly concealed as the story opens and for purposes of spectator enjoyment, I suppose it is none too fair to reveal the solution of the mystery.

The plot tells as spottily as it plays: The head of a psychiatric hospital, Dr. Murchison (Leo Carroll), is about to be replaced by a younger man, "J. B." (Gregory Peck). An expectant group, headed by Dr. Constance Peterson, awaits him. This latter role is played by a young lady sufficiently outstanding to save the rather preposterous climactic scene of the story.

Now is as good a moment as any to pause over Ingrid Bergman.

Here is an actress fairly new to Americans, but not so new that she could not have been caught in "the pattern." Miraculously, she has escaped it and goes on escaping it. Her calm beauty is unique, her talent a steady flame; her quality, chaste. She is a valuable and needed contribution to "Spellbound," and for that matter, to Hollywood.

Well, to get on with our story: No sooner does J. B. arrive on the scene, than we begin to sense rather uneasily, that stream-of-consciousness and stream-of-plot, are in for a tangle.

A brief while after the personable psychiatrist, Dr. Constance Peterson, lays beautiful eyes on J. B., they begin to widen in a kind of suspicion.

"Who are you?" she asks, in the key of saying: "You are something more than just the successor to Dr. Murchison."

From then on, J. B. (Gregory Peck), who it transpires, is suffering from amnesia, is suspected of crime, even murder.

By this time, Ingrid Bergman is in love with Peck. Then begins her struggle to save him from punishment for a crime she is desperately sure he has not committed. And now the murder mystery plot begins its tangle with stream-of-consciousness. The analysis of one of Peck's dreams is what ultimately leads to the solution.

It is not fair to a mystery story, which is none too fair to the spectator, to unfold it step-by-step. Rest content with the knowledge that the lovers wade through the impedimenta of plot and psychology in an effort to find one another.

Some of this complicated journey is made thoroughly delightful by the masterly performance of Michael Chekov in the role of Dr. Alex Rulov, also a psychiatrist. While his part in helping solve the mystery is more than a "bit," any single "bit" of his performance is sufficient reason for going to see "Spellbound."

The solution to J. B.'s amnesia comes to Ingrid as he whizzes down the flank of a snow-clad mountain. The spectator is to be forgiven if he feels that said young man is more concerned with keeping his balance than with apprehension as to what awaits him at the foot of the slide.

What awaits the audience, is the solution of the story.

It is to be hoped that the skiers did not find themselves as entangled, when they landed, as the plot finds itself entangled in neurosis, psychoanalysis, and a happy ending.

All of which is not to say that there are not various other happy aspects to this picture, besides the ending. Miss Ingrid is a happy aspect. Indeed, she is such a happy aspect, that she succeeds in making "Spellbound" a cinematic triumph.

FREE OFFER!

Want to take a chance on a good thing? We're giving away 500 DELL mags absolutely FREE to 500 of you who fill out the Questionnaire below and mail it to us no later than December 20. And just to disprove that old saw about the early bird, the first 500 are NOT necessarily the winners. So take your time, read through MODERN SCREEN carefully, and base each answer on your considered judgment. Then we'll put all your names in our trusty gold fish bowl and pull out 500 at random. You'll be helping us out and testing your "lucky streak" at the same time.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Orchids from Uncle Louis (Van Johnson) .... ☐
MODERN SCREEN Throws a Poll Party .... ☐
Bob Walker's Life Story (Part I) .... ☐
Fairy Tale for June (June Allyson) by Joe Pasternak .... ☐
You Know Me, Al, by Alan Ladd .. ☐
"Sad Sack" (Frank Sinatra) .... ☐
A Boy's Best Pal . . . (Gregory Peck) .... ☐
My Buddy (story on Tom Drake by his sister) .... ☐
A Christmas He'll Never Forget (Peter Lawford) .... ☐
That Man of Mine (Dana Andrews) ☐
Watch Guy Madison, by Hedda Hopper .... ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons .... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference..

....

....

....

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My address is.......................City........... Zone.... State......

I am.................. years old.

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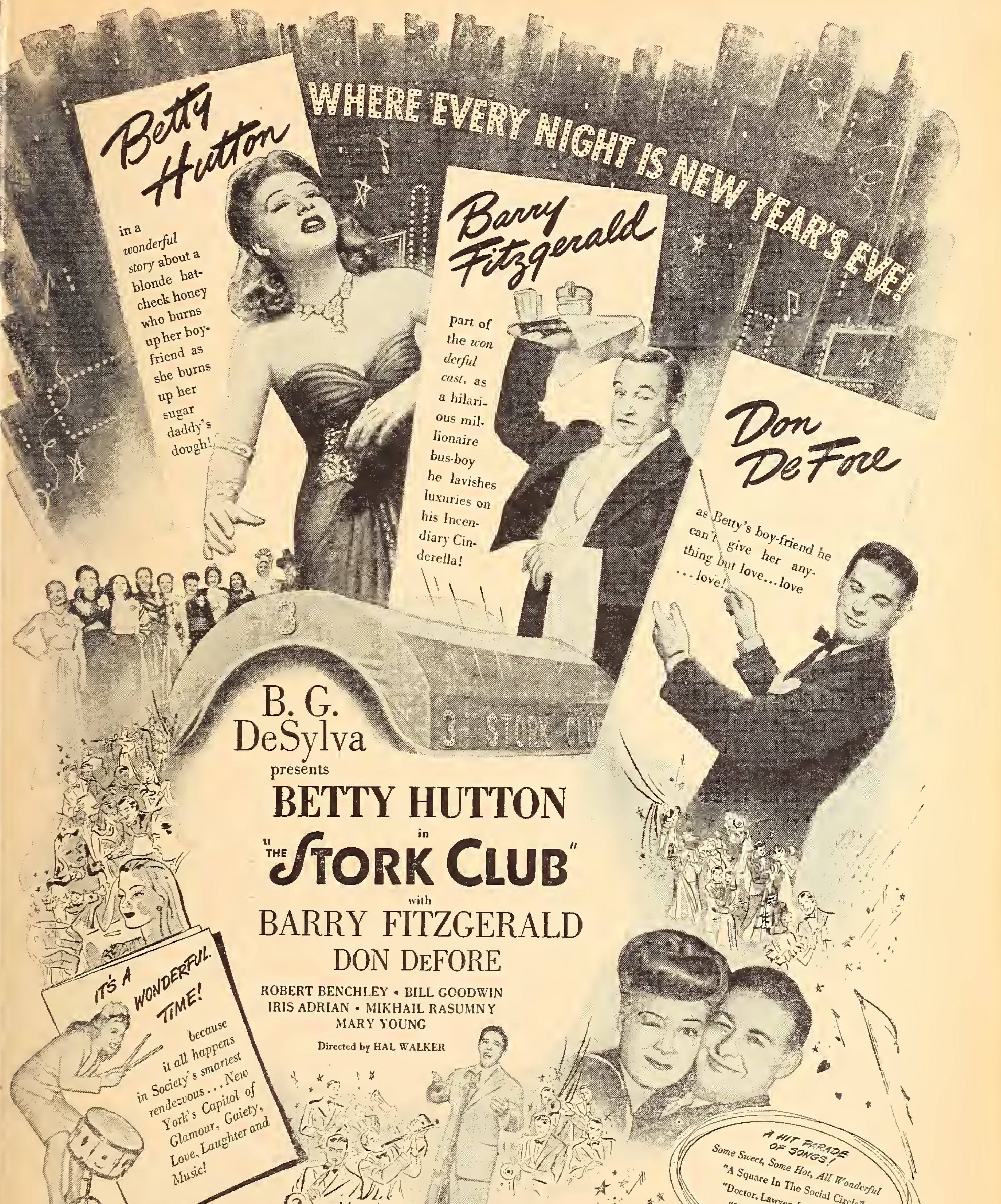

WHERE EVERY NIGHT IS NEW YEAR'S EVE!

Betty Hutton

in a *wonderful story* about a blonde hat-check honey who burns up her boy-friend as she burns up her sugar daddy's dough!

Barry Fitzgerald

part of the *wonderful cast*, as a hilarious millionaire bus-boy he lavishes luxuries on his Incendiary Cinderella!

Don DeFore

as Betty's boy-friend he can't give her anything but love... love ... love!

B. G. DeSylva
presents
BETTY HUTTON
in
"THE STORK CLUB"
with
BARRY FITZGERALD
DON DEFORE
ROBERT BENCHLEY • BILL GOODWIN
IRIS ADRIAN • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
MARY YOUNG
Directed by HAL WALKER

and Introducing
ANDY RUSSELL

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A HIT PARADE OF SONGS!
Some Sweet, Some Hot, All Wonderful
"A Square In The Social Circle"
"Doctor, Lawyer, Indian, Chief"
"If I Had A Dozen Hearts"
"Love Me"

A Paramount Picture

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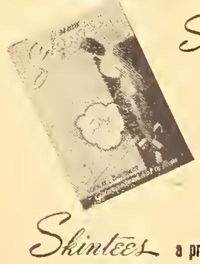
...the panty that
fits like your skin!

The Skintees girl always has that slim, smooth look because she buys her panties to fit her hips, Skintees of course, the only rayon-knit panty made in hip sizes. The correct size appears on the label sewn into Skintees ... and on the outside of the sanitary package.

Sylcraft UNDERGARMENTS



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by *Virginia Wilson*

MOVIE REVIEWS

Bells of St. Mary's

■ From the moment Bing Crosby walked on the screen as a priest in "Going My Way," it was inevitable that he would play the same role again. With Ingrid Bergman as his co-star, he has made a picture that has the same moving quality, the same delightful humor as its predecessor. There's one word that I think best describes "Bells Of St. Mary's." It's a *happy* picture.

Maybe you don't think of life in a Catholic school run by nuns as a very gay affair. But when you get a priest like Father O'Malley (Bing Crosby) and a Sister Superior like Sister Benedict (Ingrid Bergman) managing the school, things are bound to happen. The first day O'Malley arrives, he declares a holiday. Just like that, with no warning, no reason. The kids love it, but Sister Benedict shakes her head in distrust. That's no way to run a school. It doesn't make sense. Then O'Malley admits a girl to the school who has really no right to be there at all. She's a nice child, but her mother . . . well, O'Malley just shouldn't *do* the things he does! However, he keeps right on doing them.

The school is in a bad way, financially. It's overcrowded, and the building is so old it's falling apart. Right next door a fine new building is going up It's owned by Homer Bogardus (Henry Travers), who would like to buy the school, tear it down, and use the space for a parking lot. Father O'Malley looks at the new building reflectively. "If we could only get the old sinner to present it to us," he muses. Sister Benedict tells him that she and the other nuns are saying special prayers for that every day. O'Malley is all fo prayer, but he has a feeling that some concrete action (*Continued on page* 15

Sr. Benedict (I. Bergman) feels Fr. O'Malley (B. Crosby) is too easy on kids in their scho

WARNERS' ROMANTIC WOWER OF THE HOUR!

It's those 'Hollywood Canteen' honeys in a honey of a show from Warners!!!

JOAN LESLIE and ROBERT HUTTON

in

TOO YOUNG TO KNOW

—TOO WONDERFUL TO MISS!

The picture with the "Paper Moon" song hit

DIRECTED BY
FREDERICK deCORDOVA

PRODUCED BY
WILLIAM JACOBS

with DOLORES MORAN · HARRY DAVENPORT · ROSEMARY DeCAMP
SCREEN PLAY BY JO PAGANO · FROM A STORY BY HARLAN WARE

BAND OF THE YEAR • WOODY HERMAN

■ Okay, okay, so the year isn't quite over as these words go to press. But d'you think there's any reasonable doubt that our choice —mine and yours—for the band of the year can be anyone but Woody Herman?

Guess you don't need me to tell you, with enough evidence all around to build up a waterproof case. Woody's Saturday evening radio show—commercial, no less. Woody's phenomenal Columbia record sales. Woody's habit of drawing five-block crowds to the theaters. And, most of all, Woody's band.

Woody is the Bandleader of the Year no matter which way you look at it. Me, I've always claimed that if a band plays the best hot jazz, it plays the best sweet music, too—look at Duke Ellington. So Woody, too, gets it both ways.

All this excitement about Woody, I thought to myself the other day, seems to call for more than just the occasional plugs I've been giving him by reviewing his records every month. So, with large quantities of blank paper carefully folded away (don't believe what Al Delacorte told you about my making notes on odd scraps!) I hopped a train for Youngstown, Ohio, where the band (*Continued on page 18*)

Woody at 12, "The Boy Wonder of the Clarinet."

With Frances Wayne at their Sat. ABC air show.

He's the Christmas treat at N. Y.'s Paramount.

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"If you're ever in trouble — just dial "O"--- for O'Malley"

Bing—America's best beloved actor—is back again, as genial, lovable Father "Chuck" O'Malley—and right by his side, Incomparable Ingrid, the screen's finest actress—together in the kind of wonderful roles that top anything they've ever done for heart-appeal—for tears and laughter—for great and unforgettable story!—And when Bing and Bergman sing . . . the world's in tune!

Rainbow Productions, Inc. *Presents . . .*
ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS

BING CROSBY ⋆ INGRID BERGMAN

in LEO McCAREY'S

"The Bells of St. Mary's"

***with* HENRY TRAVERS · WILLIAM GARGAN**

Produced and Directed by **LEO McCAREY**

Screen Play by DUDLEY NICHOLS   *Story by* LEO McCAREY   *Released through* RKO-RADIO PICTURES, INC.

RKO RADIO PICTURES

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE—NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 10*)

on the side is indicated, too. Only how would you go about making a hard-headed, hard-hearted business man give a nice, shiny new building to the Church? Most people would say it couldn't be done, but that's not Father O'Malley's way. He begins with a very indirect approach indeed. Eventually it gets a lot more direct. And comes Christmas—but go and see for yourself what happens, and hear the sweetest Christmas music you've ever heard.

Ingrid Bergman is superb as Sister Benedict. There's one wonderful scene where she teaches a small boy how to box, that's worth the price of admission all by itself.—*RKO.*

SOME MUST WATCH

"Some Must Watch," adapted from the Ethel Lina White story, comes close to being the classic mystery. Mysteries are—or should be—founded primarily on suspense, and there is enough of it here to keep your heart bouncing around in your throat for a good two hours. Dorothy McGuire is deftly appealing as the frightened heroine. Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, Kent Smith and Elsa Lanchester are among those who *might* be the maniacal murderer.

This murderer has strangled two victims before the picture opens, and we see the body of the third being discovered. Terror has taken over the small Vermont town, which has withdrawn into a state of shadowy, silent waiting. Each victim has been a woman who has some physical defect. Who will be next? The logical candidate seems to be Helen (Dorothy McGuire), the young servant who works at the Warren place outside town. Helen has a defect—she lost the power of speech from shock when she was a child. And evidence points to the Warren household as the center of the crafty murderer's operations.

Helen is thinking of this as she walks home from the village. Her eyes scan the fields anxiously, as dusk creeps eerily across them. The trees by the road are wind-twisted into terrifying shapes, and there is a brooding uneasiness in the atmosphere. The murderer is, actually, waiting for her, but Helen doesn't know that, and by sheer chance escapes into the house without realizing how close she has been to death.

Inside, everything is normal enough. Mrs. Oate, the cook, is scheming the theft of a bottle of her favorite brandy. The professor (George Brent) is working in his study. His half-brother, Stephen, is making love, in casual fashion, to the professor's secretary. Upstairs, old Mrs. Warren (Ethel Barrymore) has just hurled a cup of mustard at her nurse's head, and is calling for Helen. The old lady is devoted to the shy, mute serving girl. When Helen appears, Mrs. Warren says firmly, "This house is dangerous for you, Helen. Get Dr. Parry to take you away from here. Tonight."

Helen thinks dreamily that it would be nice to be taken away by Dr. Parry (Kent Smith) who believes he can restore her power of speech. Maybe she *should* go, tonight. But there are forces at work to prevent her escaping the murderer's net, and tonight death will visit the Warren house.—*RKO.*

KITTY

Horatio Alger probably didn't have Gainsborough's model, Kitty, in mind when he wrote "From Rags To Riches,"

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would be an apt title for her spectacular career. Your first sight of Kitty (Paulette Goddard) in a filthy ragged gown, her face streaked with London grime, gives you no inkling of the famous beauty she is to become. Kitty lives in the slums and steals for a living, under the drunken instructions of old Meg (Sarah Allgood). One day she is caught in the act of swiping a pair of silver buckles from a portly gentleman. When his footmen haul the shivering, cursing girl into the house, she fully expects to be carted off to jail. But the portly gentleman turns out to be Thomas Gainsborough, and instead of turning her over to the police, he washes her face and paints her portrait.

The picture is incredibly beautiful. It is displayed at the Royal Academy, and every gay blade in London falls in love with the unknown Kitty, said by rumor to be an anonymous lady of quality. Sir Hugh Marcy (Ray Milland) stumbles on the secret of her identity. Hugh has neither money nor morals, and he decides to make some of the former by passing the Cockney wench off as a great lady. The Duke of Marminster has evinced interest in the painting, and Hugh thinks a match can be arranged. But first he must train Kitty to talk, act, and even feel like a lady. It's a lengthy process. So lengthy that Hugh is thrown into Debtors' Prison before it is quite finished.

Kitty is desperate. She adores Hugh, in spite of the contempt with which he treats her. In order to get money to save him, she marries a wealthy ironmonger who has been impressed by her beauty. Hugh is not as grateful as he might be when she gets him out of prison. He points out peevishly that he has trained her for much higher game than ironmongers. Fortunately for his plans, Kitty's husband is killed in a fight, and the elderly Duke of Marminster is soon bewitched by her charming, girlish widowhood. He marries her, and is entranced when she soon whispers shyly that she is to present him with an heir. She neglects to mention that the "heir" was fathered by the ironmonger. Kitty's career as the Duchess is fabulous beyond words, but it is her love for Marcy which is the guiding factor in her life.

Do go and see "Kitty." Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland are better than you've ever seen them.—*Par.*

FALLEN ANGEL

Alice Faye's return to the screen is an important event. It is made more important because she has chosen a completely new kind of role, in a picture that will remind you of both "Laura" and "Double Indemnity." The rest of the line-up is impressive—Dana Andrews, Linda Darnell, Charles Bickford, Anne Revere and Bruce Cabot.

In the town of Walton, California, Pop's Diner has a popularity not due altogether to its hamburgers. Eric Stanton (Dana Andrews) finds the explanation when he sees the waitress, Stella (Linda Darnell). Stanton has met plenty of girls, but the sulky, sexy Stella has something pretty special. He goes on the make immediately, and gets nowhere. Stella tells him frankly that it's going to take a wedding ring, plus plenty of dough, to get her interested. Stanton has no money. He joins forces with a phony fortune teller, and in that way comes into contact with the Mills sisters, June (Alice Faye) and Clara (Anne Revere) who represent the town's better element. They also represent a fancy bank account, and that interests Stanton. If he can get his hands on that money, he can marry Stella.

With his mind on Stella's sultry beauty, he doggedly pursues June, flatters her, takes her everywhere. Clara suspects him, and tries to warn her younger sister. But you can't warn people who are in love. June knows Stanton is no angel, yet she loves him so much it doesn't seem to matter. She wants him at any price, just as he wants Stella. Eventually, Stanton and June elope. He hadn't intended to marry her, but if that's the only way he can get his hands on the money, that's the way it will have to be. Their wedding night is sheer tragedy for June. Stanton sends her up to bed, then walks out of the house in search of Stella. Just thinking about her, maybe out with another man, drives him crazy. He walks the town all night. When he comes back, June pretends to be asleep. The next morning, Stella is found murdered.

With a set-up like that, you've obviously got something. Something dramatic and exciting and unusual. Something worth going out of your way to see.—*20th-Fox.*

SAN ANTONIO

That Flynn! Just when you get him typed as a night club cowboy, a Mocambo muscle-man, he comes along in something like "San Antonio" and you fall for him all over again. The Flynn smile has never been more fascinating, the Flynn finger never quicker on the trigger. The picture is in Technicolor, a saga of Texas in the days of the outlaws, and it's as noisy and colorful and exciting as the Fourth of July.

Alexis Smith, whose figure is even more luscious than usual in the costumes of the period, plays Jeanne Starr, a New York entertainer who lands slap in the middle of a Texas feud. Miss Starr has been warned that a dangerous character named Clay Hardin (Errol Flynn) is loose. Dangerous is right! One look at him when he rides alongside her stagecoach, and Jeanne's heart is his on a silver platter. Her manager, Bosic (S. Z. Sakall) protests, but Jeanne insists on letting Clay ride with them. She doesn't know that the betting odds in San Antonio are eight to one that Roy Stewart (Paul Kelly) will never let Clay cross the border alive.

A big crowd is on hand for Jeanne's arrival. Legare (Victor Francen) who has booked her into the music hall, and his partner, Roy Stewart, are waiting for her when she drives up. Jeanne steps out, the crowd roars approval, and then there is a sudden dead silence. For behind her appears Clay Hardin!

Clay has plenty of friends in San Antonio. They know that he's the only man who has a chance of cleaning the rustlers out. But Stewart has the town pretty well sewn up, and only a few of them dare to come out openly for Clay. One of these is Charley Bell (Harry Carey), and he pays for it with his life. Clay has evidence that Stewart is responsible for the rustling that's been going on, but when Bell is killed, he loses the evidence. He is determined to get it back, in spite of hell, high water, and all Stewart's gunfighters. You'd better take some cotton to put in your ears for the last reels—they're plenty noisy, and plenty exciting.—*War.*

DOLL FACE

You've heard about a certain striptease artist who turned writer and went over as big on the bookstands as she had on the runways. "Doll Face" takes that story and turns it into a romance of burlesque and Broadway and "culture."

"Culture" is what Doll Face Carroll (Vivian Blaine) needs to get into a Broadway show. She's been doing fine south of 14th Street, with the customers howling "Take it off!" But when she tries to make the cast of the new Hartman musical, she is told she lacks the cultured approach. Her manager, Mike Hannigan (Dennis O'Keefe) is as hazy as Doll Face on just what this implies. He thinks, however, that it has something to do with books. By a pleasant coincidence, the next time he goes into a drugstore for a box of cigars, he is presented with a free copy of "The Stars Remain" by Frederick Gerard. Ah! a book!

It is obviously a very cultured book, since all the words in it run well over three syllables. Mike has a brainstorm. He will get this Gerard guy to write a book about burlesque and sign it with Doll Face's name. Gerard (Michael Dunne) unfortunately is indifferent to the lucrative possibilities of this idea. He doesn't *want* to write a book about burlesque. At least, he doesn't want to until he sees Doll Face. After that, he's so enthusiastic that Chichi (Carmen Miranda), Doll Face's best friend, predicts that nothing good will come of it.

In order to get material for the book, Gerard has to be with Doll Face constantly. Sooner or later, Mike is going to wake up to what's going on and there will be a mammoth explosion. He does, and there is, and it's a honey. If it weren't for Chichi, love's young dream would have ended there. As it is, considerable happens between the explosion and the end.—*20th-Fox.*

BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST

I'll bet you didn't know Robin Hood had a son! I'll bet even Winchell didn't know it. But here he is, as handsome as his father and even handier with a bow and arrow. He is played by Cornel Wilde, who, along with Anita Louise and Sherwood Forest, is at his best in Technicolor.

Once more England's king is in danger. But this king is Henry the Third, a mere child, and the real power lies in the hands of the unscrupulous Regent (Henry Daniell). The Queen Mother escapes to Sherwood Forest in search of Robin Hood, the one man in England who will dare defy the Regent. She takes her lady-in-waiting, Catherine (Anita Louise), with her, and it is Catherine who attracts the eye of young Robert (Cornel Wilde), Robin Hood's son. Robert doesn't know who the two women are, but since Catharine is a pretty blonde, he agreeably escorts them to his father. Robin Hood, of course, recognizes the Queen at once. Robert is disconcerted to discover that the girl he has been carelessly flirting with is Lady Catharine Maitland. But relax—it doesn't bother him for long, however.

Robin Hood makes immediate plans for the rescue of the boy king. The trick is to gain entrance to the castle, and Robert suggests that the men disguise themselves as a band of nuns, led by the well-known Prioress of Buxton. He himself is quite willing to play the Prioress, but Catharine persuades them that she could do it better. The plan is put into execution, and the king is lowered on a rope from the tower into the arms of Robin Hood's waiting men. But the alarm is given before Robert, Catharine, and Allan-a-Dale can get away. They are locked up and sentenced to be hung.

Naturally Robin Hood isn't going to sit by while his only son is hanged. He dreams up another plan, which leads to more derring-do than has been seen on the screen since the days of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. It culminates in a duel which will knock your eye out.—*Col.*

WHISTLE STOP

There's always drama in the girl who comes back to her old home town, all dressed up in a mink coat. Especially when she comes back because she's still in love with her girlhood sweetheart. That's about the situation in "Whistle Stop," which pairs sleek George Raft with oomphy Ava Gardner. The girl, Mary

Ava Gardner) has done all right in Chiago. The owner of a big department store ants to marry her, and if she had the rains of an undernourished flea, she ould have taken him and forgotten all bout the little town of Ashbury. Espeially, she would have forgotten all about enny (George Raft) who was, everyone aid, no good at all.

The point is, of course, that she loves enny and there's nothing she can do bout it. As soon as she sees him, she nows he hasn't changed at all. He's still hooting pool instead of working, still umming dollar bills from his mother so e can take out the local waitresses. He till hates Lew Lentz (Tom Conway) who uns the Flamingo Club, because Lew is n love with Mary. Mary goes out with ew the first night she's back, just to rove to Kenny that he's welcome to his aitresses. And Gitlo (Victor McLaglen), ew's bartender, gets an idea. He hates his oss, and he sees the look on Kenny's face hen Mary comes in with him.

The plot Gitlo concocts is simple enough. ew Lentz will take his profits from the lub to his bank in Detroit the next week. enny's father is watchman at the raiload crossing. Suppose the old man gets runk and can't show up for work. Supose Kenny takes his place, as he has done lenty of times before. Then Lew could ave an accident, and the money could disppear without anyone being the wiser.

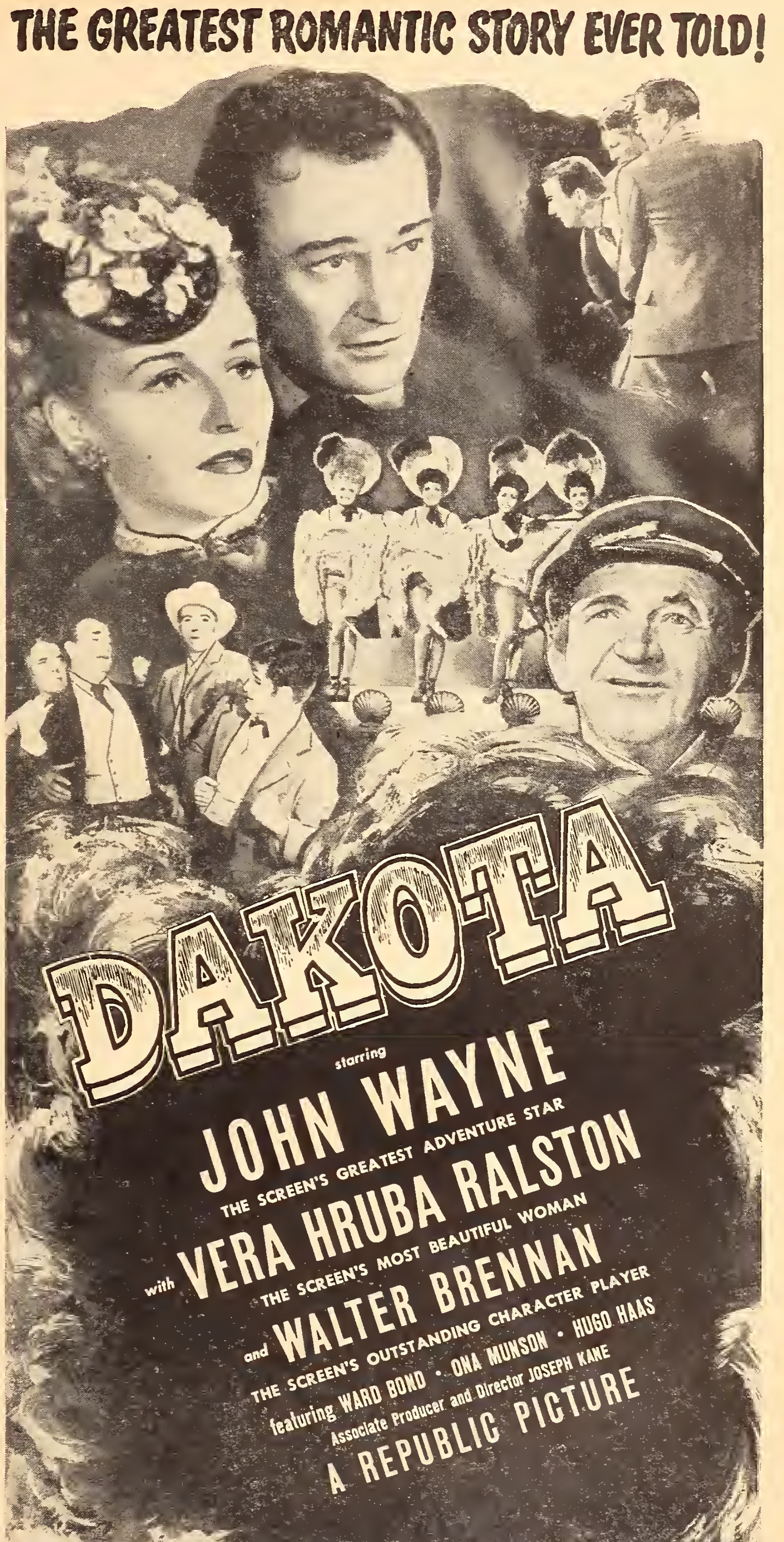
Gitlo forgot about Mary, who is a hep abe and who wants to keep Kenny out f trouble. She prevents the plan from oing through, but she can't prevent Lew's evenge when he finds out what almost appened.—*U. A.*

LONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL

The minute that Roy Rogers, lean and ruce in cowboy attire, steps into a ublic place, he is mobbed by fans. There's good reason for his popularity. Every ne of his pictures keeps right up to andard, every one is packed with fast ding, trick shooting and some music rown in. "Along The Navajo Trail" is perfect example of the kind of thing at has made Roy famous. In it, he plays Deputy Marshal who masquerades as a owboy in order to clear up some trouble n the Ladder A ranch which is owned by reck Alastair, whose charming daughter, orry (Dale Evans) helps run it.

The Alastairs suspect the trouble origiates with an unpleasant creature named entley. He has made several offers to uy the ranch, and since the offers have een refused, cattle have disappeared and owhands have been mysteriously injured. ut so far, no one has been able to gure out why Bentley wants the ranch. orry doesn't know that the good looking owboy camping on their range is a U. S. arshal sent by the Cattlemen's Associaion. She tells Gabby Whitaker (Gabby ayes) to run him off the range, but after e and Roy have been caught in a thunerstorm together and he has crooned Along The Navajo Trail" into her shellke ear, she hires him to work for them.

There is a band of gypsies camped near e ranch, and when Janza, their leader, n't swindling Gabby in a horse deal, his n-up-type daughter, Narita (Estellita odriguez), is making eyes at Roy. Roy d Gabby and one of the gypsies discover urveyors at work in a canyon on the Lader A. The men ride off when they see ey are discovered, and there is considerble shooting. Roy decides to search entley's house and see if he can find any onnection with the intruders. He has luck, r in a drawer is a letter that explains the hole situation. By then Alastair is in a pot, surrounded by Bentley's men taking otshots at him, Roy and the gypsies stage thrilling ride to the rescue.—*Rep.*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A REPUBLIC PICTURE

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

happened to be playing a theater.

It was 1 p.m. when I got to town, and the band's first stage show at the Palace Theater wasn't on until 2:30, so most of the fellows were still in their hotel rooms or having breakfast.

Woody came downstairs and made it over to the theater just in time. I watched the stage show from the side—saw Chubby Jackson going through his comedy routine with the bass fiddle, got a load of the swell new drummer, Don Lamond, who'd replaced the great Dave Tough when Davie got sick. Caught Frances Wayne in a glowing mood, and learned from her afterwards that wedding bells would soon ring for her and the band's brilliant young trumpeter-arranger, Neal Hefti.

"This day started off all wrong," said Woody, tired but good-humored. "Some character calls me up long distance to plug his new tune. He's got such an important radio record program that he figures if I don't play his tune he won't plug my records. Ah, music business!"

"Okay," I said, "how about the story of you and the music business? Were you really the boy wonder of the clarinet?"

"Guess you might call it that," said Woody, as we foraged through some old press clippings. I picked one out: "Grand Theater. Wallace Beery and Ray Hatton in 'We're In The Navy Now.' Sunday—Florence Vidor in 'You Never Know Women.' ADDED—On the stage we will present WOODROW HERMAN, Wisconsin's only professional juvenile in songs, dances, and saxophone solos. After this engagement young Herman will play the entire Saxe circuit, after which he will play the Big Time circuits."

There was a big picture of a smiling kid holding a saxophone, hair slicked back, lips pursed in that typical Hermanner that's still typical of Woody.

"Which did you play first, sax or clarinet?" I asked.

"I bought a saxophone when I was nine—out of my own earnings! I'd started theater work a year before, singing and dancing. Show business ran in the family; Dad used to be one of a vocal quartet, the White City Four, before he changed one letter—from show business to shoe business. See these?" He pointed to a handsome pair of brown shoes. "Dad's design. He's been having them made specially for me as long as I can remember."

"I hated to go to piano lessons," Woody sighed. "Started when I was seven. First thing I ever did in public was speak a stage prologue to 'School Days' on the screen. I did a legit stage version of 'Daddy Long Legs' two years later."

Woody continued on the road until he was fourteen, accompanied by his mother and/or tutor, and a sax and/or clarinet. He was working with local bands during his Wisconsin High School days; then in 1933 came that big break. Tom Gerun, who had a real big band—all of ten pieces!—hired him as vocalist and saxman.

There was another fellow playing sax in that band who sang too, so a little friendly rivalry sprang up between them. The other fellow, whose name was Al Morris, played tenor and baritone saxes and had movie ambitions—big ones. He liked to imitate Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo.

The two Tom Gerun saxophonists haven't done badly. Al Morris got into movies—his name is now Tony Martin.

"Then after I'd been with the band a while," recalled Woody, "Tom let me take a vacation to see my girl, Charlotte, in Los Angeles, and told me while I was there to look for a girl singer for the band. Well, a man at Warner Brothers helped me—but good! He lined up fifty girls to audition. Forty-nine of them looked great but sounded sad. The fiftieth was a good looker, a kid in her teens, and she sang in tune, too. I told her she was hired, so we had another name to add to the band's featured billing. 'Tom Gerun and his Orchestra, featuring Woodie Herman' (they spelled it with an "ie" then) 'Al Morris and Virginia Simms.'"

After a successful year, Woody joined Isham Jones' boys, doing hot tunes.

Then Isham Jones' band broke up in Tennessee. "We got back to New York," says Woody, "and people were nice to us. Gave us arrangements for nothing, sat in on rehearsals without pay, talked agents into listening to us. Most of the Jones boys were still in the band. They let us rehearse in a room at the hotel we were living in, so that was for free, too. We had six weeks' rehearsal. Finally we made our debut at Brooklyn Roseland. We had a good theme number written for us by two fine arrangers, Gordon Jenkins and Joe Bishop—called it 'Blue Prelude.'"

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

A DOOR WILL OPEN—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE YOU?—Les Brown (Columbia)

AUTUMN SERENADE—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Harry James (Columbia), Hal McIntyre (Victor)

BUT I DID—Dinah Shore (Victor)

COME TO BABY, DO—Jack Smith (Majestic), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)

GEE IT'S GOOD TO HOLD YOU—Woody Herman (Coumbia)

MY GUY'S COME BACK—Dinah Shore (Victor)

SANTA CLAUS IS RIDIN' THE TRAIL—Dick Haymes (Decca)

THAT FEELING IN THE MOONLIGHT—Gene Krupa (Columbia)

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO COME IN—Peggy Lee (Capitol), Louis Prima (Majestic), Dick Robertson-Johnny Long (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

LES BROWN—Leap Frog (Columbia)

BENNY GOODMAN—I Got Rhythm (12-inch Columbia)

LIONEL HAMPTON—Beulah's Boogie (Decca)

BILL HARRIS—Mean To Me (Keynote)

HERBIE HAYMER—I'll Never Be The Same (Sunset)

WOODY HERMAN—Your Father's Moustache (Columbia)

CHUBBY JACKSON—Crying Sands (Keynote)

IKE QUEBEC—I.Q. Blues (Savoy)

TIMMIE ROGERS—Fla-Ga-La-Pa (Excelsior)

GERALD WILSON—Just Give Me A Man (Excelsior)

BEST ALBUMS

BING CROSBY—Merry Christmas (Decca)

BING CROSBY—Hit songs from Going My Way (Decca)

XAVIER CUGAT—Favorite Rhumbas (Columbia)

MORTON GOULD—South Of The Border tunes (Columbia)

HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. II—The Golden Era (Capitol)

FREDRIC MARCH—The Selfish Giant (Decca)

VAUGHN MONROE—On The Moon-Beam (Victor)

BASIL RATHBONE—Robin Hood (Columbia)

ANDY RUSSELL—Favorite Songs (Capitol)

LORETTA YOUNG—The Littlest Angel (Decca)

"I was a bandleader now, and I figured it was okay for Charlotte to be a bandleader's wife, so it wasn't long before I had a wonderful wife, a struggling band—oh yes, and a Decca recording contract."

Over the years, the "Band That Played The Blues" made a name for itself but not too much money. Bookers thought Woody was ahead of his time, trying to play the kind of music the musicians themselves wanted to play instead of giving the public what it wanted. But somehow Woody managed to convince that stubborn character, Joe Public. He sang "River Bed Blues" and played "Woodchoppers' Ball" and "Blues Upstairs" and "Blues Downstairs" and pretty soon Decca had an album of Woody Herman blues specials.

"We used to get thrown out on four-week bookings after the first week! Once in Cincinnati we had to work for a manager who was strictly the Viennese waltz fan type. He'd just had Jimmy Dorsey in there, and the band had been too loud for him and the customers. Well, as soon as we walked in on the job the first night, he took one look at my five-piece brass section, saw me standing in front with a clarinet, and put his hand on his forehead. 'They did it to me again!' he said."

Around 1942 things began to change in the Herman band. You can trace the changes just by looking back over their movie assignments. Woody called out a list for me before he slipped out to play another show, and here it is:

"'What's Cooking' . . . our first movie Universal . . . I did a dance routine in a jitterbug scene . . . band played 'Woodchoppers' Ball' and 'Golden Wedding' and 'Amen.' 'Wintertime,' with Sonja Henie 20th-Fox—we just played the music written for the movie; nothing much of our own. 'Sensations of 1944,' United Artists . . . we did "Chiapanecas' and a tune of Dizzy Gillespie's, 'Down Under.' 'Ear Carrol's Vanities,' Republic . . . that was a good one. We played 'Apple Honey' and 'Who Dat Up There?'"

Hollywood is fun, says Woody. Las spring when the whole band was tired most of the men disappeared eastwards but Woody and Charlotte hired themselve an apartment in the Garden of Allah Woody's lovely redheaded wife and thei four-year-old daughter, Ingrid, are th chief objects of his devotion.

Woody is probably better liked by hi musicians than any other leader. That why his personnel changes so little.

Woody never seems to change, person ally. He's just the way he always was—th same even disposition, the light banter his conversation. Sarcasm is his favori verbal weapon, but he uses it with leavening of good humor.

We talked about the new radio progra "What a relief," said Woody, "we actual found a sponsor who doesn't want s comedians, a ninety-piece choir, eig guest stars and a ten-minute commercia He just lets the band play!"

Woody's right—he is lucky, but he never have made it if the band hadn rated it. But what I want to know is th Woody and his "Modern Screamers," I like to call 'em, are your band of t year, too. Drop me a line and let's talk over, shall we?

Great talent sparks the screen with

GREAT ENTERTAINMENT!

"I love to sing!"
Singing Star of "Oklahoma!"
"I love to kiss!"
"I love to dance!"
"I love to laugh!"
"Me... I just love to love!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES
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Tars and Spars

starring

JANET BLAIR · ALFRED DRAKE

with **MARC PLATT · JEFF DONNELL**

and introducing **SID CAESAR**

THE COAST GUARD'S ROMANTIC MUSICAL FROLIC!

Screenplay by John Jacoby, Sarett Tobias and Decla Dunning

Produced by MILTON H. BREN
Lt. Comdr., USCGR
· Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

HEAR:
"Love Is A Merry-Go-Round"
"I'm Glad I Waited For You"
and other great songs headed for top popularity!

COLUMBIA PICTURES

"HAPPY NEW YEAR—I'M YOUR DAD!"

"What a way to start a new year
What a taste of future joy,
What a lucky break I'm getting
To be meeting you, my boy—
Happy New Year, I'm your Dad!

"How'd you ever get so husky?
Where'd you get that wrestler's clutch?
Glad you've got your mother's dimples,
And those eyes I love so much—
Happy New Year, I'm your Dad!

"Now I see you I know better
Why I've had to be away;
Dads like me want kids just like you
To grow up free, strong, and gay—
Happy New Year, I'm your Dad!"

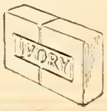
This happy scene is being reenacted now in many thousands of American homes. Before long it will take place in many more.

We speak these thoughts not only as Americans but as a "friend of the family" as well. For 67 years now Ivory Soap has been one of the first and closest friends of 'most every baby in the land.

You see, Ivory's pure, mild lather has helped protect babies' angel skin for generations. Today the great grandchildren of Ivory's first babies are being bathed with Ivory Soap—and they, too, chuckle when they discover that Ivory floats like a boat.

To every one of America's brand new babies, Ivory says, *"Welcome! We wish you a Happy New Year—and if your Dad's away, we hope he'll be home soon."*

$99\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



IT FLOATS

to our readers...

I guess this January issue is the happiest issue of our lives. It's all connected with Christmas, and we planned everything in our bare feet so as not to make a single sound. It was really supposed to be a surprise and not be opened before Christmas, but I can't wait to tell you all about it!

The essence of Christmas is give and take. The gift of you readers to MODERN SCREEN was a staggering 250,000 votes for your favorite stars, (see page 62) during the year 1945. The year's voting went like this: 1. Van Johnson. 2. Frank Sinatra. 3. June Allyson 4. Alan Ladd. 5. Peter Lawford. 6. Bob Walker. 7. Dana Andrews. 8. Tom Drake. 9. Guy Madison. 10. Gregory Peck. There's a story on every one of these ten stars in this issue, and to show you the poll standing of each, we've dreamed up a cute little crown, like the one on this page, with a number on it. Watch for it!

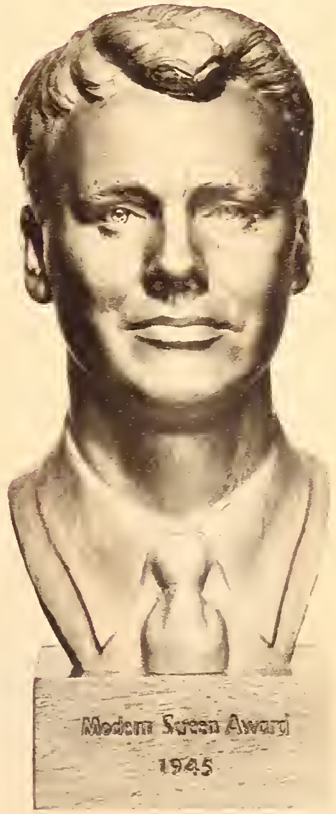
But here's the little surprise, the extra sentimental touch you didn't order. Since everyone wanted Van Johnson, and there just isn't enough of the poor boy to go around, we decided to go into production immediately. Donald de Lue, President of the American Sculptors' Society, spent months creating a gorgeous bronze bust of Van.

Trouble was neither Henry nor I knew particularly much about giving a man a bust. Emily Post's etiquette book gave us a bland stare. About the best advice we got was to be sure and pick a guy our size, which wasn't much help.

Louella (Heart-Of-Gold) Parsons saved the day, and incidentally, came up with the sweetest Christmas gift of all. For the real Van, for the bronze Van, and for all the other stars on MODERN SCREEN's 1945 poll (see page 24), she threw the biggest party in the world right in her own lovely home. That's the Good News about Louella, and you'll see it splashed all over the magazine.

Well, now you know how everything happened. With all our love, we dedicate this issue to Louella, to the stars who gave us so much of their time this year, and above all, to you readers who've been such grand partners in pushing MODERN SCREEN ahead this year. Merry Christmas!

Al Delacorte



Now Van's boss has climbed the bandwagon. Only Mr. Mayer doesn't swoon—he beams and says, "Couldn't happen to a finer boy."

Orchids from Uncle Louis

1

"It couldn't have happened to a finer boy," Mr. Mayer said. "and that pleases me doubly. You may think I'm putting the emphasis in the wrong place. You may say, his personal qualities have nothing to do with it—Van got this award because of his tremendous popularity on the screen. But here's my point. To become a star, you need a number of things. Looks of a sort—though Apollos went out with the silent films. Talent—though you'd be surprised how much can be built up from how little. Poise and authority—which come through experience. But there's one essential that no coach, no camera, no director can help you with. That's character. We've had boys on the lot as good looking and talented as Van—with more know-how when they started. You've never heard of them and you never will. Why? Because they lacked what Van has and to spare—purpose, integrity, heart, character—"

It had been our pleasure to tell Louis B. Mayer that Van Johnson had won MODERN SCREEN'S first award—a sculptured head of himself—as star of the year. We knew how Van felt about his boss, how grate- (*Continued on page 98*)

by Nancy Winslow Squire

Grins replaced words when MODERN SCREEN's publisher (George D. and Executive Editor Al awarded Van a bust of himself at Louella Parsons' home for being "the actor who headed the M.S. poll for all of 1945."

Louis B. Mayer took time out from his big boss job at M-G-M to pose with Van and Pat Kirkwood on their "No Leave, No Love" set. And out N.Y. way, Jackie Dalya is refusing local dates with, "Uh-uh—I'm being true to Van."

Modern screen's poll party!

With 50 guests of honor to share the glory, Van copped top place by being awarded a bust honoring his being "the actor who headed the M.S. poll through 1945." Sonja flew west between business dates just to see the party—and Van?

Guy Madison came in for a triple thrill: It was his last appearance in uniform, he'd just been nominated MODERN SCREEN's top discovery of the year, and Suzi Crandall was his, all his....

Bob Walker came stag, smiled at ex-dates Sonja and Suzi and promptly plopp down to discuss a Los Vegas vacation with crony Pete Lawford. He took ti out, though, to congratulate Laraine Day on her two new adopted babi

Who's comforting whom? Editor Al and H'wood Ed Sylvia Wallace had all they could do to soothe frantic pappa Glenn Ford, who raced to the phone every hour on the hour to check with Eleanor on the progress of baby's first painful tooth.

Very gay it was. Louella Parsons hostessed, the Delacortes beamed, and people you made stars—made merry!

■ Hollywood's still talking about it. The corner garage man and the beauty parlor girls and every grip and extra in town heard about those wonderful doings where the decorations were carved ice figures and Peter Lawford buttonholed perfect strangers to roll his eyes and sigh, "Imagine—I'm on the *poll!* Where necks got stiff and sore trying *not* to crane when Van and Sonja Henie kept making bee-lines for secluded nooks and "Hi" Hodiak was seen ambling over to Annie Baxter's table, his poor heart pounding all over his sleeve. Like they say in the movies, there was romance, adventure, fun! But to George and Albert Delacorte, the father-son, publisher-editor combine of MODERN SCREEN who threw the party, and to tireless hostess Louella Parsons, it meant much more. It meant that you, the movie public, are the movie industry! It meant that those 50 people who were our guests of honor had become stars because you had spotted them, loved them and boosted them to top place with your month after month votes to our poll. S'wonderful feeling and God willing, we're going to have a poll party every single year of our life. But make no mistake—it'll be your party, too—you, our movie public, movie industry, star making readers! (*Turn page for more pictures—and also see Louella Parsons' "Good News" on page 56 for some other party shots.*)

British-born Peter Lawford's turned Yankee in such a big way, he's even gotten his titled parents, Sir Sidney and Lady May, *movie acting!* Mrs. Gary Cooper had her turn at raving as she described "Coop's" recent Idaho duck hunting trip.

Modern screen's poll party!

When business tycoons get together—they sit back and enjoy it! Energetic George Delacorte settled down just once—to swap stories with hostess Parsons' radio boss, hand lotion king, A. Jergens.

Fans have been threatening to boycott June Storey if she dares make a pic without their beloved Gene. Mrs. Autry's just as pleased as hubby that his brother Don's signed up to do series of 10 hoss opry pix.

Sue and Alan Ladd hosted Al Delacorte at Palm Springs—made him "one of the family" by bedding him on living room sofa! Sue's a night prowler, says she dreams of Xmas lists, Laddie's horseback riding spills.

Vanity be blowed—Dick Haymes wore his goggles all evening and wife Joanne couldn't have been more impressed. As to their rumored rift, the kids were inseparable, held hands all night and just *glowed*.

uch energy! Dane Clark arrived at the party before it *was* a party, grabbed sandwich, dashed off for a Canteen stint and sprinted back in time to join e Don Taylors and Albert D. in a last chorus of "Good Night, Ladies."

Rare partygoers, the practically parents Payne attended as a tribute to matchmaker Al D. John's the anxious type, supervises Gloria's food, rest and medicos. What a pop he'll make!

Dana had to call on Al for moral support. Seems the Andrews top knot has to be just so for his newest pic—with a doily curling the only solution. But wifie teases so, he's turning grey!

MORE PICTURES →

Poor Tom Drake! With Chris in Reno for a divorce and sis Claire keeping house for him, he selects a ring for Suzi Crandall—who ups and starts dating Guy Madison! Bev Tyler's the gal here, his new co-star.

Just over a 3-day feud, Ida and Helmut cooed and ma
up with a filagree silver braoch from Him to Her. Id
so busy—turned authoress with 2 scripts for Warne

Due to professional ethics, palmist wou
divulge secrets she read in Van's
Could his heart line be leading to Sc

Still ecstatic over her reception at the Chi. premiere of "Dolly Sisters," June Haver nipped the musician Jimmy Zito romance rumors by gadding with Frank Lattimore. F. insists he's set a record—spent a year in the Army, got discharged as a pfc!

Modern screen's poll party!

Whatever it was, it must have been good, because it takes a rare wit to make George Delacorte and professional funsters like the Jack Bennys laugh. Claudette can't decide whether to go to Mexico for her new picture or remain in the U.S.A. in order to put through her plans for adopting a baby.

High spot of the party for Louella was when the palmist studied her hand, then pronounced, "You will become a successful woman!" It felt just like "the old days" when Jimmy Stewart, who was stiff and sore from a weeding session in the Hank Fondas' garden, and Roz Russell posed together.

MORE →
PICTURES

Maybe M-G-M boss Louis Mayer *did* beam at Miss P., but did he feel glum! Raved all night about his filly, "Busher," who next day strained a tendon and was removed from a big race

Claudette Colbert felt so fine over hubby Dr. Pressman's first outing in civvies in 4
years, even bubble blowing couldn't let off enough steam. Day after party, Ben Lyons
left for big Fox job in Eng. while wife Bebe Daniels stayed as Hal Roach producer

Her first party dress, and look what Liz Taylor got! Bob Mitchum's c
new "Mister," is doing a pic with ex-gob Guy Madison. Dana Andrews
was pooped, spent whole a.m.; Xmas shopping with Henie, Var

With his divorce final, Bob Hutton rushes Cleatus Caldwell. On
regret is that he's moved to Malibu: Market near old home-us
to shower him with goodies—thought he was *Betty* H.'s broth

her Williams thanked Al D. for this chance for a final ee before her 3-months trek to Mexico on location. rprise! on her return, she'll become Mrs. Ben Gage.

Modern screen's poll party!

The father and son Delacortes, George D. and Al, got the joke, too. For while Don Taylor patiently awaits his discharge, wife Phyllis is off to N. Y. to do a play. With actors, it's first come, first served.

ire Romonoff, who dreamed-up idea for decorative ice figures Aladdin and lamp, wowed the ladies. Called them "dollink" a kissed their hands. And don't think Ed. Sylvia hated it!

"Nothing's *that* tall!" grunted Mr. Tufts to ex-Follies gal Tony Lanier. Next day, he threw a Calif. style barbecue for Al D., froze guests but refused to bring party indoors. Thermometer read 50°!

Part 1 in the life story of a boy who couldn't be good until he learned how to be happy. And how Aunt Tenny and a stolen ticket machine and a tramp steamer helped show him the way

At 18 mos., Bob was tow-headed, fat-creased—"just another Walker" whose sturdy Scotch ancestors had helped make Mormon history.

Even as a teen-ager, girls shined up to Bob. He wasn't handsome, but wasn't he "cute His hair was straight and taffy-colored, but they dubbed him "Red." And when he starte sporting specs, heck to Utah's femmes, he was prof and Dutch uncle and hell-raiser de lux

Back in "the old days" of 1941, when Bob and Jenny Jones were Mr. and Mrs. and breaking their hearts with those "Sorry, no casting today" woes, Bob threw himself into radio acting, had the lead in the CBS show, "Maudie's Diary."

"Bataan" with Lloyd Nolan, Lee Bowman, Bob Taylor and Desi Arnaz was Bob's first brush with fame. He played the part of the young, tragic gob so well he drew raves in Walter Winchell's column.

bob walker

by Kirtley Baskette

6

That night the Big Fire swept Salt Lake City like an avenging angel. Flames scourged the downtown streets, raced from roof to roof, spraying angry red embers high into the glowering black desert sky as far as the Wasatch Mountains which rimmed the city of Latter Day Saints.

Through the wide, western streets firewagons roared, sirens screamed and bells clanged frantic warnings. That night more than one good Mormon hurried from whatever he was doing to help stem the crackling, crimson tide of disaster.

Horace Walker changed his plans that night, very definitely. He was on his way to the hospital where his wife, Zella, awaited the arrival of her fourth child. But he had spun the wheels of his car around when the first firewagon careened by. Like the good newspaper man he was, Horace Walker headed for the city room of the Deseret News by instinct. He was the city editor.

It was smoky dawn before the phones on his desk stopped buzzing and he could get a call through to the hospital. When the fire extra was on the presses and he could lean back in his swivel chair and breathe again, he got the connection. His eyes, red-rimmed as Salt Lake's city blocks, crinkled with the good news and he turned wearily to his

With the man shortage driving H'wood maidens ma-a-ad, Bob and Pete Lawford (who just made our poll) tour local clubs stag. Meanies!

bob walker

There's been a long line of gals on Bob's gadabout schedule since his divorce went into its final stage. Audrey Totter, here at Mocambo, is rumored to be head woman, but with Diana Lynn and Florence Pritchett in the running, well . .

typewriter and tapped out the item himself:

"A seven pound son was born to Mrs. Horace Walker last night at Salt Lake Hospital." He dropped it on the copy desk, jammed on his hat and went across the street for some black coffee.

The birth of Robert Walker, on October 18, 1918, was not necessarily big news to Salt Lake City. Stacked up against the greatest conflagration in the city's history, it barely deserved the one line Bob's news-wise father gave it, buried back in the paper. Bob's dad, himself, would have smiled skeptically if anyone had told him that one day this Baby Bob would come back home as Robert Walker, the Hollywood star, and that his own paper, the Deseret News, would run headlines heralding that event.

No, there was nothing exactly world-shaking about the arrival of another Walker boy in Salt Lake City, heavens knows. Three others already romped around the house on F Street where Horace and Zella Walker made their home.

Zella's Scotch McQuarry ancestors had started from the original settlement at Nauvoo, Illinois, to find a home free from the persecutions of religious bigots. Twelve of those sturdy McQuarry sons had hewn timber from the hills to build the tabernacle which still stood. Zella herself was from a family of eight. And Walkers—they were sprinkled all over Utah—their name a local symbol of fertility, solidity and success. Right in Salt Lake there was the big Walker Department Store and the Walker Bank. There were dozens of Walker and McQuarry cousins, aunts, uncles, "kissing kin" spread all over Utah by now. Another Walker kid—so what?

Another Walker kid. There (Continued on page 88)

Radio actress Loraine Tuttle's one of Bob's old pals, gave him a bear hug welcome when he popped up to do an air guest appearance with her.

With "blind as a bat" eyes tabbing him 4F, Bob's become so identified with GI roles that Pvt. Hargrove gets a return bout in "What Next, Cpl. Hargrove?" with Jean Porter and Keenan Wynn.

Fairy tale for June

JOE PASTERNAK SAYS SHE'S THE GIRL EVERYBODY LIKES; SHE'S THE GIRL YOU WANT YOUR BROTHER TO MARRY; SHE'S JUNE ALLYSON

3

"If I try to think back to the first time I saw June Allyson, there are really three first times. On the stage. On the screen. And when the girl herself knocked me over almost, in the M-G-M commissary.

In New York I went to see a show called "Best Foot Forward" and here comes a girl and sings some cute little song. The way she sang it, the way those lines came out—it made me smile and at the same time it was touching. I thought, here's a girl who can't sing but there's something that pulls you. For a minute it hit me, then I forgot about it.

Now I'm back at M-G-M. One day we were all asked to go in and see a test of some girl Arthur Freed signed in New York. I go in. I sit down, and here on the screen comes this same bad-singing, bad-dancing, bad-acting girl. I give you the exact impression I got, no use to cover it up. Still, this was only half an impression, and the less important half. Because when we discussed it, all I remem-

(*Continued on page 64*)

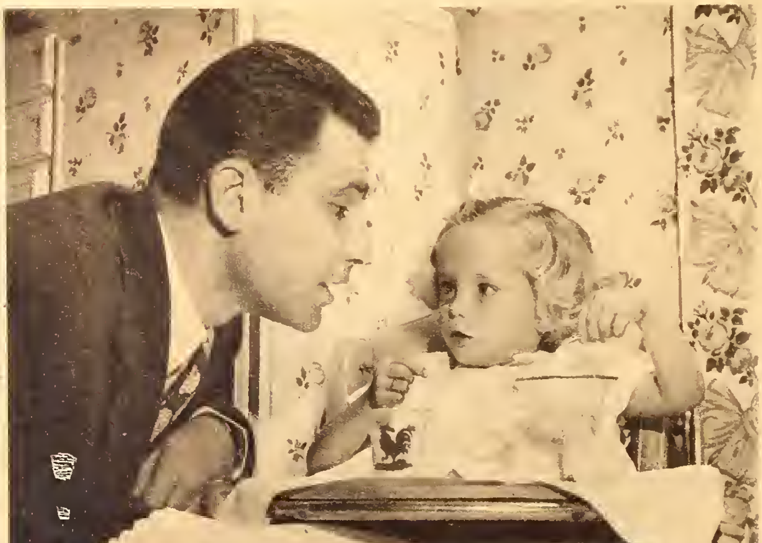
Eatin', eatin', how Junie hates it! Weight went down from her normal 105 to 93 after marriage. To encourage her, husband Dick Powell stuffs himself. She says he eats everything but the furniture! (J.'s latest is "Two Sisters From Boston.")

While singing in B'way's "Best Foot Forward," where Joe Pasternak (above) found her, Junie kept up school work, graduated with 97% average!

After moving into new apartment, Powells took out bar, installed Dick's Capehart. They're extravagant about records, and Junie felt she *must* economize. So, since she's already lost three gold cigaret holders, her fourth one is chained to coat lapel!

by JOE PASTERNAK

Two minds with but a single thought: Alan Ladd and your editor Al Delacorte puzzle over floor plans for Alan's new peasant-type house.



A father himself, Al took a paternal interest in Alana Ladd's breakfast menu. He told her stories about *his* child, Peter, born a few weeks before Alana, and bragged how much Pete ate. But Alana thought girls should be daintier.

HERE'S THE REAL LOWDOWN ON AL DELACORTE, THE GUY WHO WRITES YOU THOSE FRIENDLY LETTERS FROM MODERN SCREEN—BY ANOTHER SWELL GUY, WHO KNOWS HIM LIKE A BROTHER!

YOU KNOW ME, AL

Life with Sue and baby keeps Alan happy, in spite of mishaps at studio. Last one had silver lining: Alan broke Don Costello's toe while making "The Blue Dahlia," so director had incident written into script, continued shooting!

BY ALAN LADD

4

I was plenty mad at Al Delacorte the first time I didn't meet him—and believe me, that's not double-talk, either.

Now, just a minute, Al—don't lean on that blue pencil! We made a deal—didn't we? You said you'd open the pages of MODERN SCREEN so I could grab my little typewriter and take you and your magazine gang apart—just like you've been taking me apart for all these months. Okay. You said I could just make it the "simple reverse." Well, I'm not a writer, Al, so it will probably be just simple—period. But you asked me for it and it's a chance a Hollywood actor doesn't get very often, so I'm going to tell the truth and nothing but the truth—let the chips fall where they may.

And that's how it was. I was mad and I was hurt. For a long time whenever anybody said the name, "Delacorte" to me I gritted my teeth and what I thought wasn't fit for print. Here's why:

I was in New York on my very first trip to the Big City. I was staying at the Waldorf in a fancy deluxe suite. It had been a long, tough haul for me from nowhere to somewhere and one of the thrills that was rippling clear down to my toes was meeting all

(*Continued on page 76*)

"Sad Sack"

At Command Performance the Trumpet King (H. James) and the Swoon King brag about their daughters. F. calls Nancy "Little Miss Moonbeam."

On tour, Frankie's one hand holds Fay McKenzie; other hides spry tie. Mrs. S. eyed pattern of Frankie's flap eared favorites; made others from dress goods remnants.

Phil Silvers (at left) has an armful of Fay, while Frankie clutches his pipe and Betty Yeaton, acrobatic dancer. Phil was amazed at F.'s stamina; years of band-traveling trained him to keep night owl hours. See F. in "Till The Clouds Roll By.

By GEORGE BENJAMIN

There were no bobbysoxers overseas, but Frank was mobbed by tough GIs and officers with requests to sign "short snorters" till pen ran dry.

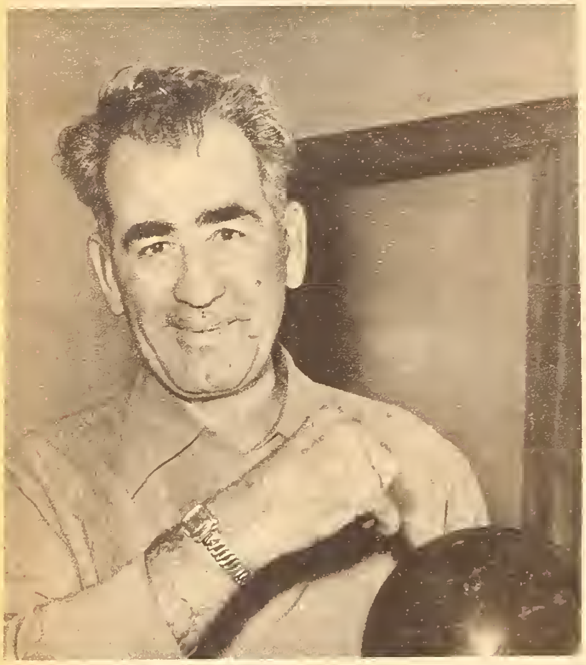
WHO SAYS SINATRA'S A "SAD SACK?" THEY SURE LOVED HIM OVERSEAS—AND 150,000 GIs CAN'T BE WRONG!

2

One sunny day last summer a big C-54 Army litter ship bearing shot-up Yanks from Europe swooped gently down to Santa Maria Airport in the Azores. A few hours before, a C-47, heading East out of America, had sat down on the same landing strip. It carried a load of Hollywood stars bound for Italy to entertain the lucky all-in-one-piece GIs finishing off the victory job these wounded guys had put across. Anyone could recognize one of Hollywood's funniest clowns, Phil Silvers, two of its dreamiest song-and-dance cuties, Fay McKenzie and Betty Yeaton—and a skinny, bright-eyed, bony-faced guy, who sings a little now and then, named Frank Sinatra.

In a few minutes, the invalided heroes were lined up in rows of stretchers on the concrete strip, grabbing fresh air, coffee and a cigarette to ease their miseries. And walking up and down the aisles to hand out a first welcome-home were the Hollywood star bunch, knocking themselves out to make it a good, old-fashioned, impromptu American clambake.

For Phil Silvers that was easy. He had a gag for every occasion—a million of (*Continued on page 84*)



Introducing Gregory Peck, Sr., the block that Gregory Jr.'s a chip off of. After bowling in some league for 25 years, Pop won watch he's wearing for pin-hitting.

The friend at the left seems rather worn out, and no wonder—he's been keeping up with the athletic Pecks all day! Junior, in the middle, hugs the beach ball as Pop rests up. Pop's customers at his drug store in San Francisco call him "Doc," have great faith in his advice.

A boy's best pal...

Gregory Peck's dad drove six hundred miles to thrill at Greg's first movie— and he'd wanted his son to be a doctor!

10 The San Diego High School principal tapped his pencil thoughtfully on the desk top and looked at the earnest man across from him. "I'm not recommending Greg for college," he said, "because I don't think he's ready for it. He's just passed his studies by the skin of his teeth. He's not prepared. Another year in high school—"

The man squared his athletic shoulders. He'd expected this but he'd prepared to battle when his boy dragged into the house the night before and said. "Dad, I'm in trouble. The principal won't sign my credits for State College. Guess maybe I'll quit school and go to work."

"I'd better go down and have a talk. hadn't I?" he'd said right away, urgency in his voice.

"Well—"

So there he was, sitting tense and worried and the principal was politely saying, "Sorry." Now it was his

by Jack Wade

Pop tried to teach Greg dancing, but times changed and Pop's technique didn't. So off to A. Murray's!

A boy's best pal...

turn. It was up to him.

"It's just a passing phase with Greg," he argued. "My boy's as smart as anyone. Maybe he hasn't worked too hard. But he'll snap out of it. Why, he's grown four inches in the past year and that's a strain. He's coming into manhood. The world's opening up. He's confused and restless. There are girls, and parties, and maybe too much sport. But, Mr. Principal—he's just got to go on!"

The principal stared briefly into the intense, sincere face. He reached for his pen and signed the credits. "There," he smiled. "Mr. Peck, I'll take a chance on your team!"

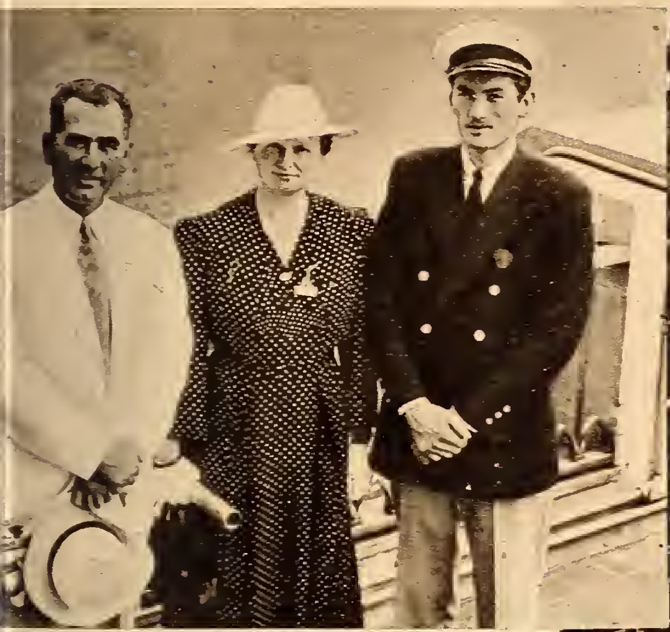
The man who told me that the other day was Gregory Peck, Senior—that is, Gregory Peck's dad. He finished the story by saying that Greg promptly stacked up nothing but A's on his San Diego State College report card to back up his dad's pledge and he never backslid once after that. But what got me was the way Dad Peck explained that crisis.

"It was the turning point for *me*," he said. "It meant Greg either went on to college or he quit for keeps. Some of his pals were taking jobs. Greg toyed with the easy out. But I couldn't let him quit on me. I knew that deep in his heart he wanted more out of life. So I had to save his future. I had to put it across."

Today, Gregory Peck, Senior, is the best pal, firmest fan and biggest backer-upper of Greg's—just as he always has been, even though there were times when he wasn't sure his boy was on the right track of life. His front room is starting to overflow with the scrap books and clippings he keeps of every move in Greg's bright and booming career. He's seen "Keys of the Kingdom" ten times, "Valley of Decision" eight and "Days of Glory" a half dozen. He's visited all Greg's Hollywood sets. He gets a report every week, by phone, mail or in person on everything Greg does and he still hands out advice when he thinks it's due.

Greg's dad has been by his side on every milestone of Greg's (*Continued on page 79*)

Greg was an independent youngster," says Mr. Peck. "Carried on his own business without asking questions, never wore his heart on his sleeve, and nobody around our place ever pestered him. Made him self-reliant."



reg spent his first summer in New York as a barker at the orld's Fair, later got job as guide of Radio City. His d and stepmother visited him, got special guided tour.

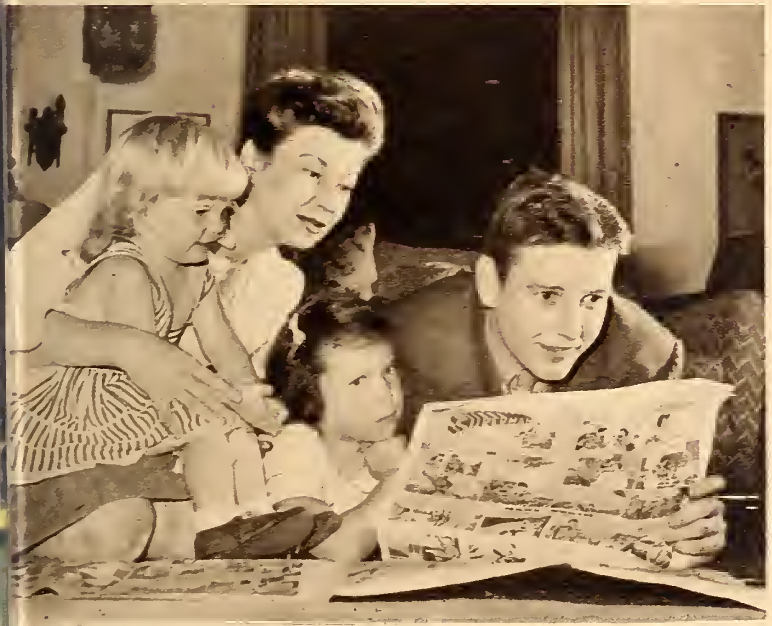
Before baby was born, the Pecks had different name picked out each week. Tried them out on the dog to see which he'd bark at! Baby arrived in Jonathan Week; if he'd been born a week later, he'd have been called Barnaby, after pixie comedy strip character.

Sunday morning finds Greg playing baseball on the corner lot. Keeps in trim with weird breakfast, consisting of sherry and raw egg! Favorite food is steak—rare, and plenty! He and wife Greta like simple clothes, simple life.

My Buddy

by Claire Kennedy

Tom Drake skipped meals to feed his dog; Sister Claire cried when the car got old . . . but they're not sentimental—not much!



Claire Kennedy holds Cosey, and other daughter Chris snuggles up against the Santa Claus, Uncle Tom Drake. The Kennedys have moved in with Tom because of a housing shortage, and Claire's wondering how she'll *ever* "unspoil" his nieces.

8

I suppose I'm the swooniest fan Tom Drake has or ever will have. If you ask me, I think he's wonderful. But, of course, I'm a little prejudiced. I'm his sister, his only sister. Tom's my only brother.

We're about as close, too, as a brother and sister can be—without being twins. I've known Tom, you see, ever since I was one year old. I was born in April of one year and Buddy (he's always been "Buddy" to me) came along the next August. From the day he was born I've been crazy about him. I still am. I think I always shall be.

Maybe that's the way every sister feels about her only brother. But maybe, too, in the case of Buddy and me, there's a special understanding; we've always been a team.

Buddy took me to my first dance. He taught me how to ride my first pony, how to drive my first car, how to sail, how to swim, how to pitch a baseball straight, how to glide down a mountainside on skis, how to whistle through my teeth—yes—and how to smoke a cigarette, out behind the garage.

Buddy introduced me to my husband and he gave me away when I married. When I had my first baby, Christopher, he flew East from Hollywood and outpaced Chris's own father at the hospital, until the nurse demanded, "Say, whose baby is this, anyway?" His best girl borrowed my baby's name for her stage name and called her little girl Christopher, too, after mine. Then Buddy married Chris Dunne, and the first person they phoned the (*Continued on page 67*)

At 16, Christmas should be all tinsel and holly. But Peter Lawford was looking for a job . . .

A CHRISTMAS HE'LL NEVER FORGET

5

Peter closed the door of his room and looked at his watch. Ten o'clock. He'd have a while to wait. Mother and Dad were still up. What a strange Christmas Eve! No parties, no friends, no gaiety. Just the three of them round the fire, listening to carols on the radio and to scraps of war news. The *phony* war, they were calling it that year . . .

The Lawfords had spent Christmas in many strange places—on boats and trains—in lands far away from home. But wherever it had found them, Christmas had always been merry, in the traditional spirit of old England. Tonight Peter's father and mother weren't feeling festive. Not that they made any to-do about it. All Mother had said was: "Let's just celebrate by going to church on Christmas Day as usual—" But Peter didn't have to be told that their thoughts were with friends and kinfolk in England—with boys they'd known as babies who were flying now with the RAF.

So he'd made his own plans. Alone in his room, he checked off his purchases. Under the bed, a bowl of goldfish for Mother. In the top dresser drawer, a tie for Dad. In the closet, a tiny tree from the dime store, tinsel and snow, a few glittering balls, the chains of colored paper he'd been pasting together for weeks, a wreath for the front door. Adding up—he hoped—to a little holiday cheer for Mother and Dad.

He undressed, got into pajamas, set robe and slippers handy, and lay down to wait.

It was Christmas of '39. Peter was (*Continued on page 73*)

By Abigail Putnam

THAT MAN OF MINE

by Fredda Dudley

"With all my love, Dana," reads the inscription on Mary Andrews' bracelet from that man of hers . . .

Christmas, 1945, will find a huge, tinsel-draped, light-strung tree in the newly-decorated Dana Andrews house. It will find David, Kathy, and Stephen Todd hanging up stockings beside (maybe) Mary's nylons, and Dana's Argyle plaids. It will find friends dropping in to exclaim over stacks of gifts, to warm themselves by quaffing a Christmas bowl and sharing the Yuletide mistletoe. There will be the scent of evergreen and of turkey in the kitchen; there will be laughter and song, and jubilation over the peaceful world and the hopeful sky.

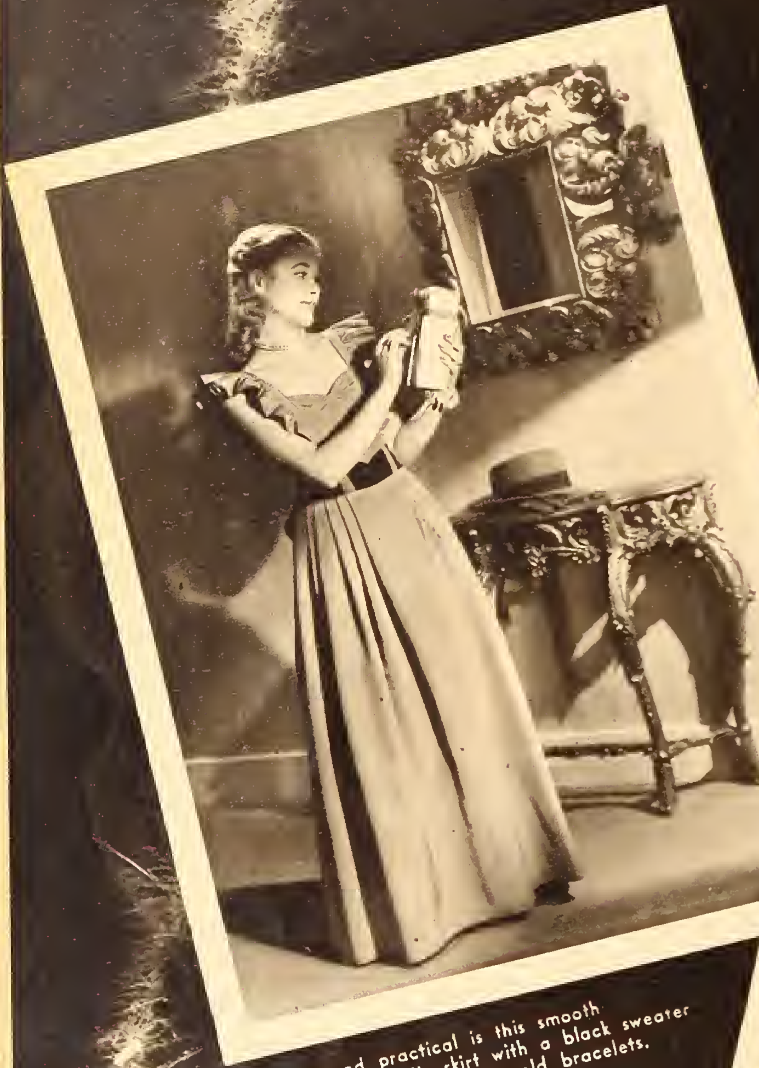
And at the end of the blissful day, Dana will slide his arm around Mary's shoulder, and—grinning down at her—he will say, "Some difference from our nine dollar Christmas, huh?"

The nine dollar Christmas was the second since Dana and Mary's marriage, and it was a meager affair; Dana was under contract, and working in a picture, but his salary was moderate and he was saving every possible penny to pay back those who had believed in him and backed him during his building years.

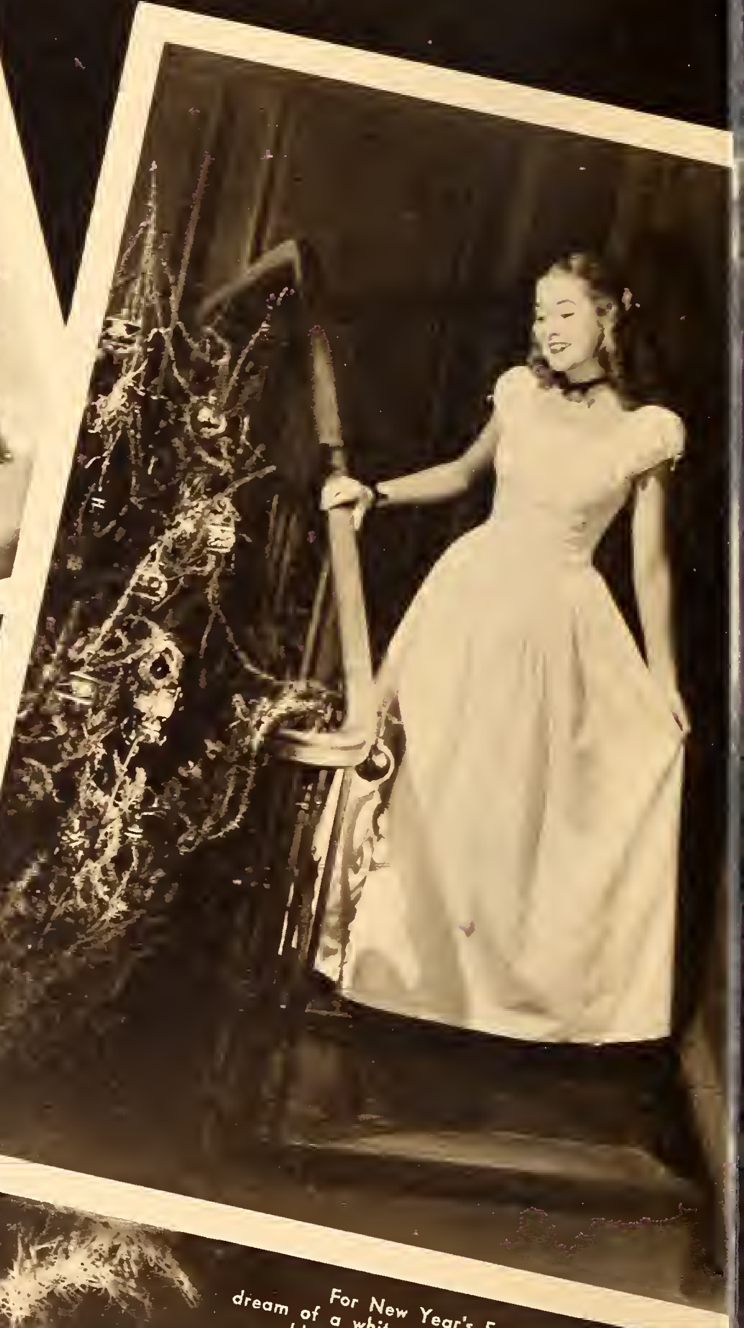
During the first week in December, he said across the breakfast table to Mary, "Look, darling, let's be sensible about this. You and I want, most of all, to be out of debt. That would be the swellest Christmas gift two people like us could have. So, let's hang on to our dough—let's agree on a price that each of us (*Continued on page 99*)

Now that son Stephen is an "old" man of almost one year, Mary was able to leave him and accompany Dana on location for "Canyon Passage." Busy D. was borrowed by Universal from Sam Goldwyn, whose turn it is to have him next.

date dresses



Adorable and practical is this smooth two-piecer. Wear its skirt with a black sweater for grown-up glamor. Add gold bracelets.



For New Year's Eve with The Guy, wear t
dream of a white dress. Give it ballet slippers, swe
black velvet bows at your throat, on your wrist

Merry Xmas
from Jean Kinkead
and Toussia Pines

for teen agers..

A devastating little number with Lines is this short party dress. Keep it simple, that's its [illegible] and wear your prettiest necklace.

CHRISTMAS TIME, 1945!

PARTIES ARE DRESS-UP AGAIN—

AND HERE ARE DREAM

DRESSES, DESIGNED

FOR YOU PARTY GOING TEEN

AGERS BY EMILY WILKENS

■ Snow on your eyelashes and a funny sort of catch in your throat. Christmastime, 1945 — and this year when they say "Peace on Earth" they mean it! A gal's cup runneth over. The boys are home and turkeys are back, and whee! parties are dress-up again.

Parties are dress-up again . . . gee, what beautiful words. And because it's the first peacetime Christmas in four years, because maybe it's your first grown-up Christmas *ever*, we're dedicating this month's sparkling fashion pages to you, all you cunning teen-aged ones. Ever *see* such spectacular stuff? Know why? Each of these honeys was designed by that very cute, very young Emily Wilkens, the teen queen's Schiaparelli. She won the 1945 Coty Fashion award and the Neiman-Marcus Fashion award, which means she designs like crazy, and that we can see.

'Member when practically all sub-deb formals were pink taffeta with an indefinable never-been-kissed look about them? Emily's fixed all that, viz. these irresistibles. Obviously, they're not to be had for a song, but considering the (*Continued on page 93*)

WATCH GUY MADISON!

Hedda names your Guy "most promising newcomer of 1945" with a big cheer for his talent—and a twinkle in her eye 'cause he's cute

9

(We feel that this second in Hedda Hopper's monthly series on "The young actor most likely to become a star" has an extra-added significance. Because, this issue, Guy Madison is receiving one of Miss Hopper's handsome Gruen Watch Awards not only for being the outstanding new star of the month—but of the year! *Quite a thing. And don't forget to watch for the next ten monthly awards, when Miss Hopper comes up with some really top-notch surprise choices.—The Editors.)*

Two scenes in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away"—and you kids started cheering for Madison, the screen find.

Two remarks at the Brown Derby—and I started cheering for Madison, the guy.

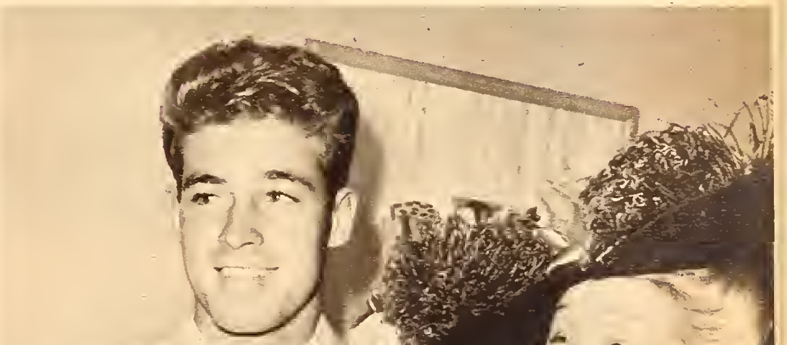
We'd ordered lunch. The young man wasn't very hungry, so he thought he'd just have a bowl of chicken soup, veal cutlets with rice, a large green salad and a glass of milk. (I'd enjoy watching him eat when he *is* hungry.) Then he looked around—

"This is the second time I've been to the Derby—"

I liked the matter-of-fact way he said it. Some boys would have tried to play the sophisticate, some would have been impressed by this hangout of the stars. This quiet-voiced kid wasn't impressed, but he *was* interested, and it never entered his head to pretend otherwise. Aha, thought Diogenes Hopper, an honest man!

Just then Donald Crisp came along and engaged me in a little *(Continued on page 94)*

BY HEDDA HOPPER



Proud moment for Guy Madison, satisfying one for Hedda Hopper. *Mister* M. (the Navy's loss is our gain) received his elegant Gruen Watch Award for being H. H.'s choice as "most promising star of 1945."

Here's our straight-from-the-hostess'-mouth report on the poll party—including romance talk on Van J.

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good News

With Maria Montez' expected baby no longer a secret, the Aumonts spent hours discussing its sex. Pierre wants a son, but Maria (who's still movie making) just wants a *baby*.

Hostess Parsons was slightly amazed, but thrilled at Gary Cooper's news that he's grooming his 76-year old mother for a bit part in the new movie, "Breakfast in Hollywood."

■ Maybe I should change the title of this department to "Party News" this month. We've just had a big time out here welcoming Ye Ed Albert Delacorte and his his father, George Delacorte, the publisher of MODERN SCREEN, and whether a hostess should talk about her own party or not, I wouldn't know—but, anyway, that's our subject for today.

In addition to the two guests of honor, our dinner dance also feted the top winners on the magazine's popularity poll who were all on hand with victory smiles on their faces—plus about 300 other top movie people.

Van Johnson was an extra-special guest—for Van had won MODERN SCREEN'S yearly popularity poll. I helped Albert present the fair-haired boy with a handsome bust of himself, done by Donald De Lue, president of the American Sculptors' Society. De Lue has achieved a marvelous likeness of Van, and I saw a tear in Van's eye when Al made the presentation saying, "The bust will last a lifetime—just as will the affection and friendship of the Van Johnson fans." He's a nice boy who deserves all the good things coming his way—and he was frankly delighted over this tribute paid him by his fans and the readers of MODERN SCREEN.

(*Continued on page 58*)

"Hi" Hodiak table-hopped over to ex-fiancée Anne Baxter (she'd just been babbling fluent French with the Aumonts), kept the 3-cornered talk with Al going with rave references to his own jive disc collection.

TEMPTING...yet Deadly!

ALLURING . . . yet too anxious to help him forget his beloved wife . . . and his search for her murderer . . . the man he'd trailed down to Buenos Aires!

DICK POWELL

in

"Cornered"

with

WALTER SLEZAK

MICHELINE CHEIREL · NINA VALE
MORRIS CARNOVSKY · EDGAR BARRIER
LUTHER ADLER

The NEW DICK POWELL . . . rougher, tougher than in "Murder, My Sweet"

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Produced by
ADRIAN SCOTT
Directed by
EDWARD DMYTRYK
Screen Play by
JOHN PAXTON

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet

Hi:

The best way to pick up that exclusive info you want is, of course, from the stars themselves. And though I can't get to Hollywood every day, celebrities do come to New York. Ran into TOMMY DIX at Cafe Zanzibar where most of the stars go, and he confided that he left M-G-M, and is devoting his time to stage and radio and record making. A visit from Peggy, ELLIOT REID'S lovely sister, brings the news that he is still in the Navy, but can be reached at Para. Via long distance phone comes word from DON TAYLOR that he is sitting tight waiting for his discharge, and will resume pic making at M-G-M then. The postman brings a special delivery from ROSS HUNTER with data 'bout his latest, "Secret Story," with LOREN TINDELL (the Lt. in "Over 21"). He sure welcomes your super letters. How I can go on!! But it's your turn now, so give with the questions, sent to: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16 . . . together with a stamped, self-addressed (with zone number) envelope.

Stuff and stuff—

Bev.

Savage Di L., N. J. . . . MAY I HAVE THE WORDS TO THE POEMS IN THE FOLLOWING PIX?

"YOU CAME ALONG"

He giveth you your wings to fly,
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourself, so little care. . . .
Longfellow

"THRILL OF A ROMANCE"

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And the spirit in my feet,
Hath led me from who knows how
To thy chamber window, sweet.
Shelley's "Indian Serenade"

Milton Stiftel, Queens . . . WHO PLAYED THE FOLLOWING PARTS IN "PRIDE OF THE MARINES?" Irish *was Don McQuire;* Johnny, *Tom D'Andrea;* Doctor, *Rory Mallinson,* Boy on Crutches, *Warren Douglas. All at Warners.* Young lawyer *was Mark Stevens at 20th-Fox.*

Kerry Klein, B'klyn SOME INFO PLEASE ABOUT JOHN HEATH, WHO STOOD OUT AS THE YOUNG CRIPPLED VET IN "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY" . . . AND THE NAME OF THE YOUNG AIR CADET IN THE "I BEGGED HER" SCENE OF "ANCHORS AWEIGH." John Heath, a coming star of tomorrow, was born in Seattle, Wash., March 28, 1918. He is 6 ft., 168 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes and is wonderfully single. Most recent pix — "Tonight and Every Night," "Thirty Seconds," etc. Scored on B'way in "Boy Who Lived Twice" and "The Would Be Gentleman." Likes "The Robe;" works of Edgar Allen Poe, Laurence Olivier, Bette Davis. Write to him at the Wm. Morris Agency, 1270 Ave. of Americas, N. Y. for a pic. David Holt was the cadet. He's 18 now. Write him c/o M. Gertz, 8979 Sunset, Los Angeles, California.

It was a helluva party, and I'm going to say so right out loud in print. But being a woman, and the hostess, I want to take you behind the scenes and tell you a bit of what went on beforehand.

My house in Beverly Hills is pretty big, but not big enough for 300 (what home is?). So I had the idea of covering my garden with a tent top which would have cellophane sides, then putting down a floor for dancing with about 100 white tables with matching chairs surrounding the dance floor. My own flower beds are very pretty, but still, I thought it would be extra exotic to have long stemmed American Beauties planted outside for the evening—they would look so lovely through the cellophane curtains. A blue spotlight (supposedly moonlight) would illuminate the exterior—just in case there wasn't a real moon.

Guess that's what I got for asking for the moon—for two days before the big night it clouded up and looked as though it were going to rain like thunder.

So I'll let you in on a little secret. For three mornings the first thing I did was to stick my head out the window to see how the fates were treating me. Came the day of the party—came the regular morning clouds. I looked at the beautiful tent and almost dampened it with a couple of tears of my own.

But either the Delacortes, the poll winners or Yours Truly must live right—because at noon—out came Old Sol, and while we never rated a real moon—the blue spotlights did their shining just as well.

By six p. m. the small army of caterers was on hand, the musicians in blue jackets were ready to strike up "California, Here I Come," the long buffet table was adorned with ice figures standing guard over the foods. We were ready to go—and we did!

The first guests were my honor guests, Al and George, and I don't feel a bit apologetic about calling Al's father George, because he is so young looking. Al, I have known for a long time, and I think I have told you before how much I admire this young editor who has made a howling success of his magazine because he chats with his readers. But I'm thinking seriously of kidnapping his father and keeping him right here in California.

George Delacorte is a charming man who will always be young because he *thinks* young. With these two men, father and son, behind the scenes—no wonder MODERN SCREEN has concentrated on the young players of the screen and has catered to the readers who want to know about them.

So it was appropriate that one of the first guests to arrive was very young Elizabeth Taylor, age thirteen, making her party debut in a black velvet dress bought especially for the occasion. She is a lovely child with a face like a flower and her young mother is pretty enough to be in the movies herself.

Another early arrival was the idol of American boyhood, Gene Autry, just out of uniform. Of course, Gene was with his pretty wife who looked especially well in an Adrian dress I had admired and thought I would like to own until I remembered the income tax installment just around the corner.

And then they started coming so thick and fast that I had to hear all the "ahhhhs" from the women and the "Welcome home" shouts from his pals before I could see that it was Hollywood's pride and joy, war hero Colonel Jimmy Stewart, struggling through the crowd. Jimmy was staying with Frances and Henry Fonda, and he came with them.

What a reunion it was when he saw Rosalind Russell! It was his first meeting with her since he returned home, and you remember how many movies they made together at M-G-M? It has been years since they have seen each other and these very good friends got over in a corner to talk over all the things that have happened in the meanwhile.

Jimmy is very thin, more mature and grayer than when you saw him last. You can't go through what that boy has gone through without it showing on you. "But I am getting so much sleep at the Fonda's," he laughed, "I think I put on a pound every time the alarm clock goes off."

"Why an alarm clock now you are out?" gasped Roz.

"Just habit," grinned Jimmy with that same rare old charm of his. He was delighted with the way Roz looked because he had heard of her long illness and the time she had spent in the hospital. Roz does sparkle these days—she is so happy to feel like herself again.

I was very amused to see young Don Taylor, the boy who played in "Winged Victory," and who is under contract to M-G-M, walk up to boss Louis B. Mayer and say: "I work for you but I bet you can't tell who I am. This uniform is the real thing." He was in his Air Corps garb and believe me, he is a handsome lad. For a split second, Mayer smiled and said, "Of course, you are Don Taylor. When are you coming back to work?" I'll say this for L. B.—he's marvelous at a party. He can rhumba with the best of them and never misses a dance.

Being a reporter as well as a hostess, I watched Van Johnson and Sonja Henie with special interest. Van doesn't often show as marked a preference for any girl as he has seemed to for Sonja. I can't say they were left with much privacy. Everytime they started to move toward a table for two, or a quiet spot, someone hailed one or the other.

Among the players who have captured the interest of this magazine and who was also a guest, was Dane Clark who, 'tis said, will be given all the John Garfield roles at Warners'. I must admit he is one of the newcomers I do not know very well—but we had a nice talk and I noticed none of the cockiness and brashness of which he has been accused.

Hurd Hatfield brought Pat Kirkwood, the British actress, and I understand this is a real romance.

Anne Baxter, with her hand all done up in a black satin bandage with sequins, of all things, was escorted by Dick Dickstein, a Hollywood agent. I quickly looked to see whom John Hodiak brought—but Anne's former love was all by his lonesome. Talk is that he is still in love with Anne.

Bill Eythe, who carried the torch for this Baxter girl for so long, was all devotion to Margaret Whiting at the party. I shouldn't be

(*Continued on page 62*)

FOR A THRILLING DATE WITH BEAUTY

Give Yourself a Lovely ENCHANTRESS COLD WAVE PERMANENT

THE TIME: *Only 2 to 3 Hours*

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THE GIRL . . . *With the Pretty Curl Is YOU . . . at your loveliest*

Enchanting *is* as ENCHANTRESS *does* . . . so if you want your hair to be at its enchanting best—*give yourself* a lovely ENCHANTRESS Cold Wave *at home* . . . at your convenience. It's so amazingly simple and *easy* . . . so *quick*—only 2 to 3 hours . . . and ever so flatteringly *natural!* Why, all you do is put your hair up in ENCHANTRESS curlers, dab each curl with ENCHANTRESS Quick-Cold-Wave solution, then simply go about tidying up your home or doing other household chores—and in *no time at all*, the enchantment of lovely, *natural* looking curls and waves is yours to enjoy *for months to come!* And when your friends exclaim, "How exquisitely lovely! Is that a $20 permanent?" you can say with real pride, "*I did it myself!*"

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Pure, mild ingredients enable Enchantress to provide waves and curls suited to safeguard the youthful softness of your little girl's hair.

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Your ENCHANTRESS Home Wave Kit is in a class by itself! It's a truly professional-type home-kit . . . the only one which includes every cleansing and beautifying aid important to perfection in hair grooming . . . from shampoo to wave set in addition to Cold Wave Permanent ingredients identical to those used by better beauty shops and cosmeticians for *expensive* Cold Waves.

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Please rush my Enchantress Cold Wave Permanent Home Kit. If I am not delighted and thrilled with results my money will be refunded. I understand price already *includes* tax which you pay.

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

neither hail nor sleet

. . . WINTER WEATHER CAN'T COARS YOUR COMPLEXION IF IT'S PRO TECTED WITH CREAMS AND LOTIONS. HERE'S AN ARTICLE THAT BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD NEWS OF FROST-TIME SKIN CARE.

• BY CAROL CARTER

■ If Jack Frost has been doing harsh things to your complexion, take lessons from the movie stars who know how to make the gruff old fellow sit up and purr. The film darlings know that a cracked, dry or chapped face doesn't look glamorous in a movie close-up. So, in Hollywood, face creams and lotions are as popular as Academy Oscars.

A creamy lotion is grand for quick clean-up jobs. Doused on cotton, it skims off soil and faded makeup in less time than it takes to describe. Good news for working lassies. The other soil chasers are the two kinds of cleansing cream—liquefying and the cold cream type. Liquefying cream melts on the skin and the dirt slides off with a flick of a tissue. It's best for average or oily skinned girls. And, children, it's intended solely for cleansing, not to double as an emollient or powder base. Cold cream keeps its solid consistency, and picks up the dust and makeup somewhat as snow absorbs dirt specks.

Emollient or night creams are designed for but one purpose . . . to make your skin smooth as Sinatra's crooning. They're especially welcome for complexions that are rough and red, or tender and super-sensitive.

And if your one-time peaches and cream complexion has turned muddy and just generally discouraged looking, you'll be happy to learn about bleach creams. They (*Continued on page 83*)

Face winter with a daisy-fresh complexion. Joan Leslie's in "Too Young To Know," but she knows the importance of skin care!

Hold this moment softly in your hands...this moment so dear, so near to heaven.

And be glad your hands are such an endearing part of you—kept lovely by Trushay.

Creamy, flower-scented Trushay is *different* from other hand lotions.

Use it to give your hands a fragrant softness. But use Trushay, too, in a *special* way..."the beforehand" way. *Before* you wash a dish, *before* you tub a garment, smooth on Trushay. It *guards* soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

Remember always to use Trushay... whenever, *wherever* you need it.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

poll winners

1945!

■ It's really very simple how we work it, our Modern Screen Poll. See, no strings, no wires, just you, our readers, licking a three-cent stamp and making stars out of people. As you've noticed, each month we run a little box in the magazine headed "FREE OFFER!" where we ask you, pretty please, to list the names of stars you'd like to read about in future issues. And that's all there is to it. But after you've done your stint, well, that's where the tough job begins—tabulating your thousands of votes. Because after all returns are assembled (and with over 1,500,000 readers, that's quite a job) results go to eds Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen, who mull over the durned thing for frenzied weeks and then calmly hand out assignments to our Hollywood writers on the very people you fans have shown you want to read about.

What could be neater? You spot an actor, wing the info on to us and we go about our business of satisfying your curiosity on when, where and especially, *who*. Which explains how come Modern Screen was the first magazine to spot Van Johnson and June Allyson and Pete Lawford when they were only gleams in Metro's casting department's eye.

As you've read in Al Delacorte's editorial on page 21, we threw a very gala, very big party for our top 50 poll stars at Louella Parson's home, with all the inside dope—and pictures, 8 pages of 'em—reported to you on pages 24 to 31 in this issue. We hope you like the pictures, we know you love the stars. And just to give you a clear-cut idea of exactly who is leading the poll and who our honored guests were, here is a list of the 50 top people on the Modern Screen poll for 1945.

1—Van Johnson
2—Frank Sinatra
3—June Allyson
4—Alan Ladd
5—Peter Lawford
6—Robert Walker
7—Dana Andrews
8—Tom Drake
9—Guy Madison
10—Gregory Peck
11—Cornel Wilde
12—Dennis Morgan
13—Lon McCallister
14—Dane Clark
15—Lana Turner
16—Lauren Bacall
17—Shirley Temple
18—Betty Grable
19—Bing Crosby
20—John Payne
21—Turhan Bey
22—Helmut Dantine
23—Bob Mitchum
24—Esther Williams
25—Don Taylor
26—Clark Gable
27—Jeanne Crain
28—Dick Haymes
29—Roy Rogers
30—Margaret O'Brien
31—Ronald Reagan
32—Gene Kelly
33—Judy Garland
34—Bob Hutton
35—Ingrid Bergman
36—Diana Lynn
37—Elizabeth Taylor
38—Roddy MacDowall
39—John Hodiak
40—Kurt Kreuger
41—Joseph Cotten
42—William Eythe
43—Gloria DeHaven
44—Sonny Tufts
45—Tommy Dix
46—Jerome Courtland
47—Hurd Hatfield
48—Mark Daniels
49—Richard Jaeckel
50—Richard Crane

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

at all surprised if this isn't a marriage—proving that falling in love with Anne isn't fatal—even if John Hodiak does think so.

Peter Lawford, who is crowding every poll for top honors, sat with Keenan and Evie Wynn. Lawford seems to occupy the place in the Wynns' friendship once held by Van Johnson. Van spoke to his former pals cordially enough, but they did not sit together at dinner.

An eyeful, believe me, was Jeanne Crain, who had on one of the brightest green dresses I have ever seen—and one of the smartest. Only a gal with Jeanne's perfect coloring, clear skin and reddish hair, would have dared to have worn such a color—but on her it looked terrific. She was with Rory Calhoun—and if you ask me—he's the boy to watch in the Crain romantic sweepstakes.

Claudette Colbert started tests for her new picture, "Thanks God, I'll Take It From Here" the next day, so she and Dr. Joel Pressman, who is just out of uniform, didn't stay very long. Claudette told me that as soon as she finishes this movie she'll go to New York for a three months' vacation with her husband. Brother, does she hate the title of the movie—and I'm betting it will be changed.

I'll let you in on something: A part has been written for me in Claudette's movie and by the time this appears in print, I'll probably be emoting before the cameras!

But right now, the blue feather on Ann Sothern's chapeau was claiming more of my attention than my approaching screen career. Annie was dead tired, having come straight from her radio show with her good looking husband, Robert Sterling. Yep, he's another one of our good actors just out of uniform and ready to report back to M-G-M.

Betty Hutton, in a stunning black dress and still radiant with happiness, arrived late with her bridegroom, Ted Briskin. "This is the first party we've been invited to as Mr. and Mrs.," Betty whispered, "and I'm so glad it's a big affair!" Betty is still showing Ted off and admits without a blush she thinks he is the handsomest man she ever saw.

Another very handsome gent, Dana Andrews, was nice enough to tell me that my party looked like fairyland after the bitter cold he and the "Canyon Passage" unit had gone through up in Oregon. "Everybody kidded the socks off me playing the big outdoor type when my blood is so thin I really needed long red underwear," Dana laughed.

Young Guy Madison who, that day, had been given his discharge from the Navy and who has a contract with David Selznick coming up, couldn't keep the big smile off his face. Guy made only one film, "Since You Went Away," before he went into the service—but what a hit he was.

"Rockie" Cooper, Gary's stunning wife, who is easily one of the best dressed women in Hollywood, kept looking for Gary, who was constantly being dragged away to be photographed. Gary, good natured as always, left his dinner time after time and posed with the guests—among them Andrew Jergens, head of the Woodbury Company (plug) and the man who pays my radio salary.

In the (by this time) throng, I saw Robert Walker just briefly. He doesn't look very happy and I don't believe he stayed very long. Ida Lupino and Helmut Dantine came together and stuck like glue. Yes, he has buried the torch he carried so long for his former wife, Gwen Anderson, and now seems madly in love with Ida.

When I finally spotted cute little Diana Lynn with Henry Willson, I felt like asking her to play the piano—but by this time people were sitting on the piano.

Maria Montez, breathless as usual, kept saying over and over to everyone she spoke to, "I am very busy these days. I'm having a baby and starting a picture." Well, that's enough to keep anybody occupied!

The Dick Haymes' are certainly the quietest guests I ever had under my roof—or should I say, my tent? Since their reconciliation, they seem more devoted than ever and sat at a table near the dance floor holding hands most of the evening. Dick pulled a very funny crack. Someone asked him if he resented being asked to sing at social affairs. "Nope," retorted Dick, "but sometimes the guests do!"

The Robert Youngs, who were expecting their fourth child any minute, startled everyone by saying that Mrs. Young would probably drive straight from the party to the hospital! They were kidding, of course, because the little girl came a week later.

One of the most distinguished and interesting guests of them all was Major Thatch who came with Commander and Mrs. Milton Bren. He was on the battleship Missouri with General MacArthur when the Japanese signed the peace terms, and his description of the defeated warriors held us spellbound. Darryl and Virginia Zanuck and Elsa Maxwell hung on to his every word. In fact, Elsa later described it all on her radio show.

The Nicholas Schencks came with Joseph Schenck which meant that the big boss of M-G-M and the big boss of 20th Century-Fox were present and having a happy evening. So were Sam Goldwyn and his charming wife, Walter Wanger, Mervyn LeRoy and Jack Benny with his Mary.

David Selznick, who never fails to arrive late, came just as the orchestra was playing "Home Sweet Home." Well, maybe Anita Colby, the glamor girl who is fashion director for David, told him about the party. She came with Noel Busch, magazine writer.

At two o'clock in the morning, when the crowd had begun to thin out, I was a tired but pleased gal.

Hollywood had just said a big "Hello" to the Delacortes and all their poll-winning stars in a way that made me very happy. Wish you all could have been with us.

But, anyway, please continue to write me letters. I love to hear from you.

Are you in the know?

How to belittle a too-big foot?

- ☐ *Wear shoes with instep interest*
- ☐ *Choose cut-out toes*
- ☐ *Shun fussy, light-hued shoes*

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is *really* inconspicuous, for those special *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show! The fact is, Kotex' flat pressed ends actually prevent revealing outlines. So there's no worrisome "give-away" bulge with Kotex!

Is this the technique for a—

- ☐ *Water wave*
- ☐ *Pin curl wave*
- ☐ *Finger wave*

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut . . . wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. *Now, Kotex contains a deodorant.* Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

Do you think she's carrying a—

- ☐ *Ditty bag*
- ☐ *Knitting bag*
- ☐ *Bicycle bag*

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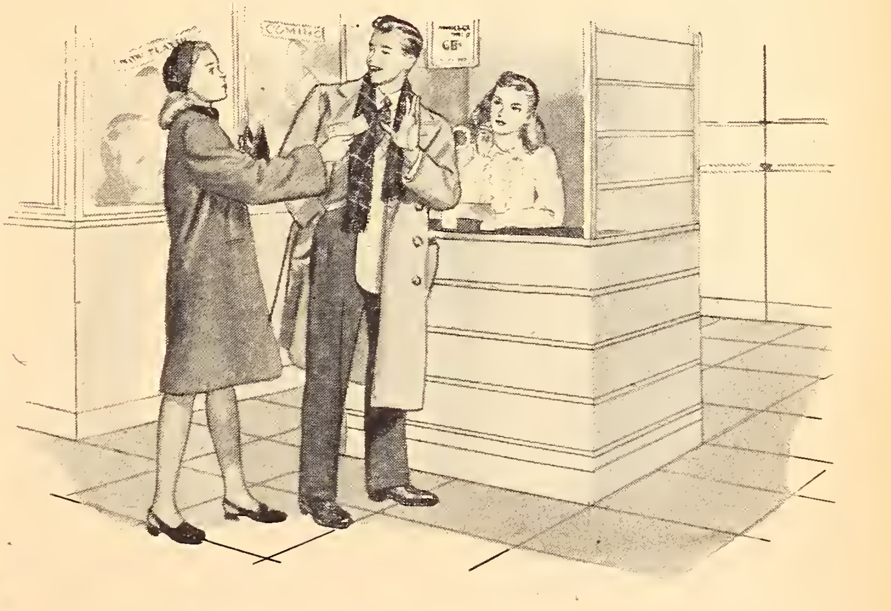
Should you let him pay your way if—

- ☐ *It's a pre-arranged date*
- ☐ *You meet unexpectedly*
- ☐ *You never saw him before*

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—*unless* it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. And you're free from bunching . . . roping!



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The other half goes to the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation in Minneapolis to help train additional technicians in the Kenny method of treating polio victims. These technicians will eventually man Kenny clinics in your community.

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National Chairman
Sister Elizabeth Kenny
1945 Appeal

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Address ______________________

City ______________ State __________

FAIRY TALE FOR JUNE

(Continued from page 37)

bered were those smiling, pathetic eyes. "Don't ask me what it is, I don't know myself," I said. "But the girl has something—"

So after that many months went by, and the whole girl slipped my mind. There was no reason for her to stay there. Nobody talked about her, certainly nobody raved about her. Many little girls come on the lot and go quietly away, and you don't even know if they came or went. Only with June, God put His finger in. And it could be that Junie helped Him a little—

Now I have to interrupt myself to tell you something I believe. You hear it said, this producer discovered that one or the other. A producer never discovered anybody. It's God who pushes you.

Well, we started to work on a script called "Two Girls and a Sailor" for Judy Garland and Kathryn Grayson. My writers kept asking; "What happens if Garland and Grayson are busy?" Writers worry, you know—maybe still more than producers—

I said: "Don't worry. God never miscast a picture yet—"

"Then *who* miscasts them?"

"Producers," I told them. So all right, they were very nice about it, they probably thought Pasternak's a little screwy or he makes a joke, and we go ahead.

At the same time I was doing "As Thousands Cheer," with an all-star cast. I remember we wanted to use Bob Crosby's band, and I said to George Sidney, my director: "If only we could get a couple of young kids to sing with the band—"

And George said: "Yes, it would be nice—"

As I walked out of the commissary that day, somebody bumped into me, but so hard that I had to hold myself from falling over. All I heard behind me was this little out-of-breath voice—"Oh, I'm so sorry—" and I turned around and there she stood, and I remembered her from New York and I remembered the test. But already she looked different. In the test she was a little girl with flat-heeled shoes, frightened to death. Now her hair was different, her smile was different, and she wasn't so frightened any more. even when she said excuse me—

I thought to myself, "Well, wait a minute—" And then who came walking over? Gloria De Haven. And they looked awfully cute together—

I said, "You kids are in 'Best Foot Forward?' "

They said, "Yes, we are—" like a chorus, and I said thanks very much and found George and told him we had two girls.

found: two sisters . . .

Then we come to the day when they're shooting the scene, and all of a sudden it flashes through my head—there they are! If we have any trouble casting the other picture, here are my two sisters! I rushed up quick and brought my writers down. I said, "Look!" and they looked—

"Aha!" they said. "We knew it all the time. You never intended to use Garland and Grayson—"

"Wait. Don't say I never intended. I only say, if we have any trouble, here are the sisters—"

So of course we had trouble. Judy and Grayson went into other pictures, and I'm left with my idea. Maybe you'll ask, how can he take a girl whom he knows only from a bad test and put her in a big production? But, well, call it a hunch—

And this is where Louis B. Mayer comes in. I went to him, I said: "Here's my idea, and I think we should take a chance—" And he not only approved, he appreciated How many others would do the same?

All right, I have the green light fror Mr. Mayer, but I also have a policy. I don' like to tell people something before I'r absolutely sure. Because too many heart are broken by rash statements, which late you have to cancel—maybe even for thei own good. So I brought my problem to a lady on this lot who deserves a lot o credit—Lillian Burns.

Lillian coaches our young talent, and i kind enough to act for us as a soundin board. "Let me read the script with them, she said. "I'll tell them it's just for practice or something—"

which part for june . . .

I wait and wait, and finally she calls me "They're both good. I don't think you ca go wrong with them. Would you like t have them read for you?"

I said, "No, I'm afraid they'll be nervous. We'll go ahead with the tests—"

So she tells the girls, and now the suspense is on. The studio thinks the dramatic part should go to Gloria. I don' agree. I feel Gloria is the more flirty-girl type and June is more quiet.

Meantime, Lillian works on both part with both girls, and she agrees with me And every time June meets me on the lo it's always the same question. "Whic part am I going to play?"

"All I can tell you is, you'll be in th picture. Isn't that enough?"

"Yes, it's enough," she kept on sayin but I knew it wasn't.

Anyhow, we made the tests the way th studio wanted. Strangely enough, Glori was very good as Patsy too, but June wa *not* very good in the flirty part. Whic convinced me that I was right in the fir place. And being 100 percent convince I was able to get the parts reversed.

The privilege of telling June I gave t Miss Burns, because I thought she deserved it. Her office is a mile away, bu knowing the time June was supposed t go in, I could almost hear her yelling. C maybe I imagined it. When she came t me, she was still laughing and crying th she didn't believe it. . . .

"All right," I said. "Now I want to as you two questions. In the commissar that day—did you bump into me on pu pose or was it an accident?"

To that, I didn't get an answer. But t second question, "Was there anythi wrong with playing the other part?" s answered very clearly.

"Nothing wrong. Only my heart w set on Patsy, and I couldn't concentrate—

"But now you're happy, right? Th you have to do something for me. Remember this, June. You're playing a ve warm part, and my whole picture depen on you. If you're good, I'm a good pr ducer. If you're bad, I'm a bad produc and not even a genius. So you have stop talking through your nose—"

This she didn't expect. But when s looked at me with her serious little fa and said, "Oh, I *will*," I didn't worry a more.

How she played the part, I don't ha to tell you, because *you* told *us*. And n that we pleased you once, our problem w to go on pleasing you—to find for Ju other parts where the public will like h About this I can tell you a story, whi shows again how God does things, and r how we do them. . . .

I was preparing a picture called "Mu for Millions." The director was my friend, Bobby Koster, who came over work for M-G-M. thank God. Bobby wa

Susan Peters, I want Susan Peters, everybody wants Susan Peters. Junie hears about the story, but she doesn't know who's going to play it. Maybe June Allyson?

I said: "Look, that's for Susan Peters, that's not for you. For you I'm preparing something else—"

She made a sad face. "All right, you'll be sorry." But June is very honest, even when sad, and right away she took it back. "No, you won't, Joe. Susan's a thousand times better."

Then all of a sudden it looked as if Susan couldn't finish another picture in time. I went upstairs and tried to postpone our picture, but it was impossible because too many things didn't co-ordinate. So Susan was out and we had to find somebody else, and finally we came to Donna Reed. Donna's just the girl—sweet, sympathetic, a good little actress, we'll make some tests. But a certain director finds he can't finish with *her* for a certain length of time, and the dickering goes back and forth, and before we know it, Donna's out, too.

romance or realism? . . .

Again Miss Allyson starts woofing with a faraway noise, again I tell her no. But now I'm not so sure, I feel something's haunting this picture. It wasn't, you understand, a question of June's ability, but only should we put her so soon in a dramatic part? When you decide to let Bing Crosby play a priest, you don't decide in a minute, you pray over it. Well, here's a gay little girl who made a hit in a gay little story, and maybe the public won't like her in a piece of realism.

Well, just because who knows what can happen, I asked Mr. Koster to take a look at June. And the minute he looked, the minute he saw those eyes, that face, he said: "That's the girl, that's the girl, that's the girl." Not once—three times. "Let me call her right away—"

I said: "Don't call her and don't tell her, because once you tell her and nothing happens and she doesn't get the part, I don't want to send any flowers to a funeral. Because that's how serious she takes it—"

So I'm running around, trying to find June Allyson, and I hear she's sick, she's home with a cold. I go in to Koster. "You're still sure you want Junie?" He's still sure. "Now you want to see something? Come into my office—" We go in, I pick up the phone, thinking I'm going to tell June something very new—

"Hello, June, how are you?"

She can hardly talk, she croaks. But she doesn't even answer me how she is—not I'm fine or I'm sick or how are *you*?—no—"Am I going to play the part?"

I put Bobby on the phone and let him tell her, but I listened, too. Comes a silence for I don't know how long, then a whisper: "Thank you, *oh thank you*—I'll be good—you'll see—"

The doctor told her she should stay in bed yet a week. I ask her when she thinks she can come in. "Tomorrow," she says.

Well, tomorrow I wouldn't let her come, but on Saturday she was in, sniffling and trying on her clothes.

Sometimes people ask me, what is it about June? They feel it, the same as I felt it that time on the stage and with the bad test, and now I think I put my finger on it.

Every ten years or so a personality comes up like Janet Gaynor came up—always a simple, sweet American girl, who could be Mrs. Maloney's girl or Mrs. Nelson's or Mrs. Greenberg's. Not too beautiful, so she's not being envied like some women, she's being loved for what she is. I think the average American girl feels she can look like June, be like her and get the things she's getting. And the average good American boy would be very happy

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to find a sweetheart like her. And every American mother and father would be satisfied to have such a girl, or that their boy should bring home such a wife. Which Dick Powell did, God bless him.

For me, she represents a certain idea which is very close to my heart. I love America. I believe our way of life is a wholesome and a clean one. When we made the Durbin pictures, I tried to put across this very same idea. With June, I feel I can express the same idea through her warmth and honesty and courage—which is the spirit of the average American girl.

You know that June was crippled for four years, and the doctors said she'd never walk again. Due to her own courage, she walked again and danced and became a movie star. That's what gave me the thought of "Her Highness and the Bellboy." That, and a fan letter which I received about "Thrill of a Romance." To me, fan letters are very important. They come from people who see my pictures, and without these people I'd have to stop making pictures. And from some of them come very sweet and sincere thoughts. . . .

love on a budget . . .

As with this girl, for instance, who wrote—maybe I don't tell it in the exact words, because my English I didn't learn in American schools—but this was the idea: "Can't you make once a picture that a girl and a boy on thirty dollars a week could be happy, too? Not always big hotels and all the glamorous way to live. Because I am very much in love with a boy who makes thirty a week, and I know we are going to be happy—"

So we made a fairy tale, which is also real, and I'll tell you why. Because life is full of fairy tales. Our sophisticated people—which we have so few, thank God—don't believe it. But in the majority we do, otherwise we couldn't exist. Isn't June Allyson's life a fairy tale? Or General Wainwright's story?—with a very dark chapter but also the strength and heart to live through to a happy ending. Didn't they think MacArthur was crazy when he said, "I'll be back—" I'm sure Mr. Henry Kaiser didn't come in the world with a Liberty ship in his mouth, and God had to show Roosevelt the hard way to be president. If I believe nothing else, I believe this—there is always faith and hope. And if you can inject them through the medium at your disposal, then it's your duty and privilege to do so. . . .

Now I brought the train off the track a little, so we'll blow the whistle and go back to June. If you ask me what kind of girl she is, she's the same kind of girl as in pictures. In the head, she's a little older than her age, with great judgment for what she wants from life—more so than a lot of people with more experience. She is one of the most conscientious girls where money is concerned. For others, she is generous. But to spend on herself, she first has to think twice.

One day she came to me. "Joe, all my life I dreamed of one luxury—a mink coat. Do you think I should buy it?"

I said: "Why not?"

"Well, I don't want to be a glamor girl—"

"Don't worry," I said, "you'll never be one—"

"And it costs so much—" She took a paper and pencil and began to figure that in New York she would have to work 36 weeks or something to save that much.

"You're not in New York," I said, "and you didn't take the money from someone, you worked for it hard. If your dream is a mink coat, my opinion is that you earned the right to your dream—"

She bought the coat, and the newspapers spoiled her pleasure by saying Dick gave it to her. This happened last Christmas and June got so mad that she gave the coat back. Now Dick bought her one for a wedding present, which is better. Because she loves it three times as much—once for the coat, and twice for Dick.

Another thing. Junie is small, and she looks as if you have to protect her. But she's also wise. If she never proved it before, she proved it by her actions when she fell in love with Dick Powell.

All of us who knew her had to be dumb or blind not to realize that she's in love. We asked no questions, and Junie gave no answers.

Then she was ready, and then she told me. Notice, she told—not asked an opinion. It was her business and Dick's business—nobody else's. I was happy that she didn't ask. But if Junie had asked, I would have said: "Do whatever you feel in your heart to do—" And this she was wise enough to know, without asking somebody.

People ask, are movie stars always changed by success? The answer is no. As many as it spoils, just as many it leaves unspoiled. In June, I see only one change. She's so much prettier than she used to be, she's lighted up with a light that doesn't come from any marquee, but from the happiness of loving and being loved.

Soon I hope to do another picture with her, but the name is a secret. Because with June I discovered one very important thing. Though in certain ways she is so mature, in other ways she is like a child, and to a child you must never be careless with words or break a promise. She will take this story and probably not believe any of the nice things I told about her, but the name of the picture she'll believe as a word of honor.

One promise I made her, and it was a pleasure to keep it. Whenever we're starting a picture, before the first shot we take a long table, fill it up with glasses, and everyone drinks to the picture in a glass of champagne. Then I break my glass, as they used to do in old Europe, when they drank to the king.

Well, on "Two Girls from Boston," June didn't work the first day, so I promised to break a glass with her at the end of the picture. On the last day, she worked only with Peter Lawford. I brought the champagne and poured it into three glasses—

June said: "To the picture—"

But Peter and I had at once the same idea. We lifted our glasses and said: "To Mrs. Richard Powell—" and after we drank, I broke the glass.

You remember I once told June Allyson she'll never be a glamor girl. But in that moment, no glamor girl ever looked more beautiful than Dick Powell's wife.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was a rainy evening in July, when my friends and I were walking along Fifty-Second Street. We passed a restaurant and a short, stocky gent wearing a straw hat came out. He walked over to us and said, "Don't mind the big stiff that's following me, he's drunk." When he walked away a tall, thin man wearing the same type of clothes came over to us and said "Hi girls, nice night," while we walked on. Later, when we passed the Winter Garden Theater, we saw those two self-same men peering out at us from a poster, captioned "Olsen and Johnson in 'Laughing Room Only.'"

Estelle Feldman
New York, N. Y.

MY BUDDY

(*Continued from page 47*)

good news to, clear across the whole continent, was me.

That's the way it's been with Buddy and me, always and all along. That's why I know him and love him like I do and always will. We've spent the happiest hours of our lives together—and our saddest ones, too.

I'll never forget the day our Mother died. Bud and I were learning to act at Reginald Goode's summer stock company in Clinton Hollow, New York. I'd tagged along when Buddy decided to be an actor. As usual, what he wanted to do became my dearest wish, too. We were just kids then, I was 18 and Buddy 17, living with a bunch of other stage-dizzy kids like ourselves in a boarding-house.

double heartbreak . . .

I was home alone that afternoon when the phone call came. Buddy was at afternoon rehearsal. The news stunned me. Mother hadn't even been ill. First came the awful thought, "Now Buddy and I are orphans," because our father had died only shortly before. Then the second pang struck me, more for Buddy than myself. How he would miss her! How much there was of her in Buddy. How close they'd been. I couldn't tell him news like this over a telephone. Still, I knew we would have to leave that night for New Rochelle. That might upset Mr. Goode's plans. I called him.

"Please don't tell Buddy," I begged him. "Just let him go on as if nothing had happened." He promised.

By the time Buddy rolled up in the bus, I had had my tears. I wasn't crying. I thought there was nothing to betray my anguish. I planned to break the news softly. I was even smiling.

Buddy bounced up the stairs, laughing. But the minute his eyes met mine he stopped dead, as if he'd been shot. His face froze and turned white. "Something terrible has happened," he said. "Mother has died." I burst into new tears. "Come on, Claire," he said quietly, "let's go home."

I still hadn't said a word. But words between Buddy and me have never been necessary.

That's why I've always thought the greatest performance Buddy ever gave was the time our father left us. I suppose Buddy felt about me with Daddy as I'd felt about him and Mother. He knew how close we'd been, how I worshipped the ground he walked on. I knew he was ill, in the hospital. But they didn't tell me when he died and Buddy was determined that I should be spared the prolonged grief.

There were two whole days until the funeral. All that time Buddy knew and I didn't. That's a pretty long performance—forty-eight hours—but Buddy never faltered. I never saw him so merry and gay, so much fun to be with. It was a wonderful act, because underneath his heart was in pieces.

Buddy's act was a triumph, because I never even suspected anything was wrong until an hour before the funeral, when Mother told me to get dressed.

That was how Buddy and I became orphans, tragically early in our lives. And perhaps that's why, like the Babes in the Wood, we huddled together instinctively.

After Mother died, a relative was appointed our guardian and there was a family meeting. When Buddy and I arrived, the plans were made. Our guardian explained them. I was to go north to Syracuse and live with my aunt. And there would be a job for Buddy with Bethlehem Steel Company in Pennsylvania.

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My heart dropped to my toes and tears welled up in my eyes. But Buddy wasn't even looking at me. His jaw tightened and he said, "No."

Legally, he hadn't a leg to stand on. We were both minors and we could have been forced to obey the plans of our appointed guardian. But while Buddy's voice was low, it was absolutely firm.

"I'm going back to the stock company," Buddy said, "and Claire's going with me." We drove back to Clinton Hollow that night—and from that minute until I married, Buddy and I were never apart.

Because we were a team then, too, in everything we did, right from the start. We shared the same nursery at the big Dutch Colonial house on Elk Street in New Rochelle and the same Finnish nurse, Mary, who had both of us speaking Finnish before we could make sense in English.

animal kingdom . . .

And I remember, when we were just moppets, we developed a mutual craze for cats. Dogs were welcome at home—both Mother and Daddy loved them—and the names "Jeff," "Missy," "Annie," "Stony" and "Laddie" can always bring mixed memories of laughs and heartaches to both Tom and me. But an old orange alley cat we'd dragged home and ecstatically hugged gave Buddy the worst case of impetigo the neighborhood had known and Mother put her foot down.

That, of course, didn't change our deep feelings on the subject, and one day at a church bazaar, Mother turned us loose very unwisely with a dime spending money apiece. The first thing Buddy and I spied on our rounds was an auction. And up under the hammer was the cutest inky black kitten in the whole world. We stared and then looked at each other. "Let's buy that kitty," said Tom. I nodded. "Yes, let's." I always did think he had the most wonderful ideas.

We stepped up to the booth. "One penny," said Buddy. There was a roar from the crowd. Somebody bid "two cents" with a laugh, and I chirped right up,

"Three pennies!"

"Four cents."

"Five pennies—a whole nickel," cried Buddy.

"Six!"

I shouted, "Seven pennies!" recklessly. It went on up.

"Two nickels," cried Buddy and the hammer went down. "Sold to the young man for two whole nickels, one dime," laughed the auctioneer. When Mother saw our prize, she almost swooned, but we got to keep the cat.

There was the time Bud saw a wonderful pedigreed puppy dog, a great Dane, which has always been his favorite breed of dog. The price was $75, so immediately he started denying himself candy, ice cream and other luxuries. But it took a long, long time, because $75 to us was a huge sum. By the time Christmas came along Buddy had $30 saved up for his dog. But he saw a quilted satin bathrobe in a store window that he knew Mother would love. That was the end of the dog dream. But Mother's tears of joy were worth it.

I was always certain that Buddy would grow up and become a millionaire some day—some day maybe he will. Our Dad was a pretty successful business man and even as a kid Buddy started right out as a chip off the block. We had a wooden wagon—as what kids don't—and one day when he was just a little boy, Buddy loaded it up with everything salable he could find in our house—toothpaste, canned goods, soap, potatoes—he practically cleaned out the place. Then he started selling this load around the neighborhood.

Of course, the raid was discovered that night, and while poor Daddy had to make the rounds of the neighbors, and repair the damage as well as stock up the house again, the incident tickled him.

"If you really want to sell things, Buddy," he told him, "I'll set you up in a real business." He got in touch with the office of a national magazine in New York and arranged for Buddy to sell subscriptions in New Rochelle. And in two years Buddy sold so many subscriptions that the magazine which then had the greatest circulation in America sent a man up to New Rochelle to meet this high-pressure salesman and offer him a job. In two years, Buddy had sold more new subscriptions than any of their salesmen in the U.S.A.! The man almost fainted when he discovered that the unknown whirlwind was a kid less than 12 years old.

In the end Daddy made Bud give all his profits to the Salvation Army because, after all, he felt Buddy had put pressure on our friends. But he was always proud of the way his son came through.

Both our parents always wanted Buddy and me to do things, keep active, enjoy every minute of every day, and with them if possible. Perhaps, because when w were just tiny kids—Tom was five and was six—our sixteen-year-old sister, Monona, died. Monona lives now in Buddy's and my memory as a fragile, lovely an almost unreal princess. She was ill a lon time, gradually weakened, and died in th flower of her youth and beauty. Monon was named after the northern lake wher Daddy and Mother had spent their honeymoon. To both Buddy and me there i still magic in her memory. I remembe when her collie, Laddie, died—after Mo nona did—Buddy and I and Mother an Daddy buried him reverently in a speci pet cemetery up in Connecticut, with satin-lined coffin and all. Laddie was th last love of Monona's life.

keeping up with brother . . .

I think this shocking loss helped kn our family affections closer than most. W did everything together. The trips u Long Island Sound on excursion boa stand out in my memory and the wonder ful days at Saltair, near Fire Island, i the summer. Daddy caught most of th fish, of course, but he'd let Buddy bra when we got back and never expose h fish stories. That's where Buddy learne to swim. Daddy taught him when h was only three years old. He was a regu lar fish, right from the start, and he sti is. I tried to keep up with Buddy in th water, but it just wasn't any use. He w too good. I tried to tag along with Bud his other great passion, horseback ridin too, but again I failed. We were gallopi along a road one afternoon, when my sadd girth broke. I clutched my horse around th neck desperately, my legs dangling, whi only made him bolt all the faster. I w slipping off dangerously close to his flyi hooves when Buddy sensed somethi wrong, looked back and wheeled to n rescue. He stopped the pony just as slid sobbing to the ground. Then picked me up and we walked back hor There were no secrets in our family, we told Mother and from then on Bud rode alone. As we'd always thought th Monona's illness came from a riding fa I never blamed Mother and Daddy f keeping me off horses from then on.

But that was the only family ban. Bud and I always trotted along with Dad and Frank, our nurse Mary's Finni husband, to the baseball games in N York every Saturday afternoon. We'd co home, round up the neighborhood kids a play ball in the yard until the lightni bugs came out. Buddy would be Babe Ru and I'd be Carl Hubbell, and I was furi because I couldn't grow up, as Bud swore he was going to, and be a big leag king of swat. I should have taken a lesson from Mother. She never let her sex stop her from doing anything for a minute.

Once, I remember, we went up into the Adirondacks for a Christmas vacation. Buddy and I could ski a little and Daddy was pretty good. Mother determined to learn if it killed her—and it almost did. She tumbled head over heels on the icy snow, slammed into trees and tangled her legs in every possible obstacle on the mountains. She was middle-aged then and not physically rugged at all. But she got up every time, grinning and swearing. "I'll beat this yet." Finally she did, too—although she was black and blue for days.

Buddy inherited his spunk and determination to win out from her. As a boy he was undersized, actually tiny. Today Bud's a six-footer, but he didn't start to grow until very late and even at 17 I was as tall as he was, a fact which was very mortifying to Buddy. One of the few times he really looked as if he'd love to beat me to a pulp was the time, when he was 13, that I caught him smoking a cigarette.

"Oh, oh," I heckled, "you oughtn't do that, Buddy. You'll stunt your growth."

"I'm bigger than you are!" he cried, his face turning dark with anger.

I teased. "Prove it."

He couldn't prove it, of course, and that made him madder. And it made him drag away all the more recklessly. I ended up making him let me smoke one, too. Pretty soon both of us were too dizzy to be very mad.

They'd call Buddy "shrimp" or "tiny" or "dink" at school and whenever they did it was a fight. Poor Buddy was always showing up back home with black eyes and a claret stained nose. Because, while most of his school mates towered above him, they didn't scare him one bit.

spunky shrimp . . .

But the very spunk that messed up his face most of the time made Buddy a popular kid at school. His size was a challenge to excel, so he knocked himself out at baseball, handball, football—and he was good. Not as good as in the water, but good enough to win the respect of his pals—and the girls, too. Buddy always had a gallery of females.

Buddy went to Iona, a Catholic boys' school, and I attended a convent in New Rochelle. We weren't of Catholic faith, but our parents respected the brothers and sisters as teachers. Half the time I was hanging around Iona with some smitten little neighborhood chick, breathlessly watching Buddy play handball or hockey. We gazed devotedly at every move he made and did the sub-deb version of a swoon. That made him knock himself out all the more, because even then, Buddy liked an audience.

I always thought Buddy was the handsomest boy in New Rochelle, and I certainly wasn't the only one. He had a mop of chestnut hair that was always curling down over his eyes, which were a sparkling brown, with those sweeping lashes that always seem to be wasted on boys. Like all of us, his eyes tilted up at the corners, "Vanderbilt eyes" people called them.

I can always tell when Buddy is mad, even today, by his eyes. The corners draw back and the skin goes white.

He carried himself straight as a stick, and even though he was small, he had a wiry, athletic figure. And I never knew a boy to take such pride in his clothes. I think the time he was most pleased with himself was the day of his "wedding" to pretty Jimmy Eastman.

Come to think of it, that must have been Buddy's first acting part. He wasn't really married, of course—he was only twelve then. But Jimmy was one of his first

(Continued on page 72)

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Think of the improvements that are helping modern mothers raise healthier babies. For instance, wider knowledge of infant nutrition, strict care in sterilizing babies' utensils, and — not the least — the introduction of prepared baby foods.

Mrs Dan Gerber

Special Smile for Mother

It's that feeding-time smile that mothers who serve Gerber's know so well! Lucky babies begin with Gerber's, the strained foods with these four advantages: (1) Cooked the Gerber way *by steam* to retain precious minerals and vitamins. (2) Famous for smooth, uniform texture. (3) Made to taste *extra* good. (4) Laboratory-checked at every step.

Mother, be sure to get Gerber's — with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Two Cereals for Babies' Needs

Baby's supply of precious iron, gathered during the prenatal period, often runs low at about three months of age. That's why so many doctors recommend Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal, both of which have generous amounts of added iron. Both are pre-cooked—mix right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula, hot or cold.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor

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starts our cook's tour of Hollywood

eating places!

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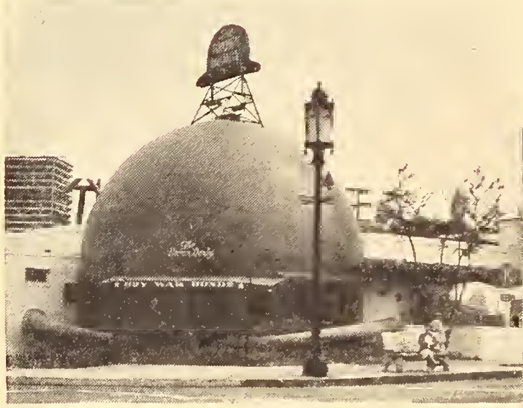
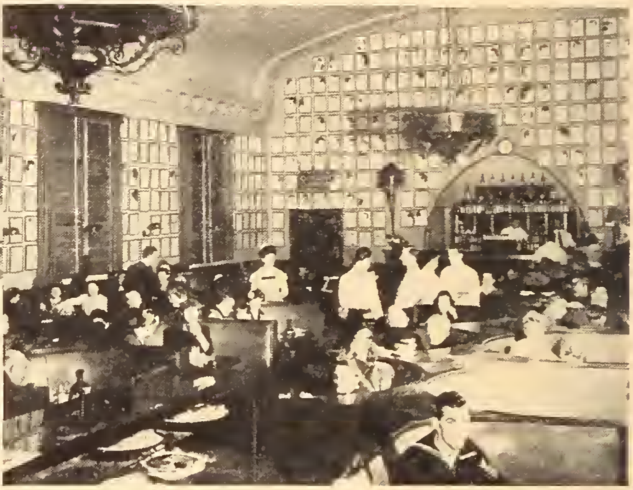


The Vine Street Brown Derby, made famous by film stars who come here for food and fun!



On the walls are gaily done caricatures of your favorite movie stars up to the time military service called favorite artists.

Dinner at the Derby

■ How would you like to trip over celebrities? To see Frank Sinatra turn the menu this way and that and finally order what he wanted all along anyway—Spaghetti Derby? To watch the Silver and Lux Theater casts—one and all, hero, heroine and villain—troop in on Mondays for refills after rehearsals? To listen to the banter between Bing Crosby and his favorite waiter as waiter Benny tosses a delicious Cobb Salad for him?

You'll find a regular Big Dipper full of stars at any of the three Brown Derbys in Hollywood, especially the Vine Street Restaurant. The other two are on Wilshire, one across from the Ambassador, the other across from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The Vine Street Derby is almost never without somebody exciting. NBC and CBS studios are within easy walking distance so that you get the sound-effects of mobs of radio personalities deciding between Corned Beef Hash and Mexican Tamales. Bing comes here with his guest stars on Thursday nights; Frankie is *sure* to pop in on Wednesday! After the fights at the Hollywood Stadium, the place is jammed with Turkey Derby fans until guess-what o'clock. Most fun is Sunday at brunch time when the place is like a college town snack shop with movie stars taking the place of sophomores; everyone is relaxed and informal, wearing peasant dresses, slacks, shorts and sport shirts, enjoying Derby specialties.

y Nancy Wood

There is, of course, a reason. The food glamorized American cooking—home yle with added dashes of sherry and ever spicing.

When we asked the Brown Derby, retty-please to let us have recipes for ome of their most popular dishes, they ery graciously gave us the following. ince chefs are experts in the pot-and-pan epartment, they are likely to take it for ranted that all of us know just how long certain pie should bake or how much of hat is needed to "season to taste." In esting these recipes we took the liberty f suggesting approximate amounts (in ose rare cases where not given) and ound the resulting dishes delightful.

COBB SALAD

1 *medium size head romaine*
head lettuce
bunch watercress
1 *small head chicory*
1 *peeled tomato diced*
4 *strips crisp bacon, cut fine*
avocado, cut in ¼ inch dice
1 *bunch chives, chopped fine*
3 *ounces Roquefort cheese, grated fine*
cup finely diced cooked chicken
1 *hard cooked egg, finely chopped*

lace thoroughly chilled chopped mixed reens—romaine, lettuce, watercress and icory—in bottom of bowl. Arrange re-aining diced ingredients in even strips er greens. Cover with French dressing d mix as it is being served. Serves 4.

HAMBURGER DE LUXE

pounds lean ground round steak
egg
teaspoon dry or English mustard
tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
teaspoon salt (or to taste)
teaspoon pepper
cup chicken broth or consomme
medium size onions
cups tomato sauce

ix meat, egg and seasonings thoroughly. dd consomme gradually, blending well. ape into patties. Brown quickly in fat; ish cooking over low heat. Remove mburgers from pan and keep hot. Add inly sliced onions to fat remaining in n. Sauté over low heat until brown. dd tomato sauce and heat thoroughly. rve with hamburgers.

TURKEY DERBY

uté 1 cup flaked, cooked, white meat turkey in 2 or 3 tablespoons butter over heat until light brown. Place in of double boiler and add 1 cup light eam, a tablespoon sherry, or to taste, teaspoon salt and 2 slightly beaten yolks. Cook until mixture thickens, ring constantly. Serve on patty shells toast. Garnish with cranberry jelly. ves 3 or 4.

SOUR CREAM RAISIN PIE

up raisins, cooked
up sour cream
easpoon vanilla
ablespoon flour
up brown sugar, firmly packed
ablespoon vinegar
-inch unbaked pie crust

mer raisins in enough water to keep m from sticking. When tender, drain, remaining ingredients and blend thor-hly. Pour into pie crust. Bake in hot n (425° F.) for 10 minutes, reduce t to moderate (350° F.) and bake 20 utes longer, or until set.

MARIE McDONALD, A HUNT STROMBERG STAR, APPEARING IN THE EDWARD SMALL COMPANY PRODUCTION, "GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER"

LIKE *MARIE McDONALD*-

YOU can have "Hands that Delight".

Have Marie McDonald's own lovely hand care—Jergens Lotion.

The Stars use Jergens Lotion Hand Care, 7 to 1

NOW MORE EFFECTIVE THAN EVER. Thanks to wartime research, Jergens scientists can now make your Jergens Lotion even finer. "My hands feel even softer, smoother;" "Protects longer;" women said after testing. Those 2 skin-smoothing ingredients many doctors use are included in this even finer Jergens Lotion. In the stores now — in the familiar bottle — still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Lovely! None of that oiliness; no sticky feeling.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

(*Continued from page 69*)

heart-throbs. Her parents lived nearby and one anniversary they gave a big garden party. Jimmy and Buddy were all dressed up to stage a mock wedding tableau.

I can see Buddy now, with his curls slicked back, draped in striped trousers and tiny cutaway, with a huge gardenia in the lapel. And Jimmy all lacy and white and beautiful in her bridal veil, walking down the aisle to "get married." I know Buddy enjoyed every minute of it. Even the ghastly fact that Jimmy towered above him didn't bother him that afternoon.

Buddy had lots of sweethearts and somehow I always managed to work myself in on the romances with a brother or cousin of one of his "wimmen."

dreams of glory . . .

It was even that way, later on, with Chris Dunne, who's now separated from Tom. Chris was my pal primarily up at Goode's, a little colt-legged kid of sixteen with a terrible crush on Buddy which I pushed along the best I could and eventually it worked—and how!

I was fit to be tied when Buddy left Iona and entered junior high at New Rochelle. I couldn't understand why my family wouldn't let me attend public school, too. We'd meet, though, every Saturday, as we always had, at the movies.

I don't think our movie craze set any Hollywood ideas buzzing around in Buddy's brain then, although he was a natural born actor from the start. Even as a boy he could mimic anyone to a T; he loved to be the center of the stage with a little group of friends around him—as he still does—and he had a humor and wit, as he still has, that is hard to match.

But if Buddy did have a juvenile eye on the movie world, I can guess the main attractions. Racy motor cars and Great Dane dogs. He used to sit up in his seat at the movie when a shiny Hollywood super roadster swept into the scene or one of the kingly Danes leaped into view. I'm sure he thought every movie star owned scads of both.

We had an old Buick for years until we loved it like a member of the family and Tom has had his present car six years. I suppose we're sort of silly about some things, or maybe you could call it sentimental. I know my brother is sloppily sentimental in a hundred ways and one of the biggest ways is dogs.

The other day when his Great Dane, Sigmund, caught distemper and died, he mourned around the house for a week. It was almost as if one of our family had passed away. Siggy weighed 165 pounds, but he slept every night on Bud's bed like every Dane Buddy ever owned. "Wrinkle" had the same soft spot. "Wrinkle" was the Dane Buddy had when we were in Clinton Hollow. We took him on down to New York during Bud's broke-Broadway-pavement-pounding days and many's the time Buddy and I skipped a meal so "Wrinkle" could eat. And always "Wrinkle" snoozed peacefully away with Bud on a soft mattress, which pleased Bud no end, but at times was rough on his room-mates who were forever moaning about "monsters roaming the dorm."

I have so many marvelous memories of Life With Buddy that it's hard to sort them out and label them. Some of the best cling around our "college days" at Clinton Hollow. That's what they were, really, because Buddy gave up the idea of Princeton when Mary Cary, a New Rochelle girl, with some theatrical experience, assured Bud he was born to act. The slogan of Reginald Goode's summer stock school—"Learn to act by acting," was right up his alley.

I drove him up in Mother's little Dodge and then drove back to New Rochelle. I had no idea of turning actress myself. But back home alone I got so blue and everything Buddy had ever planned always seemed to fit me so perfectly, too, that I packed right up again and joined him. I called him first and I can still hear his laugh, "Hurry up. I need support."

That's what I was mainly, too: Support. I was the perfect stooge for Buddy throughout our dramatic days. Deep down I was never too serious about a career myself. But I was always backing up Buddy with every ounce of enthusiasm.

With that strictly backer-upper attitude, it's not surprising that I didn't set the dramatic world on fire myself. Oh, I walked around in a part or two that summer, but more often I was Miss Utility Girl.

A lot has already been written about Tom Drake's days in stock, and the Broadway crashing era that followed. There's no point in my reviewing all that again, except to say that as far as Buddy and I were concerned, it was exactly the same story as down in New York. I went there because he did. I tried to fix up the apartment we found on Riverside Drive into something like home—although that was a struggle with the crowd of crazy ex-Clinton Hollowers we ganged with. But my heart was never in my career—only Buddy's. Pretty soon I expanded my interests.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Recently, several stars were scheduled to appear at the military hospital where I am employed. The stars were to have lunch in the mess hall at a given time, and we civilian employees who were fortunate enough to have a rest period at that time were hovering around the mess entrance, eager for a close-up of the celebrities. A soldier on crutches was standing at the edge of the crowd, patiently awaiting the appearance of his idol. "Gee," he remarked worriedly, to a pretty, dark girl standing nearby, "Dottie Lamour is supposed to be here, but she hasn't shown up yet." "Well," the girl twinkled, "she has now."

"You're Miss Lamour," the embarrassed soldier stammered, looking as though he wanted to pass out—and he almost did!

Charlene McCarroll
Penryn, Calif.

Buddy introduced me to Bob Kennedy. We were having lunch at Walgreen's when this handsome Irish guy walked over. "Bob," said Buddy, "I want you to meet my sister, Claire." That was it. Bob invited us both to a party at his house and we all had dinner afterwards. And not too long afterwards, Bob and I were standing before a preacher up in Greenwich—and Buddy was giving me away.

But not even a home and husband of my own could dim my standing as Number One Rooter for Tom Drake. Bob was a young Broadway agent then and that made show business even more of a family matter. I thrilled with every outside chance Buddy had at a show and when it fizzed out, as did his chance at "Brother Rat," I gloomed miserably. When his first break finally came in "June Night," the tryout debut was in Philadelphia. Buddy phoned. "Promise you'll come down. I couldn't think of going on without you around."

"Are you crazy?" I flared. "Try and keep me away."

I sat in the front row and suffered, as I had up in summer stock. "That's my brother," I hissed proudly to my seatneighbor, "isn't he wonderful?"

The drama critics didn't agree—at least not about "June Night." Together we pored over the paper pannings all that night and I was just sick. But Buddy wisecracked about the debacle with all his old spunk. I've never known him to lose his sense of humor over a flop—and Heaven knows he had plenty of opportunity in the fiascos that followed. But I'd always manage to send him a telegram like "Stow that turkey away and we'll have it for Thanksgiving," or "Lay another egg and I'll make you an omelet." I knew he liked that routine far better than sympathy.

Buddy's just as wrapped up in my life by now as I am in his, thank goodness. He and Bob have always hit it off like brothers and I can't imagine a better uncle for my little girls than Uncle Bud. He was in the middle of his first fling at Hollywood when Christopher was on the way, but he flew back for the event. It took three days for Chris to be born and Buddy showed up every half hour on the half hour. By the time she arrived, he had over a hundred names picked out, including his favorite, "Jean." He'd even opened a bank account for the baby in the name of "Jean Kennedy." But Buddy knew he hadn't quite hit the name to please me. So on the third day when we were huddled in the hospital room, Bob, Buddy and me, worn out with waiting, I burst out, "Oh, Christopher Columbus, I wish my baby was here!"

"Christopher!" cried Tom. "How about that?" We all looked at each other and smiled like tabby cats. That was it. Chris arrived promptly and Buddy changed the bank account.

bud's family . . .

When Buddy clicked in "Janie" at last and signed the contract that brought him to Hollywood, we were separated seven long months. I could tell from Buddy's letters that he was horribly lonely for his "family." All the fun Hollywood can offer a young bachelor couldn't dull that ache for his own that Buddy always carries with him. I knew that. So the minute Buddy found a house in Beverly Hills big enough to cover our heads, out we trooped, Chris and Casey and I. Uncle Bud jumped with joy and right away started spoiling my girls rotten. He buil them a sand slide in back, bought all the toys he could find in the stores, including a giant Dumbo elephant that's twice as big as they are, candy by the boxe and so many treats of ice cream and suckers that I finally had to put my foot down.

So, if there's one fault I can find in my famous brother, it's generosity. He doesn care a whoop about holidays and is likely to forget birthdays and anniversaries an even Christmases, but in between he's always thinking about those he loves an how to make them happy. I have boxe of gifts that Buddy has showered me wit through the years—jewelry, clothes, book china, silver—all sort of things, all thoughtfully selected and lovely.

But the bracelet I'm wearing now I thin I prize as much as any, and I think, to it rather sums up how I feel about Budd and how he feels about me. It's just plain silver identification bracelet. B it's perfectly designed, simple and sturd There was no occasion, no birthday, hol day or common excuse for the gift. Budd just had it made and gave it to me one da

It says—"Claire"—that's all. No fan dedication, no flowery phrase. When comes to expressing how we feel abo each other, we've never needed words not Buddy and me.

A CHRISTMAS HE'LL NEVER FORGET

(*Continued from page 49*)

xteen. And he had a special reason for anting his parents to be happy:

Except for the war, they'd have been ı Monte Carlo. Now there was talk of ermuda or the Bahamas. Peter had othing against either. They were lovely laces but they weren't Hollywood.

At three, Peter decided to become a ıovie actor. Dressing up was his favorite ccupation. All he ever wanted for Christ-ıas was a makeup box so he could paint imself to look like an Indian brave.

At 7, he *was* a movie actor, hailed by ne British press as England's Jackie oogan. At 9, his career was halted by his arents' decision to travel round the orld, stopping for six months here, for year some place else. Peter was schooled y tutors. He found the four quarters of ne globe highly interesting, but never nce abandoned his fixed idea: To be a ıovie actor. Mother had given her word f honor. "When you're 18, you can go ack to the movies." Originally, Dad had pposed the whole thing. Knighted for his ervices in World War I, General Sir Sid-ey Lawford had assumed that his only on would join his old regiment. But even ad had yielded to the single-tracked in-ensity of Peter's ambition.

At 13, he crashed his right arm through glass door. By a miracle, the arm was aved, but the nerves were permanently ıjured. Never again could he live in a old climate. So Mother and Dad took im to California, the Mecca of all his eams. To Peter, California meant Holly-ood and the movies. He got a part in "Lord Jeff." Then came adolescence, a changing voice and a marked indifference on the part of the studios. Meantime, Mother and Dad hankered for the Riviera.

In Peter's circle, you're not sassy to your parents—even in levity. And you don't argue. When Mother and Dad said, "We've decided to go to Monte Carlo," that was the end of it. Finished.

Passage was booked on the Rex. Meantime they waited in New York. As they waited for the Rex to sail, Hitler's shadow lengthened over Europe. Disquieting letters came from friends. At length Lady Lawford, who'd once been a journalist, heard from a former colleague with unimpeachable sources of information. "I don't know whether you realize that the greatest war in history is about to break. I think you'd be wise to delay your return—"

long live the king . . .

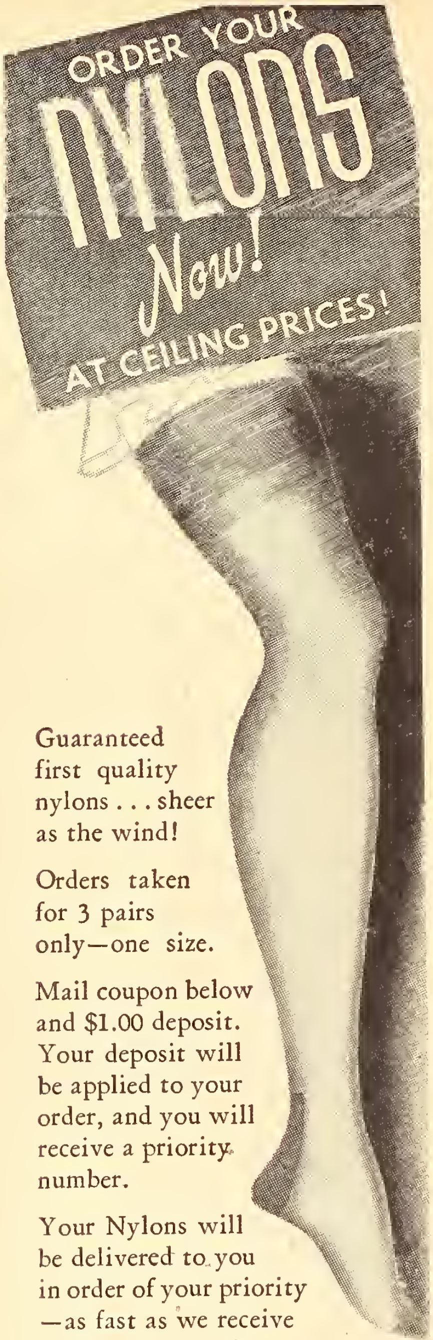
Dad cancelled their passage. On September 3rd they stood quietly at the radio, listening to the King declare war against Germany. Peter choked up. Mother let the tears come. "Well, that does it," said Dad gruffly, and turned his back to stare unseeingly through the window.

The bank notified them that all funds from England would be stopped. Dad cabled the London bank and the lawyers. They cabled back that everything was frozen. Sir Sidney would be allowed so much a month and no more. The allowance was a small fraction of their normal income, but to that they could have adjusted themselves. What happens happens, and you cut your coat to your cloth. And you don't whine. But the trouble was that they couldn't count on what little of the cloth remained. One month the small check would arrive, next month it wouldn't. This threw them off balance.

Meantime, since Peter's arm couldn't be exposed to a New York winter, they'd gone down to Florida, and taken a tiny house in West Palm Beach. Cables were still shooting back and forth, plans were being discussed. Nothing was settled. But there was more and more talk of Bermuda or Nassau. In British-held territory, they could get at their money. There seemed no alternative, because what were they going to live on?

To all this, Peter listened with a sinking heart and a mind torn between conflicting viewpoints. He was young. With the future ahead, having no money didn't bother him much. But what he could accept for himself, he had no right to ask his parents to share. It was pretty tough, after a lifetime of comfort, to submit to an uncertain, meager existence. Especially if you had a choice, and they had. In Nassau, things would be easier . . .

On the other hand, once they quit American soil, how did he know when he'd get back? Especially with a war on. If the war lasted, he'd enlist. Yet, because of his arm, he might be rejected. It was all pretty confusing, and the very confusion kept him clinging to the one thing he was sure of. He had to stay here. Even at the risk of unfairness to Mother and Dad. It wouldn't be too long before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he could make it up to them.

And so Peter deviated from type and became the family's loyal opposition. He waited till the matter came up for discussion again. Then he butted in—

"If I go, it'll be the end—"

They looked at him, startled. "The end of what, for heaven's sake?"

"There's nothing more disgusting," he continued firmly, "than a young man who lives on his father—"

"That's laudable," said Dad, "but you're a little young to worry about it. You haven't finished your studies yet—"

"When I'm 18, I want to be self-supporting—"

"When you're 18, I'll give you an allowance—"

"No, it's not the same thing. I've got to stand on my own feet. When I'm 18, I've got to start working. The only place for that is Hollywood. If I leave now, it'll be the end—"

His eyes turned to Mother, who'd given her word of honor. She hadn't forgotten. "Of course," she said, "I've got more fur coats than I need. I can always sell them. Or a ring, or a pearl necklace. But they won't last indefinitely, either—"

There, for the time being, they left it.

With all his heart Peter prayed that it should be right for them to stay in America. Lying in bed one night, he thought: "But I shouldn't ask for a miracle. If only we'd stayed in Hollywood! There I could find some job—"

He broached the subject next day with elaborate carelessness. "I *could* go out and get a job, you know—"

"Of course you could," said Mother. "You could also climb a ladder and bring down the moon—"

"It's not so impossible. Lots of boys who aren't even sixteen find work—"

She could have wept at the earnest young face. "Oh Peter, you've never even put away your own clothes—"

He'd never *had* to, Peter argued. He'd never needed a job till now. If you were observant, you didn't have to *do* a thing to know you were capable of doing it. He, Peter, had observed. He knew he could pick up his clothes and he also knew he could handle a job. Would Mother and Dad object if he looked for one—?

Mother turned to Dad—who deliberated while Peter held his breath. At last the verdict came. "Fair enough," said Dad.

At breakfast next morning Peter was very businesslike. His motor scooter waited at the door. He ate with dispatch, and asked to be excused. "Going out for a job, you know—" he murmured.

Scooting across the bridge to Palm Beach, Peter decided to consult his friends. They might be able to give him a lead.

that oxford touch . . .

They did. The manager of the Worth Street parking lot was leaving. The owner of the lot—call him Mr. B., since Peter's not sure he'd like his name used—was a leading citizen. Peter felt he couldn't do better than apply directly to Mr. B.

Mr. B. was a busy man. Not till evening did Peter catch up with him.

"I beg your pardon, sir—"

"Hello. You're Peter Lawford, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir. And there's a business matter I'd like to discuss with you. I understand Bill is leaving. May I propose myself for the job?"

Mr. B. blinked. "Well, Peter—you've never had any experience, have you?"

"That's true, sir. But you see, no money is coming out of England and no one will cash an English check. So I really need the work; therefore, I'll work hard. Only I must be honest with you. I don't expect to make a career of it. My idea is to make enough money to get back to Hollywood. But I *will* work all winter—you can cou on that, sir. I know you'll need referenc I believe the British consul will give one, and you can find my father in British 'Who's Who.' I don't think you be taking a chance, sir—"

"No," Mr. B. said slowly, "I don't thi I will—"

At nine-thirty Mother and Dad hea the motor scooter. At nine-thirty- Peter burst in. "I've got a job—"

The effect was about the same as you'd thrown a harmless bomb. Devast ing but with pleasant repercussions .

let 'em eat bread . . .

Peter couldn't have asked for m wholehearted co-operation than he seen to be getting from Mother and Dad. Mot was learning to cook and Dad appoin himself handyman. What encouraged Pe most was their unfailing good humor. T fell in with almost every suggestion t poured from their son's fertile br through his eager lips. One night he down with a list of things they could without. "We can cut out the phone. don't *have* to send things to the laun A woman by the day will cost much l We don't need *half* the food we eat—

"There I draw the line," said Dad. "Y mother's coping with enough noveltie the moment. Let's leave starvation another day—"

Peter grinned. But the sharp l teeth of anxiety dug themselves in fo extra jab. Because he still wasn't s He could tell that Mother and Dad pleased with the way he'd taken ho amazed but pleased. But in spite of ev thing, they hadn't committed themse

As the holiday season approached. grew more uneasy. The news was There wasn't much fighting—just an nous something in the air, reflecte letters from friends, in the movement children from England to America. Mo and Dad hung on the radio.

The days slipped by. "I haven't heart for a tree," Mother said. "Let's celebrate by going to church—"

"Good idea," said Dad.

"Right," echoed Peter, but his must have given him away.

Mother looked up. "Of course we o to have something special for Chris dinner. Turkey's beyond me, and pudding I don't even venture to con plate. If you two are willing to tak chance, however, I'll try a chicken—"

But it wasn't the turkey and plum ding Peter cared about, nor the gifts the tree, but the sadness of his pa

A thought struck him. They'd al made Christmas merry for him. shouldn't he do it for them this

That's why he was waiting in his Christmas Eve till the house was He waited till midnight—to be sure M and Dad were sound asleep—before ing out. Cautiously, he opened the door, thumb-tacked the wreath up. closed it again. Then he turned o small lamp in a corner. Using cha ladders, he strung the paper chains chandelier to wall brackets. Tha only the tree. Funny. Heaped up i closet, it had looked like a lot of but it spread out pretty thin—

He set the tree on the table and spri snow over it. What a time he'd ha ting it home on his scooter, trying t it steady between his feet. He stood and eyed it. It seemed even smalle than it had in the dime store—

Time dissolved for a moment, and was looking again at his biggest tre

He was six years old. They w Water Eaton, his Aunt Ethel's lofty m house near Oxford, which had once a monastery.

"If you'll come for Christmas,"

thel had said, "I'll give you a very big ee—"

He wouldn't have believed a tree could so big. They opened the doors of the awing room on the old stone hall, where great Yule log blazed in the fireplace, id the glittering tree rose high beyond e staircase and towered to the ceiling, here Peter's wondering eyes were held a fairy with a star-tipped wand—

Nobody said a word till he'd looked his l—till he'd run to Aunt Ethel and flung s arms around her in a wordless rapture thanks . . .

Then Christmas dinner—the turkey and anberry sauce, the twelve tiny mince-es for twelve happy months, the breath-ss moment when the plum pudding was rne in aflame. And the pieces and pieces u ate hoping to bite against one of the illings or halfcrowns it was stuffed with. it Peter wound up with a thrupenny bit.

That brought him ruefully back to the esent. Under his thrupenny tree, he id Dad's tie and set the goldfish bowl tween the legs of the table.

He'd never slept well the night before iristmas and this was no exception. He as up first, waiting when Mom and Dad me out with two packages. They looked the trees and the chains and the gold-h, and Peter nonchalantly opened the or to display the wreath—

rprise! . . .

"Oh darling, how sweet of you!" said other, her eyes shining, while Dad ad-ired his tie and Peter opened his own fts—a sweater and a model plane. And ough nothing much more was said, there emed to be a general lift in the air. pecially after they got home from church d Mother started the chicken. Even Dad pt running to the kitchen to look and iff, as the bird turned unbelievably lden brown, exactly as if someone else d cooked it . . .

In fear and trembling Mother watched em take their first bite.

"It's *good*," said Peter.

"Excellent," Dad agreed.

Only then did she find the courage to t her own fork. "Good?" cried Mother dignantly. "It's simply *delicious!*"

The dishes were done. A fire blazed, d the little tree glimmered on the table. itside, the voices of children rose in a rol. Mother went to the door to give em some cake, came back and sat down.

"Peter," she said quietly, "your father d I have another gift for you. We think u'll like it. We've decided to stay in nerica—"

"Oh." The world whirled for a moment, en righted itself. "Thank you, Mother— d." His voice caught a little. "I—I'll to see that you don't regret it—"

Later, Mother came to his room to say odnight. "Happy, darling?"

"Terribly happy. Mother, there's some-ng I want to tell you. I realize what u and Dad are doing for me. I shouldn't ve asked it if I didn't think it was right me to work at the only thing I ever nted to do. Remember what you've al-ys said?—if you ask God for something h all your heart and it's right for you have it, you'll get it. I asked Him with my heart, Mother—"

f his mother needed compensation, she l it—brimful and running over.

That was six years ago. Peter tried to ist, but his arm kept him out. The er Lawfords never regretted their de-on, even when the sledding was rough- At the pace Peter's going, there's all chance they ever will.

The war's over now. This will be a rrier Christmas. But nothing Peter finds der any tree will bear comparison with at his parents gave him out of their love

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YOU KNOW ME, AL

(Continued from page 39)

the Manhattan newspaper guys (I was one once myself in California) and telling my story to the magazine editors. I was able to meet quite a few of them—because—lucky me—I'd just been in a picture that people liked—"This Gun For Hire." For the first time in my life a few people were interested in me—and—let's face it—I liked it. What struggling actor wouldn't?

That's how it was, Al. I was a country boy from California in your home town, New York City—and you didn't know it—but the one editor I wanted to meet more than anyone else was a fellow named Albert Delacorte. Reason? Well, I figured MODERN SCREEN and I spoke the same language about Hollywood.

where's al? . . .

Except that you weren't speaking to me. I didn't know that until my New York visit was almost over. I met a lot of people but I still hadn't met this Delacorte and finally I mentioned it to the Paramount public relations guy who had me in tow. "Seems to me," I said, "I've talked to every magazine but the Youth's Companion and the Police Gazette—but there's one editor I'd like to meet—Al Delacorte of MODERN SCREEN. Is he in town?"

The publicity fellow nodded. "Oh, sure," he said, "but he doesn't want to see you. I asked him and he said, 'No.'"

"Delacorte says he's too busy," explained my friend. "Says he'll see you later on. But here," and he stuck out a sheaf of paper, "are some questions he wants you to answer."

I took the stack, frowning. Eight pages, and every page black with typed question marks. How I combed my hair, brushed my teeth, which side I slept on, how I liked my eggs—eight pages! I stuffed the quiz-biz angrily in my bag. I was from Hollywood and I knew the old brusheroo when I saw it.

"Tell Delacorte," I snapped, "not to hold his breath waiting for the answers!"

That was in the spring and I seriously doubt if Al practiced Yoga until the Fourth of July, because that's when I finally got around to scribbling the answers to that questionnaire. Sue and I went up to Lake Arrowhead for a holiday and I tossed the quizzes in my bag. The firecrackers matched my mood. While they popped I sat down and answered Al's questions. Born? "There's a rumor," I wrote. Education? "Reform School." I went on like that, having fun. I dropped the envelope in the mail box with a note. "Dear Mr. Delacorte: Here are the answers to your questions. Light 'em and see if they pop. Happy Fourth of July. Alan Ladd."

Well, Al, I'm afraid it wasn't much of a feud. You forgot about it and so did I. Then one day on the set of "China" a fellow from the front office collared me between scenes. "Want you to meet someone," he said. I walked over. There was a good looking young guy, about my age, unpretentious, grinning, sticking out his hand. I thought he must be another actor visiting the set, or maybe a new stock player studying at the drama school.

"Alan, I want you to meet Al Delacorte."

It was a good thing those sound stage floor boards were solid. I'd have dropped right through.

Al looked about as much like my picture of a MODERN SCREEN editor as I look like Abraham Lincoln. When I got over the shock, I tried to work up that scowl I wore in "This Gun For Hire" but it wouldn't work. I forgot how miffed I'd been. Besides, Al beat me to the punch.

"Sorry I couldn't get to see you in New York, but I was all tangled up in a deadline," he explained. "How about having dinner with me tonight?"

It was impossible to be mad at this friendly guy. I grinned and said "Sure." So that's how we met—with a misunderstanding—just like in the movies—and how do you like that?

But I started this story to take you and your gang apart, Al, and it's no time for bouquets yet. First off, I'm going to accuse you of fooling the public. I still cherish my favorite picture of you as a magazine editor—a hard-bitten old goat wrapped in pipe or cigar smoke with a green eyeshade. And you still look like a kid just out o college. I'm going to prove that, too.

Remember the time on my second trip to New York when Sue and I stayed in a hotel, up by the Park? This afternoon there were Sue, Al and myself, and we came out of the lobby to meet the mob. Not after me, understand, after other stars at the hotel, but they consoled themselves with me while they were waiting, an pretty soon hands were grabbing me from all angles and a couple dozen autograph books were being waved under my nose. Al tried to shove in to where I was an save the pieces and then this young toughi grabbed him and said, "Hey, you, tak yer turn!" He thought Al was another ki trying to pull a fast one!

When it began getting late for the radi program, I called on Al. First, I told th kids I'd sign all their books that nigh when I got back and give them bac the next day. "Al," I panted, "will yo take these into the desk and leave 'em fc me?" And he said sure. So in he wer lugging those autograph books to the des and the clerk gazed down at him with fish eye and gasped icily, "the nerve that kid!" And in less than a minute tw bellboys had given Al the bum's rush rig out to the street, dead sure that he be longed to that gang of teen-agers. Hones

hairbreadth henry . . .

It must be catching—this youth move ment around MODERN SCREEN. Take Hen Malmgreen. With that crew cut he loo as if he'd just walked out of Nassau H down in Princeton. My little girl, Alar touched those spikes of his last time s saw him and said "hairbrush!" You ca fool a kid. But on the other hand, like said, it must run in your family.

I remember that night. Al, right aft we'd met on the "China" set, and I show up at your cottage at the Garden of All I'd come fresh from the set and I had wash up and shave before we went on c to the Derby. So I barged in and the was another young looking man and y said, "Alan, meet the other Delacorte" a I mumbled, "Pleased-to-meet-you," e plained about the washup, and you poin out the bathroom. Then when I yel out, "Say, Al,"—somehow I started call you Al right away—"have you got a ra blade?" you said, "No," and I said, "A your brother if he's got one." Ther heard you two laughing and I came covered with soap and confusion.

Because the other Delacorte grinned a said, "I'm not his brother. I'm his da Was my face red to tag George Delaco the head of Dell Publishing Company, a youngster!

Well, I suppose I know part of answer to that Ponce de Leon stuff in Delacorte tribe by now, Al—although was fairly rugged finding out. The rea you and your Dad and all of you cha round like the Light Brigade, spouting tom-energy right and left without tiring, s because you know how to keep fit.

I've already given out the facts of my ife at school. I played a little football nd liked track, besides knocking myself ut regularly from a high dive board. I've lways tumbled, done calisthenics, ridden orseback—kept active. But how was I to now an editor—of all people—would turn ut to be a muscle man? So here's another tory on you, Primo . . .

I'd asked Al up to the house to meet he family. The minute we got home, there vas a guy waiting with something to read nd sign—business. I excused myself to Al nd said, "Make yourself at home."

So I was sitting in the room going over his matter and suddenly I heard a rattling ut in back, a kind of cross between a achine gun's rat-a-tat and a riff on a nare drum. I took a look out the door and ere was Al busy at my punching bag nd making it say "Uncle!"

"Want a turn?" he grinned. "Don't be lly," I said. "I have my pride." And asked him straight, "How did a swivel at softie learn to punch a skin like at?" And guess what he replied?

"My mother taught me."

I had to sit down on that one and we ot to talking. Turned out Al has been a oy athlete all his life. He's a bicyclist preme, has pedalled himself all over e U. S. at various times and you don't o that when the fellows yell "Hey, kinny" on the beach as those Lionel trongfort ads say. You need legs. At rep school and Princeton, too, Al was me shakes at gym and swimming, and boxed around like a shipping clerk.

Well, my own reputation went right wn the drain that same afternoon, because that week, in a fight scene, I'd slipped om a flight of steps on the prop boat at aramount and I'd got a gimp in my back. I could keep working without yelling Ouch" every time I took a step and spoilg a take, I had a Swedish masseur come to give me a rub to get the kinks out. e was due then, and after watching Al ss himself around with that bag, I suggested he get a treatment, too.

He finally did, just to be polite. But you uld tell he didn't think much of the idea.

ddy duet . . .

Al Delacorte and I had a lot of private terests in common from the day we met. e and I were looking forward to the rival of our Alana about then and Al d his wife, Letitia, had an option on the by who's now their son, Peter. Prospece daddies have to stick together and took the approaching situation apart om all angles, in Hollywood and New ork. When we got together on facts, rned out it was practically a stork derby. ther one of us might be a daddy first by matter of days. So we made a bet and Al on. The Delacortes' Peter is a few weeks der than our Alana. But Al paid right ck by sending Alana, when she arrived, biggest teddy bear this side of Kodiak and. She's been trying to grow up to now for over two-and-a-half years.

As for kids—can you take another exse, Al? It was on that hitch-hike trip took home from Hollywood to New rk last year. He was thumbing a ride wn South and a migrating family of mers slowed down and took him aboard, th the dogs, chickens, furniture, pots d pans—and kids—all over the car. That s exactly what Al wanted most—I'll have tell you more about his meet-the-people rs—and he didn't mind a bit when y put the youngest baby on his lap.

Well, came time to haul into a roadside ery and Al said lunch was on him. hat'll you have?" he asked. "Hamrger, with onions." said Mama. "Make

"*The Hand* of little employment hath the daintier sense." — *William Shakespeare*

"Little employment"? *These days?*— Don't be silly, Willie!

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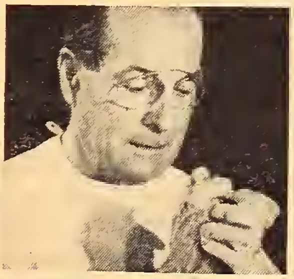

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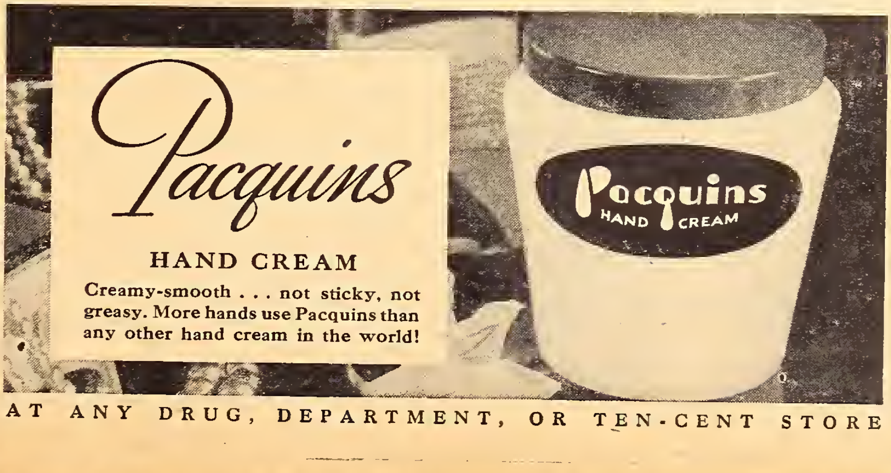

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My Hair is______Skin______Dry__Oily__Normal__

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it two," said Pop. "I want a hamburger, too," piped up three or four Juniors. It was down to the sixteen-month baby Al had cradled all the way. Al turned to the mother. "What will we order for the baby?" he asked.

"Oh," said the woman. "He'll have the same—with onions." Al gasped, but he did what Mama said.

Speaking of that cross-country hitch home from Hollywood, Al—that's one for the book—at least my book. I knew you were public opinion minded all right, with that Modern Screen poll picking Hollywood popularity winners every month, but I didn't know until then that you liked to meet the people in person and find out what ticks in their minds. I didn't know it was a hobby, that you and Letitia had even spent your honeymoon thumbing rides all over Florida, and not because you couldn't afford the railroad fare, either.

That's why, I suppose, I still couldn't face the obvious facts that time after I'd knocked myself out getting you train transportation back home from Hollywood.

reluctant guest . . .

When the hotel situation was so tight in Hollywood and Al was parking his suitcase on the curb I almost had to wrestle him to make him put up at my house where there was plenty of sleeping room. Once there, he relaxed and we gave him the home folks treatment, but to get him there you had to twist his arm all over the place. "I'll be in the way," said Al, and Sue and I said, "Nuts, don't be silly!"

Well, the time drew near for Al to get back to his editorial offices, and one morning at breakfast what did he do but casually drop the remark that he had no train reservations. He was leaving in a couple of days. I almost dropped the coffee cup.

"Good gosh, then," I exclaimed. "You'd better get busy, Al. Maybe some of the studios can help you."

"Oh, no," he objected. "I wouldn't ask any favors. I'd be obligated."

This was in the pinchiest time for train space. There just wasn't any. But I knew that all the Hollywood studios kept a few well worn seats for executives to use rattling back and forth to Washington on government training film business. Sometimes a change in plans gave out with a cancellation. I got busy on the phone that morning. I called everyone I knew, used all the pull I had. It was no soap.

The next day I picked up where I'd left off. Not a chance—until late in the evening the phone on the set jingled for me. "There's a last minute cancellation on the Chief for tomorrow," said a friend of mine in a studio transportation department.

"Don't let it out of your hands," I cried. I hopped in my car, raced across town, got the precious space, hurtled back to the house. "Al," I said, handing him the pasteboard, "you are looking at stuff more precious than gold."

"Why, thanks, Alan," said Al. "But I really don't need this."

"Oh," I groaned. "Are you going to start that 'I can't put you to this trouble' stuff again? The trouble's all over. There's your seat back home to New York."

"But you see," said Al, "I'm going to hitch-hike."

And the next morning he bought a suit of long underwear and a raincoat and waved Sue, me, and Sylvia Wallace goodbye on the outskirts of Los Angeles. We watched a truck driver pick him up. I don't know whether he was more thrilled climbing in the cab of that truck to hit the open road, or greeting all the Hollywood stars at his party the night before.

So, Al—let's face it: You're an individualist. I'll make it a *rugged* individualist.

He drinks milk when any normal person goes for tea or coffee. He doesn't smok
a thing. He plays the piano but won
admit it. (I caught him at my house.) He
a hep cat from away back and a hot platte
hoarder deluxe, and he's green with env
at Sue's and my collection of old Crosb
recordings (we sat up until dawn one nigh
running them over and over). He's
camera nut supreme.

He reads a chapter from the Bible som
time every day and he can quote fron
the Scriptures to prove a point. He's
softie for holidays and he never forgets a
anniversary or a birthday or anythin
where a present's called for. And Al ca
make a holiday out of anything. He onc
sent me a beautiful pair of gold cuff link
from Tiffany's. I wrote and thanked hir
but was forced to ask how come? "An
niversary of the day you made Moder
Screen's popularity poll," explained A

He's a nut on physical culture and work
out daily with his dad in Manhattan gym
as I've pointed out, but maybe his bigge
outdoor hobby is sailing on Long Islan
Sound. Al's worst dissipation is sittir
up until 3:00 a.m. with someone like m
and taking the world apart with words
his New York apartment, with probab
Henry Malmgreen, "the Brow," to give hi
a good argument. "21" is his favorite Ne
York cafe and he likes Romanoff's in Holly
wood. He gets a great bang out of partie
especially if he can toss them himself.

The biggest kick Al Delacorte gets o
of life, I know, is working with Moder
Screen's popularity poll, and then helpi
boost the players along to a permane
place in the Hollywood sun. You'd thir
all the movie guys and gals on his p
were members of his own family, to he
him talk. He's that wrapped up in the

One feature of a Poll Party thrown at r
house gave Al Delacorte one of the warr
est thrills he ever got in Hollywood. Ma
ing out the guest list, Sue teamed
Johnny Payne with one of the cutest gi
in town, Gloria De Haven.

You know what happened. From th
night on John and Gloria decided th
were meant for each other. It was mc
than a Hollywood romance note. Th
was one for the preacher. Playing Cup
was a new role for Sue and me and
grinned at the mental image of Al Del
corte wearing wings.

All right, Al, school's over. Now y
know how it feels to have somebody p
you into a goldfish bowl, right in your o
backyard, right in Modern Screen. If
experience has been painful, remember
hurts me more than it does you. But do
forget, what's sauce for the goose is app
sauce for the gander, as we say he

So before you send this sailing into yo
wastebasket as gross libel and a malici
fabrication on one Albert P. Delacort
consider:

You know me, Al—but I know you, t

AUTHOR, AUTHOR!

Stand up and take a bow, you bud
ding genius, you! And while you'r
at it, take five dollars, with our com
pliments. Because that's what we pa
for stories we accept about what hap
pened when you met a star. So spea
it true and write it clear (ink or type
writer) and send your tale to our '
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Screen, 149 *Madison Avenue, Ne*
York 16, *N. Y. And if we seem slow*
answering, puh-lease forgive us! We'
been swamped with letters, and sinc
we read every word, it takes quite
while sometimes before you hear fro
us. But don't despair; you send 'er
and we'll read 'em . . . even if we g
cross-eyed after the first thousan

A BOY'S BEST PAL . . .

(*Continued from page 45*)

ife so far.

In both his public and his private life, Greg and his Dad are still a team—and both of them like it that way.

When you meet Gregory Peck, Senior, you know right away that he's as much a part of Greg Peck as Greg himself. It's not looks so much. Greg's dad is shorter and huskier. But he's as handsome a man for his fifty-odd years as Greg is for his thirty. He walks with the easy, muscular carriage of an athlete and he's a dead shot with an iron and wicked with a putter on a golf green. I know—I spent a couple of days with him and he took me to the cleaners on the links. But it was worth it to come up with such a heart warming tale.

It starts back in 1915, the year Greg was born. That was an anxious, gloomy year for Gregory Peck, Sr. He'd come out West from Michigan University with a pharmacist's diploma in his hand, ready to make his fortune. He'd bought a drug store, the only one in the little town of La Jolla, California. He'd married a pretty girl from Missouri, Bernice Ayres, and things should have been looking up. But in Europe a World War had burst oose and business was dropping off. He stood to lose his shirt unless he could sell out. And somehow he and the pretty girl weren't hitting it off too well.

The separation was friendly, and later when his mother remarried and moved back West to San Francisco, Greg divided his time between both mother and father.

Being his son's dad was the prime mean-ng of Gregory Peck, Senior's, life. It never stopped being that.

long came junior . . .

Everywhere his dad went, Peck, Junior, agged along. Gregory Peck got the job f night pharmacist in the La Jolla drug tore, so his days could be devoted to his on. They moved into a little place on Fay treet, near the beach. A housekeeper took are of Baby Greg and cooked his meals. ut half the time it was Greg and his dad ho "bached" alone or boarded out. But in o time, it seemed, young Greg was grown ut of babyhood into boyhood and then is dad's days of joy really began.

No boy could have asked for a dreamier ad than Greg Peck had—if only because f his athletic skill. Gregory, Senior, had tarred at basketball and football on the niversity of Michigan varsities. He'd layed semi-pro baseball after college in e East and when he came to San Diego e plopped right into the athletic swim. e made another semi-pro team there. He rganized and coached a basketball team at won the city championship three ears in a row. He coached the Y. M. C. A. nd San Diego Rowing Club's crews. He as the only official A.A.U. referee in e county—so naturally he officiated at very big sporting event within Greg's orld. Today you can see the cups Greg's ad won bowling in the same league for venty-five years and the trophies at olf where he still boasts a 10 handicap.

Greg and his dad lived near the rock iffs and blue coves of La Jolla, world mous now for its summer resorting. Be-re Greg could walk straight his dad wered him, kicking, into the white surf. efore he was ten he was a little human sh, swimming and diving like a champion.

Years later when Greg was at the Uni-ersity of California, his first big crew ce as stroke on the Junior Varsity came . He wrote his dad and asked him up to erkeley. It was a funny time to take a

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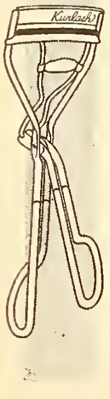

vacation from the store, but Dad Peck made it. He sat on the sidelines, and with a professional's eye watched the Washington Junior crew unmercifully trounce Greg and his bunch.

After his shower Greg came running up. "Well, Dad," he asked, "how did it look?"

"It looked like about ten lengths," replied Gregory Peck drily. "And it looked awful."

His boy threw back his head and laughed, "I know," he said. "We just got royally whipped. They're too good for us." There was no soft soap or alibis.

Greg's dad was a boxer in college, and early in life he taught his son the art of self-defense. They'd spar in the yard. But he warned his son. "This is just to take care of yourself. If I ever catch you picking fights because you can handle your dukes—it'll be too bad for you!"

advice from pop . . .

Just the same, his severity about brawling made Greg so cautious that in grammar school he used to duck clashes with the school toughies. He took a few school yard beatings and one time when he came running home with the marks of defeat all over his face, his dad took him aside.

"Stick up for yourself," he said. "Don't pick any fights, but if some kid starts one—remember what I've taught you and let him have it. And," he added ominously, "you'd better lick him or when you get home I'll lick you!"

That night a neighbor came storming over to the Pecks, outraged. "That's a fine thing to do, Peck," he ranted. "Teaching your kid to box so he can bully and beat up the other kids. My son's home, black and blue. He said your boy did it."

Gregory Peck's face tightened but his eyes twinkled. "I'll ask him when he gets home," he said, "and let you know."

Greg was honest. "Sure," he said, "I let him have it. But he conked me with a rock first!"

Probably the proudest athletic triumph that Greg's dad remembers was when Greg captured his "killiefish" at the Rowing Club water tournament and regatta.

He was much too young to enter the swimming races at the Club. But he plunged off in the start of the 100-yard dash to earn his "dolphin" and—he got left in the ruck. The kid was good in the water but not strong enough to paddle the distance in the required time. He dragged back to his dad, panting and dripping and mad. "Never mind, son," his dad consoled. "Next year it will be a different story."

"Next year's too far away," gritted Greg. "I'm going after my killiefish."

But that afternoon his dad could hardly believe his eyes when his glasses picked his own boy splashing back among the leaders. Pretty soon Greg was before him, blue from the water, out of breath and barely able to stand up. But he clutched the coveted "killiefish." That made the Old Man's heart swell with a pride hard to describe.

But there was more to Greg Peck, as a boy, than mere athletic talent. Greg, Senior, used to plan his vacations so he could take Greg somewhere new every year. They sailed to Catalina Island, Yellowstone, the Carlsbad Caverns, Sequoia and Yosemite, where Greg tumbled off a cliff once and gashed his head with a scar he still carries. The year the Olympic Games were staged in Los Angeles, they got season tickets and sat together through that world meet, the greatest on earth before Hitler used the last one for Nazi propaganda.

One vacation, Greg's dad planned a duck hunting trip to Lake Hodges in the mountains. He took along his 12-gauge and the little .410 he'd bought for Greg. They hired a skiff at the lake and hadn't rowed a hundred yards from shore before a little duck swooped down on the water right off their bow.

"Get him, son!" whispered Mr. Peck.

Greg reached for his shotgun and "boom!" his dad felt a jolt in his shoulder.

"Row to shore, son," he gasped. "Guess I've been shot."

Poor Greg, shaking like a leaf—he was only about 13 then—and weak from the tragedy, could only row in circles. Luckily, other hunters on shore guessed the trouble, rowed out and helped them in and soon Dad Peck was on his way to a San Diego doctor. They got all the shot out of his shoulder and there was no after effect of the gunshot wound. Not to Gregory Peck. But his son had to be kept under sedatives several days and when he went back to school it was a week before he could stop being hysterical every night. Greg gave his little .410 away that tragic day and he has never owned a shotgun since.

That's how deeply the boy could feel. That's why it was such an emotional climax the time his dad told him he'd been married. Up until then Greg's world of his dad and himself had never been threatened with invasion.

They were on one of their summer vacation auto tours. This time they'd driven to Salt Lake City to see the salt flats. Greg and his dad, and this time a San Diego girl his dad had known seven or eight years. She was a grown-up pal of Greg's too. He knew her as "Harriet" and there seemed nothing unusual to him that she went with them on the vacation. Greg and his dad had one cabin at the Lake and Harriet, of course, had another. Bu one day when Greg was busy at the lakeshore, they slipped off and got married Not until they started home in the ca that night did his father tell him, "Son Harriet and I got married today."

There was no answer from Greg. Th news was too unbelievable. No word came to his trembling lips, only tears t his eyes. He wept for two hours on th silent ride toward home. Then it was al over. He'd weathered his upset. Fron then on Harriet was a part of the famil and it was one for all and all for one Luckily, there was nothing strained abou the Pecks' family set-up. As a matter o fact, when he set out for the Universit of California on his own, Greg made th grade the first year mainly because h landed a job holding down his stepfather San Francisco office in the afternoons an during vacations. They bunked him a their house, too, which was a great hel

an independent kid . . .

Greg was about sixteen when his da remarried, and soon he would be on h own at California. But for little more tha a year, he stayed with his pop and Harrie at their San Diego house. And from th start, Greg had his down quarters.

"He was always an independent boy Gregory Peck told me. "Carried on h own business without asking questions an nobody around our place pestered him. W figured he'd be more self-reliant if h had his own room." The room was, in h dad's words, "usually a mess." But it w Greg's teen-age mess. Oars, tennis racket pennants, the trophies he'd collected school, fishing tackle, adventure thrille balls and bats. It had its own separa entrance and it was Greg Peck's castle.

As a kid, Greg had his chores and h rules, of course. He had to mow the law keep the car shiny and run errands. Ev when he got into high school he had study every night except Saturday.

Dad Peck didn't try to dictate religi to his son, although from the time he w big enough to walk, Greg had trotted alo to church with him on Sunday. He lik religion from the start and when he w at St. John's, run by the Sisters of Mercy, they picked Greg right away as material for the priesthood. They approached his father. "Wait until he grows up and decides for himself," was the answer.

Greg's dad didn't believe in bending the twig one way or another. But of course, he had his hopes. Greg would say "gonna be a policeman" one day or "wanna be a fireman" the next. One day he said, "When I grow up I'm going to be a doctor," and that made Greg's dad's heart leap, because he was a frustrated doctor himself. He just said, "That's fine son," but put it far away in his hopes.

Early in his boy years, Greg's dad tried to give him every advantage he'd missed. So he started Greg in piano lessons. But practice to impatient Greg was too tedious. He squirmed on the hard seat in the afternoons when the rest of the kids were playing. Soon the piano lessons fizzled out.

in six easy lessons . . .

Then, in high school, Greg got the music bug again. He made the glee club and he was beginning to notice the girls. Dances and dance music swam into his world and he came to his dad with his plans. "We're getting up a dance band, the guys and me," he said. "I know where I can learn the piano fast—six lessons for ten bucks." His dad drew out the ten spot. "Okay," he said, "if you'll stick to it this time—although that's no way to learn the piano."

"I'll pay you back out of the profits—we're gonna play a dance," promised Greg. Strangely enough, he stuck to the six easy lessons, did learn to bang out a few chords and did play a high school dance, but one or two was all. The budding swing career faded. His dad never reminded him about the ten dollars. Somehow he just couldn't play the stern parent when he saw the kid acting just about like he'd acted.

He'd always encouraged Greg to grow up. He didn't hold him back. He went downtown to buy Greg his first suit of long pants, a terrific event, and when a high school prom came along that was "formal," he got as much kick out of looking over tuxes as Greg did. As usual, Greg had saved up something on the dinner jacket deal—but as usual, too, it wasn't enough. And as usual again, Mr. Peck, Sr. made up the difference.

But Greg Peck was developing a sensitive pride about standing on his own feet. As he grew—four inches in one year at high school—and as he developed his own personality, the independent spirit he'd had all his life solidified. It cropped out in his second year in San Diego State College. "You've been carrying me long enough, Dad," he said. "I'm going to take some of the load off you. I've got a job."

Gregory, Sr. protested. He asked Greg not to quit school. It knocked a hole in his dreams for the boy. "Just for a year," insisted Greg. "It'll do me good and give me a stake—and take the load off you."

"Okay, if you'll promise it will be just a year," his dad said thoughtfully.

"I promise." Greg had never broken a promise yet.

It was a job driving trucks for the Union Oil Company. A man's job, but by then Greg was wide in the shoulders and strong in the chest. Two weeks later he rolled by the house driving a heavy truck. He saved his money. After the year he had about $500, besides enough to put a down payment on a Model-T Ford jaloppy. Dad Peck made up the difference in the $350 price. With that equipment, and that stake, Greg said he figured he could go on up to Berkeley, and start studying to be a doctor.

They'd often talked Greg's future over as he grew up. His dad plugged, "Take up something definite, plan a profession. The best thing's to be a doctor." Maybe

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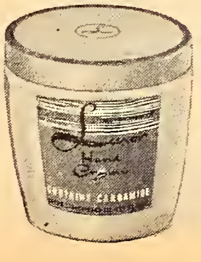

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he was prejudiced in that direction, Gregory Peck admitted. He'd planned to take medicine at Michigan but his love for sports got in the way and he'd settled for the quicker profession of pharmacy.

no help wanted . . .

So he was pretty pleased when Greg made his decision and happy to help all he could. But Greg wouldn't take much. He drove off in the Model-T with his job savings and at Berkeley he worked his way through with his parking lot project by the stadium and his odd jobs. After every party he'd always drop by the drug store and tell Dad all about it. So Gregory Peck didn't feel like he was out of his son's life—not yet. Greg was always rolling home on holidays, the Model-T bulging with college chums and boiling over. Oh he'd be taking the train up north to see Greg row on the Junior Varsity.

He'd heard, too, scattered mention from Greg and hints in his letters about dramatics at Cal and a few plays he was doing around the campus. But it never occurred to him that this interest was squeezing out medicine. So when Greg decided to quit Cal and go to New York and be an actor, it was a bolt out of the blue for his dad.

"I want to be an actor, Dad," he said. "Medicine's no good for me. I've found what I like and what I'm good at. So I'm not going to waste any more time. The place to learn to act is in New York. The American Academy of Dramatic Art. It takes a little money, but—"

"Son, if I—" He said it by instinct.

"Nope," vetoed Greg. "I've got it figured out. I've got the dough to get there and I'll get a job this summer to pay tuition and carry me through the winter. All I want from you is to know you're backing me up. As usual," he grinned.

"I'm disappointed, Greg," his dad found himself saying. "I won't kid about that. But I'm for you, son. But I'm afraid—acting's so shaky—not like being a doctor. I don't want to see you ending up a ham actor like a million others."

Greg's voice was level. "I won't, dad. I think I've got the stuff. I really do."

Dad Peck swallowed and braced himself. "Okay," he said. "Then go to it. But make me a promise: Try it for two years and then if you aren't getting anywhere, promise me you'll go back to school and finish medicine?"

"I promise."

"Shake?"

Greg stuck out his hand. "Shake." Gregory Peck knew his son's word was his bond, but it wasn't a happy goodbye he waved when Greg took the train East.

But after two years Greg Peck was playing with Katharine Cornell and as his dad grinned to me, "What could I do?"

The minute he heard of Greg's tour with Cornell he got a time table of their play dates and wrote for a copy of every paper in every town they played just to find out what the critics thought of his boy.

Of course, by now Gregory Peck, Sr., is pretty proud of his son and he'd walk a country mile just to catch him in a picture. In fact, he drove 600 miles to San Francisco to see him act the first time.

He was in San Diego when Greg made "Days of Glory." It was finished but it wasn't released and Peck, Sr. was getting pretty restless when one night the son of one of his old Michigan U. college chums came down from Camp Callan.

"Say," he told Dad Peck. "Saw something on the bulletin board at camp that might interest you—tomorrow night they're showing 'Days of Glory.'"

"Wow!" cried Greg's pop.

"Would you like to see it?"

"Would I!"

It was hard to fix, and against the rules, but he pulled some wires and wangled special permission for the civilian. Seeing his boy in the movies for the first time is a thrill Mr. Peck will never forget.

They never lost touch for even a week, all the time Greg was East, barking at the World's Fair. He wrote his dad about everything—about his plans to work at the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia, about the breaks he hoped for and the break of playing with Katharine Cornell. Greg kept his dad posted on all the details—except—as usual, the intimate ones.

Then one day he got the letter. He'd wondered when it would come and how he would feel when it did.

"Dear Dad: I've got some big news. Hope it will be all right with you. I got married Sunday. She's the greatest girl in the world and—" It went on to describe Dad Peck's new daughter. At the end, Greg pleaded, in the man-to-man fashion his dad had taught him:

"Be a good sport and give us your blessing."

Gregory Peck sent that right back. He didn't even know Greg had been going with a girl. He didn't know her name or what she looked like. But he wrote his son, "I've all the confidence in the world in your selection, boy." And to Greta he wrote, "You've got the finest fellow I know Take good care of him."

The Pecks—the Senior ones in San Diego—and the Juniors up in Hollywood—don't let many days go by without traveling north or south, as the case may be, t see one another. Greg's particularly interested in his brother, Donald. He's smart kid, snappy, wiry and ambitious who, for the past five years, has held dow the lead in every school play.

One evening last year, Gregory Peck Senior, paced the front room carpet of hi San Diego home. It was almost time fo him to go downtown to work. He hadn' missed a night's work for over a score o years and he was pretty proud of that.

But this night, "Doc" Peck wasn't thinking about his customers. His birthday wa almost over and he hadn't heard fro Greg, way down in Florida on locatio making "The Yearling." He'd been expecting a letter, but it hadn't come. Son grow up and change, he knew, and well—maybe this year it had slipped Greg's min

Then the telephone rang.

"Hello, Dad?" came the voice he knew s well. "Happy Birthday—and many mor of 'em!"

"Thanks, boy."

"Dad," continued the voice, "I want t take this occasion to tell you I'm the luckiest guy in the world to have a father lik you."

"That's the way I feel about you, to Greg."

"I can't thank you enough for all you' done for me. But I guess you know ho I feel."

"I guess I do."

"Well, watch out crossing the streets!"

"Don't let those alligators get you."

Dad Peck grinned as he walked dow the front steps and backed the car o of the garage. All the way downtown h whistled. It had been a good birthd after all. He still had his boy.

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*GLAMOR, INC.

NEITHER HAIL NOR SLEET

(*Continued from page 60*)

e humdingers at dissolving the particles areas of the epidermis which have not een removed in the natural process of the in renewing itself.

Could be that sometimes you make only lf-hearted dabs at your cheeks with the ansing cream? That you barely sprinkle e face with soap and water? Sometimes, rrors, you fall into bed too tired to move your makeup? Which is all so rong! Spic-and-span cleanliness is the sic factor in skin beauty. And skin auty is definitely a basic factor in in- guing your pet male.

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Next step in your beauty treatment is a using soap-suds scrubbing. Choose your cial soap with care . . . just to be on the fe-and-beautiful side. Work up a really orious lather and remember, again, to clude neck as well as face. The hair e requires particular attention, as well the area around the base of the nose. nother point where stale powder and dust e apt to linger is around the eyebrows. st scrub your eyebrows against the di- ction in which they grow, then smooth em back into shape. When your face is oroughly invigorated, rinse away the suds th warm water. Follow this with a ash of cold water, the icier the better. Now before settling down to your dreams, at freshly scrubbed face would welcome bit of lubrication. You may use a skin ion that can be patted on and leaves no idue, or you may use a lubricating eam. Knead it well into the skin. After has remained on for about twenty min- s, remove the excess with tissues.

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* * *

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"SAD SACK"

(*Continued from page* 41)

'em stored up from years of collecting belly busters.

In a few secs it was Old Home Week. Half those hero guys, flat on their backs, hadn't met their home bound neighbors. Phil, Frank and the girls ran up and down the aisles getting the gang together.

"Missouri—you from Missouri? Hey—where's that other soldier with the St. Louis blues?". . . and Frankie would go running. Or "Miami, Florida? Why this doughfoot says that's just a suburb of Los Angeles!" It was going great until Phil Silvers came to a burly rock-faced guy with a sheet over his legs. "Me?" he grated. "Say—I'm from Brooklyn."

"Nail him, Frankie!" yelled Phil. "Brooklyn, your own home town." Frankie came running up. But he stopped dead in his tracks when the guy growled,

"Don't *you* come near me!"

Frankie turned white. The soldier scowled darkly. Frank's tongue jammed, but Phil Silvers jumped into the breach.

"Aw—don't mind Frankie," he cracked. "He just wants you to move over so he can lie down. That bow tie's got him weary—he—"

"Don't tell me about Sinatra," broke in the soldier. "Listen, I used to hack in front of Lindy's. I know de guy. He's dynamite. Say—what about all the times dem crazy swoon fans wrecked my cab? How about dat, Frankie?" The Brooklyn joke was over. He broke into a whiskered grin. "'Member me, Frankie?"

Frank bent over and a happy wave of relief smacked him like a welcome shower on a hot day. "Katzie!" he cried. "You big bum!"

"Yeah, Katzie—dat's me, Kid," the soldier chuckled. "But, Frankie, when you come to Noo Yawk—please—stay away from me, pal—you're poison! And listen—don't tink 'cause I got a scratch on my leg, I ain't gonna be back at de old stand."

There are a double dozen ways Frank Sinatra has improved with his overseas experience. He's got more audience poise. He learned to send his voice out stronger when there wasn't a mike. He learned to out-ad lib Fred Allen. He turned into such a comedian and laugh-louse under Phil Silvers' guidance that Phil finally cracked crabbily, "Look, Frankie—*you* tell the jokes. Let *me* wear the bow tie and sing!" But the best thing of all—and what thrilled Frankie most—was the happy realization that at last he'd smashed to smithereens the old ghost of absent GI scorn.

ripe tomato reception . . .

The audience he aimed to tackle had been overseas for three and four years. When they left, Frank Sinatra was nobody special. But they'd heard about the squeal-deals and the swoon-sessions going on back in the States, while they were blasting Krauts out of the Apennines in the slow, rugged drive up the boot. They were not amused.

Hollywood Victory Committee officials didn't disillusion him, either. They were nervous. "There might be some unpleasantness," they said. Maybe some hoots and boos. Maybe some things flying through the air—like ripe tomatoes. You never can tell what a bunch of hard-cooked GIs sitting around bored, waiting for a ride home, might do. The war was over; discipline was naturally a little relaxed. It was up to Frankie.

He knew from talking to Bing that you couldn't ham and egg to an overseas crowd. "Those guys are hep," stated Bir when he got back from his last year Atlantic trip, "but when you hit 'e right—brother, they eat you up. What gang!"

gathering stars . . .

That's how come Frank asked Phil Si vers and Fay McKenzie, Betty Yeaton ar the pianist, Saul Chaplin, to rally roun Phil's a very funny man, seasoned vaudeville and burlesque, who can make rowdy audience eat out of his hand. He played dozens of service shows with a the big timers, including Bing Crosby. H knows every laugh routine ever invente and has come up with sock comedy f USO units ever since Uncle Sam starte the draft. Fay McKenzie you could ca the original Camp Show Kid and not far off the beam. She started a yea before Pearl Harbor and has as mar camp stands on her record as a cat h fleas. Besides looking good enough to e as apple pie, Fay's a swell personali singer who has done all right for herse around her home town of Hollywood ar in radio and movies, too. Like Phil, she show business from away back; her d ran a tent show and made early flick silents and her brother-in-law is Bil Gilbert, the sneeze-king comic old time Frankie sang across the aisle at CBS one season from Fay on the Grouc Marx show. He'd never met her but knew about the soldier sweetenin' F fairly oozed. He added Betty Yeaton, acrobatic cutie who can bend herself li a pretzel but with a shape that shou never be wasted on a beer biscuit. Sa Chaplin, the accompanist, is musical c rector at CBS, so he was not exac confined to Chopsticks.

They met in New York and preview the show at Camp Kilmer, over in Jers Right before show time, Frank came up Phil with a brain storm.

"Look, Phil," he said. "Let's beat th guys to the punch. None of this 'And h he comes now—the great King of Swo Frankie Sinatra!' Nuts to that. Here's ticket: Louse me up. Make me a silly je with every joke. Murder me!"

Phil's eyes rolled. "Frankie, my boy," grinned. "It's a pleasure. And how did y read my mind, Muscles?"

That night at the Camp Kilmer previ Phil gave Frank the business, on a no experiment. No guinea pig ever got need more thoroughly. Every time Fran peeped out of the wings he got slap down. Frankie'd walk out wistfully a hang around waiting to be introduced.

"Go away, Boy, you bother me," snap Phil. He'd point to the other wing give a glamor send-off to Fay and Be and when Frank eased out again, hea forlornly for the mike, Phil would me look over his shoulder and crack,

"Look, son—there must be a mistak the Blood Bank's down the street."

The whole show took it up. worked the old burlesque routine pretty Fay. You know, the one where bets a half-dollar he can kiss her with touching her. Then he gives her a smack and she says "Yes, but you You touched me!" "H-m-m-m-m," sighs, "so I did." and drops the half d in her palm for the bargain buss.

But this preview night, when F muscled in on the gag, it was just ano insult for Sinatra swoon appeal. Bec when Frankie bussed Fay, handed her four-bits and walked away, she ye

"Hey, Mister Sinatra—wait a minute—come back." Frankie grinned and strutted back as if he were the greatest lover since Barrymore. "Here," said Fay, "is a quarter change!"

That's the way they rode and ribbed Sinatra all through the show. It lasted two hours, and it was an hour and thirty minutes before Frankie ever got to stand in the spotlight and warble one note!

A pleasant surprise hit Frankie right under the heart in Newfoundland. Frankie didn't expect to do much there. He'd been tipped off the GIs took a pretty dim view of most everything.

As usual, Frankie played the Sad Sack fall guy, but when he got into his songs, the show-starved soldiers wouldn't let him stop. Pretty soon he ran out of every encore number. "Okay, fellows," Frankie offered. "Yell out your requests."

The first title they chorused was, "Nancy With the Laughing Face." Frank looked at Phil accusingly. Phil looked at Frank the same way. Both of them swallowed hard, but especially Frank. How did these guys way up in Newfoundland know about that? Who'd primed them to ask? Frankie was puzzled, but he sang it, then he sang it again. It was the evening's biggest hit. But when the show was over, both Frank and Phil chorused, "How come?" Because "Nancy With the Laughing Face" was a private, a personal Sinatra song.

Phil had written it one day when his pal Jimmy Van Heusen (who writes most of Crosby's melodies) was noodling away at the piano. He rippled over a tune and Phil, who never writes songs, suddenly burst out, "Jimmy, I'll give you a lyric for that one!" Evening before, he'd had dinner with Frank and his wife, Nancy, out in the Valley, and the way Nancy Sinatra's eyes always twinkled and her lips smiled stuck with him. Jimmy said, "Okay," and in a few minutes Phil worked out the words. On Nancy's birthday Frankie sang it over the air on his show as a special sentimental tribute to the gal he loves—and that was all. And now here up in bleakest Newfoundland—that, of all songs, was the people's choice.

bow ties and décolleté . . .

One thing Frankie insisted on was being himself in his Dogface Debut. So he lugged along a complete, super-typical Frankie Sinatra wardrobe—a sport coat that would blind a racehorse, shoulders padded out like the Brooklyn bridge. He had collar points that tickled his tummy and some of those black bow ties Nancy makes for him which are strictly from Latin Quarter. In spite of GI barbers, he even managed to keep his floppy haircut. Phil operated in civvies, too, and his turned-up gag hat. Fay McKenzie had nothing but the slinkiest dream formals cut down to the eye treat limit, and in purples, yellows, reds; "exciting" colors.

It was swell to spell back-home glamor and take the curse off olive drab. But it was also a problem. Frankie's gang travelled in C-47s all the way. That meant they had to squeeze everything into tiny suitcases for the weight limit and live out of toilet kits. Of all the capsule tourists, however, Frankie was easily the neatest and most efficient.

At Caserta, Fay McKenzie arrived for the show without a thing to wear. All her glamor gowns looked like they'd been slept in by a flock of sheep. She hauled out the red job that had accordion pleats, but in the wrong places. She sang the blues in front of Frankie. "What you need," he said, "is Sinatra's Snappy Service." He grabbed the dress, slipped it on a hanger and dangled it behind Fay's shower. Then he turned on the hot water full blast. "Oh Frankie," she wailed, "now I'm really ruined!" But the guy just chuckled. in a

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few minutes he lifted the dress out, as smooth as silk and tidy. "The steam does it," said Frankie. "I wish I had a dime for all the suits I've pressed that way."

At Foggia the Red Cross asked Frank if he'd care to meet a litter ship due to arrive that night. Frank remembered the plane at the Azores and the thrill of getting a grateful look from guys who had stopped the lead. "Sure," he said.

"It comes in at four o'clock in the morning," they told him.

sweet and low . . .

Frank worried all night about that first litter plane p.a. It wasn't like the one in the Azores in the daylight with the stretchers out in the sun. He didn't mind a bit crawling out of his sack before dawn, but he didn't know exactly how to entertain a bunch of sleepy, wounded soldiers. Four a.m. is no time to croon jump tunes. He'd be inside the C-54. He'd have no accompaniment. But they'd expect something besides "Hello."

He didn't know until he got there, with Fay and Phil and the bunch. It was half light then and somehow all the soldiers stretched out and tucked in reminded Frankie of kids—like his own kids and himself when he was a kid—being put to bed. Without thinking he crooned softly the words of Brahm's beautiful lullaby.

"Go to sleep—and good night—"

He sang it soft and low in the Sinatra voice that the public doesn't often hear but which is mighty easy on the ears. Half the patients didn't know who was singing. In their half sleep a lot of them dozed off again. Frankie, Fay and Phil spoke softly to the ones awake and then tiptoed out. From then on he never failed to meet a litter plane that came in. And he always sang Brahms. He sang patients in camp hospitals to sleep with it, too. Somehow, it was just the ticket.

The funny thing about Frankie's night-and-day schedule abroad was that it actually put meat on his bones, which is some kind of a small miracle if you know Sinatra. The only explanation is that he's been starving himself all these years since he got famous, eating if and when he felt like it. But when you're traveling under Army orders, you eat when they say, or else. Even on the notorious diet of Spam, Vienna sausage, powdered eggs and "beat-up bread and meat," Sinatra swelled up five pounds worth.

A scene that touched Frank very much was the sight of little Italian kids begging for food. Sinatra's a sucker for kids anyway, of any race, color or country. When he saw the pinch-faced Italian moppets crying "caramella" and raking the gutters, he couldn't take it. All the gang—Frankie, Phil, Fay, Betty, Saul—had army ration books entitling them to PX supplies of this and that—cigarettes, candy, gum, etc.—the hard-to-get items.

"Look," said Frankie. "let's pool our points and load up on candy for these kids. How about it?" That was a brilliant idea that went into force pronto.

What blood Frankie has (Crosby will raise doubts, of course, that there *is* any) is Italian and on his first trip to the home of his ancestors Frankie was intrigued by the Italian people—also vice versa. Frankie speaks only a few catch words in Italian. And after a certain experience with a gondolier in Venice, he stuck to English as she is spoke in America.

They had rattled down in an army command car to Venice, with a play date over on Lido where an army camp awaited. The sleeper jump—as often happened—was at night. They arrived in Venice at 3:30, tired, bedraggled and dying to bed down. But something had snafued and nobody was there to meet and ferry them across. Not even the Navy "duck" that usually rocked them over the waves.

But it was Lido or bust and finall Frankie called on the few Italian word he knew to fast-talk a gondolier int paddling them across. He thought he di all right, because the bird with the wicke black moustachios and gold rings in hi ears said, "Si, Si," and led them down t a decrepit canal canoe. They piled i with all their traps and the thing almos swamped, but Frankie was still prett proud of his linguistic feat. He kept sling ing pig Latin at the gondolier who kep saying, "Si, Si" and hiking them over th water. But in his enthusiasm he caugh a crab with his paddle and drenche Frankie and Fay with a spray of Venetia canal water, which is not exactly swee attar of flowers.

They were all tired and sore and eve Frankie got put out. "I wish that jer would watch what he's doing," he said o loud.

Whereupon the gondolier turned aroun and scowled, "If I'm a jerk—you're a big ger jerk!" he retorted.

Turned out he had had to guess wha Frankie was trying to tell him in Italia but American was his meat. He'd lived ha his life in New York City!

Wherever Frank went, a lot of his aud ence on the fringes were Italians. Th didn't know what to make of him. They heard about America's great singer, Fra Sinatra, but when he gave out with H Parade tunes they just looked baffle Great singing to them meant ope

Even his Holiness, the Pope, was a litt confused on this score. One of the b highlights of Frank's trip and one of t greatest events of his life, was his audien with the head of his church, the Catho faith. The Pope had heard of Sinatra, right, but that was about all.

"You are a tenor, my son?" he asked

"No, Your Holiness," corrected Frank "I'm a baritone."

"Ah, a baritone. What operas do y sing?" he asked.

"I don't sing operas, Your Holines Frankie explained. "You see, I ne studied singing."

His Holiness smiled. "I see"—and conversation changed to other topics. afterwards, Frankie ruefully mentioned embarrassment to the gang. "What co I tell him?" he asked, "that I sang ' Man River' and 'Candy?'"

crosby plugger . . .

All of Frankie's troupe, Fay, Phil, S and Betty went with Frankie to the Va can and met the Pope, too. Phil hau out three rosaries he had purchased. asked His Holiness if he would bless th "I'd like to take them back to Bing Crosb sons," he explained. The Pope smiled blessed the beads. He knew about Crosby, too.

But afterwards, Frank needled Phil. fine thing," he complained. "I take yo meet the Pope, and you plug Crosby." he had a rosary blessed for little Na too. It's one of his proudest possess and a souvenir of his most reverent ment.

Frankie never sang any operas in It He wouldn't know where to start on opera. But he did play lots of o houses, the big, gilded, rococo jobs have all over Italy. They needed siz halls to handle the soldier audie Sinatra drew. Sometimes they ran an open air stadium that took car the crowds, like the Forno Italia Rome that Mussolini built for his Oly athletes and then used to train the Fa youth for war.

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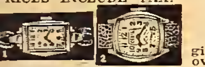

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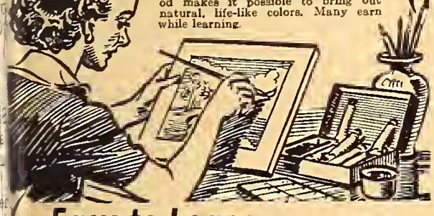

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"The House I Live In," an inspiring anthem about the great country we live in on the order of "Ballad For Americans." But maybe the biggest tingle he got down his spine on the whole junket was hearing thousands of GIs give their battle cry. Looking around for local color at one camp stop, Phil Silvers uncovered the fact that a certain battling Yank division that had blazed its way up the boot, owned a rugged yell loosed every time it stormed into battle. Right into the guns the leaders yelled "Powder River!"—and the whole fighting outfit yelled back, "Let 'Er Buck!"

let 'er buck! . . .

That was a fearsome yell for plenty of krauts, but dear to the hearts of that division, so one night, playing before them, Frankie and Phil yelled out "Powder River!" at the start of their show, and ten thousand heroes gave them a thrill they'll never forget when they roared back as one, "LET 'ER BUCK!"

It's moments like that that stick with a guy. Frank Sinatra packed a lot of them back with him—some funny, some sad, and some that reached right down to the ticker. Like singing to an outfit of Japanese Nisei who'd hung up a glorious record fighting in a tough spot for their own country at war with their own race.

There was the running fun, too, and camaraderie of sharing good luck and bad, laughs and gripes, with a crew all plugging on the same job. Of holding breaths when the motor conked out on that take-off from Oran and the landing scare at foggy Foggia when a crash ambulance waited on the field. Of kidding air-scared Phil Silvers by whispering, "Don't look now, but our pilot's drunk," and draping him with all the "Mae West" life preservers in the ship. And then there was the nice kind of feeling it gave when Betty and Fay went out in romantic Florence with handsome Navy officers, but came home early saying—"Oh, nobody's as much fun as you and Phil, Frankie."

But nothing to compare with the tingle you got—and kept—when you discovered the guys who might be against you were with you—and the way they showed it, faking a good-natured swoon before they shook your hand, shyly asking for an autograph, or slipping you a message to give a back-home sweetheart, mother, or pal.

When finally, their C-54 swooped down on LaGuardia Field with its load of weary troupers and joyful home-bound Army nurses, their pilot told them goodbye. And maybe just a bit symbolically, he made a gesture, the thing that a guy does when he thinks another is okay. The pilot took off his silver wings and handed them to Frank. "Here," he said, "take these home to your little girl."

But Phil Silvers couldn't resist gagging about the way it all ended. "The real reason Sinatra went to Europe," he said, "was to show the starving Italians that we're starving over here, too." Then he played his topper. "If you don't believe the sad state of Frankie's health," said Phil, "just look. It took 20 nurses to bring the poor guy home!"

FEBRUARY ISSUE

On accounta it's G. Washington's birthday, we cannot tell a lie; so we'll just have to admit that our February MODERN SCREEN—which hits the newsstands January 14—is a humdinger . . . And why not, with Shirley Temple our rosy cover Valentine?

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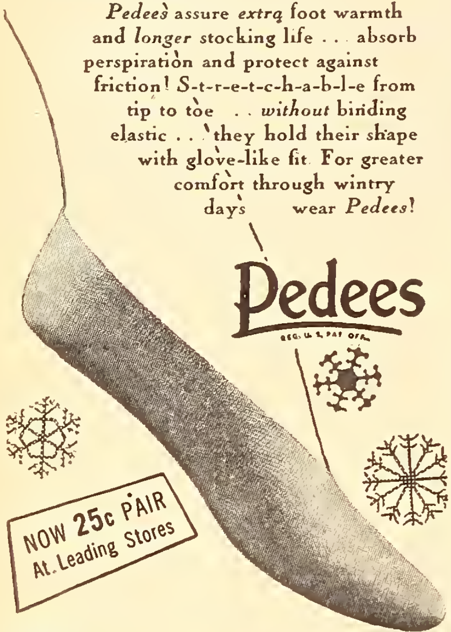
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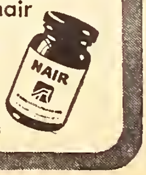

BOB WALKER

(Continued from page 35)

were already three—Wayne, 12; Walter, 10; and Richard, 2. Walt and Wayne from the aloofness of their years were almost like an extra set of parents. From the start, Bob adored Walt. He resembled him, people said, and throughout his stormy teens it was to be Walt whom Bob would anchor to instinctively when the going got tough. He grew up alongside Dick, almost like a twin. But all three were cut to a different pattern than Bob. They were normal, solid Walkers—easily adjusted at school, ready in their lessons, deft on the playground, good at sports, robust and healthy without a nerve in their bodies or a bizarre thought—such as acting or art—in their brains.

odd pea in the pod . . .

He was the odd pea in the pod, that Baby Walker kid, and felt it. As soon as he could crawl, his natural reaction was to get out on his own. When he was still in skirts he used to scurry out the door when his mother forgot and left it open, and venture out on the Salt Lake City streets, dragging his teddy bear, hunting new worlds. He'd follow the postman until his legs gave out and then Mrs. Walker would get a telephone call from a housewife, blocks away. "Mrs. Walker, have you a little boy named Robert? Yes—well he's down here in our yard and I think you'd better come get him."

A kid as individual as Bob was headed for trouble in school. Everybody said so, but not even Horace and Zella Walker, who knew their Baby Boy best, guessed it would come as soon as it did. When he was only six he trotted off to kindergarten. Pretty soon he trotted back. That afternoon a young lady pressed Mrs. Walker's door bell.

"I'm the kindergarten teacher," she explained. "It's about your boy, Robert."

"Yes," said Mrs. Walker, "he came home early."

"I know," said the teacher. "I sent him home. He was annoying the little girls."

Mrs. Walker gasped. "Yes," said the teacher, "he pulled their hair and then hugged them. I'm afraid, Mrs. Walker," sighed the teacher, "that Robert is going to be a problem in school."

The teacher was right. Bob was a problem. When he was seven he started grade school. The first week he committed the cardinal sin. He teamed right up with some of the "bad kids" and at the first recess they ran out of the schoolyard and up into the hills. The alarm went out and the search was on. Late that evening, the principal and some teachers uncovered Bob and his renegade gang hiding in the bushes up in the canyon, dragged them out by their ears and gave them their sternest lectures on what happens to truants. The next day Bob did it again. His report card came home black with demerits. In addition to black marks in deportment, Bob was merrily flunking almost everything.

Anything that Bob could pioneer, direct, exploit and promote—that was a ten-dollar whiz—especially if it had drama or adventure connected with it, was his meat. He was the most enterprising kid on the block. He started weeding dandelions and mowing grass when he was barely big enough to make the lawn mower's blades whirr. He snagged a magazine subscription route when he was only eight years old and collected enough coupons to cash in for his mother and dad's Christmas gifts and an electric train for himself.

Bob found some fellow spirits a couple of blocks away. One was an adventurous kid named Adrian, who was to be Bob's best pal for a dozen years and the willing partner in his escapades. There were a couple of girls, too, Mabel Anson and Jean Murdock. Bob herded them together and produced "plays" back in the garage, borrowing sheets from his puzzled mother and ballyhooing his epics up and down F Street to set local box office records in pins and sometimes real pennies. He always wrote the "plays" himself, and directed the whole mammoth production, naturally copping the starring part as well. One had a disastrous climax, typical of Bob's insistence on make-believe.

The "play" that time involved some cans of sand, props representing buckets of water which figured in the action. At the performance, so wrapped up in realism was our hero, that he tilted the can full of grit in his mouth and swallowed it. They had to call a doctor that time to sweep him out.

One of his Salt Lake treasures and a constant spur to his fertile imagination was the old Salt Lake Theater, long since torn down. In Bob's boyhood the Salt Lake was a wonderful palace of magic. Tired old touring companies played there several years after a show hit Broadway, but to Bob they were the greatest pageants in the world. He saw his first play there—a religious spectacle about the Crucifixion, and as that was about the time he was awakening to a spiritual consciousness, it impressed him as no other play ever has. He dreamed about it for days and when the Salt Lake closed its doors for keeps he hung around the place, peering into every corner to see what made a real theater go.

In the box office of the abandoned theater stood a ticket machine, full of wonderful rolls of real printed tickets. "If we had that," said Bob, "we could put on real shows with real tickets." Pins suddenly loomed as passé and impossibly amateurish to the budding producer. He looked at Adrian and Adrian grinned. They lifted the machine and spirited it out the side door. For years it stayed in the Walker garage, spewing out tickets for Bob's productions.

"spin-the-bottle" champ . . .

Mabel Anson was a brunette and Jean Murdock was a blonde, and they supplied the two types of feminine beauty, talent and grace for Bob Walker's backyard theatrical ventures. But both had a more practical interest in Walker Productions. Both took turns being Bob's sweethearts. Jean had the headstart; she and Bob were sweethearts at the age of six and Jean was the first girl he ever kissed. Right away Bob liked that. With Adrian and Mabel and Jean and the other moppets scattered up and down F Street he discovered an amazingly delightful game called spin-the-bottle. The enticing feature about this sport was that it ended up with a kiss. The girl who spun the bottle in the circle had to kiss the boy it stopped by. For a time Jean grew very clever at spinning the bottle so it would roll at Bob Walker's feet. Later Mabel got in practice, too. Romance was one thing "Walk," as the kids called him, could understand very early in life.

Bob wanted to grow up fast. That, at least, was the official verdict of a University of Utah psychiatrist. But long before they employed professional opinion Horace and Zella Walker had some bout with Bob's growing pains that they handled

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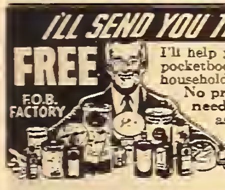

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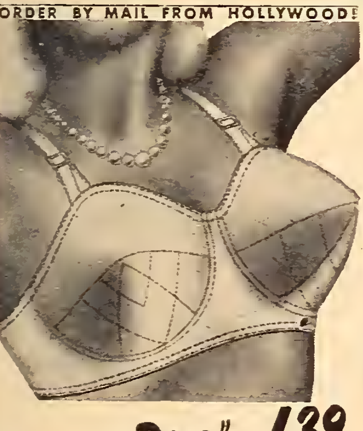

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very efficiently, indeed. When he was ten years old Bob walked up to his father and told him, "I'm going to start smoking."

His editor dad didn't turn a whisker. "Okay, Son," he agreed. "Then tonight after dinner you and I will go out on the back porch and have a nice long smoke."

Outside, his father handed him a wicked looking, black cigar, helped him light it. Bob puffed importantly. This was grand. He swelled out his scrawny chest and felt very manly all of a sudden. "If you're going to smoke," suggested Bob's dad, "I think you'd better learn to chew at the same time. Here," and he handed Bob a plug of black chewing tobacco. Bob stuck that in his mouth. "Go ahead," said his pop, "chew it good." Bob did.

Pretty soon he had turned the color of a sick chicken and his head whirled like a top. Green lights and purple flashes filled his watering eyes and all of a sudden he was hanging over the porch railing, losing his nice dinner very ignominiously. His pop helped him back in the house and up to bed. "Next time you want to smoke," he said, "let me know. I've got plenty of tobacco. But," he added, "if you don't smoke until you're 21 there's a nice gold watch waiting for you." Bob decided to strike for that watch.

When Bob was twelve, the Walkers moved from Salt Lake City to Ogden, Utah, 30 miles down the Union Pacific main line. Bob's parents weren't rich and Horace, like most newspaper men with families, decided one day that he'd never retire on a city editor's check. He found an opportunity to join an advertising agency in Ogden, so it was farewell to the familiar neighborhood on F Street for Bob and Dick. Walt and Wayne by now were of college age and off to school. Unlike most kids, Bob had no tearful partings.

new world a'comin' . . .

He felt a pang, of course, leaving Jean, Mabel and Adrian, but after all, Ogden was only 30 miles down the Union Pacific Main line, and that was hardly more than an hour's ride. It wasn't really like moving to an unfamiliar place. Still, it was enough of a change to give Bob a new lease on his budding life, and for a while there were hopes at the new brick Walker house in Ogden that Bob had quieted down.

For one thing, he had officially embraced the Mormon faith—something none of the other Walker sons had done. Matters of religion Horace and Zella left entirely up to their children. They realized that a new generation had new spiritual needs and urges. Very early, Bob evidenced a marked spiritual side that was along the line of his thoughts—which were always more emotional than rational.

When he moved to Ogden, there were further flickering signs that Bob might be settling into the groove of a solid citizen. He was happier at Madison Grade School than he had been at Lowell, and seemed to take a more sober outlook on his studies. As usual, there was a reason.

There was a dramatic class in Madison Grade School—not such a much—but still, it gave kids who liked to express themselves a chance. The school staged an operetta and Bob, glory be, won the lead. He was the major of a pixie army and he sang and strutted around the stage in what he was sure was a terrific performance. Actually, looking at the photo snaps of his operatic triumph, Bob is now inclined to crawl a bit inside. He was starting to string out then, all bones and knees and elbows. He wore a suit of long underwear, dyed black, with enormous gold epaulettes at the shoulders and a feather pillow stuffed down inside to make a mighty bay window.

Bob could stand respectability for just so long. One school weekend when he

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was 13, Bob took the train down to Salt Lake City to visit Adrian. He had his ticket and one silver dollar for spending money He kicked around his old Salt Lake haunts with Adrian and they moseyed down to the freight yards where they used to watch the trains puff in and out. A loaded freight was crawling slowly out of the yards headed West.

"Going to California," mused Bob. "I wonder what California's like?"

"It's wonderful," said Adrian, "I've got a brother there."

In a second they had hopped the iron ladder of a freight car and crawled inside. The train rocked through the mountains and ground to stops at other Utah towns. At each one the door was pushed furtively open and ragged, whiskered men climbed in. They explained the mysteries of hobo life to the two kids.

"We're going to California," said Bob.

"Watch out for the yard bulls," croaked a weary willie. Just then a flashlight came swinging down the line of cars. The hoboes slipped off into the night and Bob and Adrian closed the door. "Jiggers," they whispered, "hide!"

But the door slid open and the flashlight felt them out. A husky railroad cop leaped inside and grabbed them by the collars and heaved them off into the cinders. "Beat it, kids," he growled. "I'll let you punks off easy this time." Bob and Adrian beat it. They slept that night in a city park, padding their thin clothes with newspapers to keep out the biting mountain cold. Next day, shivering and wan, they went from door to door, getting an odd job now and then and buying food with their pay. Days later, Bob and Adrian took out on a freight headed back to Salt Lake City.

Bob wasn't punished. His family tried to understand, but he noticed the tears in his mother's eyes and that hurt him more than anything. He resolved never to yield to temptation again. But that was a hard resolve for Bob Walker to keep. He had another spell of industry and hard work and saved up enough money to buy an old Star touring car on time. That made him a person of consequence socially at Central Junior High, where he'd finally arrived but without any honors. But the car was too handy a means of escape when he felt the unrest coming on. And pretty soon, after an argument he had with his dad and mother over staying out late, he packed up blankets and food in the car and disappeared again. This time he drove out in the desert and camped all by himself, skipping school and getting himself in hot water there. After a painful session with the principal, the Walkers decided something had to be done.

quick solution . . .

All these distressing reports and bulletins on Wayward Bob had been sent right on to the lady who always had every Walker boys' interest deep in her heart. Hortense McQuarry Odlum was Zella's sister, one of the three who had left the sands of Utah early to make a career in New York City. A brilliant, capable woman, Aunt Hortense had risen to head the great New York women's fashion temple of Bonwit Teller in New York.

She kept a beautiful summer home in Logan Canyon where Bob and his family went for vacations every time Aunt "Tenny" came West. She had no family of her own and being wealthy, she delighted in planning the education of her favorite nephews. When she added up all the reports on Bob she came right back with an offer. Find a good military academy on the West Coast, enroll Problem Bob—and she would foot the bill.

That's how Bob Walker found himself, next school season, enrolled as a "rat" in the San Diego Army and Navy Academy, in Southern California. At the start, he hated the place. At San Diego you ate, dressed, studied, played and slept to bells and bugles. He was to live in a barracks with another roommate. wear a uniform modelled after a West Point cadet's. was to carry himself like a ramrod and drill like a wooden soldier.

This wasn't for him, for sure.

old story, new version . . .

And so it was the same old story for "Walk." He broke rules, he talked back to the officer teachers, he was sloppy at drill, he missed classes, neglected his books. He tramped so many extra duty tours that he didn't have a liberty all the first month he was there. He stayed in the awkward squads and exasperated his professors with his bored indifference. The reports going back home were grim.

Luckily, these sad sack rumors reached the ears of Virginia Atkinson, a lone lady member of the military faculty at San Diego A. and N. Miss Atkinson taught a dramatic class at the Academy, and she'd built up quite a thing. More kids. she had discovered, got rid of what ailed them by play acting than anything else. And the Academy was faced every semester with plenty of young guys who were as mixed up as Bob, although not all with the talent he packed—not at all. In fact, when she had called him in for an interview she knew what was the matter with our hero pronto. Bob was so low in spirits by then that he couldn't even work up much enthusiasm about acting.

But the minute he came under the spell of the clever Miss Atkinson, Bob found his blues vanishing before the path she pointed out. First time he read for Miss A. she knew what Bob had. She cast him right off in the lead of the Academy play of the season, the one they'd give in the annual San Diego High Schools dramatic contest, which by now had become a major scholastic event of the year.

So the dramatic contest came—and when it was over, "The Other Side"—that's the name of the play—won first honors in a walk. Not only that, but Bob got the nod for the best acting of the entire tournament. Suddenly the problem cadet who'd dragged morosely around the parade ground was a hero.

He couldn't go to sleep that night after the play. Instead, he sat up with his light behind a blanket—so he couldn't get gigged for extra duty—and wrote his family all about it.

"Dear Mother," Bob wrote, "I guess tonight I am the best young actor in all San Diego—" and he went on from there. At the bottom he penned, "send this on to Aunt Tenny." He got letters back from them all. They were proud. They knew he had the stuff. And right away Bob began proving it.

He started getting A's in every subject. From a dunce he turned into a shining light. When Bob graduated from San Diego A. and N. four years later, he was class president, cadet captain and second in all the school in scholastic standing! Besides all this he was as much of a school hero as the captain of the football team. Because Virginia Atkinson's noble dramatic experiment had flourished like the green bay tree and a dramatic contest was just as much an occasion for school spirit and cheers as the Big Game. The contest spread to an All-Southern California event, held annually at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. And there Bob led his Academy acting group to victory twice, copping the Best Acting prize himself both times.

By the time he had left San Diego, Virginia Atkinson had convinced Bob that he was born to be an actor. "Make this your life's work," she urged, "and you'll

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never regret it." But the casting director Aunt Tenny had arranged an appointment with took one look at Bob's youthful face and figure and advised, "Wait a few years." Bob was crushed, but it didn't swerve him from the only idea that had ever seemed to fit perfectly.

And by now the all-important Aunt Hortense Odlum was on his side. Aunt Tenny had lived around New York for years and she had very definite ideas. She didn't have to talk much to Bob's family about the project. They were so pleased and relieved that Bob had found something he loved and could shine in that they backed him to the hilt—only with three other boys being educated, there wasn't much in the Walker sock to carry through the ambitious plans Aunt Tenny had. Never mind, she'd take care of that. Nothing but the best must this talented nephew have. Nothing less than the Academy of Dramatic Art in New York.

new career, new love . . .

The folks had put him on the train at Ogden—but it wasn't really like going to a strange land. Because Walt, Bob's brother-idol, was in Manhattan now practicing law and Dick, his near-twin, was studying accounting at Columbia University.

From the start, Bob Walker knew that New York was his oyster and to his Aunt Hortense that night he bubbled over with his enthusiastic dreams.

"Well," said Aunt Tenny, "so you're going to be an actor!"

"I *am* an actor," grinned Bob.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," smiled Aunt Tenny. "Well, you be a good one, do you hear? And stick to your guns. The only thing I don't forgive is half-heartedness."

Bob laughed—imagine stopping anything as much fun as acting. There couldn't be anything half as interesting. But there was. Luckily, the two interests blended perfectly—like peaches and cream.

In fact, Bob Walker's romance with Jennifer Jones started as a dramatic workshop mutual admiration society. Raven-haired, sweet-faced, Phyllis Isely from Tulsa, Oklahoma, was already at the Academy when Bob enrolled. But somehow the first few months they missed each other. Bob was extremely busy and no beaver was ever more eager. He didn't need Aunt Tenny's admonitions to plunge into his training. The first weeks his days were crammed with work and the wonders of New York. Classes at the Academy were from 8 until noon, or from noon until 6. Bob dived into the subway and came up at the Carnegie Hall corner to trot over and rehearse his scenes, watch other students work, hear lectures, and get taken apart by the fearful "Jelly," hard driving Mr. Jehlinger, who could cut a cocky student to pieces with his sharp surgical slashes at amateur acting faults.

And at school—speech classes, fencing drills, dancing lessons, dramatic history, makeup, wardrobe—there was always something to do and always the lingering shadow of "not being invited back" next year. Yet Bob found himself smiling boldly at the dark, slim girl hurrying between classes, divinely intent. Then he started dropping in when he had a free afternoon to watch her do her scenes. He whistled low to himself. "Gosh, she's not only pretty—she's good!"

Phyl Iseley was thinking essentially the same thing about the tall, thin kid with the cute crinkles in his copper hair. And she was lovely, too.

"I like the way you work," he told Phyl. "I'd like to work with you, if it's all right with you."

Phyl smiled the smile that has melted more hearts than Bob Walker's.

"Yes," she said, "I'd like to, too!"

It was funny, fate maybe, coincidence

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

surely, how the plays they drew were what they were, how their parts were always invariably in romantic apposition. "The Barrets of Wimpole Street," then "Romeo and Juliet"—and what romantic theme could be more tender?

Phyl stayed at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, and it sort of seemed natural to stroll up Lexington Avenue to take her home after classes. Bob found himself taking a later and later express out to Long Island. When Dick and Walt would ask how come, he'd toss it off with, "Working," and they believed him. No one could doubt that Bob was wrapped up in his acting. They didn't know about Phyl, but when Bob began skipping the Sunday dinners at Aunt Tenny's house there were some raised brows and a few remarks. "What's her name, Bob?" Then he'd blush and cook up a story. Besides, Bob didn't think he was in love.

Maybe he wasn't—then. When the term came to a close, Bob had other things on his mind, and so did Phyl. There were the "finals"—the plays before the faculty that were the payoff. If you clicked, you got invited back for next term.

The big day came and Bob went on in his exam play. He had never been nervous before, but this time he felt the cold eye of "Jelly" on him every time he walked on the stage. When it was over, "Jelly" Jehlinger came backstage and took Bob apart in little pieces. He pointed out every fault in the performance, he told Bob he'd have to develop. "You haven't enough strength," he said, "you've got to get guts." Bob started out the door with a face down to his knees. He already knew the answer. He wasn't coming back next year. On the steps he met Phyl. She didn't have to ask what had happened.

They strolled aimlessly through the crowded sidewalks, getting bumped by hustling people, cursed by cruising cabbies. They headed for the Park and found a bench. Bob felt Phyl's warm hand take his. "Do you want to know something?" she said. "'Jelly' thinks you're one of the most talented students in the Academy. And so do I. Don't you know, silly, that the ones he murders most are the ones he likes best? He gave me the devil," she grinned. "What do you want to bet that we're both asked back?"

They took a long time to walk back to the Barbizon that evening.

"I'll see you next year," said Phyl.

"Is that a promise?"

"It's a promise."

Then she kissed him right in front of the doorman and ducked inside.

long range love . . .

She was right. The bid to return to the Academy was there for Bob Walker the next morning. He was tagged one of the best at school. He carried the good news home to his brothers and Aunt Tenny. He wrote it back to Ogden. He took Phyl to the train and kissed her goodbye. She would go back to Tulsa and travel with a tent show, doing stock plays to season her talent.

The days were already hot when Bob started pounding Broadway's stony lanes for his break into the big league. He couldn't miss. Sure enough, the first week the plum dropped right in his hand. "Where Do We Go From Here?" was a college story being prepped for an early summer debut. There was a comedy youth part, as there is in every college play. A skinny, gangling, awkward kid. Dwight Taylor was casting the show and when Bob walked in his office the welcome mat was out.

He couldn't keep the good news. He wrote his dad and mother. Aunt Tenny was thrilled. But it was the last time Bob Walker ever bragged about a part. It lasted five days before the show went into rehearsals. Then the roof fell in. Dwight Taylor called Bob into his office. He was sorry, but he'd have to call the deal off.

We've re-written the script," he explained. "Your part's been changed to a fat kid because a fat kid's funnier and—well—obviously that's not for you."

"Oh, sure," said Bob bravely. "I understand. I've got some other things lined up anyway that look swell," he lied.

long voyage home . . .

But when he'd tripped jauntily out of the office he leaned against the building with a heavy heart. How could he ever explain! He moseyed across town clear to the Hudson River docks, walking off the slug they'd handed him. But the docks and the steamers gave him an idea.

As usual, Bob went to Aunt Tenny.

"I want to take two years off," said Bob, "before I return to acting, and work my way around the world."

That struck Aunt Tenny as a sensible and courageous idea. She nodded approval. "Fine," she agreed, "if you'll stick to it, and won't give up."

In a few days Bob was signed on board the S. S. Pastores as a cadet. The S. S. Pastores carried bananas as her main cargo. She stopped at all the Central American banana ports and loaded on the gargantuan green bunches, stowing them down in her refrigerated hold, then wallowing through the Gulf and on up the Atlantic Coast to New York. Besides all the drab and dirty jobs, such as wiping in the engine room, polishing brass, painting and helping in the galley, Bob drew some chores that were spooky enough to chill any sailor.

There were the times he had to descend into the inky hold and with a flashlight check on the temperature, and inspect the cargo to see that it was in good condition and riding easy. Not only was it freezing cold after the warm deck, which set his teeth to chattering, but droves of huge rats lived in the hold dying for fresh meat.

It wasn't all as grim as that, of course. Bob hauled along books, mostly on acting, and there were sunny, lazy days on deck when he could dream and read the letters postmarked Tulsa, Oklahoma. Because in one of the ports of call, there'd be that letter from Phyl. Bob had written her of the long voyage and he wasn't sure the idea had exactly clicked. "I'm coming back to New York in the fall," she wrote, "back to the Academy, and I'll miss you. I don't understand how you can keep up your dramatics on a banana boat."

Bob began to wonder. Two years of sailing the seven seas, he'd said. Had he seen much Life, with a capital "L?" Well—there was the time the two chefs chopped each other to pieces in the galley. There were those sin joints in Panama and—well, there were lots of things.

But still every time his tub slipped in through the Narrows and he saw the skyline looming up, he felt lonely and exiled and he had the disturbing feeling of a job undone. So the fourth time in port he lugged off his sea bags for keeps and signed off. Bob's spirits were high as he sprinted up the steps to Aunt Tenny's house.

"Another leave?" she smiled.

"Oh no," Bob grinned. "I'm through. I've signed off."

Something wasn't right. Aunt Tenny didn't fall under his spell.

"But you said you were going to work your way around the world. That you'd be gone two years and broaden yourself with travel. It's only been four months—you can't quit now!"

Bob still carried it on blithely. "I don't like it any more."

Aunt Tenny was not amused. "That shows weakness of character," she said. "I'm disappointed."

Then Bob got sore. He could do what

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he pleased. One word led to another and pretty soon Bob, for the first time in his life, found himself actually having a terrific word fight with his favorite aunt.

"Well," he shouted, "my mind's made up. I'm going back to the Academy."

"Oh no, you're not," decreed Aunt Tenny, her firm face never firmer. "At least you're not going with my help."

Bob slammed out the door. He was thoroughly mad, and so was the aunt who had lost faith in him. They wouldn't be speaking now, he knew, for months. At last he really was on his own. No more money from Aunt Tenny. None from home. How would he pay the tuition at the Academy? What was more pressing, how would he sleep and eat? "I'll get a job," muttered Bob fiercely. "Anyway, the only way to be an actor is to act."

But that was all in the future. What Bob needed now was a place to sleep. He headed for Beekman Place where Brother Walt had a new apartment. He pressed the buzzer. "Hello, Walt," said Baby Bob, a bit sheepishly, "suppose I can bunk here until I find a job?"

Bob Walker's Life Story will be concluded in the February issue of MODERN SCREEN.

DATE DRESSES FOR TEEN AGERS

(Continued on page 53)

designer, the superb workmanship, and the price your big sister would have to pay for 'em, baby, the sentence is light.

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Party Pinafore: Here's one to put that Christmas morning look in his eyes. Of fuchsia rayon faille, it has the adorable lines of a Christmas tree angel, from sweet winged shoulders to bell-bottom skirt. The heart-shaped neckline, wide black velvet belt and little bustle in the back are pure romanticism. On the practical side, consider this. It's two-piece and there is practically no end to the ways you can vary it. The upper part makes a heavenly topping for your black velvet skirt. The skirt is a divine foil for a night-black sweater—cap or long-sleeved—loaded with gold jewelry. Nice low back, perky pussy cat bow, and that flippant little bustle. Mmm—uh—good. Price: About $35.

A Short One: Here's a magnificent little soft blue dress. The rayon fabric crepe is marshmallow soft and comes back from the cleaners looking brand new. The back is beautiful with its deep, deep slit, its pretty little fanny-drapery and the unexpected sissy bow. Price: About $23.

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WATCH GUY MADISON!

(*Continued from page 55*)

of the verbal fencing that we both get a kick out of. Turning back, I found my luncheon companion eyeing me gravely. "You know all the answers, don't you?"

"Yes, and if not, I make them up—"

"*That* I believe," said Mr. Madison blandly.

Well, I whooped. Candor and humor and knowingness all rolled up in the body of a sun-kissed giant!

Of course I'd realized before meeting him, that this guy was something special. Here's a great part like Cliff in "They Dream of Home." Half the male stars in Hollywood are going around with their tongues hanging out for it. Along comes Madison and cops it from under their noses. And who's Madison? The sailor in "Since You Went Away." Remember the bowling alley scene? David Selznick wrote it in, specially for Madison.

hollywood fairy tale . . .

It's a real Hollywood fairy tale: Imagine yourself in Guy's place. You're a sailor on weekend pass from San Diego. A friend invites you to a Janet Gaynor broadcast. You walk into the place, your friend meets some people she knows, introduces you. Suddenly one of them says: "Look, do you have to see this broadcast?"

He seems to be talking to you and you can't figure it. "No, I don't *have* to, but I've never seen one—"

"I'm Henry Willson of Vanguard Films. I'd like to take you up to the studio to see David Selznick and Daniel O'Shea—"

What is this, a rib? Do you look that green? You've heard about Hollywood and these people who give you a line. Yet this man looks solid. Not the kind for a bum steer. You turn to the friend who brought you. She's wise to the town—

"You couldn't do better," she says.

Bob Mosely—that was his name when Henry Willson spotted him. Henry'd gone to the broadcast at Selznick's request—out of courtesy to Gaynor. But before joining Vanguard, he'd been a highly successful agent—discovered Lana Turner, Anne Shirley, Joan Fontaine and others—and his habit of checking faces persisted.

It's not very far from CBS to Vanguard, but Henry did a lot of fast talking on the way. "You know I'm not an actor," the kid kept insisting. "All I know about movies are the pinups—"

Henry told him that acting could be taught, but that no teacher could hand you a screen personality, you had to be born with it. "If you've got the kind of natural attractiveness that registers on the screen, the rest'll come later. I think you've got it, so don't be nervous about this—"

They pulled up across from the studio and got out. "Thanks," said the sailor. "You've made me feel a lot better—"

Selznick and O'Shea didn't make him feel any worse. A look was all those canny operators needed. To put him at ease, they asked a few simple questions, like where was he from and how long had he been in the Navy? Then David said: "I think Henry's right. I'd like to test you next time you come up on a pass. Meantime, I'll put you under option."

Young Mr. Mosely walked out in a daze, and that's where Willson took over. What Henry did for the boy you couldn't get for money, and the boy knows it. He's anything but emotional. In fact, your toughest job is to dig through his reserve. But bring up the subject of Selznick or Hank Willson, and his eyes light up and the words come tumbling out.

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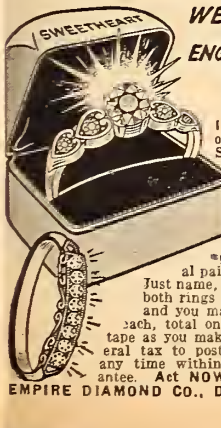

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have faith in myself. Mr. Selznick never even *made* the test. He just went ahead and wrote in the part of Hal Smith. And Henry!—I can't even begin to thank him. He arranged this and that, picked people for me to take lessons under, taught me how to dress, what to buy, showed me what the score was. We're—well, we're more or less buddies, you could call it."

But I started to tell you what Henry did that first night. He'd already discovered things about this youngster's background, and Henry felt responsible. It was up to him to show the kid the ropes.

"I'm taking Anne Shirley to a night club this evening. Care to come along?"

"Thanks," he said. "Only I'd like to ask a favor of you. Night clubs are out of my line. I might use the wrong fork—or not know how to pull out a chair. Will you keep an eye on me?"

"Sure," said Henry, casually. But he knew he'd picked a right guy.

Well, the evening went off fine. Bob didn't talk much, but then he never does. Certainly he wasn't *awed* into silence. Anne's such a friendly person that he felt right at home. And, like everyone else, she found his frank simplicity delightful.

"I'd like to dance with you," he said, "but I'm a horrible dancer—"

"Come on," she laughed, "there's nothing to it—"

he wasn't kidding . . .

Of course the twist on that story should be that he danced like a dream. But I told you the boy was a truth-teller, didn't I? He danced just the way he'd promised—horribly. And Henry made a mental note to send him to Arthur Murray's for lessons.

After that, he came up whenever he got a pass, to be coached in dramatics and diction. Meantime, Selznick had written the two Hal Smith scenes, and now Bob wanted his name changed—if only to keep the fellows at the base from getting wise and razzing the hide off him.

He and Henry were driving down Washington Boulevard and passed a huge ad for Dolly Madison cakes. "Madison, Madison—how's that for a name? No Madisons in the picture business yet—"

Bob thought it was swell. So did Selznick, who matched it with Guy. I like Guy's reason for liking his first name. "Knew a fella in grammar school called Guy. Pretty nice fella—"

They had to wait till he got a seven-day leave before shooting his scenes. He was nervous, but the only way it showed up was when he tried to smoke. He'd gone through the stage of cigarette-swiping and puffing behind the house and getting sick—but he hasn't used them since. Except for the smoking, however, John Cromwell had no trouble with him. And when they ran the first rushes—all medium shots—Cromwell and Selznick were two minds with but a single thought.

"Close-ups?" asked Cromwell.

"Big ones," said David.

Not till Selznick himself assured Guy that he wouldn't be left on the cutting-room floor, did he tell his family. Even then there was no hullabaloo. He didn't wire or phone. From San Diego he wrote them a plain letter, and they answered in the same way. Pleased, but with their feet very much on the ground.

He told me a little about his boyhood in Bakersfield—a good American boyhood. About his dad, a machinist in the railroad shops. About his three brothers and only sister. David's the eldest, Rosemary works for the Army in Sacramento, Wayne's in the Philippines with the Navy, and Harold's still at school.

Guy and the two younger boys had a lot in common—baseball and football,

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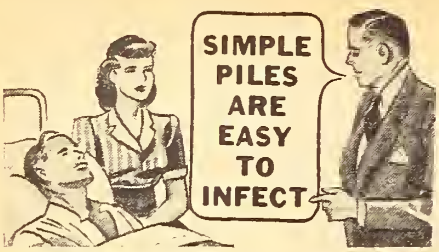
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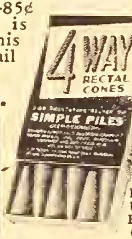

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swimming and hunting and archery. He did all right at school when he was interested, only he wasn't interested in many subjects. At Bakersfield Junior College, he used to get up at 4 in the morning to do janitor work and earn money for clothes and extras. He'd been in the Navy eight months when Willson spotted him.

The minute they started sneaking "Since You Went Away," Selznick knew he had something. The reaction never varied. When Madison appeared, a buzz would go through the audience—"Who's that kid?" —"Never saw him before—" "Golly, he's cute—" Guy took Judy Garland to the preem, and people turned to stare.

mike fright . . .

Then I saw them stop him at the mike, and watched to see what would happen. He was obviously taken aback, but realized he'd have to go through with it. At first he followed the pattern which, heaven knows, was no worse than anybody else's. "I'm very happy to be here—I'm sure going to enjoy myself—" Then his voice steadied, and the words came loud and clear. "I'm also scared stiff—"

Everybody howled. With those three words he won the crowd, and I'm sure they had the same effect on tuners-in.

Finally the picture was released, and the fun started. They had to shovel themselves out from under the mail. Who's Hal? Who's the sailor? What's he done before? What's he going to do next? Guy spent crowded weekends autographing pictures—no secretaries for him—every last one that went out, he signed himself. "Gratefully yours, Guy Madison."

But there were no more pictures. Guy belonged to the Navy and didn't get out till last October. Except for an accident, he might still be in, and he's a little chagrined about the accident. Because he knows the surf like you know your own pocket, and for a Navy lifeguard to dive out of a rowboat and land on his head is something he can't get over. "What a laugh!" he snorts.

Anyway, he cracked a few vertebrae, pulled neck and shoulder muscles out of kilter, and spent weeks in the hospital where he lost a lot of weight. By that time the war was over and Guy was really in the dumps. Finally he turned the corner toward recovery. His case history was presented before the board and Seaman Bob Mosely was recommended for discharge. That was also the day when things began popping for Guy Madison.

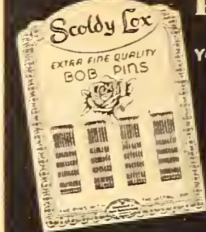
On a 3-picture deal, Selznick had turned over to RKO "They Dream of Home," Doré Schary producing, Dorothy Maguire playing the girl. Cliff wasn't set. There were various possibilities, till Selznick heard that Madison was about to be discharged. Then the possibilities faded, leaving one certainty. The bowling alley sailor would be the Marine.

On his last day at the base, Guy checked out, headed the car for Hollywood, reported to Selznick and went on to see his folks. He worked fast—dumped his gear at the house, kissed his mother and grandmother, drove over to the shops to see his dad. They hadn't much time for talk, but his father sized the situation up. "Looks like you're a little nervous, son," he said. "Just take it easy."

Then it was time to go, and his mother's goodbye was characteristic. They both wished he could stay, but he couldn't, so why talk about it? "I'm so glad you could come," said his mother. "Now be careful driving back, like a good boy—"

It was only a few days later that I lunched with Guy and learned about his one-man clothes revolt. To appreciate it, remember that Henry's his trusted guide and mentor, the final word on all matters social and sartorial. Till Henry suggested

Scoldy Lox



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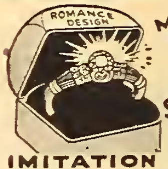

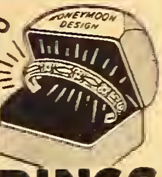

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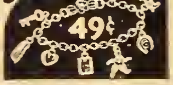

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a couple of bow ties . . .

Under his tan, Guy went pale. "Look," he said, "I don't want to be difficult. And I don't want to do anything against your judgment. But bow ties are out."

Henry laughed, but for Madison it had been a crisis. He was new at this game. For all he could tell, they might *make* you wear a bow tie. . . .

Yes, I asked him about girls, knowing you'd never read my stuff again if I didn't. No special girl yet, he plays the field. Ingrid Bergman's his ideal of natural beauty. He likes them fairly tall—say, five feet six or seven—and he can't stand a girl who chip-chip-chip-chips all the time. Being of his own generation, you'll know what that means. I didn't. "It means she's got nothing to say and never stops saying it," he explained with admirable lucidity.

Looks are important, but so is intelligence. Only she mustn't think she's more intelligent than you are, even if she is. She should have brains enough not to show you up. It bothers him to be out with a girl who overdoes drinking. He loathes lots of makeup. He no longer dances horribly and thinks that's the nicest way to get acquainted with a girl. His favorite nightspot is Ciro's, because there's more room on the floor. In most places people keep bouncing into you, and what he's never been able to figure is why you should pay for being uncomfortable.

one at a time . . .

And remember this, girls. If Guy Madison ever takes you out, don't try playing games. Don't flirt with the fellow at the next table, and don't make eyes at somebody else's partner. If you're out with him, you're out with him—not two other guys.

He's got one expression that's all his own. "For sure," he says. For sure, he doesn't like to take girls to the beach. In fact, he can't see taking them out for sports of any kind, they're just in the way. If you're round with a bunch of fellows, they don't fit in. If you want to swim, they don't feel like it or they'll muss their hair. Don't get him wrong, though. A girl-less beach wouldn't suit him, either. But it's fine when they walk around and give you an eyeful of female pulchritude.

Guy has no illusions that he's landed a soft snap. He knows he'll have to work like the devil against fierce competition. He knows you can be the fair-haired boy today and a has-been tomorrow. But that won't stop him. "It's like in sports," he says. "You develop a competitive spirit. The tougher it is, the more determination you work up and the harder you fight—"

On the other hand, he won't slit his throat if the breaks go against him. There are plenty of good things in life outside the movies. He's lucky in his heritage, which gave him a sense of proportion. His mother once wrote the studio a note of appreciation for their kindness to him. But I think her real heart must have been in these two wistful lines: "He's always been such a good boy. I hope acting in motion pictures won't change him—"

Apropos of which, Guy was spending one recent weekend at Henry Willson's. "What're you doing this morning?" he asked Henry on Sunday.

"Going to church—"

"Mind if I go along?"

I don't know why Henry should have looked a little startled. He was going to church himself. But startled he looked.

"Does it surprise you that I'm a churchgoer?" asked Guy. "In my family, we always have been—"

No, for sure I don't think that acting in motion pictures is going to change Mrs. Mosely's boy.

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With our order you are given a full 30 days supply of KELPIDINE for use as part of your breakfast each day. NOTE: There is Medical Authority that KELPIDINE (fucus) has been used as an anti-fat and as an aid to reducing.

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"I went from a size 20 dress to a size 15". Mrs. N. C., Perth Amboy, N. J. "I lost 18 pounds; feel young and work better". Mrs. K. Y., Bronx, N. Y. "Send the $2.00 size, I lost 15 pounds already". Mrs. M. D., Boonton, N. J. "I lost 15 lbs. in a few weeks". Mrs. J. P., Jacksonville, Florida. "I am proud to say I have lost 10 lbs. in 4 weeks". Mrs. W. B., Fort Lewis, Wash.

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Money-Back Guarantee

A Leading Physician and Health Officer says:

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A Well Known Radio Nutritionist says:

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Enclosed find $1.00 for one months' supply of KELPIDINE and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, to be sent to me postage prepaid. My money will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

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Please make ______ free enlargements.
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Mark back of picture 1 & 2

COLOR - Picture No. 1

Hair ______

Eyes ______

Clothing ______

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Hair ______

Eyes ______

Clothing ______

What's the other thing we ought to do this Christmas?

For the last four years, the Christmas phrase "Peace on earth, good will to man" has had a pretty hollow, bitter ring.

This year, it won't.

And surely, one thing each of us will want to do this Christmas is to give thanks that peace has finally come to us—both peace and victory.

One other thing we ought to do:

In our giving, this year, let's choose—first—the kind of gift that helped to bring us peace and victory and will now help us to enjoy them.

★

Victory Bonds take care of the men who fought for us—provide money to heal them, to give them a fresh start in the country they saved.

Victory Bonds help to insure a sound, prosperous country for us all to live and work in.

Victory Bonds mean protection in emergencies—and extra cash for things we want to do ten years from now.

Choose—first—the finest gift in all the world, this Christmas.

Give Victory Bonds!

Give the finest gift of all
- VICTORY BONDS!

MODERN SCREEN

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

ORCHIDS FROM UNCLE LOUIS

(Continued from page 23)

ful he was for four years of unremitting friendship and guidance. We knew that Van wasn't alone in that feeling. For over two decades Mr. Mayer's been steering Leo the Lion to peak after rising peak of screen achievement. For the same period he's been listening to the hopes and problems of M-G-M's boys and girls—encouraging, advising, censuring when necessary, but always helping. He's been their boss, but he's been Papa Louis as well.

Four years ago Van's option was dropped by Warner Brothers, and he was set to clear out. His tickets were bought, his bag was packed. Feeling low as an Eskimo's thermometer, he decided to cheer himself up by eating his first and last dinner at Chasen's. There he bumped into Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

"You're not either going back to New York," said the forthright Lucille. "Hey, Billy—" Luckily for all concerned, Bill Grady, M-G-M's casting director, was also dining at Chasen's that evening. "You're not going to let this boy scram out of town, are you?"

a career is born . . .

Grady told Van to come around next morning. A test was arranged. Mr. Mayer saw it, as he sees all tests of young people. Next thing Van knew, he was sitting across the desk from Louis B.

"Which didn't mean," Mr. Mayer said, "that the test was sensational. I'm interested in everyone who works for me, and I like them to *know* that I'm interested. Also I like to form a direct impression. The impression I got that day was of a warm personality in an athlete's body, topped by an all-American face—red hair, freckles and a frank, friendly smile. Though I didn't get the effect full force till he was leaving. Before that, it was kind of a scared and bashful grin."

As for Van, he went grinning all over the lot that day. "Mr. Mayer knows you're alive," Van marveled. "He even seems to *care*—"

We mentioned that, and Mr. Mayer smiled. "Of course we cared, or we wouldn't have put him under contract in the first place. But as I said before, we put lots of people under contract. What happens next depends largely on the individual. I began to hear stories about him. How eager he was to learn, how nothing was too much, how he hung around the lot when he wasn't working—watching other people work. He was still the movie fan and made no bones about it—and people liked him for that, because it was young and unaffected. Spencer Tracy was his great idol. They told me he'd sit by the hour, motionless, absorbed, watching Tracy do a dozen closeups and longshots of the same scene. But that was only 1 per cent hero-worship. The rest was Johnson, learning his job—"

It was during the making of "Mrs. Hadley" that they began to realize Van's possibilities. When they put him into "A Guy Named Joe" with Tracy and Dunne, he almost lost his mind. But there was plenty of worry mixed in with his exultation. Here was his big chance, sure, but was he equal to it?

"That marks the difference," Mr. Mayer explained, "between Van and some others who do not attain stardom. He didn't think, now I'm set. He thought, now they're taking a chance on me and I can't disappoint them. And he knocked himself out to meet that responsibility—"

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V-Tabs are not a cathartic. They help reduce fat by supplementing your regular diet when taken instead of a heavy lunch, and also tend to take away that abnormal appetite caused by over-acidity or fatigue. If you are overweight, always tired, full of acid and yet like to eat try V-Tabs. As fatigue and acidity disappear, your normal appetite will return and you will no longer crave the quantities of food that cause the excess fat deposits.

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P. O. Box 205, Times Square Sta., New York

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No Canadian Orders. Please print plainly

You all know about the smashup in the middle of "A Guy Named Joe." You've heard how Van lay there, his life's blood literally draining away, conscious of just one thought—"The picture, the picture—" But perhaps you don't know that it was Mr. Mayer who went to the hospital, who leaned over the bandage-swathed head and said: "Don't worry about the picture, Van. We'll hold it for you, no matter how long it takes—" Van couldn't speak, he couldn't even smile, but his eyes that had been tormented turned quiet. Which was answer enough for the man beside the bed.

"Yes, it was a gamble holding up production," Mr. Mayer agrees, "and a gamble we wouldn't have taken for everyone. It's true I felt Van would be good for the picture, but—let's face it—we could have found another boy. But, granting his recovery, I felt he'd earned the *right* to that picture—and Fleming, Tracy, Dunne, everyone connected with it felt the same way. The part was his because he'd served it with all his heart and strength. You don't take from a man what belongs to him," said L. B.

By the same token, we're not giving Van MODERN SCREEN'S award—he's earned it. And while we're on the subject, Mr. Mayer's earned something from Van—a special glow in his wide smile, a special feeling of trust. Not because he's head man of the studio where Van earned stardom. Not even because he saved the picture for Van that made him a star. But because he took time out four years ago to talk to a kid whose name meant nothing, and sent him away with his head and heart higher, with renewed hope and courage and faith in himself.

THAT MAN OF MINE

(Continued from page 51)

will spend on the other, and let's stick to it."

"Okay with me," grinned Mary. She'd been saving a dollar or a dime, a few pennies or a quarter out of the household fund for months, with Dana's gift in mind.

"Well, I've thought that five bucks was a little too small—it's hard to get something, well . . . that I'd want to give you, for that amount. Yet, ten bucks is getting up there into the"—he chuckled—"motion picture bracket. So how about our compromising on a gift to set us each back not more than nine bucks?"

On Christmas morning, Dana proudly presented his wife with a large oblong box. "I sure hope you like it," he said.

Mary loved it. The box contained a magnificent quilted cotton housecoat. She modeled it, and they decided that it did very flattering things for a girl who was going to have a baby in the spring.

Then she brought forth her gift for Dana. "A traveling bag!" he exclaimed. And, after tearing off the wrappings, he amplified, "A top-grain cowhide traveling bag! You didn't get this for nine bucks."

"No. For thirty," grinned Mary, and she told Dana how long she had saved for it, how eagerly she had shopped, what fun it had been to make the final decision, to count out the stubbornly hoarded dimes and quarters, to bring the bag home and to hide it until Christmas.

Dana couldn't speak. He gritted his teeth, took Mary in his arms and pressed his eyes against her soft blonde hair.

Mary was as happy about her robe as Dana was about his gift. She wore it every morning, and sometimes in the evening, too. It began to fade, and grow threadbare. Said Dana one morning, "I

Betty Grable

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS IN COLOR

If beauty thrills you—you will be fascinated by these photos of your favorite MOVIE STARS, in beautiful LIFELIKE COLORS. These gorgeous photos are 8x10 and are ready to frame, put in scrap book or in your movie album.

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These photos are printed on heavy coated paper, 8x10, in FULL COLORS, your choice of any eight listed above for 50c—16 for $1.00—entire set of 34 only $2.00. DON'T WAIT. Mail your order NOW.

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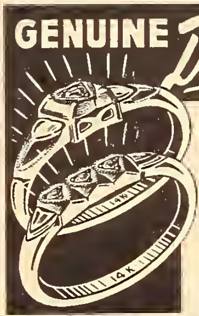

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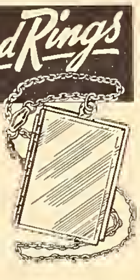

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Above: Diamond Engagement Ring
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Yes, this beautiful rose-tinted 2-Photo Locket will be GIVEN to you if you buy either or both of these 14K Solid Gold Diamond Rings—rings with GENUINE chip DIAMONDS! You'll wear them proudly! And the darling locket will compliment your love of beauty! We'll make many lasting friends with this generous offer! YOU RISK NOTHING! Wear 10 days—money back if not satisfied! Choice of either ring PLUS locket, only $6.50! BOTH RINGS PLUS LOCKET only $10.95! SUPPLY LIMITED! There just aren't enough of these for everybody, so don't delay. SEND NO MONEY . . . just ring size, name and address. On arrival, pay postman only price of rings, federal tax and small postage fee. POSITIVELY NONE SOLD TO JEWELERS!

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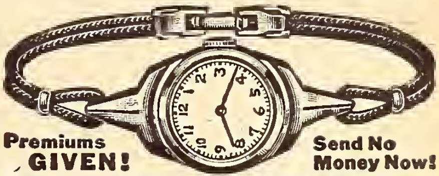

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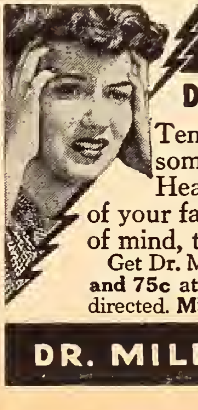
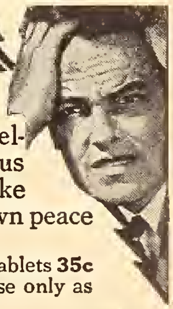


TENSE NERVES

Don't Let Them Come Between You



Tense nerves can make you Cranky and Quarrelsome, Restless and Wakeful. Can give you Nervous Headache and Nervous Indigestion. For the sake of your family and your friends, as well as for your own peace of mind, try **DR. MILES NERVINE.**

Get Dr. Miles Nervine, liquid **25c and $1.00** or effervescent tablets **35c and 75c** at your Drug Store. **Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. **Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.**

DR. MILES NERVINE

wish you'd throw away that weary wrap, Mary. Look, just because I gave it to you for Christmas doesn't mean it must become a family heirloom."

"It's comfortable, and I like it," said Mary cheerfully.

Three days later one of the swankiest stores in Los Angeles delivered a large package for Mrs. Dana Andrews. Eagerly she cut the string and investigated the tissue folds: Dana had sent her a satin robe, hand-blocked, hand-quilted, and bound with velvet. She didn't model the robe, she didn't even touch it. She simply circled it, as it hung on the hanger.

Finally she said, "The first time I'd hold the baby on my lap, and she spilled some breakfast egg, I'd want to cut my throat. The sight of any mess on that creation would destroy me—but utterly."

So she bundled up the gift and returned it to the store. In exchange she selected a slim sports dress with dreamy lines, and a pair of wool gabardine slacks.

"It's okay with me," Dana said, "only I'm getting darn tired of that old robe."

When Mary was shopping, perhaps a month later, she saw a pair of dramatic hostess pajamas. When the salesgirl wasn't looking, Mary turned over the price tag. Then she walked swiftly away.

That night she said to Dana, "Don't ever let anyone tell you that I'm not the diamond tiara type; the way I select clothing is positively Rockefeller." And laughingly, she described the pajamas, topping the tale by whispering the price.

A week later, the hostess pajamas were delivered. Inside the box was a brief note: "I have instructed the store to refuse to exchange these. I want to see you wearing them. With all my love, Dana."

Not only is Dana a husband to have and to hold, but he is a pater par excellence, despite the fact that the stork has given Dana the run around whenever possible. At the approximate time when Kathy was due, Dana was working in "The Ox Bow Incident." This was one of Dana's first really good roles and he was doing his level best to bring every ounce of ability in his system to the part.

Mary became hep to the fact that something was wrong after the picture had been going a month. "Don't you like the part, honey?" she asked her husband.

"Sure, I like it," Dana answered abstractedly. "Swell role; smooth script."

"Then what's wrong?"

"Nothing."

Mary thought, he really has something on his mind, but because the baby is due, he won't tell me. And in the manner of all women she imagined things—all bad.

Finally, Dana came home so dejected one night, that he simply couldn't hide the fact. "I've got to talk something over with you," he sighed. "But let's eat first."

They had dinner. That is, each seated himself before a heaped plate, and each plied a knife and fork; one of the mysteries of nature is how two people can spend an hour at table, chatting about this and that, and arise—saying they are stuffed—leaving full plates.

"I think I'll lie down," Mary ventured. "I'm sort of . . . tired, I guess." She couldn't say she was frantic with worry. She wanted to say, tell me everything. Tell me now. But Mary is reticent.

So now, when she wanted to be frank and fair and fearless, she cringed. And Dana, having decided that it would be wrong to worry her further when she didn't feel well, took a long walk.

When he returned, Mary was still awake. "I guess I shouldn't postpone this confession any longer," he muttered. "Look, honey, I'm desperately sorry about this, and I'm so ashamed I could die. You see, I've wanted to be one of the gang on the picture, I've wanted to mix. So when a game of gin rummy got started, I joined in. Well, I've been losing consistently. At first, I kept telling myself that I'd recoup the next day, but the next day I simply went deeper into debt. Now I owe one hundred and forty dollars."

To the Andrews', at that time, it was a princely sum. It was rent and clothing and insurance payments. Mary could be excused for breaking into tears.

Instead she chuckled; the chuckle grew to a giggle, and the giggle expanded into laughter that, in turn, bordered on tears.

Dana, thinking that she was having hysterics, said breathlessly, "Steady, darling. I'll get the doctor."

"Don't be silly," said his wife. "I'm fine. I'm laughing, and crying a few drops, because I'm so relieved. Why, Dana, we'll be able to pay that back. I was afraid that you were sick, or that things were going horribly at the studio, or you didn't love me anymore. . . ."

Toward four that morning, Mary said to her husband, "Honey, I think we'd better go to the hospital."

So Dana hopped into some clothes, and turned around to find his wife combing her hair in an elaborate upsweep. She had put on makeup, a pretty dress, and she gave every evidence of being on her way to a luncheon instead of the delivery room.

Bug-eyed, Dana said, "Hey, you didn't have to do all that. Look at me—pants pulled over pajamas, top coat over pajama jacket, house slippers over bare feet! Come on, woman, let's go."

SWEET TOOTH FOR FRANKIE?

Frankie has a sweet tooth, too—for Nancy's home-made desserts. Want to try her secret recipe for Swoony Pie Crust or Sigh-Guy Gingerbread? See Super Coupon on page 14.

The nurse took Mary's history and ushered her into a small room with the blithe sentence, "It will be several hours yet, Mrs. Andrews." So Mary ordered Dana to drive the car beneath her window, lie down on the car cushions and try to sleep.

He tried, but every time Mary moaned or moved, he could hear her. He would call, "Mary, do you want me?" She would say, "Go to sleep, you! I'm all right. If you don't rest, you won't be able to give a good performance tomorrow." Said Dana, "Damn the picture. Do you need me?" Said Mary, "I'll make a fuss the instant I need you."

But it was the doctor who, after having given Mary an injection, came down to Dana. "If you want to see your youngster ushered into the world, come with me." So Dana was outfitted with a surgical mask, a sterile gown and rubber gloves, and had the precious experience of personally welcoming his daughter.

Afterward, he sat patiently at Mary's bedside until the effect of the anesthetic wore off. When Mary opened her eyes, Dana was grinning at her. "Well, darling, we've got the girl we wanted," he said.

"Poor Dana—you're going to be so tired today," Mary whispered.

The stork created even more excitement when Stephen Todd Andrews was born. At the time, Dana was working in "A Walk In The Sun" and had been out on location. On this particular night, the instant Dana reached a local telephone, he called Mary. She said she was fine, the doctor had said that junior wouldn't arrive for ten days or so.

Two hours later, Dana called a second time, and again an hour later. Each time he told Mary where he was and where he would be. Each time Mary laughed lightly, "Ten days, dear—remember?"

Around one o'clock, Mary phoned him, told him her suspicions, and had scarcely put down the telephone and slid into a coat before he was running up the driveway.

This time Mary hadn't stopped to don makeup, nor to comb her hair—it was falling free on her shoulders. And she was wearing a coat over her nightie; her feet thrust into wooly house slippers.

Dana, after a swift glance at Mary's face, tried to be helpful. "Last time *you* got all dressed up to go to the hospital, and I was a refugee from Minsky's; this time *you're* the burlesque queen and I'm the formal character."

"Let's hurry," said Mary.

"MODERN SCREEN just sent me this color picture of Kathy and me—isn't this something for the album!" chatted Mr. Andrews, in an attempt to divert her.

"Get me to the hospital," said Mary.

Dana was watching his own time. He drove as fast as possible, considering the fog and the state of the highways. Cold as it was, he could feel little trickles of perspiration dribbling into his collar.

They reached the hospital; this time, Dana was told to wait in the paternal pacing room. Dana had just decided to slip out for a pack of cigarettes when the nurse put in a cheerful head to say, "You have a son, Mr. Andrews."

Dana's jaw dropped. "But we've only been here twenty minutes," he protested.

"Yes—aren't *you* lucky!" said the nurse. "You may come visit for a few minutes."

Dana walked swiftly to her bedside and took one of Mary's hands. "Baby, you're terrific!" he said.

After she had gone to sleep, he went out into the dawn and scrutinized his car. The right front tire had a flat. Dana broke into a new frenzy of perspiration when he thought of the possibilities.

This was just the first instance of Dana's being flabbergasted by his children. Like not long ago he promised to take Miss Kathy to the zoo on Sunday. "What's a zoo?" demanded Kathy.

Dana explained: At the zoo one saw elephants and monkeys and bears.

Kathy was enchanted. She checked Dana every day for two weeks as to the time of their visit. When at last they arrived, she asked, "Where's the zoo, Daddy?"

"Right here," said Daddy. "Now that animal is an elephant. Look at his long trunk; notice his big, floppy ears."

They moved on to the monkeys' cage "But where are the zoos?" said Kathy.

Leading her to the bear cage, Dana said triumphantly, "And here, darling, is a zoo." So Kathy Andrews is currently under the impression that a bear is a zoo; she is quite happy about the whole thing.

One Sunday a few months ago, Dana had taken the youngsters down to the beach; he, David (his son by his first marriage), and Kathy were riding the merry-go-round when he was noticed by a bobby-soxer. "Look," she ordered her girl friend "there's Dana Andrews."

The girl friend favored Dana with a haughty stare, then added, "Are you crazy? That isn't Dana Andrews. What movie star would spend Sunday at the beach with a couple of little kids?"

The fact that it was Dana, and that he was having the time of his life, tells a great deal about the man: His family is the most important thing in his life and he is calmly proud to admit it.

The *Great Stars* and *Director* of "Woman in the Window"....

"Hello, Lazylegs...."

WALTER WANGER presents
a **FRITZ LANG** Production

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
JOAN BENNETT

Scarlet Street

WITH **DAN DURYEA**

The things she
does to men
can only end
in *Murder!*

A DIANA PRODUCTION
Produced and Directed by
FRITZ LANG
A UNIVERSAL RELEASE

JESS BARKER • MARGARET LINDSAY • ROSALIND IVAN • SAMUEL S. HINDS

Based on the novel "La Chienne" Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS Art Direction by Alexander Golitzen

Natural color photograph
by PAUL HESSE—Hollywood

Re-

Modern Screen

ery

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL

~~1751~~

1946

©CIB 3551

Just One Cake of Camay— Softer, Smoother Skin is yours!

CAMAY
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

There's a softer glow, fresher beauty for *your* skin —with your *first* cake of Camay! Simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had fresher, softer skin.

MRS. WILLIAM KIRK STEWART
—the former Virginia Welch of Los Angeles, Cal.
Bridal portrait painted by Bolegard

MRS. STEWART'S STORY

"I tumbled—Bill fell, too," skiing at St. Adele in the Laurentians. Both devotees of outdoor sports, Ginny keeps the warm sun-glow in her skin radiantly fresh. "It's Camay for me—and has been, since my *first* cake brought out a real sparkle in my complexion."

Precious Moment: While overseas, Bill cherished each memory of Ginny's fresh young beauty. "I wanted to look my best when he returned," Ginny confides, "so I never neglected my Camay Mild-Soap Diet." To make *your* skin lovelier, just follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.

★

Cherish Camay—make each cake last. Precious materials go into soap.

"Gonna send it to yourself, Sugar?"

GIRL: All right. And what if I am? Everybody can't be a rich, beautiful, glamorous, witty heiress with beaus all over the place sending Valentines all the time!

CUPID: True, my ferocious little fruitcake, true. But everybody can smile . . . and *you* don't! Don't you know a sparkling smile gets more men than home cooking?

GIRL: Sure. But my smile's as sparkling as a boiled potato!

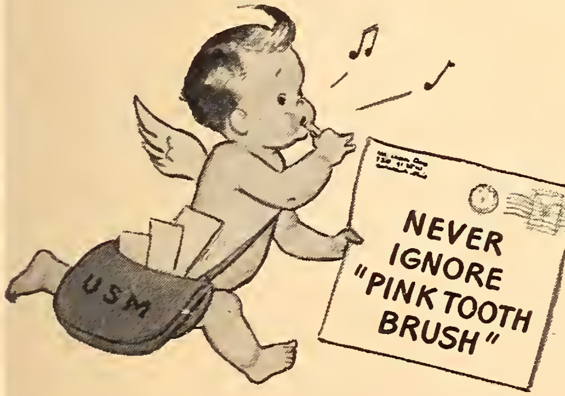
CUPID: Ever try brushing your teeth?

GIRL: Did I ev—? Listen, my fresh little friend, I brush my teeth regular as anything! And they *still* don't sparkle. And what's more I've even begun seeing "pink" on my tooth brush lately!

CUPID: Oh? And what'd your dentist say?

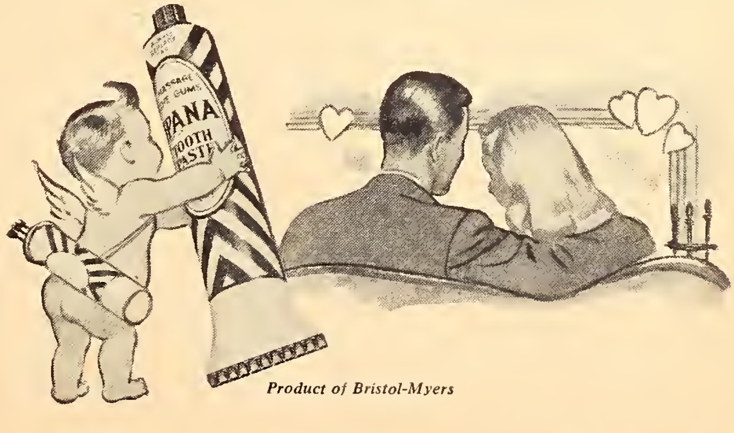
GIRL: *Dentist?* What dentist? Who said any—

CUPID: Well of all the waffle-brained—! Listen, Sis, that "pink" on your tooth brush is a warning to *see your dentist right away!* Because he may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."


NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
USM

GIRL: My smile. We were talking about my smile. Remember?

CUPID: Sugar, we still are! Don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? And this Ipana not only cleans teeth, it's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth, and . . . bang! You've started yourself on the road to a sparkling smile! Okay? Then get started . . . Today, Sugar. Ipana and massage.



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

It was a best-seller... a *Reader's Digest* classic... a Book of the Month. And now it's The Picture Of The Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's W. L. White's "They Were Expendable"—carved out of some of the most dramatic events of all time.

This is M-G-M's heart-stinging story of some of the most heroic headlines of recent years.

★ ★ ★ ★

The story of "Brick", who loved a boat; of "Rusty", who loved a girl.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Montgomery (back on the screen after his war-years with Uncle Sam's Navy) is magnificent as "Brick", who'd rather command a PT-boat than a battleship. The part's a natural for the star who was skipper on a PT-boat when they were shooting for keeps.

★ ★ ★ ★

John Wayne is "Rusty", who scoffs at the "sea-going mousetraps". But that was before the fighting started!

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a tremendous thrill in watching those suicidal "sea-scooters" in action! The thrill of battle, of terrible peril. And a surge of pride that will quicken the beat of your heart.

There's a thrill, too, in the romance between the hard-bitten PT-boat Commander and the Army nurse. Lovely Donna Reed makes a perfect "Sandy", dungareed angel of mercy who tends wounds and steals hearts.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a gripping sense of realism in "They Were Expendable"—evidence of the directorial deftness of Captain John Ford, U.S.N.R., the expert screen play of Comdr. Frank Wead, U.S.N. (Ret.), the excellence of the action photography. Cliff Reid is associate producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jack Holt, Ward Bond and a consummate cast back up the stars with stellar performances.

★ ★ ★

The screen can offer no greater thrill than this story of gallant men and women who never expected to return. "They Were Expendable."

★ ★

We salute them. —*Leo*

modern screen

STORIES

***ON THE TOWN**
Four pages of the birthdaying Cornel Wildes—who could ask for anything gayer? And in full color, full dress! 30

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He's just naturally a wild guy, Bob Mitchum, with an itching foot that can't be cured, and a wife who loves him anyway 34

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Finally, Bob discovered that growing up meant loving other people, being hurt by them—but still loving them 38

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COVER: Shirley Temple in Columbia's "Kiss and Tell." Cover and color portraits of Bob Mitchum, Turhan Bey and Dane Clark by Willinger.

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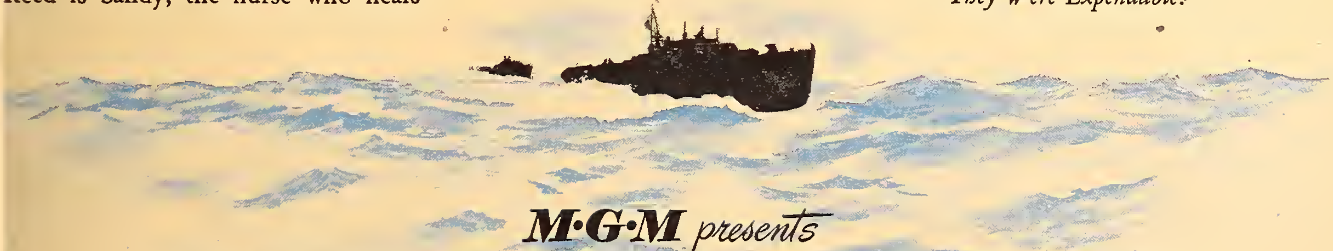
BIG SMILE! (BECAUSE THEY JUST FINISHED A BIG PICTURE)

Robert Montgomery (don't you feel like shaking his hand and saying: "Welcome home, Bob!") plays "Brick," in love with thirty fighting tons of wood and steel, a PT boat. John Wayne is "Rusty"... afraid of only one thing in the world, losing Sandy. Lovely Donna Reed is Sandy, the nurse who heals heroes' wounds, and steals their hearts.

Here's the exciting picturization of the terrific best-seller that has taken America by storm, "They Were Expendable." Acclaimed by the reading public as a *Reader's Digest* thriller, then as a Book-of-the-Month... and *now* as an M-G-M film destined to be called the Picture of the Year. Here's roaring action... suspense with a wallop... flaming romance as real as flesh and blood can make it. *The screen can offer no greater thrill than "They Were Expendable."*



M·G·M *presents*

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

starring

ROBERT MONTGOMERY · JOHN WAYNE

WITH **DONNA REED** · **JACK HOLT** · **WARD BOND**
A JOHN FORD PRODUCTION · **BASED ON THE BOOK BY WILLIAM L. WHITE**
Screen Play by **FRANK WEAD, COMDR. U. S. N. (RET.)** · *Associate Producer* **CLIFF REID**
DIRECTED BY JOHN FORD, CAPTAIN, U. S. N. R.
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

So Different! . . . So Thrilling!
THE
FLOATING FACIAL*
. . . literally floats off pore-clogging, make-up blurring impurities which ordinary "beauty" creams may miss

MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST
Remove your old make-up, one side with present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Then wet same cotton and wipe Albolened side. How clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge . . . from left-on make-up, grease, grime . . .

YOUR MAKE-UP effects *can* thrill you the way you dream them! The *Floating Facial* . . . smart, modern . . . literally *floats* away stale, old make-up, dead skin cells, dust, grime and grit, blemish-causing debris often left on by ordinary "beauty" creams. A *Floating Facial* gently sweeps away *even stubborn cake make-up.* No wonder fresh make-up effects can be so clear, lovely.

*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY!
on application—and a cream must liquefy to cleanse your skin gently, effectively . . .

That's the secret of the *Floating Facial* . . . Albolene, the quick-liquefying cream. Crystal clear . . . immaculately pure. *All*-cleansing—no fillers, chemicals—none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Tissues off in a jiffy, leaving skin soft, lovely. *Lubricates* as it cleanses, a mercy to dry, flaky skins.

Do try a *Floating Facial—today!* Albolene Cleansing Cream now comes in *scented* or *unscented* form. At any drug, department or 10-cent store.

Albolene CLEANSING CREAM

—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

A Walk In The Sun

■ Out of the smoke and death, the mud and boredom of war, has come a truly great picture. Without being either documentary or overly dramatic, it shows you the way things were. The way they mustn't ever be again. It takes a platoon landing on the beach at Salerno, and follows it from that landing at dawn to noon of the same day. Dawn until noon. Not a long time, is it? Just long enough for a little walk in the sun. A little walk in sunny Italy. Dana Andrews and Richard Conte have the principal roles, and play them with unfaltering conviction. The rest of the cast, equally effective, includes Sterling Holloway, John Ireland, and George Tyne.

Sunny Italy! In the dawn, viewed from a landing barge, the black, threatening beach ahead doesn't look much like the guide book's descriptions. The men are jumpy. And scared. The lieutenant who was to have been in charge of the operation has just had the side of his head blown off. That leaves Sergeant Porter in command, and the men aren't happy about it. Porter has been in lots of battles. Too many. He's going to crack, and they know it. Sergeant Tyne (Dana Andrews) is worried. Rivera (Richard Conte) isn't worried at all. Rivera has his machine gun—and a theory that nobody ever dies. He's sticking to them.

So they land, and somehow they get across the beach and into the woods. Not all of them, of course. A plane strafes them, and eliminates som more. They have to leave the wounded where they fall. There isn't tim for anything else. The platoon must get on toward its objective—a bridg near the farmhouse on the hill. All they have to *(Continued on page 13*

Sgt. Tyne (D. Andrews) plots strategy with Windy (J. Ireland) and Ward (Lloyd Bridge

The Musical
THAT'S ALL DOLLED UP...
GOING PLACES...
And doing WONDERFUL THINGS!

★VIVIAN BLAINE
★DENNIS O'KEEFE
★PERRY COMO
CARMEN MIRANDA★
in

Doll Face

Martha Michael Reed
STEWART · DUNNE · HADLEY
PRODUCED BY
BRYAN FOY
DIRECTED BY
LEWIS SEILER

SCREEN PLAY BY LEONARD PRASKINS · ADAPTATION BY HAROLD BUCHMAN
FROM A PLAY BY LOUISE HOVICK · DANCES STAGED BY KENNY WILLIAMS

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Songs! "Dig You Later" (THE HUBBA-HUBBA-HUBBA SONG!) • "Somebody's Walkin' In My Dreams" • "Here Comes Heaven Again" • "Chica-Chico" • by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson

No wonder Anita O'Day's confused. First she sang for Krupa, switched to S. Kenton for year, is now touring with—Krupa!

Sweet and Hot

By LEONARD FEATHER

Charlie and son Joel Spivak guest artisted on ABC's "Sat. Senior Swing" with tunes and talk on famous jazz artists.

■ Well, the New Year's smack in our laps, and if you've been promising yourself to fill in on your record collections, I'm the boy who'd like to make a few suggestions. Like always. But just in case the holiday season hit you hard and you bought this copy of MODERN SCREEN with your last fifteen cents, and you're sitting there looking mournful—cut it out. Because you can probably scrape together enough for the two "Records of the Month," and they'll keep you happy until your finances stage a comeback. Here they are (the records, not the finances):

I suggest Frankie's "The House I Live In" on Columbia, for the best popular number, and Erroll Garner playing "Somebody Loves Me" as the best hot jazz.

By the way, have you heard that splendid, scintillating RCA show? With the wonderful music, and sparkling conversation? Raymond Paige and his orchestra furnish the beat, while Deems Taylor and—yes, I admit it—Leonard Feather wrangle politely. It's a sort of jazz-versus-classics setup, and Mr. Taylor gives his all for Bach, Beethoven—the old boys—while I speak up for my own true love. Jazz, naturally. The show's at four-thirty Eastern time, over the NBC network. Maybe you'd get a kick out of it, and I'd like to hear your opinions, if you'd care to send 'em on.

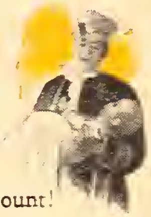
Now, to work. As usual, the records are arranged with popular selections first, hot jazz next, and albums at the end. Have fun.

BEST POPULAR

CHICKORY CHICK—Gene Krupa (Columbia), George Olsen (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)—I'm not too wild about this tune, so why am I listing it? Because Gene Krupa's arrangement, strangely enough, is good. And because it features Anita O'Day. Anita's such a terrific singer she manages to make something of it, but it's a shame they have to drag her down like that. And speaking of Anita, her husband, Carl Hoff, used to be a professional golfer before he went into the army. When he got out of the army, his problem was this, Mr. Anthony. Anita and the Krupa band did not do their stints at golf courses. He, Carl, on the other hand, could not follow them around with a golf course under his arm. There was no way that he could see to keep Anita from being a golf widow, except (*Continued on page 10*)

SHE MADE
A CAREER
OUT OF LOVE !

Kitty winked an eye from behind her fan,
Smiled just once, and caught a million dollar man!
She took all his dough, 'cause she had a way of knowing
That he couldn't take it with him where *he* was going!



Kitty and the duke were a handsome pair
Soon they were married — with a son and heir.
But kitty had her eyes on his bank account,
And she got what she wanted, thanks to Paramount!

Kitty as a duchess was a sight to behold.
No man could resist her in satin and gold.
She started holding hands with a conquering hero,
But at the end of the game his score was zero!

Paramount Presents

"Kitty"

Starring

PAULETTE GODDARD
RAY MILLAND

with
Patric Knowles · Cecil Kellaway
Reginald Owen · Constance Collier

A MITCHELL LEISEN
Production

Produced by Karl Tunberg
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and
Karl Tunberg

Kitty was really waiting for a certain guy,
The conniving gent who put that gleam in her eye.
She drew a circle that took him in
Because Kitty was a woman with a will to win!

From rags to ermine Kitty made no stop.
On a ladder of husbands she climbed to the top.

DO
Your Hands

Glide Into His Heart?

When winds bite and chap, give your hands SOFSKIN beauty salon care. Keep your skin enticingly smooth with the creme so many professionals use. It's a soothing beauty treatment for your hands, elbows, wrists, and ankles, too. Keeps them pleasantly free from dryness, thrillingly soft and white. Remember, non-sticky SOFSKIN is the creme many beauticians prefer!

In the Black and Gold jars—
35¢ 60¢ $1.00 sizes*
**Plus tax*
Ask for the free Sofskin demonstration at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter

SOFSKIN CREME
for lovely hands and skin

SOFSKIN COMPANY FINDLAY, OHIO

(*Continued from page 8*)

maybe if he gave up golf. Carl Hoff is now Gene Krupa's press agent.

COME TO BABY, DO—Duke Ellington (Victor), Georgie Auld (Musicraft)—This Georgie Auld version of "Come to Baby" features an excellent new singer named Lynn Stevens. Funny thing about Georgie —he once played tenor sax with Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, but now his band is more important in jazz than either of theirs. At the moment, Artie Shaw hasn't even got a band. He's just broken it up. Since nobody ever knows why the unpredictable Artie does any of the things he does, your guess is as good as the next guy's. He recently married beautiful Ava Gardner, and after all, who'd want to look at a bunch of musicians all day, with a girl like that around! But to get back to Georgie Auld, the other side of "Come to Baby" is called "Just A Sittin' and A Rockin'." It's a four year old Duke Ellington-Billy Strayhorn number to which lyrics have just been added, and it's being made into a popular song.

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU—Andy Russell (Capitol), and Harry James (Columbia)—The James version features a new singer, Ruth Haag. Kitty Kallen's left the band to become a single, and Anita Boyer is Harry's new, regular vocalist. (Whoops! Hold on a minute. I just got some very secret information, and don't you breathe a word to a soul—*but* the vocalist Ruth Haag I just got finished naming up there is *really* Betty Grable! Haag is Harry's middle name, and Ruth belongs to Betty, and isn't that a fine, fat scoop?)

MY GUY'S COME BACK—Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Benny Goodman (Columbia)—Written by Mel Powell and Ray McKinley, two members of the former Glen Miller A.A.F. band, this record has a vocal by Thelma Carpenter, who used to sing with Teddy Wilson and Count Basie. She's now Eddie Cantor's new radio star.

At the first public appearance over here of the Glen Miller Air Force Band—at the National Press Club dinner in Washington —before President Truman, Clement Attlee, etc., when Cantor introduced the band, everybody, including the President, spontaneously stood up. It's supposed to be the second time in memory that a president has risen on a public occasion. General Eisenhower and General Hap Arnold praised the band's work, said it had accomplished fine things.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)—An awful lot of people believe that this number was specifically written for Frankie, which it was not. He simply thought it was a good thing, and took it up. Josh White, who inspired him to try it made the original recording about a year ago, in an Asch album. You'll probably be hearing lots of it, due to Frank's having used it in his short movie on tolerance, as title and theme both. There's a cute story going around about Frankie and his softball team whose sweaters sport the legend: "How many times have you seen 'Anchors Aweigh'?" And the rival who showed up one time with letters across his chest demanding, "How many times have you slept through 'Anchors Aweigh'?"

BEST HOT JAZZ

GET HAPPY—Red Callender (Sunset)—This is by the Red Callender Six—six guys from various bands on the West Coast who got together on this record date. You'll hear some wonderful piano work from Arnold Ross (of Harry James' band) and the "Paul Leslie" listed on the label is really Les Paul, guitarist. He's under contract to Decca, and records with Crosby, and his own trio. Quite a big man.

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU—Savannah Churchill-Al Killian (Manor)—Savannah Churchill's a singer who's been around a long time. You've probably heard her, one place or another. Well, when she was booked into the Zanzibar, recently, she decided to take a new lease on life, and she changed her name to Gloria Shelton. As Savannah said, "It's a bad year for Churchills." She was billed as Gloria Shelton, and introduced as Gloria Shelton. And then it began. Time after time, people would come into the club, and one would say happily, "Why, there's Savannah

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

CHICKERY CHICK—Gene Krupa (Columbia), George Olsen (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)

COME TO BABY, DO—Duke Ellington (Victor), Georgie Auld (Musicraft)

HERE COMES HEAVEN AGAIN—Perry Como (Victor)

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU—Andy Russell (Capitol), Harry James (Columbia)

JUST A LITTLE FOND AFFECTION—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Kate Smith (Columbia), Louis Prima (Majestic)

MY GUY'S COME BACK—Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Benny Goodman (Columbia)

NO CAN DO—King Sisters (Victor), Xavier Cugat (Columbia)

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU—Martha Tilton (Capitol), Les Brown (Columbia)

THE NEXT TIME I CARE—Shep Fields (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

RED CALLENDER—Get Happy (Sunset)

MAYLON CLARK—I'm A Dreamer (Jewel)

SAVANNAH CHURCHILL—AL KILLIAN—I Can't Get Enough Of You (Manor)

ERROLL GARNER—Laura (Savoy)

JOHNNY GUARNIERI—Honeysuckle Rose (Continental)

HELEN HUMES—Be-Baba-Luba (Philo)

JONAH JONES—You Brought A New Kind of Love To Me (Commodore)

CHARLIE SHAVERS—My Man (Keynote)

KAY STARR—Should I (Jewel)

TEDDY WILSON—Blues Too (Musicraft)

BEST ALBUMS

JUDY GARLAND—KENNY BAKER—VIRGINIA O'BRIEN—The Harvey Girls (Decca)

EUGENE GOOSSENS—CINCINNATI SYMPHONY—Peer Gynt Suite (Victor)

HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. III—Then Came Swing (Capitol)

HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. IV—This Modern Age (Capitol)

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—All Star Jam Session (Asch)

OSCAR LEVANT—Popular Moderns (Piano Solos) (Columbia)

JAMES MELTON—Operatic Arias (Victor)

MARGARET O'BRIEN—Stories For Children (Capitol)

TEX RITTER—Songs & Stories (Capitol)

AL SMITH—Memorial Album (Majestic)

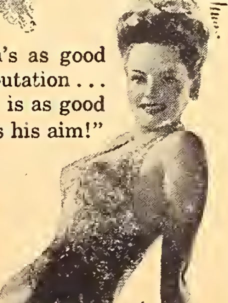
ONCE AGAIN AN EXCITING ENTERTAINMENT ACHIEVEMENT FROM WARNERS!

"YOUR GUNS GET YOU TO SAN ANTON' – FROM THERE ON YOU TRUST TO LUCK!"

They poured lead into the prairie badlands and built the city the devil once called home!

SAN ANTONIO

IN TECHNICOLOR



"A woman's as good as her reputation . . . and a man is as good as his aim!"

STARRING

Errol Flynn · Alexis Smith

WITH
S. Z. 'CUDDLES' SAKALL
VICTOR FRANCEN
JOHN LITEL

DIRECTED BY
DAVID BUTLER

PRODUCED BY
ROBERT BUCKNER

She sings . . . "ONE SUNDAY MORNING" the nation's song delight!

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY ALAN LEMAY AND W. R. BURNETT • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Churchill," and another would contradict him. "No, that's Gloria Shelton." But it certainly *looked* like Savannah Churchill, and it *sounded* like Savannah Churchill, and after a while, Savannah herself got so sick and tired of the whole business that she called it off. She's once again Savannah Churchill, and feeling no pain.

LAURA—Erroll Garner (Savoy)—This is the other side of that best jazz record of the month, the one I recommended in the introduction. Really, this Garner's terrific. He's the young Pittsburgh discovery Diana Lynn raved about—doesn't read a note—but he has an amazingly creative mind, and there's a lot of classical influence in his work. Though he plays hot like mad, this "Laura" side isn't really hot at all. It's just beautiful music, and the prettiest version of "Laura" I've heard.

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE—Johnny Guarnieri (Continental)—Johnny Guarnieri's a pianist, but this record also marks his debut as a vocalist. Craziest thing about it is that he sings and plays "Honeysuckle Rose" exactly like Fats Waller. Several years ago, he made a private record for me, doing the same thing, and I played it for Fats one night, up in my apartment. Fats had had a few drinks—and he thought it was himself! Also on this Guarnieri job are Red Norvo and Slam Stewart.

YOU BROUGHT A NEW KIND OF LOVE TO ME—Jonah Jones (Commodore)—The label reads: "Jonah Jones and his orchestra," though actually eight of the nine men on this were from Cab Calloway's gang—including Jonah himself. The record features Hilton Jefferson, the very fine alto sax man. The other side is "Hubba Hubba Hub," *not* the same tune Perry Como recorded, however. There's been several numbers with similar names.

BEST ALBUMS

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—All-Star Session (Asch)—This is the first time a real jam session has been recorded. Or part of a session, at least. It took place at the Philharmonic Auditorium, in Los Angeles, under the direction of a young jazz fan named Norman Granz, and the men themselves never even knew the records were being made. So you hear it all, the spontaneous, unrehearsed playing, even the occasional mistakes, the comments of the men when one works out something especially sensational, and the audience, clapping, coughing, yelling their applause. The album has six twelve-inch sides, but because tunes always run so long in these sessions, there are only two numbers in the whole album. They're "How High the Moon" and "Lady Be Good," each on three sides. Some of the soloists are: Willie Smith, alto sax; Illinois Jacquet, tenor sax; Charles Ventura, tenor sax; Joe Guy, trumpet; Garland Finney, piano; Ulysses Livingston, guitar; Red Callender, bass. Gene Krupa was on drums, but he's under contract to Columbia, so he's not listed on the label.

AL SMITH MEMORIAL ALBUM—(Majestic)—Recorded shortly after Jimmy Walker became president of Majestic Records, this tribute to a famous New Yorker includes, naturally, "Sidewalks of New York"—the tune which somehow became synonymous with Al Smith. Here also are, "Give My Regards to Broadway," "My Gal Sal," "Easter Parade," etc. Even if you're not a New Yorker, ready to shed a sentimental tear over the old songs, you'll still enjoy the album. There are vocals by Danny O'Neill, Kay Armen, and the five DeMarco sisters from the Fred Allen Show.

HISTORY OF JAZZ—Vol III: Then Cam
Swing. Vol IV: This Modern Age (Capitol.) Here are the final two volumes c
Capitol's four-part history of jazz. Tryin
to tell the history of jazz on twenty record
seems to me to be as simple as writin
the whole of "Gone With The Wind on th
head of a pin. All these records were mad
in the last couple of years, and most c
them sound like it, but if you want to trea
the results as just plain wonderful musi
and not worry your head about whethe
they match the right chapters in your history books, then okay, you'll find plenty c
kicks.

Biggest one, for me, is the singing c
Kay Starr on "If I Could Be With You
with an all-star colored band in Vol. II
including King Cole, Benny Carter, Joh
Kirby and Coleman Hawkins.

Dave Dexter, in the leaflet with th
volume, says that, in the 1930's, "most c
the large bands failed to produce the ric
exciting jazz that the small bands offered
That's a matter of opinion on which Dav
may be right, but me, I think of the 1930
as the days when Benny Goodman's b
band started the swing era and Bob Crosby's big band revived Dixieland and Coun
Basie's big band started the jump craz
in other words, big bands made plenty c
big strides! Of course, there have alway
been plenty of big and small bands makin
good music in every period, and I gue
it'll always be that way.

Volume IV has some fine stuff in it, to
by such folks as Benny Carter, the Kin
Cole trio, Jay McShann (a fine blu
pianist from Kansas City), Eddie Mille
Bobby Sherwood, Stan Kenton, Colema
Hawkins and Billy Butterfield. Altogethe
a fine assortment of music, and food f
plenty of musical thought. Yes, you ca
dance to it too—but personally I'd rath
listen!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"You pick them for their taste, don'tcha?"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

do is blow up that bridge. Sure, that's all. But maybe they'll meet some tanks on the way. And certainly the farmhouse will be full of "krauts," who will see them coming. There must be a way to do it, if they could only figure it out. There ought to be a simple way, an easy way.

There's a way, but it isn't simple, and it isn't easy. Even though it's just a little walk in the sun.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Responsibility for the most authentic GI dialogue to yet come out of Hollywood belongs to Harry Brown who authored the original book. An enlisted man in the Army, Brown had access to soldier mail, thus building up a first-hand knowledge of war's lingo. . . .Of the approximately thirty men who took part in the picture, more than one-fourth of them had been in the service. . . .Director Lewis Milestone gambled with the picture, hoping that its great realism will make up with the box-office for the fact that all members of the cast, with the exception of Dana Andrews and Sterling Holloway, are unknowns—plus the fact that it is an all-male cast.

THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE

John (Robert Walker) and Mary (June Allyson) meet, fall in love, and get married all on one weekend. It's all very wonderful until it occurs to them that they haven't done anything about sleeping quarters. John has a dingy room in a third rate hotel, not at all the kind of place to take a beautiful, shining bride like Mary. And Mary lives in a girls' club. They think it over, on the way back from the justice of the peace in New Jersey. They're pretty romantic, both of them, and they want their marriage to start out just right. So they decide to forget, for the moment, that they *are* married. They'll wait till next weekend when John will get another leave, and by then Mary will have found an apartment, and everything will be cozy and sweet and fun.

That's what *they* think. Evidently they haven't heard about the apartment shortage. Mary leaves her job, and spends the week hunting for a place. She finally rents a little apartment on the fifth floor of a remodeled building. At least, the owners claim it's been remodeled. . . . Presumably from a Neanderthal cave. When John arrives at the apartment, he's in civvies—the Navy has given him a medical discharge. Somehow nothing seems the way it was before. Especially after Mary invites her former boss (Hume Cronyn) to dinner, along with a bewitching blonde babe from down the hall. John ends up by sleeping on the couch every night, and it begins to look as if the sailor has taken a wife in name only. Still, you know the Navy!—M-G-M.

P. S.

After two years of wearing Army or Navy uniforms, and appearing in a bellhop's regimentals in his last picture, Bob Walker finally has a role that allows him to don civilian clothes and act in comfort. . . . The set was a continual round of merriment, due for the most part to the slap-happy antics between June Allyson and Director Richard Whorf. . . . Her first straight comedy, Junie enjoyed the role immensely, and had even more fun making the picture than its audiences will have laughing at it. . . .Bob Walker was out of the

A Sweater traps more than Men, my pet!

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HUNDREDS of women everywhere have been praising the new Hinds. "My hands do housework aplenty—and *showed* it until I tried the new lanolin-enriched Hinds. Why, 30 seconds after I rubbed it in—my hands felt smooth and soft as silk. That new Hinds is for me!" That's what Miss Elizabeth M. Connolly, 400 Main Street, Fort Lee, New Jersey, said. "Fast worker . . . the new Hinds. Smooth results in an instant. And no sticky after-effects," said Mrs. Harry T. Batten, of 136 Seventh Avenue, N. E., St. Petersburg, Florida.

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Hinds for Hands

picture two weeks after he put his hand through a pane of glass and submitted to several stitches. . . . June Allyson discovered a new fan when the white parrot used in the picture developed a crush on her. He refused to pay attention to anyone but June, and when Dick Powell visited the set he was ribbed by the company about his feathered rival.

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

It takes courage for a girl as popular at the box-office as Gene Tierney to risk that popularity in an unsympathetic role. Ellen, in "Leave Her To Heaven," is a psychopathically jealous woman, who stops at nothing, even murder, to get her way. Handsome Cornel Wilde plays the hero, and Jeanne Crain is sweet and appealing as Ellen's adopted sister. The whole cast is way above average, with Vincent Price, Mary Phillips and Darryl Hickman in its number. Technicolor adds richness to the scenes of mountain and forest.

Ellen Berent (Gene Tierney) is the kind of girl that makes psychiatrists rich and happy. She has had a definite "father fixation" since childhood. Now that her father is dead, she falls madly in love with Richard Harland (Cornel Wilde) who resembles him in many ways. They are fellow guests at a western ranch. Ellen's mother and adopted sister, Ruth (Jeanne Crain) are also in the party. Richard is attracted by Ellen, but he doesn't approve of her overpowering desire to win in every game and to be the constant center of attention. He is aware, too, that Ellen is engaged to a lawyer back East.

Ellen, however, has no intention of letting Richard get away. She breaks her engagement, and goes after him with a combination of subtlety and passion which eventually achieves its object. They marry, and go to Warm Spring for their honeymoon. There Richard's young brother, Danny (Darryl Hickman) is slowly recovering from infantile paralysis. Richard is delighted with Ellen's apparent devotion to the boy. He has no idea, yet, of the depths of her jealousy.

There are obstacles in the way of her complete possession of Richard. Danny, for one. Her quiet "sister," Ruth, for whom he develops an obvious affection, for another. Even his writing which makes them a living, interferes with her desire to be the center of his existence. So—Ellen takes steps, hideous, unbelievable steps, to eliminate these things. The result is a tense and terrifying story of the lengths to which jealousy can lead a woman.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

When the company was swimming between scenes near Flagstaff, Arizona, Cornel Wilde unknowingly proved himself a hero. When Gene Tierney screamed at the sight of a nearby snake, Cornel picked it up and tossed it aside. "Just a water-snake," he told her, and nearly swooned when he learned it had been a water-moccasion. . . . Both Cornel and Gene went into the picture with little or no rest. Gene had three days after finishing "Dragonwyck," and Cornel finished a previous film at six in the evening, had a haircut and at ten was on his way to Bass Lake in the High Sierras. . . . Required to faint for a scene, Jeanne Crain had to learn the technique, never having had the experience in real life. One week later, in 121 degrees in Arizona, she keeled over with the greatest of ease. . . . Vincent Price tackled the longest dialogue in his career when he memorized eighteen pages of script, delivering a six minute scene in the morning and a seven minute scene after lunch. He got through it without a muff.

. . . Darryl Hickman was so realistic in his drowning scene that Director John Stahl stopped the cameras and sent a lifeguard for the boy. Darryl popped up a minute later, asked if the scene was okay.

WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE?

Private Hargrove keeps his effervescent charm and his infinite capacity for getting into jams, even when he gets to France and becomes a corporal. Not that he is ever a corporal for long. Those stripes go on and off and on again like a neon sign. In France, Hargrove is still the epitome of the sad sack, and—since he is again played by Bob Walker—still completely appealing. Keenan Wynn, as Mulvehill, furnishes expert comedy to back him up, and Chill Wills is again the tough-sergeant-with-heart-of-gold.

Corporal Hargrove (Bob Walker) is not the type you'd expect to get involved with a French girl. Even as cute and obviously alluring a one as Jeanne (Jean Porter). That he does get involved with her is due partly to the French temperament, partly to the Army, and partly to the machinations of Mulvehill (Keenan Wynn). It happens this way. Corporal Hargrove and a truckload of men are separated, through the Corporal's inability to stick to orders, from the rest of their section. They've been told to head for Mardennes and when they get lost for awhile, they eventually go on to that village. In the meantime, the rest of the Army has decided to by-pass Mardennes. So Hargrove and Mulvehill and the rest arrive alone in all their glory. They are greeted with open arms and equally open bottles of wine. To Mardennes, and especially to the Mayor's pretty daughter, Jeanne, they *are* the Army. Of course eventually they are returned to their irate sergeant, Corporal Hargrove becomes Private Hargrove, and he and Mulvehill are assigned to digging garbage pits.

But the liaison officers who then take over Mardennes find the Mayor curiously uncooperative. He is unimpressed by majors, and talks wistfully of a fine corporal named Hargrove. At last, Hargrove and Mulvehill are sent for to do liaison work and their diplomatic efforts are really something!—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Marion Hargrove had nothing to do with the script of the sequel to "See Here, Private Hargrove," yet M-G-M paid him a fat sum merely for the use of his name. . . . Keeping one step ahead of the studio, Hargrove was promoted to the rank of a corporal while Metro was making "Private Hargrove," then during the filming of "Corporal Hargrove," was made a sergeant. . . . Director Richard Thorpe traveled to five training camps throughout the country looking for location spots, finally decided on Camp Pendleton, field artillery training center eighty miles south of Hollywood. All combat groups were filmed there. . . . While on location, Bob Walker visited the nearby San Diego Army and Navy Academy, and made a speech to several hundred teen-age students. In his younger days, Bob was enrolled as a member of the Academy for three years. . . . Studio received a letter from a group of GIs overseas, protesting the low ranks bestowed on Bob in his films. "The guy's always a private or a corporal," they wrote. "It's time he got sergeant's stripes." With the war over, it's unlikely that they'll get their wish.. Since his motorcycle accident, Keenan Wynn's been intent on building himself up. He kept a set of bar-bells in his dressing room, amused the company with his calisthenics between scenes. . . . Jean Porter,

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pint-sized and sole feminine member of the cast, reported for work to find herself surrounded by scores of rough looking soldiers. The next day she arrived in costume, plus a catcher's mask, chest protector and shinguards. . . .Most spectacular event during filming of the movie was an unexpected roping scene. A cow used for the picture went berserk, charged through the studio gates and ran a mile down the boulevard before it was finally caught by an SPCA officer.

SHADOW OF A WOMAN

It's hard to be sinister and charming at the same time, but Helmut Dantine is the lad who can do it. As Dr. Eric Ryder, who marries lovely Brook Gifford (Andrea King) for purposes of his own, he is the most attractive villain imaginable. He meets Brook at a mountain resort, gives her the rush of all time, and in a week they are married. Three days after the wedding, they are sitting placidly on the beach. A huge boulder crashes from the cliff above them, and only Brook's warning scream saves Eric's life. Brook is sure she saw someone on the cliff just before the boulder came over, but Eric laughs it off. Who would want to kill him? Brook finds out the answer to that, soon.

When they get back to the hotel, Eric glimpses a couple of men whom he obviously knows. He tells Brook to pack at once—he has decided that his own hunting cabin will be a much more romantic spot for their honeymoon. When they reach the cabin, she is disturbed to find definite evidence of a previous female visitor. "Oh," Eric explains easily, "that was my first wife." He also admits he has a five year old son. Brook is upset. Why hadn't he mentioned all this before?

That night another attempt is made to murder Eric. They leave the cabin and go back to his home in the city, but there, too, murder stalks them angrily. Brook finds that her husband is not really a doctor. He has a peculiar system of dieting which he claims will cure practically any ailment, but it seems to have had fatal results in several cases. Brook tries to help his little son, who is not well, and incurs Eric's wrath for her interference. Her marriage was a mistake—she can see that now, yet loyalty holds her to her husband. A lawyer, McKellar (William Prince), tries to warn her of danger, but she stubbornly refuses to listen. That refusal almost costs Brook her life.—*War.*

P. S.

The plot pulled a switch for Helmut Dantine and Andrea King. In their last picture together, Dantine played a sympathetic role and disposed of the villainous Andrea by shooting her. In "Shadow of a Woman," Dantine is about as nasty as they come, while the innocent Andrea spends ninety minutes trying to get out of his clutches. . . . While making a suspense picture, Andrea King had some suspense of her own. Expecting her husband to arrive any day from the Pacific zone, Andrea was jumpy as a Mexican bean, interpreting every phone call coming into the set as THE phone call. Arriving home late one night, she ran to embrace a Navy officer standing on her front porch. He turned out to be a stranger looking for directions to a neighboring house. . . . Portraying a quack doctor, Dantine was coached on the procedure in hypnotism, and after working over a patient for a scene, was horrified to find that she was in a coma that lasted for five minutes. Not until the actor was on the verge of a breakdown did Director Joe Santley admit that the whole thing was a gag.

DON'T FENCE ME IN

Once upon a time there was a famous outlaw named Wildcat Kelly. He lived a tough life, and—apparently—died with his boots on. For twenty years after that, he was only a name in Wild West legends. Then a dying man in New York whispers that Kelly isn't dead at all, that another man lies in his grave. The editor of a national picture magazine sends his ace photographer out west to investigate.

The photographer happens to be a girl, Toni Ames (Dale Evans). Toni doesn't think much of her new assignment, especially after she talks to some of the local characters in the town where Wildcat's grave is. They're all sure he's deader than the proverbial doornail. Then an old man, Gabby Whitaker (Gabby Hayes) tells her he was Wildcat's best friend. Toni follows him out to the R Bar R ranch where he works, and discovers that he himself is Wildcat. The ranch owner, Roy Rogers, doesn't like the idea of a gal photographer prying around. He knows Gabby's past and he wants it *left* in the past. But Toni is determined. She gets the pictures she wants and sends the story to New York. It appears in the next issue of the magazine, and hell starts popping immediately.

Bennett, owner of a gambling resort near the ranch, sends one of his gunmen to dispose of Wildcat. Because when Wildcat "died" before, Bennett collected fifty thousand from the state as a reward. They might want it back. The gunman's aim is lousy, and Gabby gets off with a flesh wound. But Roy sends out an announcement that he was killed. So Wildcat Kelly has a second phony funeral, and Toni stands by with her camera concealed in some calla lilies, to take pictures. She photographs anyone who exhibits an undue interest in the "corpse," and this trail leads straight to Bennett. Roy and Toni stop their own personal argument long enough to do some sleuthing, with excellent results.—*Rep.*

P. S.

This movie includes not only some o the best familiar western songs, such a "My Little Buckaroo," "Tumbling Tumbleweed," "The Last Roundup" and "Alon the Navajo Trail," but throws in tw sure-fire hits, namely "Choo Choo Polka and "A Kiss Goodnight.". . . In Dale Evans eleventh starring role with Rogers, sh completely out-acted the cowboy in on scene. According to the script, Roy was t have set up a phony funeral for Gabb Hayes in order to trick a criminal into confession. Director John English told Dal Evans that she was supposed to believe tha Gabby had died, but neglected to infor Rogers on this point. Roy went through long bit of dialogue at Gabby's bedsid then, as the camera panned with hi walked to the door to admit Dale. Th heroine stood there, choking back sobs, th tears streaming down her face. "Great gun Dale," yelled the cowboy, "what's wrong?

TARS AND SPARS

Hollywood has a new dream man. H name is Alfred Drake, and he played th lead in Broadway's fabulous "Oklahoma Now he's making his cinema bow in th Coast Guard musical "Tars and Spars."

It's tough to have your girl think you' a hero, when you aren't. Howie You (Alfred Drake) isn't to blame when finds himself in this predicament. It w his pal, Chuck, (Sid Caesar) who to pretty Christine (Janet Blair) that How had spent twenty-one days on a life ra in the Pacific. The statement was literal true. The raft, however, was at the Coa

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TOWN STATE

Guard station in the harbor, and Howie spent those days on it as an experiment in the cause of science. He ate nothing except a new kind of chewing gum, guaranteed to preserve life, but not to make it worth living! When Chris hears the facts, she finds them a distinct anti-climax.

Howie gets back into her good graces by making a recording of a love ballad called "I'm Glad I Waited For You." His dreamy voice persuades her to forgive him, and everything is just ducky when Howie gets his orders to ship out. Chris is sad but brave at their dramatic parting. They both promise to write every day. Howie reports to the ship—and is sent to Catalina Island, twenty miles away! After his previous experience with disillusioning Chris, he just plain doesn't dare tell her he's only gone to Catalina. So he doesn't write.

Meanwhile, at the base, they are rehearsing for a big show. The lieutenant in charge hears Chris playing the recording that Howie made for her. "That guy can sing," he remarks. "I'd like to have him in the show." "Me, too," says Chris wistfully, "but Howard Young shipped out a month ago." The name sounds vaguely familiar to the lieutenant, who goes back to the office and looks it up. There's a phone call to Catalina. The rest is mostly music, and very nice music, too.—Col.

P. S.

Filmed during the cigarette shortage, "Tars and Spars" was the most popular set on the Columbia lot. Each Coast Guard member of the cast received a weekly allotment of a carton of cigarettes, at which time they were mobbed by every employee of the studio. . . . Victor Mature, overseas in the actual fighting, was originally set to play the lead role, but refused on the grounds that it was no time for him to be making movies. . . . Both Alfred Drake, the eventual male lead, and Marc Platt, dancer, were members of the original "Oklahoma!" stage show. . . . Two weeks were spent on the Coast Guard Patrol Base at Wilmington, Calif., filming the training and camp shots. . . . A percentage of the profit made from the movie will go to the Coast Guard Relief Fund. . . . Songs written by Sammy Cahn and Jule Stein will be certain hits, among them "Love is a Merry-go-round" and "I'm Glad I Waited for You," sung by Alfred Drake. "I Love Eggs," the most entertaining ditty of the show, is sung by Sid Caesar, S 1/c, who received his discharge from the service the same day the picture finished shooting. The originator of his own routines, Caesar, whose style is much like Danny Kaye's, is set for success in a movie career. . . . Janet Blair's long hair was cut for the first time in years for her role as a Spar . . . The carnival set was rented in its entirety from a carnival company. By the time the film was finished, the merry-go-round was on its last wheels, having submitted to hours of extra-curricular fun for the cast and crew.

ON THE CARPET

The roll-'em-in-the-aisle boys are with us again. Abbott and Costello's latest opus has more than the usual quota of laughs, with Costello playing the yokel boy who makes good. The plot concerns a mind-reading vacuum cleaner salesman, which is a neat twist in itself. Benny (Lou Costello) isn't a salesman at the beginning. He lives on a farm, but he is taking a correspondence course in selling. Comes the day when the final lesson arrives, and with it his diploma. Benny says goodbye to Mom, gives a quick kiss to his girl friend, Martha (Elena Verdugo), and goes off to the big city to make his fortune.

(Continued on page 20)

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet

Hi, gang!

Well, here's another New Year, and one that's bringing slews of our past favorites back to the screen. Even more important, it brings to our attention young vets whose screen careers were interrupted by the wonderful work they did in the service. They are the stars of the day-after-tomorrow, so here's four for your inspection:

In "Mildred Pierce" you discovered in "Ted Forrester," an ex-Air Force technician, JOHN COMPTON, who was born in Lynchburg, Tenn., on June 21, 1923. He's 6 feet tall, weighs 183 pounds and has brown eyes and hair and is unmarried. Currently in "Too Young to Know," he can be reached at Warners'. Jordan Mayo, 133 S. 49th St., Philadelphia, Pa., has his club.

Also from the Air Forces comes 23-year-old KEEFE BRASSELLE, who scored as "Johnny" in "River Gang" and "Chicken" in "Action Report." He's at Universal and is 6' tall, 165 lbs., with blue eyes and black hair.

Anyone seeing "Kiss and Tell" couldn't help lovin' Frisco-born SCOTT ELLIOTT (birthday is August 24, 1921), better known as Temple's brother "Lenny" in the film. He couldn't be missed, what with his blonde hair and green eyes, and 6' 2" of cuteness. Write to him at Box 31, Beverly Hills, Calif. His next is "Dragonwyck."

And last, but not least, there's 23-year-old BOB TURNER, who was under contract to 20th-Fox, and in store for the lead in "Johnny Doughboy" when he was whisked away to the U. S. Navy. Imagine a combination of Madison, McCallister and Lawford in personality and ability, and there's Bob with a future as bright as the aforementioned. He's with Mary Martin in "Lute Song," and you can write to him at the William Morris Agency, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. C.

It's up to you to plug them with your letters and interest. Ready? Willing? Well, GO!!! And don't forget to send your other letters on everything, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, *MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City 16, N. Y.*

Bye bye now,

Bev.

Lenore Frank, Brooklyn, New York: PLEASE TELL ME WHO PLAYED THE FOLLOWING ROLES? Marty and Eleanor in "State Fair"—Bill Marshall and Jane Nigh, 20th-Fox. Ricky in "Falcon in Frisco"—Carl Kent, R.K.O. Sgt. Alex (died on raft) in "Capt. Eddie"—Don Carner, 20th-Fox.

Mary Finnegan, Mystic, Conn.: WHO CONDUCTS THE FAN CLUBS FOR VIRGINIA FIELD, SCOTT McKAY AND JULIE BISHOP? All run by Pearl Tice, 514 Arch, Perkasie, Pa. More clubs: PETER LAWFORD—Eleanor Cohen, 101 Kilkea, Los Angeles, Calif. HANK DANIELS—Mary Thompson, Ocean Drive, Bandon, Oregon. JOHNNY COY—Ellen Sachs, 148-36 87th Rd., Jamaica, N. Y. DON DE FORE—Alice Margulies, 541 Avenue C., Bayonne, N. J. ROSS HUNTER—Gloria Egan, 10478 Holman Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Lorraine Lang, N.Y.C.: WHAT ARE THE NEXT FILMS SCHEDULED FOR: Orson Welles—"The Stranger." Vivien Leigh—"Caesar and Cleopatra." Laurence Olivier—"Henry V." Bob Mitchum, Guy Madison, Bill Williams—all in "Until The End of Time."

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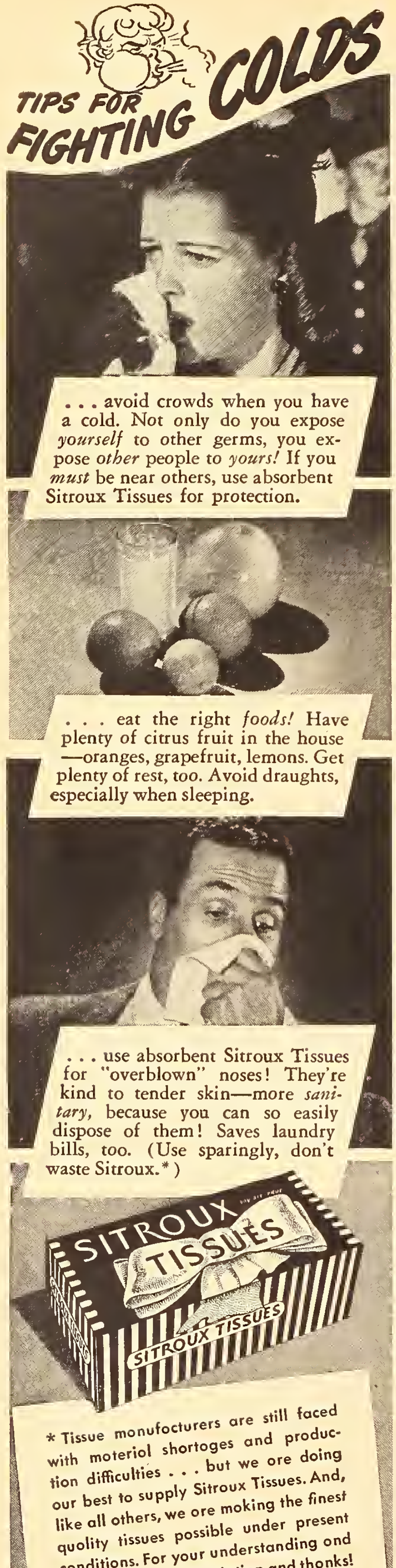

TIPS FOR FIGHTING COLDS

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. . . eat the right *foods!* Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house—oranges, grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.

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TISSUES

He has an Uncle Clarence who works for a vacuum cleaner company, and through his somewhat unwilling assistance, Benny gets a job there. Selling vacuum cleaners sounds easy. You just ring someone's doorbell, go in and demonstrate the cleaner, and come out with fifty-nine fifty in your hip pocket. The difficulty, Benny soon learns, is that you can't get in the door. People shut it in your face. When he finally does get into a very de luxe apartment, he gets the cleaner's attachments mixed up. He sprays soot all over the place, and comes out with a lawsuit on his hands. On top of that, he manages to get his demonstrating machine stolen. The office manager, Morrison (Bud Abbott) fires him. Who wouldn't?

Uncle Clarence comes reluctantly to his aid again. He is pals with the firm's branch manager in a nearby town, and sends Benny there. "Don't tell them you've worked for the company before," he warns. Benny starts working again, and this time he's a super success. Reason:—the boys in the office play a gag on him, and convince him he is a mind reader. This gives him so much self-confidence that he sells nine—count 'em, nine—vacuum cleaners in one day. That breaks the firm's record, and Benny is summoned back to the main office. By now, he is oozing self-confidence at every pore. Sure, he'll go back! He'll show up that jerk, Morrison! However, a luscious blonde confuses the issue, and for a while it looks as if Benny is out of luck. But you can't keep a good man down, not when he's a mind reader!—*Univ.*

P. S.

Studio employees pull in their ears when Abbott and Costello hit the lot to make a picture. Not one of them is safe when the two zanies start their marathon of practical jokes. Costello makes a habit of crawling beneath commissary lunch tables and bestowing hotfoots on the occupants. Abbott holds long, involved conversations with people who simply aren't there, adding to the complete confusion of visiting firemen. The pair choose an utter stranger and inundate him with a flood of questions about his family, his home and his personal life, then pass on as though they hadn't spoken a word to him. . . . During the filming of the picture, Brenda Joyce was so excited about her husband, expected to arrive any minute from the war zone, that she couldn't keep her mind on her work. In free hours, she tore around town looking for a new and very slinky negligee. . . .

MASQUERADE IN MEXICO

Angel Reilly (Dorothy Lamour) is the kind of a girl things happen to. She came to Mexico City in the first place because she was to marry a guy named Boris. But she found out en route that Boris was a crook and had given her a stolen diamond to bring into Mexico for him. Instead, she drops it into the pocket of the passenger next to her, Tom Grant (Patrick Knowles), who is promptly arrested. Angel decides that Boris plays too rough, and she gives him the brush-off. Leaving herself broke and out of a job in a strange city.

Grant, who is rich and influential as well as charming, is released by the police. He decides that he has a use for the beautiful and—he thinks—unscrupulous girl who slipped that diamond in his pocket. Grant's wife is infatuated with a handsome bullfighter, Manolo (Arturo De Cordova), and maybe Angel can distract Manolo's attention. Angel, disguised as the Condesa de Costa Mora, can, and does, to the complete fury of Mrs. Grant (Ann Dvorak). Mrs. G. has the disposition of a frustrated rattlesnake, and she really goes to work on Angel. Catty remarks are tossed back and forth with girlish abandon. Poor Manolo is in the middle, and he wants out, preferably in the direction of Angel, whom he considers a definite addition to Mexico City.

Who would show up at a party but Boris, the crook, who has one cynical eye on Angel and the other on Mrs. Grant's diamond necklace. He is, he explains blandly, the Conde de Costa Mora, and he is so happy to be reunited with his dear wife after all these months of separation.

I wouldn't advise you to bother your pretty head with the rest of the plot. Just concentrate on Arturo De Cordova, who is enough to keep any girl contented.—*Par.*

P. S.

Dottie Lamour comes across with three "firsts" in her movie career. One is the fact that she discards her sarong to appear fully dressed all the way through the picture, putting on a one-woman fashion show with thirteen complete wardrobe changes. Secondly, Lamour executes a few difficult dances with Billy Daniels, Paramount's dance director, as her partner. Highlight is her slithery doings to beguine rhythm. . . . Finally, audiences will be surprised to hear the star hit a D above high C, which comes out in the middle of the sextet number from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Born in Mexico, Arturo de Cordova portrays his first American screen role as a Mexican, in a Mexican setting. . . . The Mexican ballet, depicting the struggle of Mexico for independence, is one of the finest attempts to date at ballet by the films. For her part in the ballet, Ann Dvorak dug up the dancing slippers discarded when she decided to be an actress.

DAKOTA

John Wayne, sauntering easily through this two-fisted, two-gun Western, almost

(*Continued on page 24*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After the Sinatra show we went backstage to get our dream-boy's autograph, but when we saw the huge crowd waiting ahead of us, we gave up in despair and decided to take a walk instead. It was a windy day and I was wearing a beanie, so of course you can guess what happened—it flew off my head and went sailing down the street. Before I knew what had happened, the hat had disappeared from my sight. I was about to continue my walk without it, when I suddenly heard a man's voice behind me.

"Pardon me, miss," the voice said, "but did you lose this hat?"

I turned around to see The Voice in person, holding my beanie in his hand! Yes, it actually was Frankie, and he had bothered to get my hat!

I was stunned at first, but I soon recovered myself and murmured my thanks. My friends crowded around him at once, and we each got his autograph.

I shall always be thankful for windy days!

Marilyn Cacas
Chelsea, Mass.

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LUSTY WIND FOR CAROLINA

by Inglis Fletcher

A RICH, flamboyant adventure-romance that takes you back to the days of swashbuckling pirates, hot-blooded cavaliers, glamorous courtesans. You meet Anne Bonney, the celebrated woman pirate whose exotic beauty was matched only by her devilish cruelty; Gabrielle Fountaine, who braved her father's displeasure to find romance in the new world; David Moray, her soldier-lover; Stede Bonnet, "gentleman pirate," and other colorful characters in this thrilling action drama.

Gene Tierney in the 20th Century-Fox Production "Leave Her to Heaven".

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

by Ben Ames Williams

SHE stopped at nothing—not even murder—to hold the man she loved! Ellen Berent was so insanely jealous that she could not bear to share any part of a man's love with anyone else—or anything! She plotted, lied, cheated to gain her ends! When all else failed, there was—murder! "Will hold you from start to finish with your spine crawling."—*Boston Post.* "Will hypnotize you until you have read the last page."—*N. Y. Times.* A national best-seller.

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by Alice Tisdale Hobart

WHEN Jim Buchanan, young American diplomat, steps into the narrow orbit of the Navarro family of Mexico, tradition is smashed. Concha, idol of the family, falls madly in love with him. Together they defy the stigma of foreign birth and religion, outbrave the disapproval of an autocratic family, and outwit a rival who has every right on his side—except love. A colorful, turbulent romance of modern Mexico.

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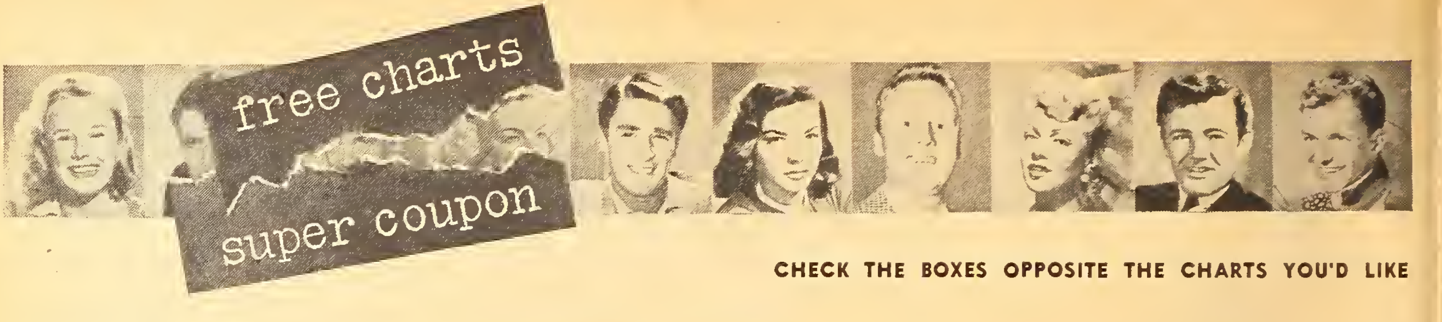

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convinces you that the whole thing really happened. Quite a guy, our John. He has considerable assistance from Walter Brennan as an irascible, old riverboat captain. Vera Hruba Ralston helps the scenery, and Mike Mazurki plays one of his more-muscle-than-brains killers. The plot is easy to follow, since you've seen it all before, but it moves so fast you forget about that. It starts moving when Devlin (John Wayne) and his lovely bride, Sandra (Vera Ralston) take the train out of Chicago. Devlin thinks they are headed for California where his gambling talents will come in handy in the Gold Rush territory. But he has made the mistake of letting the little woman buy the tickets, and Sandra has an idea that her good-looking husband would be better off among the placid wheatfields of Dakota.

She's probably right, only the wheatfields turn out to be not so placid. By the time the Devlins arrive in Fargo, they have been shot at, robbed, seen the smoking remains of farms burned down by "Indians," and had a riverboat sunk under them. Devlin begins to get interested. For one thing, he doesn't believe the "Indian" story. He thinks those farms were burned at this time, when the harvest is almost ready, so somebody can buy the wheatfields cheap. It doesn't take him long to identify the "somebody" as a suave rascal named Bender, who owns half of Fargo and would like to own the rest.

Bender's henchmen, including the half-breed Collins (Mike Mazurki), regularly shoot their way through law and order. But they make the mistake of robbing the Devlins of twenty thousand dollars—all the money they have in the world. Devlin begins to have a personal interest in rousing the landowners to the peril they are in. Bender is tricky and clever, and he has managed things like this before. He doesn't expect to have any real trouble in disposing of Devlin. So the shooting gets faster and louder, with various fist-fights thrown in for good measure. You'll get plenty of action in Dakota." *Rep.*

Dakota is based on the real life experiences of producer-director Joseph Kane's father, Frances Inman Kane, a Lt. in the British army who retired and came to the Dakotas for his health. Ancestor Kane played a great part in the formation of the states. . . . Vera, who was working simultaneously in "Murder In The Music Hall," would complete a scene for "Dakota," in which she wore heavy woolen 30-pound gowns, rush over to the "Hall" set and change to skates and the briefest of costumes. . . . They had a football team on the set: Three members of the cast are in the football Hall of Fame. John Wayne (backfield) was voted All-American of University of California. Ward Bond, also of U. of C. and Mike Mazurki, All-American tackle at Manhattan College, N. Y., are both pigskin legends. . . . Incidentally, Andy McLaglen, offspring of Victor, makes his debut as assistant to director Kane. . . . Three time Oscar winner Walter Brennen completed the picture just as his daughter, Ruth, was given a contract. . . . John Wayne dislocated his shoulder in one of the rough-em-up fight sequences. Also on the disabled list was Ward Bond. Because of a year-old auto accident, he had to hobble around the set with the aid of a cane.

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

On the Town (Cornel Wilde) . . . . . . ☐
Rogue Male (Bob Mitchum) . . . . ☐
Happiness, Inc. (Betty Grable-Harry James) . . . . ☐
Bob Walker's Life Story (Part Two) . . . . ☐
Strictly from Dixie (Jerome Courtland) . . . . ☐
Watch Bill Williams by Hedda Hopper . . . . ☐
Thrill of a Romance (Esther Williams) . . . . ☐
Butch Bey (Turhan Bey) . . . . ☐
Hobo Hamlet (Dane Clark) . . . . . ☐
Mr. Big and Mrs. Little (The Don Taylors) . . . . ☐
Lana by James M. Cain (Lana Turner) . . . . ☐
Teen Dream (Diana Lynn) . . . . ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons . . . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . . .

. . . .

. . . .

. . . .

My name is . . . .
My address is . . . . City . . . . Zone . . . . State . . . . . .
I am . . . . years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

"Frankly, this was written for lazy people

—who *want* to get slim
—who *don't* like to exercise
—who *do* like to eat!"

Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days, Yet Enjoy Glowing Health, 3 Delicious Meals a Day—No Exercise or Drugs!

HERE at last is the pleasant, sensible, scientific way to REDUCE. To see those unattractive bulges of fat "smooth out" and disappear as if by magic, at the rate of a pound a day. To enjoy the frankly admiring glances that a slim figure always attracts. This slenderizing miracle can be accomplished quickly, safely, comfortably—whether you are a man or woman, young or old. And, best of all—

WITHOUT starving yourself! (You'll eat three delicious, satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast.)

WITHOUT the drudgery of exercise! (You can be as lazy as you please.)

WITHOUT drugs, pills, or compounds! (They can definitely hurt your health and appearance.)

WITHOUT steam baths or massage! (So *often* they don't work—and they are usually terribly expensive.)

How then? *By simply knowing certain newly discovered scientific secrets of food selection!*

It's Easy—Once You Know THIS Fact!

"Oh, of course," you may reply, "it's just a matter of calories." But IS it? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, *the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY* calories. Yet the total *number* of calories in each is roughly the same!

So you see, it ISN'T "just a matter of calories." It's the KIND of calories that makes the big difference!

Calories, Yes—But Which KIND?

Some foods are high in *fat*-producing calories. Others are high in *energy*-producing calories. Science has discovered that if you eat the first kind of foods, your body produces LESS ENERGY and MORE FAT. But if you eat the second kind, your body produces MORE ENERGY and LESS FAT!

This simple scientific secret explains why much ordinary "dieting" fails . . . and why *"The New Way To Eat and Get Slim"* (as explained by Donald G. Cooley in his new book) produces such amazing results.

How Much Do You WANT To Lose?

You get a "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET," by which you can lose a pound a day for ten days; a diet for losing 10 pounds a month; and a "stay-slim" diet, so when you *reach* alluring slenderness, you can stay there. You don't have to stick to each day's menus either; Substitution Table gives you dozens of other meats and foods you may eat instead. These diets give you a slimmer figure, and also (for definite scientific reasons) greater health and beauty!

Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a postage stamp to have this book delivered to you for FREE EXAMINATION. No money need be sent now. *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper)* will be sent to you with the understanding that you may keep it for 5 days.

If, even in that short time, you are NOT convinced that this book offers you the quick, safe, pleasant "lazy-way" to reduce—then simply return it to us without the slightest obligation. Otherwise it is yours to keep for only $2.00, plus few cents postage.

A person that is slim and healthy, full of energy and joy of living, attracts attention anytime, anywhere; wins popularity, success, admiration of others. So get your copy immediately. Mail the Free Examination coupon (without money, if you wish) at once. WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R 352, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

What This Book Is Doing for Others

"Lost the specified 10 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than I have in years."—**Wisconsin.**

"My sister is very short, weighed 196. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier."—**Michigan.**

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance."—**California.**

"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—**Mass.**

"Lost 35 bs. in 41 days. Compliments to your book."—**W. Va.**

THE New WAY TO
EAT and GET SLIM
THE NEW WAY TO EAT and GET SLIM
Cooley
10-DAY MIRACLE DIET
Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days
Eat for BEAUTY, CHARM, and —yes, really—SEX APPEAL
Lightning VITAMIN Calculator
Diets That KEEP YOU SLIM Without Exercise or Hunger
Two-Minute CALORIE-Counting Table
COMPLETE REDUCING GUIDE
D. G. COOLEY

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Showing HOW This Book Takes Off the Pounds and the Bulges

I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets.

How Much Do You Want to Reduce—How Fast? Your choice of diets that reduce you rapidly or gradually, as you wish.

Counting Calories Isn't Enough. How to pick "galloping calories" that slim you faster.

Exercise Is a Practical Joker. Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce.

No Drugs, No Sweat, No Charge. Why you can ignore costly sweat baths, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting, etc.

II. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Soft Drinks. How beverages affect weight control—with some surprises.

Cocktail Calories. The strange role of alcohol in building fat.

What You Ought to Weigh. Strip tease test. Tables to find your ideal weight. Why the "gland alibi" is out.

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

Three Kinds of Calories. How each kind affects weight. Why you needn't give up sweets, butter, etc., completely.

How Proteins Help You Get Slim. One secret of reducing without feeling hungry or sacrificing vitality.

The Simple Arithmetic of Reducing. Easy way to set your calorie quota whether you're a housewife, factory worker, stenographer, etc.

These Diets Will Reduce You Safely. Best proportions of food elements assured by the new way of calorie-counting.

The Fastest SAFE Slimming Program. Diet safeguards that make speedy weight reduction safe for the overweight.

10-Day Miracle Diet. Safe, easy way to lose a pound a day for 10 days. Daily menus for 10 days.

Heartier Diets. 3 complete daily diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods you like better. 2 diets for losing 8½ pounds a month. 2 basic "STAY Slim" diets.

Two-Minute Calorie-Counting Table. At-a-glance chart showing kinds of calories in 26 meat dishes, 4 kinds of milk, 13 fish, 10 kinds of cheese and egg servings, 41 vegetables, 29 fruits, 19 breads, cereals, 16 pies, pastries, 17 fats, sugars, syrups, 7 nuts, 11 soups, 18 "little things," 15 beverages. Reducing values of each group.

Eat as Often as You Want. Exploding the no-food-between-meals myth and the nothing-but-coffee-for-breakfast error.

IV. YOU COUNT YOUR VITAMINS THE EASY WAY

You Needn't Pay Extra for Vitamins. How to get all you need from foods alone.

Your Daily Vitamin Needs. Complete table showing units of A, B1, C, G and D needed daily for Adults, Adolescents, Children, Infants and Pregnant Women.

Lightning Vitamin Calculator. Vitamin units in 78 common foods in handy chart enabling you to check your daily intake in a few seconds.

Cook Them Kindly. 9 simple rules to preserve vitamins in preparing foods.

V. EAT FOR BEAUTY, CHARM AND—YES, REALLY—SEX APPEAL

No Pep, No Joy, No Friends. Is this you? How you can remedy it—at the dinner table!

Skin You Love to Touch. How Vitamin A and other elements promote clear, beautiful skin.

Teeth You Love to Brush. Food minerals for healthy teeth.

The Diet Cure for Constipation. "Scare" warnings vs. truth.

VI. EATING FOR "OOMPH"

Food and Glamour. Relation of what you eat to personal appearance, vitality, sparkle and sex appeal.

Anemia Wins No Love Prizes. Red-blooded "romance" minerals; how to get them.

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Please send me—in plain wrapper—"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION. If I keep the book I will send you $2.00 plus actual postage. Otherwise I will return it without further obligation.

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☐ Check here if enclosing $2 WITH this coupon, and WE will pay the postage. The same 5-day return privilege, for full refund, applies.

CO-ED

Peace time, wintertime, mean just one thing—it's sigh guy time. How to find 'em, catch 'em and above all else—hang onto 'em!

JEAN KINKEAD

■ Wintertime is the best time in the world for that world-shaking business of meeting new men. They come out of their lairs then and are all over the place. Skating down at the pond, their red-and-black checked shirttails flying, zinging down the hills on their out-sized toboggans, leering at you over their hot chocolates at the local spa. Wintertime, moreover, is party time. There are the nice, informal ones—a crackling open fire, cider and doughnuts, Goodman on the victrola; and there are the glitter ones where the lads turn out in tuxes and the gals wear something long and swish. Wintertime. It's heaven if you're in the groove. And if you're not—you can be.

Go on out! The important thing for you to do is to go where things are happening, and—rather than go with a group of unattractive, unattached females, go by yourself. If you can't skate well, practice on some secluded bit of ice until you're at least a fairly vertical skater, then take to the pond, looking your smoothest. Slacks and a nice loud shirt, a short velvet skirt and a basque jacket, your snow suit with a bright, bright scarf. There'll be boys you know down there, and no matter if your heart is doing barrel rolls, *speak* to them. It doesn't much matter what you say—"The ice looks beautiful," or "This is more fun than Latin Class." Don't linger or force yourself on them, but let them know you're alive. Afterwards, when the kids are taking off their skates and getting ready to go, contrive to (*Continued on page 92*)

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I am bored with going steady, but I'm afraid if I burn my bridges, meaning him, I'll be sweating out Saturday nights from now on. What do you think? H.A., Shenandoah, Iowa.

We see what you mean, but it ain't necessarily so. Can't you talk the thing over with your guy, telling him that you've come to think "going steady" is sort of young, sort of sophomore, and not very smart? Let him know that you're still ever so fond of him and still want to see him, but not on the old basis. Agree to noise it around among the gals that you've very amicably come unglued, and ask him to let the boys know, too.

My mother says no nice girl kisses a boy until they're engaged. I know that's slightly obsolete, but when *does* a nice girl kiss a boy? J.B., Middletown, Conn.

You'll like an awful lot of boys an awful lot before you run into That Man, and it would be pretty rough if you couldn't kiss a few of them now and then. Nowadays a kiss can mean, "I like you" as well as "I love you," and if you're very sure your kiss means that, we don't think your mom will disapprove.

I am crazy about one of my sister's guys. *She* in turn can take him or leave him. Am I justified in making a small play for him? I. F., Elmira, N. Y.

All's fair, you know. But why not be a square-shooter and talk to your sister about it. Since she's not mad about him herself, she might be able to throw you a little technical advice, and also give you a gorgeous build-up to him. Next time he asks her for a date when she already has one, have her say casually, "I have a date, Joe, but come on over anyway. Maybe we can get Betty to play bridge with us." (That's you.) He'll come that first time out of devotion to your sister, but if you and she play your (*Continued on page 131*)

Where do pretty models come from?

ASK JUNE COX—"peek-a-boo baby" in 1919, she's a pin-up girl today!

Wonder if she knew, when that baby picture she's holding was snapped, that some day her lovely complexion would make her a famous model. (She might have suspected it—for she was an Ivory baby!)

No wonder fashion designers like June to model new styles—she's one of America's most beautiful girls.

June prizes her complexion *most of all.* Her beauty secret? "Regular, gentle care with Ivory—the soap many doctors advise," June says, "just as it was back in 1919 when I had my first Ivory Bath!"

What's better than a pin-up picture? Boys who've been overseas will tell you it's meeting June Cox in person.

And she says she's not engaged, so a soldier can look at her lovely Ivory complexion and dream—can't he?

(If you want a softer, smoother, lovelier complexion, change to Ivory Care—and get That Ivory Look!)

Meet Mr. Chips, Miss Cox's talented spaniel. Maybe *you'd* sit up and beg for a clear, fresh skin like June's. Here's her beauty secret:

"It doesn't pay to be careless about your complexion—whether you model for millions of eyes or just one special pair. Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap."

Don't Waste Ivory—it contains scarce materials

99 44/100 % Pure

More doctors advise Ivory than any other Soap

No Other Shampoo

leaves your hai
so lustrous, yet s
easy to manag

Queen of the winter scene with sparkling h
All aglow in the sunlight or firelight.
That's Drene-lovely hair.
Cover Girl Shari Herbert shows you
these exciting hair-dos to go with the thi
you'll do and the clothes you'll wear
on a gay winter week-end.
"Changing your hair style is part of the fu
says Shari. "And your hair is so easy to f
after a Drene wash. This wonderful sham
with Hair Conditioning action
leaves hair so smooth and easy to manag
You'll love the way Drene brings out
all the gleaming beauty of your hair . .
as much as 33% more brilliance than any
Drene is not a soap shampoo.
It never leaves any dull dingy film on ha
the way all soaps do.
Fashion models, like Shari Herbe
are always so smartly groomed.
No unsightly dandruff, not when
you're a Drene Girl! Sta
today. Use Drene Shampoo w
Hair Conditioning action or
your beauty shop to use it.

● WINGING DOWN A SKI SLOPE, y
want a hair-do that stays put. "
fasten your hair at the nape of y
neck with a barrette," advises Sh
"and comb under into a smooth pa
boy." No other shampoo . . . o
Drene with Hair Conditioning act
. . . will make your hair look so lov

Wonderful Hair-dos for Your Winter Week-End

● GLAMOUR BY FIRELIGHT . . . "Change to something romantic for evening." Shari says. "Sweep up your hair and arrange in four or five long shining curls." For that wonderful shining-smooth look, follow Shari's example and be a Drene Girl. So simple yet really dramatic!

Drene

Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action–

I guess this Valentine season is as good a time as any for a guy to blush. I'm blushing crimson this minute because I'm a gentleman of the old school who doesn't like to use the word "bathroom" in mixed company. But before I get on *that* subject, I've got to tell you about a fascinating $21,000 survey we're making.

The point of the survey is to find out *who* reads MODERN SCREEN. By now, most of the answers are in, and I must confess we don't know whether to be flattered or bust out cryin'. *Everybody* reads MODERN SCREEN, says the survey! And all along we thought we were so young and exclusive. Daughters read us. Mothers read us. Fathers and brothers, too.

We are your family magazine, and we usually wind up perched on the edge of the bathtub (see, I'm back in that room, blush, blush). Mom goes for Louella, Hedda, Fannie Hurst and all the bigshots. Sis's bubble-bath reverie is Pete Lawford. And, let's face it, if Dad doesn't stop shaving with that Williams gal propped up in front of him, he'll be sorry. Yup, everybody reads us. So says the survey . . . and our tub runneth over!

All this talk leads up to this. With a throb in my voice, I'd like to say, "You are my Valentine!" And I don't mean just you—but the whole darned family.

Al Delacorte

P. S. Please don't get any tooth paste on Shirley Temple.

ON THE TOWN

HOLLYWOOD'S A CRAZY TOWN AND BEAUTIFUL AND GAY. SO WHEN 2 PEOPLE ARE IN LOVE, LIKE SAY, PAT AND CORNEL WILDE, AND THEY'VE GOT SOME CELEBRATING TO DO, WHY, THEY UP AND PAINT IT RED!

". . . a happy birthday, dear wife!" Cornel does things in a big way, gave Pat a song, a gold necklace, bracelet set—and a big night out.

he Wildes eat shashlik at the Charochka. No double talk, translation reads: "Skewered lamb and tomatoes at the Loving Cup." almist was cagey, read Pat's palm, then whispered the results.

The Temple of Heaven features round walls, tapestries, fried shrimp and a benevolent Mr. Yee, who alternately manages Heaven and rhapsadizes over the pea pods casserole. P. and C. had the pods—also chapstick difficulties.

When you're seven years old, they call it nooping. When you're big and pretty and 'wood Ed. Sylvia Wallace, they call it overearing. So when Sylvia just *happened* to be round during Cornel's phone plotting for 'at's birthday surprise, she didn't twitch a uscle. Just looked at the ceiling and pracically sprouted an extra set of ears. "Kin I ome?" she asked, sophisticated as all get-out. Come where?" "With you—where you gong?" "Well, it's this way," grinned Mr. W., we're going to a progressive dinner." And s Sylvia told us to tell you, it's this way: progressive dinner is a meal in stages. You tart off for your oysters on the half shell at estaurant A. Then you smack your lips, pay e bill and dash to Restaurant B in time to ear "Soup's on!" And so it goes, different ourse, different eatery. The Wildes had a onderful time! (*More pix on next page.*)

ON THE TOWN

Confusing, no end. The Coffee Grog at the Beverly Tropics a. puts you to sleep, b. jives you up. Why not, it's coffee, cinammon sticks, hot rum!

"Reservations, please." The buffet at the Cock 'n' Bull sags with everything but soup and nuts; the walls carry autographs of famed authors.

Obviously, Pat doesn't believe in that "a minute in your mouth, 2 hours in your stomach, a lifetime on your hips" routine. Mr. W. went wild every time an orchestra would strike up the Polonaise—happened 4 times.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall . . ." No fun house mirror is going to make *Pat* ugly, but hubby had to leave (while he was still ahead) and go chase fugitive poodle Coco down the Strip. Poor Coco, cooped up in a rumble seat—and no hydrant.

fting incense, candlelight, haunting gypsy fiddles, *ahh*. Pat, (an Murray grad) and Cornel (but *awful!*), melt into a waltz, look ful—then return to crushed pea soup at Little Hungary.

me in the wee hours after a big night. Two wild deer met them the door, Pat shrieked "Stop, you'll crush my gownless strap!" C. murmured "I love you" in 6 languages. *Sooo* progressive. . . .

ROGUE MALE

A rogue elephant, says Webster, is one that leaves the herd and roams alone. And a rogue male? That's Bob Mitchum!

■ One morning last year, a character named Bob Mitchum tumbled out of bed, slupped some black coffee, looked at his watch and hopped into his rusty jaloppy. He was late for work at a picture he was making at Columbia studios.

He wheeled the heap wildly down the street, skidded it inside the gates with a dusty wave at the startled gateman, dug a key out of his jeans and pushed open the door of his dressing room. He had his clothes half off before the scenery registered. The place was full of corsets, girdles, skirts, rats, snoods and dainty feminine unmentionables.

"What the . . .!" expostulated Bob and got the heck out. He raced over to the front office spouting indignation. "Hey," he demanded. "What goes on? What dame has moved into my dressing room?"

"What do you mean . . . 'your' dressing room?"

"You heard me," boiled Bob. "I'm making a picture here. You know I'm late. I've got to change . . ."

"You *were* making one here," they told him, "but that was last month."

"Has everyone gone nuts at Columbia?" exploded Bob.

"This isn't Columbia," was his reply. "It's Universal."

Now an actor who can't even remember (*Continued on page* 80)

Unfettered by habit, Bob combs his hair by running his hands through it. Feels the som whether he gets three or ten hours shut-eye. Likes to cook, seasons everything wit tabasco sauce. Used to smoke a pack a day, now skips whole days without a weed

His size 45 coat's custom-made to cover those enormous shoulders, yet fit that dainty thirty-inch waist. Thinks wife Dottie's just perfect.

Josh (for formal occasions, James Robin) started talking at 5 months, is still going strong at 4½. Christopher's 2, answers faster to Cricket.

Bob's got an even disposition, which helps when feeding Cricket. Doesn't rough-house with kids, says "we have an understanding about that."

By George Benjamin

What's happiness?

For the James' it's Sunday

in the park, hide 'n'

seek in the living room,

and Vickie's

laughter everywhere.

Those fabulous Grable gams look best in ankle strap shoes, claims husband Harry James, but Betty *lo-oves* to loaf in wedgies. She's let her hair go back to its natural light brown for new pic, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim."

HAPPINESS, Inc.

By ABIGAIL PUTNAM

■ If you lived anywhere near the south end of New York's Central Park last summer, you might have bumped into the Jameses on their regular Sunday outing. There'd have been four of them—tall, kind-faced Harry pushing the Taylortot, Vickie babbling nonsense to perfect strangers, your favorite blonde pinup walking sedately beside them, with black poodle Punkin prancing on a red leash.

Down Fifty-ninth to Fifth Avenue, across to the entrance and along the paths till they came to a spot that was partly hidden by trees. There they'd spread a rug, release Vickie from her stroller and Punkin from his leash and, like millions of others who spend Sunday in the park, sit and watch the young things tumbling around on the grass.

Once in a while a kid would come through to ask for an autograph or if he could take a picture. But not often, and that was a funny thing. You can't be Betty Grable and Harry James in New York without having folks stare and crowd (*Continued on page* 131)

ee that fence? It's to keep sub-sub-deb Vickie J. way from pool. She looks like her daddy, even pipes Toot toot!" when she spots pics of him with trumpet.

The James' propped up a mike to record Vickie's first "Mommy, Daddy" cooings. But Vickie wouldn't talk. Instead, she grabbed mike and started kissing it!

Betty preferred domesticity with Vickie to touring with Harry. Besides being a natural-born mother, versatile B. wrote two songs that Harry wants to publish!

Bob approves Gary Cooper's tale of his recent blast at femme fashions, where Coop, bidding for a H. Hopper hat at a bond rally, yelled, "$100,000! I just want to get that thing off the market!"

He's got a man-to-man relationship with his two sons; gorging on sweets, roaring over the funnies and piano practicing as a trio. Even Brooke, the 6-month-old Boxer, is "split" 3 ways!

bob walker

■ When Bob Walker started out on his own in New York, even the tiny check the United Fruit Lines owed him for his four months at sea would have come in handy. He was broke flatter than a flounder.

His brother Walt gave him room to sleep in his Beekman Place apartment and, as usual, staked him to cigarettes and spending money for a few days. But Walt was just getting his foot in on his law career and there really wasn't space for Bob in the apartment. Besides, Bob was in no mood to mooch any longer off relatives. He had told Aunt Tenny, when he left her house in a huff, that he could row his own canoe and it was that for him now or nothing. After all, he was just turned nineteen and practically a man, and one of those old independent flare-ups of his boyhood burned bright.

Like anyone out of a job, Bob bought a newspaper, parked on a bench and riffled through the want ads. Right away one caught his eye.

"Wallace Co-operative Lodge. Inexpensive room and board for young men. Apply Y.M.C.A."

Bob hotfooted it over to (*Continued on page 97*)

Slowly it came true. The dreams a boy wove of fame and wealth. Of a great love he'd had—but couldn't hold. (Life story, concluded)

uzi Crandall's one gal who can pry him loose from those ermit habits. As a rule, Bob's up at 7:00 and working till 6:00, ith only gallons of milk and a double lunch to tide him over.

Newest Walker wrinkle is strewing tiny metal coin savers about his house, auto dashboard and dressing room. Sure, it saves money, but pity his pals who have to shell out with candy, gum and ciggie change!

Maggie O'Brien's too old for "this little piggy went to market," not young enough to have escaped falling "madly in love" with Bob—who's got his eye on her for his Bob, Jr.

by Kirtley Baskette

Jerome has great muscular control. He used to spend Sunday mornings on the porch, motionless for hours, photographing shy hummingbird

He's new, cute, and awful young to have kissed Shirley T. and Irene Dunne. Who? Jerome Courtland!

■ If you had known Jerome Courtland from the time he started school until he was graduated from Riverside Military Academy in Georgia, you would seldom have called him anything except "Cojo." A fact that brings to your attention the entire complex story of Cojo's attaining the name of "Jerome Courtland."

His mother is Brentwood's glamorous and frightfully popular Mary Wordeman, who has long been divorced—in a highly civilized and friendly manner—from Cojo's father. Cojo had

By Nancy Winslow Squire

Strictly from DIXIE

fter appearing with Shirley Temple in "Kiss And Tell," Jerome got hitches to
e studio much faster! J.'s recipe for successful thumbing: Look well-
ressed; wait at the top of a hill; never talk unless driver talks first!

the Navy at the age of one, Jerome's now Sgt. Courtland of the Army.

always used, not his stepfather's name, but his own legal moniker, Courtland Jourolmon.

When he came to Hollywood, after school closed in 1944, he arrived—all six feet, four-and-one-half inches of him—on the day when his mother had been invited to a party which would, she knew, be attended by many of the motion picture great who are her intimate friends.

Said Mary Wordeman to her son, "Wouldn't you like to come along on this pa'ty, Cojo? I think it may be so'ta (*Continued on page 76*)

Jerome spends
spare time sketching,
drew center pic,
a Valentine, at 15, and
gave it to . . . his mom!

What makes him Hopper's Star of the Month? Just being blonde, and boyish—and looking like heaven in tweeds.

No limit to handyman-movie hero Bill's talents! He's been a rancher, dancer (in a show where Van J. chorus-boy'ed)—and bit part opera singer.

■ I happened to miss the preview of "Those Endearing Young Charms."

Next day sixteen people got on the wire. "What about this Bill Williams?"

"What about him?" I asked, and they proceeded to tell me.

At first I thought, could it be a plant? But the calls kept coming from scattered sources that had nothing to do with RKO or one another. So I got the studio to run the picture for me. Having been oversold, I was skeptical. Plunked myself down in the darkened projection room and dared this Bill to make me like him.

In less than half a reel he had me hooked. By the time I walked out, he was my candidate for find-of-the-month. Without Peter Lawford's polish or Guy Madison's striking good looks, he packed his own wallop. Something fresh and honest, something gay and cocky and vibrant like young America itself coming out at you from the screen. . . .

We waited to see if you readers would agree with me and, like the smart cookies you are, you did. Then I invited Bill and his girl to lunch.

His girl's Barbara Hale. They're the cutest pair I've met in a twelve-month. Imagine Jerry walking straight out of "Endearing Young Charms," and that's Bill. Barbara—well, take a good look at this page. And just as if the dream-puss God gave her wasn't enough, she's got to have naturally curly hair yet. Sitting over their turkey, they reminded me of a couple of good children, waiting to get outside and pinch themselves to *(Continued on page 71)*

Steady gal Barbara Hale trotted along to the presentation ceremonies where Hedda Hopper dubbed Bill "the most promising actor of the month." And the award? A magnificent engraved Gruen Watch.

by Hedda Hopper

Watch BILL WILLIAMS!

Esther knocked herself out jitterbugging on "Hoodlum Saint" set with Bill Powell, then went out dancing with husband-to-be Ben Gage.

A wedding of two wonderful people who think life should be lived for the laughs: Esther Williams and Ben Gage

S/Sgt. Gage watched closely to see that Esther dotted her i's, crossed her t's in filling out license. For V-J Day, Esther gave Ben loudest plaid shirt she could find, bought in shop for oversized men. He's 6 ft. 5!

By Cynthia Miller

Thrill of a ROMANCE

ll brides are beautiful . . . but Esther had a headstart! Bill Powell says, "She oesn't need to appear in bathing suits; that girl can get by on her acting!" x-GI Gage groomed it in the veteran's dream: Just a blue serge suit!

■ It was a lovely wedding. The little church was lit only by candles—tall and white on the altar and at the pews. Garlands of white chrysanthemums and Shasta daisies roped off the aisle.

Sonny Tufts, Ed Gardner, Ed Morgan, Bill Tracy—close friends of Ben—showed the guests to their places. As Esther's mother and Ben's were seated, Jane Powell's fresh young voice rose in Grieg's "I Love You."

In the vestry, Esther's eyes suddenly brimmed. Mel McEldowney, her best friend, knew how to handle a crisis.

"Don't let 'em spill over. It'll ruin your makeup—"

Between a gulp and a giggle, Esther forced them back.

Now Jane was singing "Because." Then came the first notes of the Wedding March. Mel walked down the aisle, followed by Robin and David, Esther's niece and nephew, five and four years old, respectively. Robin, in flowered silk, carried a nosegay of sweetheart roses. Holding tight to her hand, David looked around in an interested way.

The bride wore pink. As she came down, all radiance now on her father's arm, her eyes went to Ben, standing at the altar with his brother, Captain Chuck Gage.

In the simple ceremony the guests noted one variation, not knowing it had been made at Esther's request.

"Who gives this woman to be married to this man?"

"Her mother and I," Mr. Williams replied.

They noted too, (*Continued on page* 87)

By Kirtley Baskette

Hobo Hamlet

Dane Clark took to the road . . . with an empty purse, a producer who drank, and a (flat) tired old car!

■ Dane Clark was snoozing peacefully in his hotel room one morning when he felt a rude bang on his shoulder and heard a voice like a cannon's cough order him roughly:

"Roll over, Mac!"

Dane rolled over and stared his big brown eyes up into as lethal a looking sample of humanity as he ever hopes to see. The mug had a beak like a buzzard and eyes as cold as dry ice. He was levelling a snub snouted automatic at approximately the level of Dane's startled brain and his trigger finger shook almost as much as the bed sheets that covered Clark.

"Uh-uh," he finally grunted with a disappointed sigh. "Wrong guy. I must have de wrong room. My mistake, Pally." And he slipped the rod back into his pocket and shuffled out.

That happened not in Hollywood or before a camera, but in real life and in Chicago, where Dane was playing on the road in "Golden Boy" and sacking down nights in a dim little hotel across the Chicago River between shows. Not until he checked out in haste did he discover that the hotel was owned by a gang of mobsters and that the wall nicks over his dresser were bullet holes where Buggsy Somebody's gang had rubbed out Cock-Eye Somebody Else's gang and where a similar murder party had been scheduled for his own narrow escape.

But it's one typical reason, among many, why Hollywood held few (*Continued on page* 113)

➤ Faye Emerson sympathizes with Dane, whose fans mobbed him in New York—including a 300-pounder who landed on D.'s toe! Consolation: Dane received exhibitors' award as "man most likely to succeed fastest."

▲ At 17, Dane (back row, second from left) starred in track, football, baseball, basketball . . . even took a crack at the prize ring! Tried pro sports before crashing The Theatuh; now he's starring in "Stolen Life."

odachrome by Willinger

Sometimes they act like two crazy things,
those wild-in-love Don Taylors-- giggling
over their little woes, wondering how any
love could be that big • by Ida Zeitlin

mr. Big and mrs. Little

■ Don hauled the bags out. Phyllis looked at them as if they were snakes.

"I'm not going to take a lot of stuff. Just what I absolutely need."

"Sure," said Don. "Make believe it's a weekend or something."

A hopeful gleam lit her eye. "Maybe they won't like me and I'll come right back. Or it might be a flop."

"Is that nice?" he demanded.

"No." She wandered toward the closet, and her voice came back slightly muffled. "Look at all the things you can do while I'm gone. Play tennis, go to football games, make lots of cabinets for when we have our own home—"

"Yeah," said Don.

She turned and gave him an overbright smile. "I'll write every day and tell you what to do tomorrow—"

"That reminds me—" He fished out an envelope and handed it to her. "Your going-away present." It was full of airmail and special delivery stamps. "No wires. The budget can't stand 'em."

"I hate them anyway. They're so short, they always sound mad."

Suddenly they were tight in each other's arms, all the silly words drowned in the ache of parting. But just for a minute. Then Don lifted her chin. "We're pigs," he said firmly. "Look at the millions of kids who *really* had to say goodbye—" *(Continued on page 126)*

At long last, *somebody* took pity on frustrated staff photog Bob Beerman! At MODERN SCREEN's Poll Party, the Don Taylors invited him over to mug on *their* side of the lens (the ham side)—and did he love it!

odachrome by Willinger

Department of painted freckles and pained expressions . . . Ella Raines and GI Bey at Ciro's going wild 'n' woolly West at Press Photographers' Ball.

"Butch" Bey

Big laugh at La Rue's (*before* the split-up) over Lana's title, "The Albino Girl." Seems that for "The Postman Always Rings Twice" she had to dye her hair almost white. But why's T. roaring? In "Night In Paradise" *he's* decked out as an 80-year-old—plus *wig!*

THE LAZY LOOK IS STILL THERE, AND THE SOFT VOICE AND WAY WITH THE GALS. BUT TURHAN'S A GI NOW, AND YANKEE AS THAT CREW CUT • BY JACK WADE

■ "Selly" Selahettin, or just "Butch" Bey to his buddies, came back to Hollywood a few weeks ago, sporting three—count 'em, three—expert marksmanship medals on his manly chest and five precious points on his army service record. He came back to tell his folks and his friends goodbye, before Uncle Sam shipped him overseas. And he had a terrible time remembering that he was Turhan Bey, the Terrible Turk, erstwhile movie star, swoon sheik, bobby sock boon and languid lover.

In fact, the first day Private Turhan Selahettin (you don't find the "Bey" on the gold dog tag Lana Turner gave him) came back home from Camp Roberts, he committed the cardinal social sin in Hollywood. He bounced out of bed at 6:30, by force of new habit, making his mother, grandmother and even his black Scottie, Keddy, think he had lost his mind. He made his own bed to drum-tight perfection, rubbed his shoes to a blinding gloss, ran a comb and scissors over his spiky black GI facsimile of a homemade haircut, gobbled a half-dozen eggs and even offered to help with the breakfast dishes.

Then, at 7:30 sharp he grabbed the phone and dialed Ella Raines' number.

"Good morning," greeted Selly over the wire. "Miss Raines?"

"Yes?" yawned Ella fuzzily. "Who—who is this—Western Union? Is there a death in the family?"

(*Continued on page* 120)

LANA

by JAMES M. CAIN

A famous author looks at La Turner (and that's not hard!) and sees more than blonde beauty . . . he sees an actress!

■ When Carey Wilson of Metro called up one day with the news that he had Lana Turner to play in my "Postman Always Rings Twice," I was not only pleased but elated. For you may think of Lana as a glamor girl—the type that brings nothing but her own flaming personality to the screen. And you can't be blamed at all, for leave us face it, she is a tasty dish. I didn't think of her that way, at least not after that week at the studio last winter when I had to run a number of her pictures one after the other, not only once but many times. This is a murderous test for an actress, but I didn't tire of Lana because I began to notice something. She moved me. Whatever she did, I *felt* something. Then, in "Ziegfeld Girl," I noticed the deft way she played a pretty little rumpot. She didn't go overboard with it. She wasn't monotonous with it. She didn't fail to get vividness into it. So you realized that the girl's trouble was not only booze, but a profound and terrible crack-up inside. Not only did Lana arouse pity in me for this little sinner, but she made such interesting shadings between tight, lit, high, stinko, blotto and stiff, that I became

"Meeting Lana," says author James M. Cain, "was an experience." He went to their appointment, he admits, expecting a slick glamor girl. "What I did meet," he recalls, "was an intelligent woman whose sensitiveness is as phenomenal as it is instinctive."

With her wonderful 2½-year-old daughter Cheryl absorbing most of her free time, Lana still manages to cram in a great deal of gallivanting. Bob Hutton's her top fella right now, with Peter Lawford (here at the Press Photographers' Ball at Ciro's) and Rory Calhoun in the running.

Lana loves clothes, goes from one extreme to another, like being a *femme fatale* one day, emerging a tall Margaret O'Brien the next. In "Postman," (she's checking here on lines with co-star John Garfield and script girl), she wears dead white clothes throughout.

No athlete, she wears sport clothes in order to tan, prefers books any time—mostly fiction and biography—and reads by the light of the moon!

1. Frank Chambers (John Garfield), a road bum who has strayed into a job at the Twin Oaks diner "for a few days," hangs on after meeting the boss' beautiful wife, Cara.

2. Gradually, Frank realizes that Cara hates her husband and would do anything to rid herself of the miserly, dull and 20-years-older Nick. "Let's run away," Frank begs. "Where to?" she retorts, "another beanery?"

fascinated with her. And suddenly it dawned on me; this is no new glamor girl at all, in spite of her lovely face; this is an actress of the very first competence, one to watch, and watch with sober respect.

So when Carey told me she would do my story, I knew my character Cora was going to get the works. And then later, when it had all turned out so beautifully and I found I was to meet her, I was quite excited, as you may imagine.

I hadn't been in Romanoff's five minutes before I got my first surprise, a most agreeable one. Promptly at four o'clock, splitting the minute in half, she showed up. Now punctuality makes more friends than wit, but you don't quite expect it of picture stars meeting writers for afternoon tea.

My next surprise was her height. On the screen, she seems to me petite. No doubt this is because all things in perfect proportion, whether the Parthenon, Frank Sinatra's voice, or a woman's figure, always seem a little smaller than they really are. Her actual height is 5′ 3½″, which is medium, and yet, with her slimness, high heels, and everything else, she's tall.

Next there is her total effect, which is much quieter, simpler, and more subdued than I would have thought from her pictures. When I mentioned this she laughed and said: "That glow you say I have—maybe it is just an act." She has little of the pert, rapid manner that you might expect from her acting style. She is inclined to be serious, and to speak in a considered, careful way, frequently using (*Continued on page* **109**)

LANA

3. Nick suspects nothing, and one day, after a beach outing, they hatch a plot to murder him by electrocuting him in his bath. They love each other, yes, but also this is Cora's chance to "make something" of herself.

4. The murder attempt fails, and in desperation, they get Nick (Cecil Kellaway) drunk and plan to jump the car, then hurtle it with the groggy Nick inside, over a precipice. But Frank isn't quick enough, and is also pitched down.

5. Dazed, Frank says that Cora tried to murder him, too, but they are acquitted. Riding home, the car overturns, Cora is killed—and Frank is convicted of the one murder he didn't plot!

teen dream

Was Diana confused on the "Our Hearts Were Growing Up" set! She got her signals crossed, and three boy friends showed up at once!

Meanest Person In The World, thinks Diana, is the crank who sat behind her in the movies last winter and cut a big circle out of her Persian lamb coat! Is Diana serious or spoofing about Loren Tindall?

Diana's all grown up now, changed her hair to golden brown (and doesn't care who knows it), grew four inches in a year, even buys dress-up hats . . . but never gets around to wearing 'em!

Mom and Pop groaned while Diana Lynn moaned and mooned around the house. But now the growing pains are over . . .

By Fredda Dudley

■ The scene is night in Hollywood, deep night—say around three-thirty a.m. Even the late spots on The Strip are closed, cabbies are dozing or doping the next day's races, and through the sleeping night ring the steps of a man with insomnia.

In a pleasant house in a charming residential district, a girl named Dolly Loehr is stirring fitfully in her sleep. She throws out one arm, flounces over, makes an awful face. Almost at once, she moans, rolls on the other side, thrusts one arm up over the pillows. Then she bites her tongue on a scream and sits bolt upright in bed.

It's the dream again. She has it occasionally; not often enough to get accustomed to, and not seldom enough to scare a person witless, but frequently enough to keep her remembering it.

The dream starts (*Continued on page* 110)

Guy Madison beams over Suzi Crandall's shoulder at Ciro's Press Photographers' Ball. Guy's chief complaint as a house guest is that the beds are all too soft for his Navy "achin' back." Prefers to curl up on the floor!

Sue Carol's fine, thanks, after an attack of flu. Husband Alan Ladd visited pal Richard Denning on "Black Beauty" set, unknowingly stepped into camera range. So they left him in the picture—without any billing!

LOUELLA PARSONS' Good news

Esther Williams says "I do;" Liz Taylor turns author; Jimmy Stewart's back on the town! Dana Andrews prefers blondes; marriage puts the lid on Betty Hutton

■ When Esther Williams walked down the aisle to meet Ben Gage at the altar of the Westwood Community Church, one of the most in-love couples I have ever known in all the long years I've been in Hollywood, said, "I do."

And how they looked at one another when they said it!

Only the members of both families and the closest friends were present at the Church ceremony because Ben and Esther wanted to be surrounded by only those nearest to them during their big moment.

But it was a lovely setting. The little church was a bower of white chrysanthemums, for it

Lynn Bari didn't help much when Pete Lawford gently massaged husband Sid Luft's face at Press Photographers' Ball. Lynn's joined the blonde brigade.

June Haver tells Frank Lattimore about her eight identical dolls which she intends to dress in copies of her pet costumes from each of her pictures.

At Ball, Mary Andrews pokes fun—and a finger—at Dana, who did his own cooking while on location . . . and fed what he couldn't eat to the birds!

was the chrysanthemum season—a lovely, crisp winter day.

Irene made the bride's gown—and let me tell you about it: It was a long pink crepe trimmed in soft lace and the pink hat that showed her face was trimmed with the same lace. In Esther's hand was a small white satin prayer book and from its pages hung small pink orchids strung along a pink satin streamer.

Her matron of honor, Mrs. Malvina Humphries, looked lovely in her gracious gown. The unbelievably good looking best man (and these gorgeous Gage guys are certainly tall, blonde and handsome!) was Ben's brother, Captain Charles Gage.

But what made everybody particularly happy was the presence of Ben's little 82-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Louella Austin, who made her first trip in an airplane to be on hand for the wedding. What a charmer she is, really overshadowing the glamor girls who attended the reception, later, at the home of Malvina. A word about Malvina: She is the girl who, ever since Esther arrived on the M-G-M lot, has been her personal representative.

An amusing incident occurred at the wedding when Ben's little grandmother was introduced to Lana Turner. The glamorous Lana was with Bob Hutton. "What is your name?" asked Grandma, to whom the movies are a closed book. Quick as a flash, Lana answered, "Betty Hutton." Being with Bob, I suppose she had Hutton on her mind. Grandma, none the wiser, politely said, "Pleased to meet you!"

The tall and handsome groom was given a radio contract on his wedding day, so he had only a two-day honeymoon with his lovely bride.

All the young set were there: Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly (on leave from the Navy), Peter Lawford, Sonny Tufts, William Tracy, who has landed a job which he'll take

Gregory Peck lovingly paints a freckleface on wife Greta at Press Photographers' Ball. Selznick has loaned Gregory to M-G-M, who offered him long term contract. He's started a $20,000 annuity for son Jonathan.

Joan Leslie (at Ciro's with John Sands) had her friends worried for a while with ill health and overwork. Rest cure in Yosemite's lofty mountains did the trick, and now she's in top dancing form—and slimmer!

as soon as he gets out of uniform, and Jane Wyman with husband Ronald Reagan. The Reagans posed for dozens of pictures with the bride and groom.

At the wedding I had a long talk with Elizabeth Taylor, whose book, "The Adventures of Nibbles," will come out in March. Her mother showed me a letter from the publishers, and I have never read such raves. They believe the little girl has written a classic. She expresses her own psychology through a squirrel. Really a marvelously imaginative child.

I don't often go out on a limb predicting that Hollywood couples will be happy—and stay married. But I am doing it in the case of Esther and Ben.

Many months before their marriage, in fact it was at a time when they didn't see when they could be married because Ben was still in the service, I had a long talk with these two at my house. It was obvious that they were *maaad* about each other. But better than the big romantic urge, was the knowledge they both had that they were grand companions—"the same kind of people" as they put it.

"You know, Louella," Esther told me, her young face very serious, "I would never have married again unless I had been sure it was right. My first marriage to Dr. Leonard Kovner was not happy although we stuck it out for four years. They were miserable years for both of us. We had nothing in common. He hated my career and I knew a few weeks after I married him that it was all wrong.

"After we parted, I went out with a lot of other boys. But I made up my mind that I would never remarry just because I was infatuated or lonely. It would have to be the real thing—something to last a lifetime."

"And then I met Ben" she said with her eyes glowing. "It was at a Jewish Auxiliary dinner for the Old People's Home! Ben had come with Ginny Simms but I guess it must have been just a "date" between them because, suddenly, Ginny was surrounded by dozens of admirers and Ben was on the outskirts. I was alone—he was alone. So we just naturally gravitated to one another, I suppose.

"That was the beginning. From there on I never wanted to go out with anyone else. Once in awhile, I did—like the time the studio wanted me to attend a premiere with Van Johnson." (I had to laugh at the idea of *that* being a hardship!) Esther was absolutely dead pan when she continued, "But Van understood—and right after the preview he took me back to Ben who was waiting at the Mocambo!"

Do you wonder I say I'm betting this marriage sticks?

* * *

Betty Hutton and Hedy Lamarr never used to wear hats. But now Betty has gone in for fancy lids on a big scale. The reason? Her husband, Ted Briskin, likes 'em and buys them for her by the half dozen lots. Sounds funny—but one of the most amusing was a black satin affair that looks exactly like a man's derby. Maybe you or I couldn't wear it—but on Hutton it looks cute and sassy.

* * *

Of all the things for a hobby—Sonny Tufts has gone nuts over fishes, fishes, fishes.

Not only is he out off Long (*Continued on page 62*)

CHRISTINA MUIR NEWBERRY, II
daughter of
Lt. Col. and Mrs. Phelps Newberry
engaged to
James Douglas Darling, II

Christina's complexion is beautifully soft and smooth

CHRISTINA AND JIM met early last spring in Overbrook—one of Philadelphia's fashionable "Mainline" suburbs.

A few weeks later Christina said "Yes" . . . she's *another* charming Pond's bride-to-be—tall, slim, with shining dark hair, green-gray eyes.

Christina has a happy little way of knowing *just* what she likes and why. And Pond's Cold Cream is one of her "likes." "I don't see how there could be a nicer face cream anywhere," she says.

This is how she uses Pond's: She *smooths* silky, fragrant Pond's Cold Cream on face and throat—then smacks over it lightly to help loosen and dissolve dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She *rinses* with *more* Pond's—using quick little whirls of her fingers to work it all around. Tissues again. "This second creaming is grand to make your face feel *extra clean* and *soft*," she says.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!

You'll find Christina's way of using Pond's Cold Cream delightful. Copy her twice-over Pond's creamings every night and every morning—for in-between-time freshen-ups, too! Watch your skin look softer, smoother, prettier! It's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a luxurious, *big* jar at your favorite beauty counter, today. Start your Pond's beauty care tonight!

A few of the many
Pond's Society Beauties

MRS. MORGAN BELMONT THE LADY GRENFELL
THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE
MRS. RICHARD C. DU PONT
GLORIA VANDERBILT STOKOWSKA

CLOTHING NEEDED! Christina helps regularly at the Needlework Guild in Detroit. Here she is helping to pack new clothes to send away. "Never have so many people needed 'just everyday clothes'," she says. There are clothing relief agencies *you* can help.

ASK FOR A BIG JAR OF POND'S! You'll love the luxury-size jar. It has a nice *wide top* that lets you dip in with both hands so you whisk out all the cream you need with one sweep of your fingers. Get a *big* Pond's jar today!

Warner party drew Bob Hutton and Tom D'Andrea. Bob, whose fans plead with him to date Joan Leslie, grins and plays the field. Drinks 3 qts. of milk daily to gain weight.

Upsadaisy! And Editor Henry Malmgreen's little Abigail was boosted atop Trigger at Rodeo. Roy Rogers calmed the crowds, averted panic when a bull got loose and threatened to charge into audience.

Sonja Henie enjoyed playing spectator instead of performer at Ice Follies opening with Van Johnson. Only pic in Van's room is autographed photo of Norma Shearer and husband.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Beach fishing for abalone every minute he has off from the studio, but he now wants to open a cafe on the pier specializing in unusual fish recipes and dishes.

If you know any novel ways to whip up a fish or if you have some old family recipe for a good sauce, Sonny boy would be glad to hear from you.

"I have a recipe book with about 500 unusual ways to prepare fish dishes," he told me, "all sent me by friends or fans. Now all I need is to get the right chef to prepare them and I'll be set up in the cafe business."

• • •

When little Kristen Morgan lost a baby tooth recently, her pa, Dennis Morgan, told her to put it under a pillow and make a wish. So Kristen wished for a doll and the next day it was there.

Not long after, Lillian Morgan, Dennis' wife, had to have a tooth extracted. Little Kristen was very excited. "Put it under your pillow, mamma" she said, "Daddy said if you make a wish, you can have anything you want."

"All right," said Mrs. Morgan with a gleam in her eye, "I want everybody to hear my wish so you children can see how your father is never wrong. I'm wishing," she giggled, "for a mink coat!"

• • •

Last month, (or was it a couple of months ago?), I gave Dane Clark a little slap on the wrist for taking it big.

Now it is only fair to tell you something nice that happened at a recent radio broadcast which *(Continued on page 64)*

SHE CREATES THE MOST MISCHIEVOUS
LOVE SITUATION IN HISTORY!
*(because she knows, but definitely,
everything about love)*

Watch *Elvira* in
The Year's Greatest Motion Picture Event
NOEL COWARD'S

"Blithe Spirit"

in Blushing TECHNICOLOR

How to kiss . . . and hold your man!

How to stay in his life!

How to make the competition look pale!

with
REX HARRISON · CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
KAY HAMMOND and MARGARET RUTHERFORD
A Two Cities Film • Released thru United Artists

Coming soon to your favorite theatre to bring you the *best* laughs ever!

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Richard Ney's a civilian now, and asked to be released from M-G-M because "I feel I should be at a studio where my wife (Greer Garson, above) is not an important star." They've just vacationed in N. Y.

He's back in tweeds again, is ex-Capt. Ronald Reagan, and still tops with fans after three years in service. Ex-Lt. Wayne Morris sheds medals and navy blue, too. (With Eleanor Parker at Warners' party.)

Paul Brooks knows better than to tempt Jeanne Crain with anything more than soft drinks. Escort who coaxes her to touch hard likker is crossed off date list! Paul's supposed to resemble Errol Flynn.

proves the kind of all right guy Dane really is.

Dane was starring on the radio show and there were several bit players around him rehearsing their lines before the broadcast started. Everybody was smoking and talking over the play.

Suddenly, a radio attendant came up and said to one of the girls playing a minor role, "Can't you read? That sign behind you says 'NO SMOKING.'"

Embarrassed, the girl quickly snuffed out her cigarette and Dane started to do likewise.

"Oh, I don't mean you—Mr. Clark," said the attendant, "you're the star!"

Zowie! Bing! Bang! Dane's got a temper—and he lost it. He told that guy plenty about one set of rules for stars and another for lesser players—and believe me, he certainly earned the admiration of everyone within ear-shot. So this month, Dane, I'm pinning a carnation on you.

• • •

What They Think of Each Other Department:

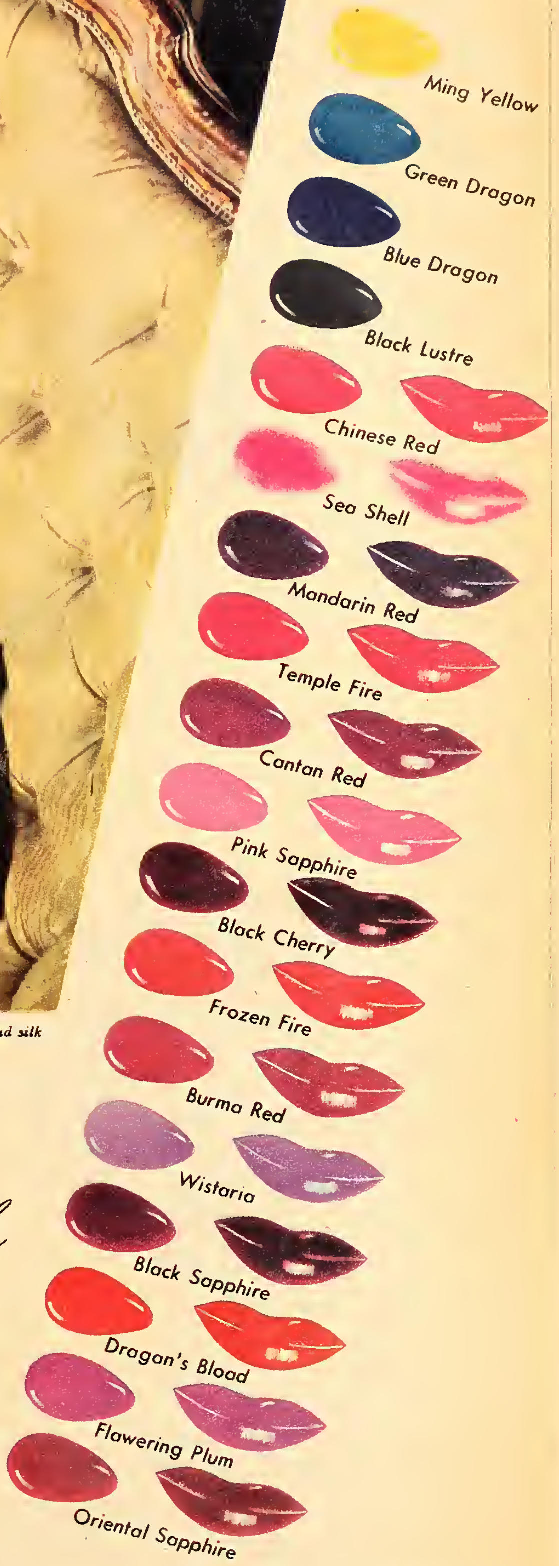
Betty Hutton thinks that Joan Leslie is one of the most beautiful girls, off screen, in Hollywood.

Ingrid Bergman loves to slip into the projection room and see the rushes on Jennifer Jones' movies. Then she telephones her and tells her how good she was.

• • •

One of the funniest romantic mix-ups of the month occurred at the Mocambo the other night. Talk about your comedy-of-errors—the following (*Continued on page 94*)

Her nails and lips are Chinese Red; her complexion, Cloud silk



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Long lasting nail lacquer and lipstick

Look at this sparkling procession of new and different nail lacquer and lipstick shades—yours to choose from—and each one a genuine CHEN YU "original." Right here on this page, in this collection of fashion right colors, you are sure to find the shade that will bring your nails and lips exquisite, new and steadfast beauty. You may get them at your favorite store and beauty salon—the nail lacquer 75c—the lipstick $1 (tax extra). Or, here is your chance to try two shades! Send the coupon from this announcement and you will receive two chip-repellent CHEN YU lacquer shades and a bottle of CHEN YU Lacquerol Base. Each trial bottle gives you many luxury manicures—months of startling new beauty. You can get trial size matching lipsticks too. Mark coupon. Send it today.

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- ☐ CHINESE RED
- ☐ SEA SHELL
- ☐ PINK SAPPHIRE
- ☐ WISTARIA
- ☐ FLOWERING PLUM
- ☐ BLACK CHERRY
- ☐ BLACK SAPPHIRE
- ☐ MANDARIN RED
- ☐ CANTON RED

☐ Send me two sample size flacons (*shades checked here*) of Chen Yu Nail Lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

- ☐ BURMA RED
- ☐ ORIENTAL SAPPHIRE
- ☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD
- ☐ TEMPLE FIRE
- ☐ FROZEN FIRE

☐ For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size Chen Yu Lipsticks to match the Lacquer shades I have checked.

Name. . . . .

Street. . . . .

City . . . . State. . . . .

(This Offer Good in U.S.A. Only)

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

Lovable Lips

■ Maybe I was looking skeptical. Because Joan insisted again, "Really, I always do my own lips. No studio makeup man has ever wielded *my* lipstick!" Now, there. That takes care of all you complainers who whine that your lips could never be as perfect as the Hollywood stars' because they have professional help that you lack. All that you may lack is the know-how of Joan Fontaine. And the business at hand is to provide you with that very lip lore!

SEEING RED. There are still more lipstick colors on the makeup horizon than shades of red in the rainbow. The tones run from pale orange to russet brown, from tender pink to deep purple, from light, clear red to brilliant scarlet. Joan Fontaine chooses a delectable cyclamen pink to set off her pale gold hair and delicate, honey-colored skin. Of course, a Rita Hayworth type, with her exotic, Spanish beauty, picks her paints from the other side of the box, in the glamorous blue-red range. One and all, the Hollywood lassies use a darker. bluer-

Rosy, ripe, lush and gently curved! Let that description fit your own lips. Learn to use lipstick

Joan Fontaine's lips entice Mark Stevens—they're play-acting in "From This Day Forward."

toned coloring at night or before the camera because orange tones don't vibrate under artificial lights. Remember that when you want to capture a male on the dance floor, or have a picture taken to send to a distant beau. You might as well use the same "lovable lip" technique that the movie girls have found so successful!

Hollywood experts all agree that no girl need wear the same toned lipstick day after day. You may have as many as your purse can hold—and afford—as long as you don't try bright orange lips with a plum-colored hat, purple toned lipstick if your hair is golden, or heavy, vampire shades if your coloring and features are delicate and unsophisticated. Wear makeup that suits your type and blends with your hair, skin and costume colors; and, within these limits, you'll find a wide range of shades that you can call your own.

ART SCHOOL. Artists take years to learn how to draw a picture and it wouldn't hurt Nancy, Betty and Sue to spend a few hours studying lip-art. Most of the females from Maine to Texas brandish their lipsticks a couple of times a day, but too many of them still look as if they put it on in a blackout. Joan Fontaine says, "Let's have a little less speed and more skill. A good lipsticking job should last a long time, so learn to do it right."

Joan and practically all movie stars use a brush to paint their lips. They say an artist can't draw a picture with a thick, blunt pole, and they can't make a delicate, clear-cut mouth with a wide, clumsy lipstick. But if you refuse to follow the lead of the Hollywood lovelies, and prefer to depend on the lipstick alone, the least you can do is to keep the end in a workable point! Heavy pressure is unnecessary. It doesn't improve the shape of your mouth to push your lipstick out of shape. If, in spite of your care, though, your lipstick gradually assumes the form of an indefinite blob, put it in the icebox to harden, and shave the end to a neat point with a sharp knife.

It's a timid girl who doesn't try a new mouth on the old lips once in a while. A simple trick is to up-turn the corners of the upper lip. Susan Hayward uses two colors at the same time—a bright one to add width where her mouth is too narrow and a darker one to decrease the size of her lower lip. You can wear light, bright makeup when you want to look like a fresh-faced cherub, and darker, exotic shades when you feel in the glamor girl mood.

LIPSTICK STICK-ING. The answer to "How can I make lipstick stay put?" is to put it on right! Never smear new lipstick over stale. Use cream and tissue to give a clean working surface. Draw your outline, fill in the color and then call upon the ever-helpful tissues to blot away excess lipstick.

Learn to depend upon lip pomades and colorless sticks to keep your lips smooth in this rugged weather. Cream your lips at night. Keep 'em fit to deserve the glamor of lipstick. Then your lips will be lovely—and lovable.

Straight Line Design cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1

How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey
There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs... Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

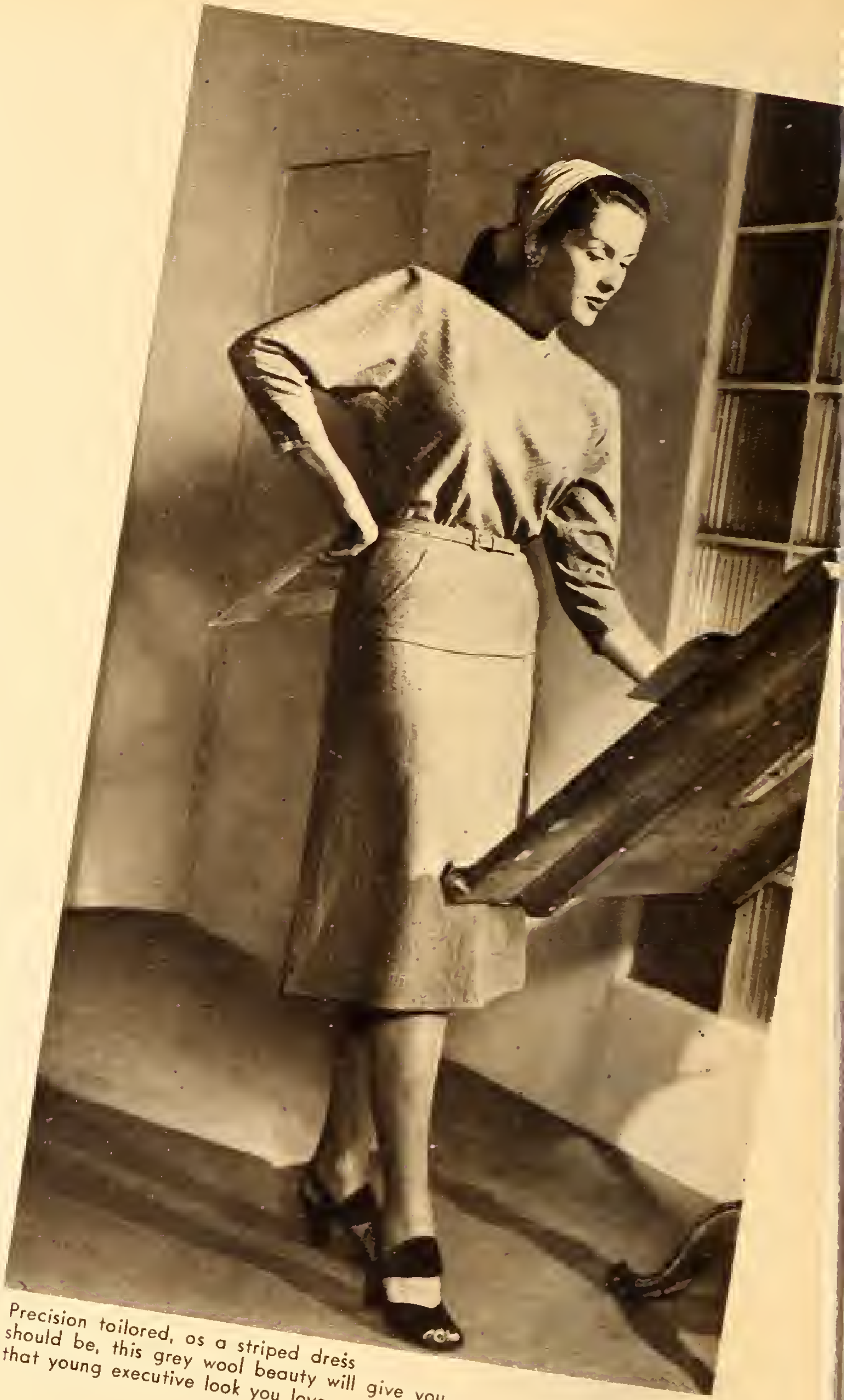
Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

CAREER GIRL FASHIONS

By JEAN KINKEAD AND TOUSSIA PINES

■ American career gals are the best-dressed women in the world. Who says? Statistics, for one thing. For another—and this is warmer—The Great American Boss. Whose clothes is he always raving about, to his girl, to his mom, to his wife? His smooth-typing, smooth-looking secretary's, or the little copywriter's on the 14th floor, or the-babe-who-sat-next-to-him-on-the-subway's. Whose clothes? *Yours.* This month's fashions are, we think, in the tradition you love. The easy-going, deliberately simple, ever-so-versatile tradition that keeps you looking as though you lived 'way beyond your means. They are all NanTucket Naturals, which means they are designed with dash and imagination, cut with infinite care and devotion to detail. They are all business-and-pleasure jobs, even as the gals who own them. Quick-change them with accessories, with expensive looking costume jewelry. All the good, heavy looking stuff on these pages is by R. M. Jordan. Heirlooms for pin-money!

Double-check: The elegant black and white checked wool for this dress might have been lifted straight off your fella's back. Pre-war as a 'round the world cruise, it's the kind of fabric you've dreamed about. Perfect for the office, it sheds carbon smudges like a duck sheds H_2O, doesn't get "sat out" even after dozens of nine-to-fives. The jacket's softly tailored as a silk blouse, from dolman sleeves to nipped-in waist, perfect foil for the straight 'n' narrow, strictly business skirt. Here's a marvelous basic outfit with more lives than a cat, more chic *(Continued on page 70)*



Precision tailored, as a striped dress should be, this grey wool beauty will give you that young executive look you love.

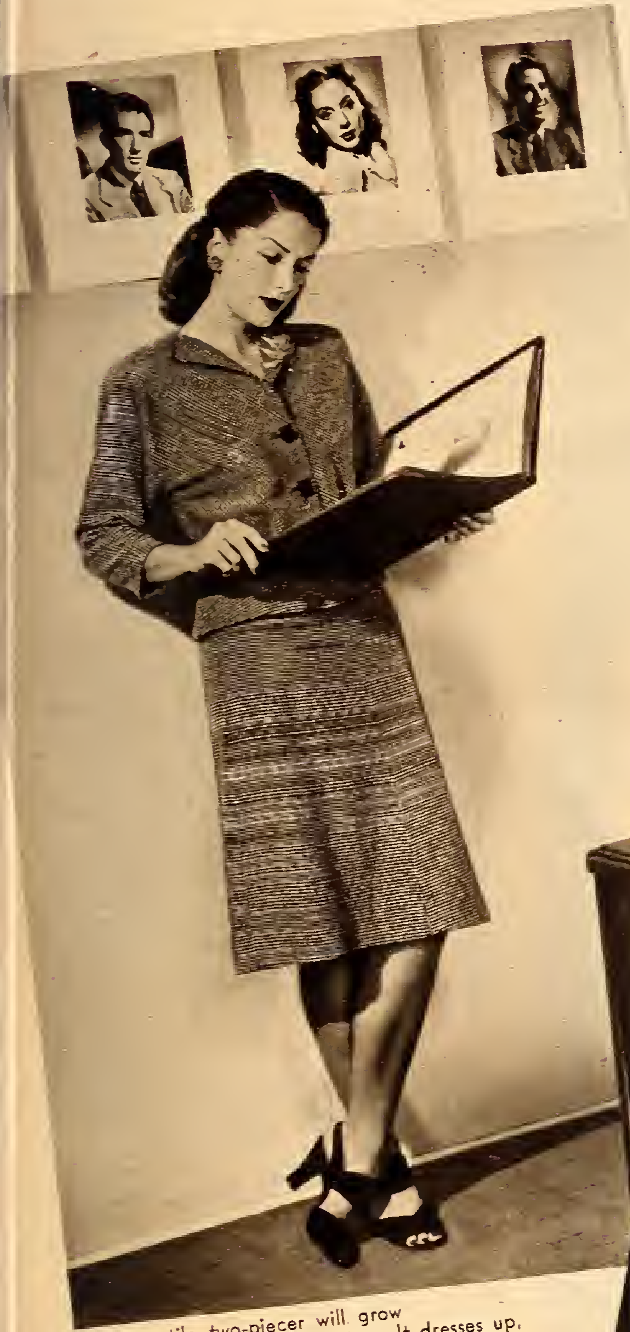
HERE ARE CAREER CLOTHES WITH

THAT BEST DRESSED AMERICAN GIRL LOOK.

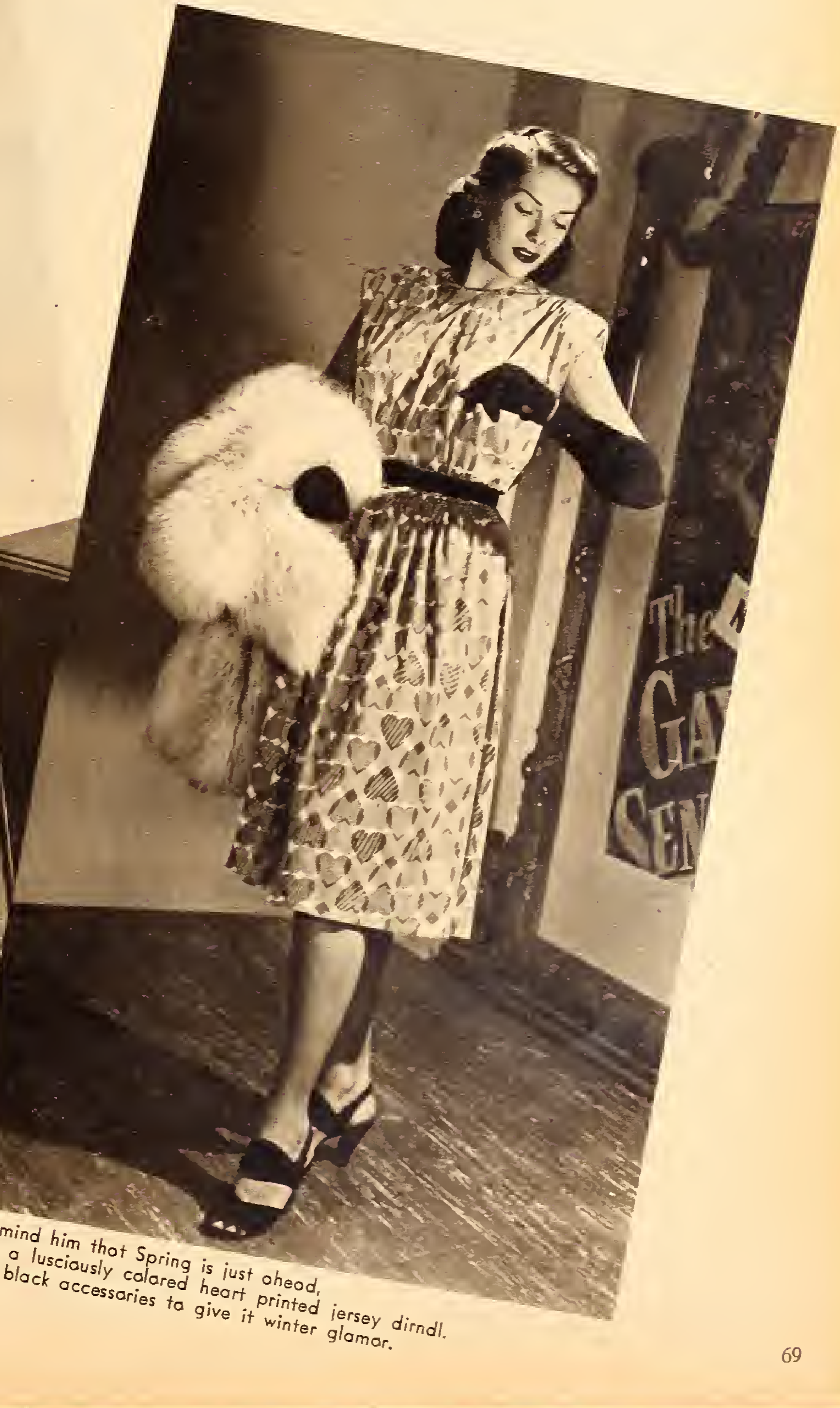
MADE BY NANTUCKET NATURALS.

THEY'RE WORN BY CAREER

GAL JINX FALKENBURG.



This versatile two-piecer will grow to be your wardrobe's mainstay. It dresses up, dresses down, always looks just right.



To remind him that Spring is just ahead, here's a lusciously colored heart printed jersey dirndl. Wear black accessories to give it winter glamor.

Mothers call them Baby-Builders!

Why most young babies need these cereals rich in added iron

Baby starts off with a supply of iron gathered during the prenatal period. This supply often runs low about two or three months after birth, then baby must get his precious iron from what he eats.

That's why Gerber nutritionists, working with doctors, have added generous amounts of iron to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. Both cereals have added vitamins of the B complex derived from natural sources as a further help to baby's well-being.

Both cereals are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve—mix right in baby's dish with milk or formula, hot or cold. Pediatricians advise serving Cereal Food at one feeding, Strained Oatmeal at the next. It helps baby eat better! Be sure to get Gerber's cereals—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

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My baby is now .... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

Name ....

Address .... City and State ....

than Hedda. Try it with a sheer black turtle neck sweater or a triple strand of pearls; with a loud ascot or a bow-tie blouse. Wear the skirt with sweaters and blouses, the jacket atop a plain black dress. Endlessly switch-able, endlessly beautiful. Price: About $30. Marching down the lapel are three good-looking gold leaves, papa, mama and baby—all for just $2.00!

Mufti: What a blue serge suit is to an ex-GI, this chalk-striped grey wool is to a brand new "she-villain." Soft as a Dorsey blue note, feminine as a shoulder-length bob, this is *her* dress, for that momentous switch back to careering. It has everything she's been pining for—everything *you've* been pining for, even if you've never left home. Good lines, good goods, a terrifically smart casualness. Note the deep and beautiful dolman sleeves, the chaste round neck that is strictly 1946 and ultra-sophisticated, that fool-the-people two-piece look. Gloat over the perfectly matched stripes, the slim self-belt—details that make it look fabulously expensive, fabulously right. Whether you're some nice guy's Girl Friday or just one of the gals in the back room, you'll adore this dress. For its understatement, its well-bred air, its endearing way of making the boss grin when he sees you. Price about $25, a bit steep for a dress, yes, but that kind of tailoring is worth it.

June in January: Wear your heart on your sleeve and all over the place, and don't think your guy won't love it. The whimsical hearts are a wonderful turquoise, that incredible shade that's invariably *your* color whether you're a towhead, a redhead or Hedy Lamarr. In a smooth print rayon jersey with a fullback's shoulders and a ballerina's waist, it's figure magic and—as night follows day—it's beau-bait. Exciting promise of Spring under your fur coat now, this one'll be just as heart-stopping come a sunny May morning, come a moonlit August night. Wear it to the office over a black jersey blouse, jumper-fashion; stab it with color, swapping black velvet belt for a tangerine-colored one; load it with antique-ish costume jewelry. There's no end to the tricks it has up its hypothetical sleeve, no end to the heads it'll turn. Price: About $23. On each cuff, two stunning hunks of ersatz gold to make you feel like a duchess for just $1 each.

* * *

Thank you for all the wonderful mail; you've got us feeling like Alan Ladd or someone. Awful glad you like what you see. Please keep on liking it, and keep on telling us. For names of stores, information about sizes and colors, for all the dope—and quickly—write to Fashion Adviser, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And by the way—please tell us which issue you're talking about when you write in—you'll get your answer back faster—and it will even be right!*

ARE YOU DATED?

Don't be a leaky dream-boat. Get in the social swim. Jean Kinkead (the gal that knows) gives you all the lowdown on how to snag stags in "HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS," a MODERN SCREEN Service Chart. See Super Coupon on page 22.

WATCH BILL WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 43)

make sure it was true.

I don't know which of the two was happier over the watch. Barbara touched it and looked up at Bill. "If your head ever swells, I'll take it away from you—"

Bill looked at me. "If my head ever swells," he grinned, "will you cut my throat, please?"

Barbara had to eat and run. She was working—getting her first big break at RKO in "Lady Luck," opposite Bob Young. When Bob's name was mentioned, they fell all over each other in a race of words to tell me how wonderful he'd been to them both—coaching them, fluffing his own lines to cover their mistakes, brushing their thanks off with a gag. They'd have been quite willing to give this whole story to Bob Young if I hadn't stopped them.

However, it was Bill's story I was after, so here it is.

There have been two women in his life —Barbara and his mother. By the time life eased up on Mrs. Williams in one direction, it cracked down in another. She developed bronchial asthma and would wake up at night, gasping for breath. The doctor taught Bill how to give adrenalin shots. For years he slept with one ear open. When he was 18, his mother died.

They'd lived for each other. After the death of Bill's father, she'd gone to work as a waitress—working fourteen hours a day, so exhausted at night that she'd drag herself home from the El with her shoes in her hand. The Jewish family upstairs took care of Bill as if he'd been one of their own. He ate their "lockshen" soup and matzoth balls and slept on a little mattress in their bathtub, since they had no other bed to put him in.

brooklyn boy . . .

It was the kind of neighborhood—in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn—that develops the best or worst in its children, depending on their fibre. Bill learned self-reliance early. He ran errands, sold papers, shined shoes and brought the pennies proudly home to his mom. When he was nine, she married a fire department lieutenant, who earned sixty a week—riches in Williamsburg—and was very kind to Bill. But Bill continued to work after school and do his share.

There were no parks or playgrounds in the district, and you took your recreation where you found it. Bill was no sissy, but the tough gangs didn't attract him, and once he'd discovered the YMCA, life took on new meaning. He found that sports were his dish, and especially swimming. His future was all mapped out—engineering for a living and swimming for fun. He became junior national champ in the 220 and 440 yard races, and began picking up a few bucks at exhibition meets. Instead of washing dishes, he could swim his way through Pratt Institute.

He'd been at Pratt six months when a man named George Golden stepped up to him at Sands Point Beach, where ritzy people pay to watch you swim, and asked: "How'dja like to be in show business?"

Uh-huh, a kidder! But Bill's a polite boy. His mother taught him to sir and ma'am his elders—a habit that still persists, by the way. He's the first movie guy who ever said "yes, ma'am" to me, and I liked it!

To return to Mr. Golden, however. "What could *I* do in show business, sir?" asked Bill.

"Well, you wouldn't have to talk, if that's what's worrying you. I produce vaudeville and nightclub acts, and I need a blonde boy—your height and weight and

MARSHA HUNT, IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "A LETTER FOR EVIE"

Golden Glamour

Woodbury Champagne Rachel

MARSHA HUNT

. . . of the luscious ivory-and-gold skin. For her "glow-girl" look, fluff on this exciting new shade, Woodbury Champagne Rachel! A golden, exotic Rachel—*so color-full*—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. See its golden glamour on your skin—the same exciting shade as in the box! Compare its misty flattery with the powder you're wearing. Woodbury *clings* . . . *stays fresh!* Conceals tiny flaws. Choose from 8 Star-excitement shades.

Pretty **S**mooth . . . before powdering, fluff on WOODBURY CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Make-up clings!

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP . . . all 3 for $1*

1. Big $1 box Woodbury Film-Finish Powder
2. Star-styled lipstick—keyed to your skin-type
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Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.

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NOW... Let the Magic of

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Your hair

Here's Glamour Made Easy ... yes, in just 3 minutes — at home — you can give your hair glorious new color, with Marchand's wonderful *Make-Up* Hair Rinse. So easy to use, it goes on and washes off with as little fuss as your facial make-up!

Many Different Color Effects ... No matter what shade your hair may be, with this thrilling hair "make-up", you can highlight and brighten its natural shade . . . give it a definitely warmer tone, or add a soft coppery glow . . . even blend little gray streaks in with your original youthful shade!

Not a Permanent Dye ... Marchand's Rinse is absolutely harmless — as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And these delicate tints do so much *more* for your hair!

After your shampoo, simply dissolve a package of Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly dulling soap film disappears, your curls sparkle and gleam as they never could with a shampoo alone!

12 Smart Shades . . . you can get the very color effect you want with this modern Hair *Make-Up*. Try it, after your next shampoo!

Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

looks. Here's my card. Give me a ring tomorrow."

A few months later, the team he captained was swimming at the Park Central Hotel, when this guy pops up again. "Why didn't you call me?"

"I forgot all about it—"

"Look, do me a favor. When you're through here, come up to the roof of the Forrest Hotel. You don't have to sign any contracts. Come up and take a look."

That sounded reasonable till Bill found himself on the Forrest Roof, watching two blonde huskies tossing a little dark girl around. He backed hastily away.

Mr. Golden grabbed him. "It's not as tough as it looks. We wouldn't expect you to do it right away, but you can learn, can't you? It pays sixty a week—"

So that's what got Bill into show business—no ache for the footlights, but sixty smackers a week. In a sober mood he went home and asked Mom what she thought.

"It's up to you, son. You're old enough to make up your own mind—"

"Well, it just sounds like too much money to turn down. Think I'll try it."

adagio act . . .

They rehearsed for two months, and thanks to his disciplined body, he was soon tossing Lita around like a veteran. When the Stuart Morgan Dancers were ready for their first booking, Bill went along as a full-fledged member of the troupe.

At first they played around New York. Then they'd go out on the road. Bill and his mother never said goodbye. It was always "Well, so long, son—"

"S'long, Mom. See you soon—"

He'd bought a little convertible job, which he'd park on the opposite side of the street so she could see him when she waved from the third-story window. Every day he was gone, she'd get a letter from him, and he from her.

Meantime, the act was making itself a name. Booking agents yelled for them, and engagements took them farther and farther afield. In the summer of '38 they went down to Texas.

Bill and his mother had said their so-longs. As usual, he stood at the car door for a moment, looking up. The window was open. Mom leaned out a little as she waved. "Goodbye, son," she called.

It hadn't meant a thing, Bill kept telling himself all the way to Texas. He was a doggone fool to let it upset him. So she'd said goodbye, so what?—he was acting like a superstitious dope. Sure she was sick, but no sicker than she'd been in years. In fact, she'd been looking better lately, he assured himself—

But he didn't rest till he found her first letter waiting at the hotel. Other letters followed. Mom was feeling fine . . .

They were working in Fort Worth that week, and living in Dallas. Every night Bill raced the freight train home—33 miles in 40 minutes. One of those silly games—he'd beat the train or the train'd beat him, it didn't matter. But one stormy night something hit him wrong. He was too darn anxious. The dark slick road, the rain pelting against his windshield, made him uneasy. Suddenly he found that his hands were trembling on the wheel. "Slow down, you jerk!" he snarled at himself—and went faster—

At the hotel he found a message from Western Union. They had a wire for him. As he moved toward the door, a girl in the company caught sight of his face, and stared for a second—

"Where you going in this weather, Bill?"

"Western Union. Says here they've got a wire for me. Nothing important, I guess, but I thought I'd drive down. Want to come along?"

They didn't say much on the way down, but he was glad when she got out of the car and went in with him. The wire was from his stepfather. "Mother dead—"

He doesn't remember going back to the car. But he does remember the girl's voice, "Go ahead, Bill, cry—" and her arms around him, and himself bawling till there weren't any tears left—

Then she said, "Let's go back, and I'll make some coffee." Then they went outside. The storm was over, the stars had come out, it was a beautiful night. She let him talk for hours about his mother. She wasn't his girl, they weren't even particular friends. But for her tenderness and understanding that night, because she knew what to say and what to leave unsaid, he'll never forget her.

Nor will he forget what the rest of them did. Next day was a bank holiday, and he didn't have enough money to fly home. So they all chipped in for the plane fare.

He didn't see his mother again. "Don't you want to look at her?" they asked.

Bill shook his head. He wanted to remember her alive. That's how she'd have wanted it, too.

Three-and-a-half years later, Uncle Sam sent Bill his greetings, but they didn't take.

Those years included a brilliant tour of Europe, and except for Hitler, they might have stayed on and on. As it was, they pulled out just before war was declared. They signed with Earl Carroll in Hollywood for a long-term stay.

Knowing that it wouldn't be long now, Bill was working and going to school at the same time. With his eye on the air force, he studied navigation and radio from nine to five, gulped his dinner, and worked at the theater till two. But a plane shortage interrupted his pre-flight training. He was drafted, sent to Fort MacArthur, and released in three months.

"That was on account of a horse," Bill explained, "and me being a smart aleck."

A couple of years earlier he'd swaggered into a riding stable, "Give me the wildest horse you've got—"

And they did. And the horse got away from him. He managed to hang on till they came to a turn in the road. Horsie made the turn, and Bill went off on his back. He was laid up for four days, the back got a little troublesome as time went on, but he paid no attention.

But the army doctors discovered a sacro-iliac injury that couldn't be repaired, and Bill was turned loose in Hollywood.

nothing to lose . . .

The act—which was both home and job to Bill—had broken up. He knew Hollywood was a tough nut to crack. Still, being here, he might as well try his choppers on it. And at first Hollywood seemed bent on proving that it wasn't tough at all.

A friend sent him to Bob Oakley, the agent. Oakley took him to Universal, where Les Goodwins was making "Murder in the Blue Room." Goodwins threw him a glance and said, "Yes, that's the boy." This bit was followed by another in "30 Seconds over Tokyo." That was followed by a phone call from Oakley. "Come on down. I've got a surprise for you—"

The surprise was an RKO contract. "They're crazy," said Bill. "I've never even been on the lot—"

"No, but they got a load of the 'Tokyo' film. Sign here."

That was in '43, and Bill spent the next year going through the grinder and coming out minced.

Then 20th-Fox dropped Tracy, and Warners' dropped Van Johnson. At RKO, they were hunting a big name to play the second lead in "Endearing Young Charms," and couldn't find one. Charlie Koerner, smart fella, said: "Let's test some of our own kids." Bill was one of those tested. He walked out on the set, elated, and walked off, sunk. (*Continued on page 74*)

PHOTOGRAPHED IN JOHN-FREDERICS SALON

—and for lovely hands

Campana Balm

• Incomparables both — a mad but wonderful John-Frederics hat for Spring — the skin softening action of Campana Balm! Famous for generations, Campana Balm is different. Concentrated, rich, full-bodied — not thin, not watery. It provides such sure protection against wind, water, work — such lusciously soft, smooth skin. Why not have the best — Original Campana Balm! Only 10¢ to $1.00.

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ACTS SO FAST! Overnight you'll feel the difference in your skin.
THRIFTY, TOO! Spreads widely — lasts longer. One drop serves both hands.

Only this Shampoo used by
LOVELY POWERS MODELS
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Divinely beautiful Powers Models keep their hair naturally glossy and shining bright for days with Kreml Shampoo

1. The very first advice John Robert Powers gives his 'million dollar' Powers Models is "Use *only* Kreml Shampoo if you want your hair to be naturally lustrous, silken-soft with its glossy sheen lasting for days."
2. Kreml Shampoo actually 'unlocks' all the natural sparkling beauty and highlights that lie concealed in *your* and *every* girl's hair.
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8. Prepared exclusively by the makers of famous Kreml Hair Tonic. All Drug, Dept., 10¢ Stores

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KREML SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

It was just before Christmas. He was so sure they were dropping him, that he felt like a fool going to the Christmas party. He was so sure that, when Laraine Day walked over and said, "You got the part, Bill," he bristled. With movie people, anything's good for a rib, but he thought this was overdoing it a little. Excuse him, Laraine, if he didn't haha—

Then Mr. Koerner came up. "Congratulations, Bill. I see Laraine's told you—"

I'm glad they're not typing him as a cute kid, because he's more than that. In "Deadline at Dawn," he goes dramatic. In "Until the End of Time" with Guy Madison and Bob Mitchum, he plays a highly emotional part. Then he'll be co-starred with Barbara in "A Likely Story." Watch for that one, girls. I think you'll get as big a bang out of seeing them together as I did.

At first they didn't even know each other's names. Bill was that blonde boy with the dimples. Barbara was that sweet looking kid with the dark curly hair. He wanted to take her out, but he knew she was dating somebody else at the time, and it's against his code to horn in on the other guy's gal.

But when you're on the same lot, you can't help bumping into each other, and having coffee or lunch together isn't a date. One noon Barbara told Bill—for no particular reason—that she and the boy friend had broken up.

"Bet you'll be back together inside of three weeks—"

"What would you like to bet?"

Bill saw his chance. "A dinner." Either way, he couldn't miss.

happy loser . . .

Sure enough, three weeks later Barbara called him. "You lost your bet. When do we eat that dinner?"

They went to the Villa Nova on the Strip. She told him she was over the other boy. They began seeing each other one or two nights a week, then three or four till it finally stretched to seven.

When Barbara left us that day, I commented on her beauty.

"I don't want to sound like a square," he said, "and a face like hers never hurt a girl with a guy. But I've been around, Miss Hopper, and it's not her looks. It's what she has inside—"

Bill shares a small apartment with a friend. Barbara lives with Annette and Harold Soldinger—he's a cutter at RKO, and she's Barbara's stand-in. They budget their money. Bill allows himself $33 a week, Barbara gets along on $25. The balance goes into annuities.

"I had too rough a time as a kid," says Bill. "I don't want my own kids—when, as and if—to go through that. I'd rather skimp now for security later—and by security I don't mean plush and platinum. These annuities'll bring in sixty or seventy bucks a week, and that's enough. Then if Hollywood gives you the business, you can always say, 'Thanks for the socko, boys. It was nice bein' here—'

"Even if Hollywood's kind, I don't want it to own me. I want to live life while I've got it—not make a pile, and then you're too old to enjoy it."

That's the declaration of independence they're working toward. The budget permits no clubbing or dining out. They eat at the Soldingers. If the girls are working, and Bill isn't, he markets and cooks. Says he learned how to broil a steak here and a pork chop there, with meat loaf and spaghetti as his specialty. Only thing he won't bother with are vegetables on account of the cleaning—those he gets out of a can. Dinner's on the table when the girls get in at 6:30. By 8:30 they're in bed. The boys sit around for a while gabbing, then Bill goes home to his fan mail.

He's got theories about that, too. "So

far, I've handled it myself. If it ever gets too heavy, I'll have someone address the envelopes. But the signatures'll be mine. I don't want that phony touch. You get letters from kids who are sick—kids just back from overseas. If they set any store by your autograph, the least you can do is give them the real thing—"

I asked Bill what they did with their evenings when they weren't working.

"Go ice skating—take in a movie—roll back the Soldinger rugs for a jam session, wind up with coffee and scrambled eggs and call it a big night. Or we sit with babies."

That one threw me. "Come again," I blinked.

everybody loves a baby . . .

"Sure. Show Barbara a baby and she's gone. Any time our friends need sitters, they call us. Barbara thinks they're doing *her* a favor—"

"What about you?"

"As long as I'm with Barbara," he said quietly, "I don't care what we do—"

Somehow we got on the subject of clothes. I admired his tie. "That's because I'm having lunch with you," he informed me. "Otherwise, I bum around in an open shirt. For professional reasons, I've got to have a wardrobe. But personally, I can't get excited over clothes. Besides, I have no taste. Barbara picks my ties. And I wouldn't think of buying a suit without her—"

"Then of course you let Barbara choose her own," I suggested, and couldn't help howling when I got a flat no.

"It's like this," he explained. "I don't know what colors go together, but I *do* know what I like on a girl—"

He knows so well that he made Barbara give up makeup. "You look better without it—"

Then they'll pass some cutie on the lot. "Gee, but she's pretty—"

Barbara's nose goes up. "Funny, you like a lot of makeup on *her*—"

"Nothing funny about it!" says the eternal male. "I don't care if she gets herself up like an Indian. She's not *my* girl—"

People who know them better than I do tell me what they've done for each other. Barbara aimed to be an artist. Someone asked her to model, and then came a movie offer. To Barbara, this was a laugh.

"That's a silly attitude," said Bill. "Either don't do it, or do the best you know how."

Bill, having slugged from birth, was over-serious. He played it too heavy, Barbara keeps it young. But she's got more than the gift of girlish laughter. Under the bubbling surface lies an educated heart. She knows all Bill's missed through the years of struggle and loneliness, through the loss of his mother and, as far as she can, she's going to make it up. I realized that when I heard about his last birthday.

happy birthday, willie-boy . . .

They went over to Lucey's to celebrate, driving Barbara's car. It's a little shinier than Bill's, so they use it for swank, and this was definitely a swanky occasion. As they got out, she said: "There's something in the back for you, Willie—" Yes, that's what she calls him, and he calls her Monkeyface.

In the trunk, he found a huge box crammed with packages. He looked at her questioningly.

"Don't worry," she laughed. "I've been saving up for weeks. Anyway, some of them are gags and they didn't cost so much—"

"But why so many?"

"I owe them to you, darling," Barbara said softly. "One for every year you've lived—"

A lesson in luxury . . .

It's easy to enjoy the sheer, caressing luxury of pure linen sheets . . . merely launder your cotton sheets with Linit, the superior starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* like linen.

Linit is different . . . the thin, fluid Linit mixture *penetrates* the fabric, makes ironing easier and gives a soft, smooth, dust-resistant finish to all household fabrics.

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YOUR HANDS can speak love's language.

Use Louise Allbritton's personal hand care—this famous Jergens Lotion.

The Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

NOW EVEN MORE EFFECTIVE—thanks to wartime discoveries in skin-care. Jergens scientists now make Jergens Lotion more effective than ever. Women tested this even finer Jergens. "My hands feel smoother, softer," "It protects my hands longer"; they said. Included in this post-war Jergens Lotion —those 2 ingredients so special for skin-smoothing that many doctors use them. In the stores now; no change in the bottle; still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Thrilling to use! Never sticky; none of that oiliness!

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

STRICTLY FROM DIXIE

(*Continued from page 41*)

fun." (Mary Wordeman has Southern California's cutest Southern accent—straight from Tennessee.)

"I reckon I might as well go," said her son, whose accent is also strictly from Dixie.

At the party, Charles Vidor (who was looking for someone to do the juvenile role in "Together Again," starring Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer) spotted the happy features of Cojo. Strolling up to him, Mr. Vidor said, "How would you like to have a screen test?"

Said Cojo seriously, although he thought he was being ribbed, "Ah'm fixin' to go in the ahmy when Ah'm eighteen, which Ah will be next February, but in the meantime Ah reckon Ah might as well."

"Be at the studio tomorrow," said Mr. Vidor.

The next morning nothing of note happened around the Wordeman household. Cojo had a late and leisurely breakfast with his mother, and gossiped about the very nice party of the previous night. The telephone disturbed a scene of domestic relaxation. "Where is your son?" demanded Mr. Vidor of an astonished Mary Wordeman. "That wasn't a joke—I want to test him."

So Cojo was tested and signed the following morning. Mr. Vidor, in making out the preliminary legal forms, said to Cojo, "How do you spell 'Jerome?' " Because he had never really penetrated the Southern accent that turned the name Courtland Jourolmon into something that might be spelled 'Cou'tland J'r'm.' Mr. Vidor actually thought that Cojo's surname was Jerome or Jerrom or Jeromm.

Answered Cojo with magnificent indifference, "I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Vidor. Anyway you like."

Mr. Vidor gave him A Look. "Come on—one r or two?" he asked.

"I guess one r," said Cojo.

"And one m or two?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say, but I feel that one m is probably right," said Cojo, no authority on the names of other people.

After Cojo had gone, Mr. Vidor telephoned Mary Wordeman. "We've decided to turn your son's name around," he explained. "We think Jerome Courtland is a little better for motion picture purposes. We can call him Jerry. And, by the way, how do you spell 'Jerome'—Cojo didn't seem to know."

Mary howled. She said that her son's name was Courtland Jourolmon, *not* Jerome. But she didn't think that it mattered. Jerome Courtland was a fine stage name. "Everyone who knows him will go right on calling him Cojo, anyhoo," she said blithely.

Being in pictures was fine. Mr. Vidor

I BEGGED HER . . . I PLEADED!

I begged her to stop, but that pesky little sister of mine kept making with the ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta all day, giving for free with what happened when she met that glamorous, gorgeous hunk of movie star. "Parm me for pernting," I finally interrupted, "but don't you know that Modern Screen *pays for that palaver?" You should have seen her face when I told her she might win $5 if she'd just write it out—clear and brief—and mail it off to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor,* Modern Screen, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

didn't try to direct Cojo; he simply explained the meaning of a scene and the general audience reaction that he hoped to obtain, then left it to Cojo to devise his own business. But Mr. Vidor, being a shrewd operator, kept his camera trained on Cojo, in most instances, after Cojo thought the scene was shot. Remember, after he had kissed Irene Dunne, how he pulled up his trousers over negligible hips, hopped into the air and clicked his heels? Well, that was not directoral technique; but the shot remained in the picture.

Only once did the camera fail to catch something that would have been terrific. When he was supposed to have backed Irene Dunne into a corner to kiss her, Cojo's great worry was that he was going to get some of her lipstick smeared on his face. Even after the final take, he pulled away, rubbed his hand across his cheek, and demanded, "Did you get lipstick all over me?" Unfortunately both the sound track and the camera had been killed.

thumb sprainer . . .

During the three months or so of the picture's production time, Cojo was hopping about onto Sunset Boulevard every morning and thumbing a ride to the studio. He could have borrowed any of the family cars, but he didn't want to be bothered. He liked the independence of hitching; the responsibility of taking good care of a car in Los Angeles traffic was a worry, so he skipped it.

One night when a group of friends were spending the evening with the Wordemans, a conversation arose as to the exact wording of a popular song. "It goes like this," said Cojo with authority, and rippled over the first five or six bars of the music. His voice, not quite settled at that time, was a voluminous baritone-bass.

Ralph Blaine, musical genius under contract to Metro, happened to be one of the guests. He didn't exactly leap from his chair and do a jig in the middle of the room, but his mental reaction was along those lines. "Huckleberry Finn," he managed to say. "Perfect for Huckleberry Finn."

Seems that Mr. Blaine, in conjunction with other writing experts at Metro, has written a musical based on the homespun stories of Mark Twain. It would have been produced long ago, except for the problem of casting Huckleberry Finn—and here he was, shy good nature, step-ladder legs, active Adam's apple, deep-set intelligent eyes and all. The perfect Twain character. They persuaded Cojo to come down to Metro the following day and to spend several hours making recordings.

lend-lease . . .

Whether Columbia will loan Cojo, when he comes home and is demobilized, is a question that Metro would like to take up with a reliable crystal-gazer.

Don't think for a moment that acting, hitch-hiking, and singing end the list of Cojo's accomplishments. He's versatile.

Cojo's interest in zoology and botany has always been intense. One summer, when his family had rented a ranch in San Bernardino County, he made it a habit to say to his mother, "How about a wax-paper package of eats? I'm going out to get a picture of some deer tonight."

His mother would prepare a stack of sandwiches; Cojo would assemble cameras, lens attachments, and flash bulbs, and set off into the summer night. He'd come back at dawn, scratched, torn, stuck with brambles, and blissfully happy. "I got the best goshdarned shots last night that you've ever seen," was his modest comment.

On another occasion, after sitting for hours observing the antics of a bumblebee, Cojo went to his room and busied himself with pencil, pen and ink, and paint.

CAROL BRUCE
Singing Star of Stage, Screen and Radio . . . says

"Of all the deodorants I have tried — and I've tried a good many — I like *Arrid* best, because it deodorizes, and stops perspiration too. It is so gentle, yet effective . . . so easy and pleasant to use."

Carol Bruce

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT
which SAFELY
STOPS *under-arm* **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
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39¢ Plus Tax
(Also 10¢ and 59¢)
At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE
ARRID
THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

When he came downstairs, he was carrying a drawing of a bumblebee wearing a pugilist's turtleneck sweater and boxing gloves on the upper FOUR of his paws.

When Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney were guests at the Wordeman home one night—and when Cojo wasn't around—Mary Wordeman showed the bumblebee drawing to Mr. Disney. "Send that boy over to me if he ever wants a job," glowed Donald Duck's director. "He has the talent to do exactly the kind of thing we need—and can seldom find."

exploring nature . . .

When Mary Wordeman wrote to her son, who was on his way to serve in the Army of Occupation in Korea, and asked him to let her know at once what he wanted for Christmas, he answered that he wanted all the drawing materials that could be crammed into one of those regulation-sized overseas mailing cartons. He wanted pastels, poster paint, charcoal, poster board, and drawing paper. This last had to be paper-knived into fairly small sections to satisfy mailing restrictions, but at least Cojo would have *something* to work with. He wrote, "The scenery is super; I want to record it in color. And I reckon I can learn a lot about expert craftsmanship from some of the types of Oriental art I see around here." How's that for taking advantage of a situation—and having fun, too?

Cojo's intense interest in natural history led him to tell a newspaper writer, while he was working opposite Shirley Temple in "Kiss And Tell," that he was going to make exploration his life work. He mentioned specifically, his ambition to chart the Amazon Valley.

This news had barely hit print when Cojo began to get mail. One husky Tech Sergeant in Georgia wrote that he was about to be demobilized after having served his hitch and that he, too, had always cherished an ambition to chart the Amazon Valley. He said he didn't have any dough except his mustering-out pay with which to finance such an expedition, but he'd be glad to chuck it in, if Cojo could get financing elsewhere. Cojo had to answer that the army was going to take care of his voyages of discovery for a few years, but that he would keep the sergeant in mind, if things developed in the future.

A girl wrote to say, "Gosh, when you talk about the Amazon, don't you realize that the region is simply alive with snakes? Ugh!"

Cojo grinned. As a kid, some of his best friends were snakes. In the morning, his mother used to go to his bedroom door, open the door, but remain just across the doorsill. Before she entered the room, she scrutinized every inch of floor space, and all shadowed corners, because Cojo had a pet black snake that he loved with a great affection. The black snake had a perfectly satisfactory wire box in which he was supposed to sleep, but Cojo decided that the snake was lonesome. If it were possible, Cojo would sneak his four-foot playmate into the house when Mary wasn't looking, and into his bed.

On several occasions, Mary went in to kiss the boy goodnight, and was startled—to put it mildly—to find a heap of coiled reptile peacefully slumbering beside Cojo's tousled head. Luckily, Mary Wordeman is not a screamer. She would withdraw to the door and call in a ringing voice, "Courtland Jourolmon, you wake up this very instant and take that nasty old snake out to his wire box. I will *not* have a snake sleeping in my house."

While Cojo was taking his basic training in Texas early last spring, a group of men were gathered on the parade ground one morning, so Cojo joined them. The men were keeping a respectable distance from a fine, fat serpent. Cojo moved into the circle, knelt down, fondled the snake and looked it over carefully. Then he killed it without haste, but with great care that it would be thoroughly dead.

One of the men said, "That was a funny thing to see you pick up that snake, look it over, then kill it. You acted as if you would make a pet of it."

Said Cojo, "Because the weather's so cold, the snake was sluggish, so he was safe to handle for a minute, but that was a copperhead. I had to kill him."

Instead of killing the copperhead with a club, Cojo could have, if necessary, dispatched him with one shot from a revolver—that's how accurate his shooting eye is. All during his school days, Cojo won successive sharpshooting medals. Whenever he received a trophy or a memento of any kind, he would mail it to his mother. Now she has a velvet-lined box filled with silver, gold and bronze medals. While Cojo was still in Texas, he sent her another medal: The silver oblong, blue-enameled, on which is superimposed a silver rifle, indicating that the man who wears it has earned a rating of expert rifleman.

Cojo's letters from Korea are usually brief and to the point, but there is one sentence that he never omits. Somewhere there is always this question, "How's Kurt? Tell him hello for me."

Kurt is Cojo's kid brother, a very husky gent who was a year old on November 4th. When Cojo was at home, it was quite a sight to see him lugging around fat-cheeked, round-eyed Mr. Wordeman, Jr. When Kurt was hungry, Cojo gave him his bottle; when Kurt turned out to be a drip, Cojo rushed reinforcements in the form of three-cornered slacks.

C'MON, JOIN THE PARTY!

Wild about June Allyson? Got a yen for Pete Lawford? Wouldn't you like them to know how you feel? Then come on and join the gang. "HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB," an M.S. Service Chart, tells you all about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION; how to get free snaps, club journals, etc. See Super Coupon, page 22.

Cojo, when he reached San Francisco on his way to Korea, was able to notify his mother, so Mr. and Mrs. Wordeman rushed north to tell him goodbye. The first thing Cojo asked was, "Did you bring that old soak, Kurt, along?"

No, they had left Kurt with the nurse. They had been afraid that the trip would be too much for so small a traveler; he might have caught cold. Really, everyone tried to explain at once, it was no place for a baby. Cojo rested his hand on his mother's arm, "That's okay," he said gently. "Just tell the youngster so-long for me for awhile."

During the several days that the Wordemans were with Cojo—as often as he could get a pass—Cojo's mother noted a vague change in him. She tried to analyze it: He had always been rather a quiet person, but now his quiet was not so much of uncertainty, as of perfect adult assurance. His questions were to the point, and neat as a bone. His answers were firm and fast.

Mary Wordeman, groping in her mind for an explanation, finally found it: Cojo had gone into the army very much a boy. Just eighteen, he had been carefree, easygoing. But now, not quite nineteen, he was a man who had taken a man's responsible place in his outfit.

At night, she said to her husband, "I know I'm foolish to cry, but I just can't help it. I'm used to thinking of him as my baby, and I suppose I've got to get over that. He's a man, and very much of a man. I guess I know now how a mother feels when her only daughter gets married."

Cojo knew that a change had taken place in their relationship. He had always kidded his mother in exactly the same casual way he had kidded his girl friends. He teased her about her hairdo, her sloppy joe sweaters, her pleated skirts. Because she had been only seventeen when he was born, they had practically grown up together.

Now his attitude had changed. He had begun to call her Mother instead of the junior name, "Mommy." The last time they were together, he cupped her shoulder in his big hand. "Don't you go worrin', now. I'm going to be all right. I've had excellent training, and I'm going to profit by it."

To Mr. Wordeman, Cojo said, "I've decided definitely that I want to study architecture when I get home. Two years at U.S.C., then some practical experience. I figure it would be a mistake not to take advantage of the good start you could give me in the profession." (Mr. Wordeman is a well-known architect.)

When someone asked if Cojo didn't plan to return to motion pictures, he said, "I've never looked on it as a life work. You see, when I get back, I may not be as gangling as I am now. The reason they liked me was because I was an adolescent. Having outgrown that stage, I mayn't appeal to directors. I figure I'd better have a profession in mind."

A girl friend? Absolutely. Cojo's family will not disclose her name on pain of Cojo refusing to write, but it's safe to say that she's exactly the type of girl who could live around your corner. She wears her hair parted on one side and fastened with a silver barrett, the ends hanging straight and free. She dotes on saddle oxfords for outdoors, ballet shoes in the house; she likes blue jeans for sports, sweaters and skirts for school, and simple, straight dresses for movie dates.

Cojo brought her to the studio one day, whereupon everyone carefully looked her over. Several days later someone said, "That's a sweet girl, Cojo. Looks like a good scout."

"I'll say she's a good scout," enthused Cojo. "That girl can climb a mountain right beside me, keeping up my pace, and never even getting winded."

when a gal's a pal . . .

She can also give him a fast game of tennis, and he's plenty good, having played in the Vince Richards category. She also shares his excitement over a double hot fudge awful-awful. Every afternoon, before Cojo went into the army, he and the G.F. whipped over to the local sugarbowl and sat for hours, working at mounds of ice cream smothered in fruit syrup, chocolate goop, ground nut meats, and gobs of whipped cream.

Stuffed as barrack bags, they would hie themselves to Cojo's home where they would sit around the Capehart and play recordings—strictly on the sweet and sentimental side. You may take your Spike Jones, your Louie Armstrong, your Krupa, but Cojo and his fluff will stick to Glenn Miller, Lombardo, some Dorsey, Freddy Martin and such smoothies.

So the kid in Korea has plenty on his mind and plenty to come back to: Pictures, architecture, a Disney offer, a wonderful home, Kurt, and a girl friend. So, in Cojo's case, G.I. means Great Indications—for a slick future.

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Nice going, Mr. T.... but can fingers stay "fair" and make with the mop?

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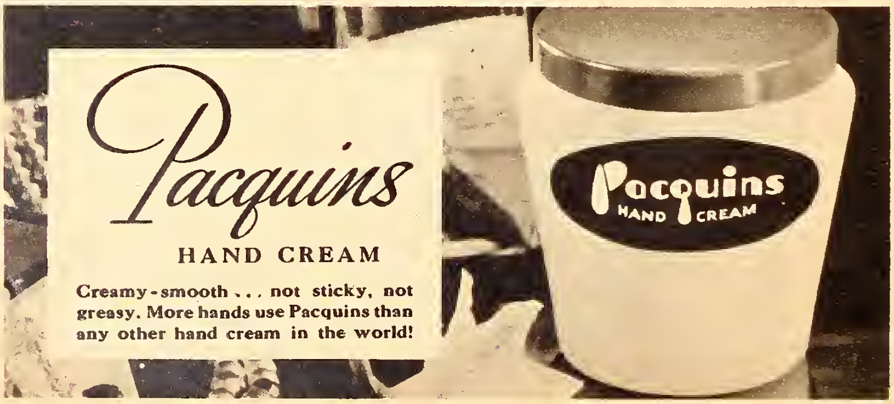
Ask your doctor or his nurse about keeping hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 soapy-water scrubbings a day. Pacquins was originally formulated for their professional use... and their hands get really hard treatment! Pacquins is *super-rich* with humectant, an ingredient that helps parched, roughened skin feel softer, more supple. Pacquins is pleasant to use too. Snow white... not greasy!



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HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

ROGUE MALE

(*Continued from page 34*)

where he's working is not what you would call very Hollywood conscious. He hasn't got what made Sammy Run. He does not know who was Ciromancing and what they wore. He is a ringer in on a free pass; in other words—being a movie star shouldn't happen to a guy like Bob Mitchum. He's not the type.

The day he started work at M-G-M to make "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," Bob breezed up to the gate. "Wait a minute," called the cop. "Where do you think you're going? There ain't no jobs at the studio now for you guys."

"I've already got a job," came back Bob.

"Yeah?" challenged the gateman. "Well, let's see your union card."

He had to explain it wasn't that kind of a job. He was an actor, making a picture. He wasn't a set laborer, a grip, a prop or a carpenter. But you couldn't blame the cop. Bob was wearing an old sweat shirt and a pair of blue jeans. He looked about as much like an actor as L'il Abner.

Frankly, Bob Mitchum feels that way too. Especially now that the lightning has struck him and he's getting the movie star glamor treatment wherever he goes. It's twice the surprise to Bob, because all the time this fantastic fame is cooking, where is Mitchum? Not even in Hollywood. He's in the army. When he went in, he was nobody to toss a director into a twit. When he came out—he was a star in Hollywood.

"gotta see a guy" . . .

There's no more happy-go-lucky, reckless, easy-going guy ever to hit the town than Bob. Why, he even ran out on his first look at the biggest picture he's made to date—"The Story of GI Joe"—the minute some real life excitement started popping.

That was just a few weeks ago, when Private Robert Mitchum was traveling with that Ernie Pyle epic of Yank dogfaces, as it played around the nation. He was under orders to plug the picture, where he played Captain Walker. If it was a hit, Mitchum's Hollywood post-war future was set. So here was the army ordering him to make a hit out of the last film he'd done in civilian life—all expenses paid, no K.P., no sassy top sergeants, no nothin', riding on Pullman cushions and stopping at fancy hotels (when Bob has been used to the rods and hobo jungles whenever he traveled before). Could anything be dreamier? Wouldn't you think Bob Mitchum would know every scene of "GI Joe" backwards and forwards?

Well, Bob never could find time to take a look at "GI Joe." In New York, for instance, he ran into an old pal of his, Freddie Steele, the ex-middleweight ring champ, who'd also had a part in "GI Joe." They both put up at the Sherry-Netherland and started buzzing for bellboys and swapping yarns, so as soon as he'd finish his trick on the stage, ("Mostly I just apologized for being there," Bob says), Bob would hustle back and join Freddie and his prize fight buddies. He told himself, "I'll catch the picture in Detroit."

But when he got to Detroit, he'd hardly cracked open his bag in the Book-Cadillac when a knock came on the door and a wide-eyed young girl was stuttering, "I-I-w-want to interview you-you for my newspaper!" Bob didn't ask what newspaper, if any. He knew it was a smitten sweetie and he just grinned, "Come on in," and went ahead with his unpacking. Right away another teener trooped in with the same excuse, and pretty soon the room was filled with gigglers who somehow never asked him a single question that a newspaper could use. When he had to report to the theater to make an appearance, they all looked so crushed Bob told them he'd come back and be "interviewed"—and he did. So that killed the chance to see "GI Joe" there.

Pretty soon he was packing for the plane, and the first "newspaper girl" who'd crashed Bob's room in the first place, said she just had to get her story.

"But I'm leaving," explained Bob.

"Oh," said the girl, "I'll wait here."

"I'm afraid, sister," cracked Mitchum, "you might wait a long time. I'm catching a plane for Texas!"

He thought he'd surely get a look at his own movie down deep in the heart of Hollywood, where time stands still and all that.

Well—he was moseying past the Adolphus Hotel on his way to the matinee the day he got in Dallas when a gang of soldiers (Bob was in uniform, of course), grabbed him and said, "Come on upstairs—we got a party going."

"Why not?" said Mitchum. "Soon as I finish my act."

one strike—he's out . . .

It was quite a party. One of those "Shore Leave" clambakes being tossed by Lieutenant I. T. Quinn, who's a legendary hero in Arab land, where he rescued the correspondent, Hal Boyle, in a wild jeep ride that was one of the war's classic adventures. Lt. Quinn and his fellow celebrants took Mitchum right over and he was lucky enough to get out of there for the times he had to put over his job on the stage.

Bob just never did get around to seeing his own movie until he landed in San Francisco, after spending V-J Day crossing the desert on a hot train with the air conditioning busted. That calmed him down a bit and he actually sat in a seat in the United Artists theater one day after his personal appearance and watched the very swell picture unreel. But he'd barely got a good look when he heard the usherettes screaming and a lot of shouts, crashes and smashes and uproar in the street. Somebody yelled "Riot!" and Bob jumped up in the middle to see the excitement.

That was the day some Bay City characters picked to go berserk and smash shop windows and tear up the town (you probably read about it in the papers) and with that sort of goings-on going on—you don't expect a steel-spring type like Mitchum to sit through a movie, do you—even if it was his own? He raced out and mixed in the cops-and-raiders battle, and had the time of his life dodging brickbats and night stick billies. Whether or not Bob Mitchum has yet seen "The Story of GI Joe" from beginning to end, I wouldn't know. But I maintain that traveling all over the nation with it and never getting around to taking a look would be some sort of a Hollywood record—for any actor, that is, besides Robert Mitchum. When you bump up against Baby Boy Bob, though, you just toss away the Hollywood rule book and relax. What happens to him is always out of this Hollywood world.

Who, for instance, ever heard of an actor, under contract to a studio for over a year, turning up as star when his own bosses—and practically everyone else on his home lot—had no idea who he was? That happened to Bob Mitchum.

Shortly after Bob finished "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" he went right into "GI Joe." Then he went right into the U. S. Army. After "Tokyo" was released and the fans had a good swoon, rumors of this sensational young Mitchum character began to float around RKO, where Bob draws his check. Studios began asking for loan-outs and some even offered to pay cash on the line for Bob's contract. Naturally, all this finally came to the desk of

THE *Countess of Carnarvon*

An exquisite ballerina, the former Tilly Losch is one of today's most beautiful society favorites. Unbelievably bright blue eyes accent the creamy loveliness of her skin. "Three or four times a week I have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," the Countess says. "It makes my skin look brighter . . . smoother!"

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Marge Ellis, lovely Conover cover girl, is never without Leigh's smouldering *Risqué*

Fine American Perfume—
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LEIGH Perfumes

RKO's production chief, Hal Wallis. He was puzzled.

"Who is this Robert Mitchum, anyway?" he asked, "and where is he?"

"He's in the army," they told him, "but he was around here for a year."

"What does he look like?" Wallis wanted to know. "I can't place him."

Until Bob Mitchum came back from the army the other day to make "Until The End Of Time" at his home lot, he had made no more impression around RKO than a pea-shooter on a tank. As I said, he's not the type. He had signed on originally to make hoss operas, and half the time those epics weren't even shooting inside the studio gates. But when he was hanging around, he never even had a dressing room, but changed his costumes back between the flats with the extras and stand-ins. Until he came back from the army he'd never even sat at a table in the commissary, perching instead on a corner stool with the camera crew, who were his buddies. He didn't know a star on the lot, outside of the star of his cowboy picture. He'd been in the photo gallery for a portrait only once, and when RKO found they had a new star on their hands, they were amazed to discover that there were only two pictures of Bob Mitchum in all their jam-packed files. One full face and one profile of Mitchum—like a rogue's gallery shot!

free soul . . .

But that's just part of what makes Reckless Robert Mitchum a brand-new experience for glamor-gorged Hollywood. He doesn't do anything according to Hoyle. He's one rugged individualist—hallelujah!

For instance, Bob's never started a picture yet where he didn't lose his script the very first day. Most young actors practically take their movie scripts to bed with them, but something always happens to turn Bob's mind to other, more interesting things. He never learns his lines until he gets on the set and then if he forgets what he's supposed to say in a scene he just rattles on.

The other day, shooting "Until the End Of Time," this happened to Mitchum and Doré Schary, the producer, was amazed to hear Bob come up with some sock dialogue that improved the scene. But the camera had already cut, so he asked Bob to repeat the ad lib.

"I can't remember what it was," said Bob airily. "But let's do it and I'll come up with something else."

He did—and it was even better. They kept it in the picture.

Bob's easy-ace attitude toward the career that has caught up with him is only natural, after all. He's been a free soul all his life, from the time he slipped on long pants and away from home to have a look at the world. There's not half the dreamed-up drama in all Hollywood's studios to match the real life action he's seen. It's the life he's led that makes him as much a character as any he'll ever play, nutty to conventional Hollywood at times, but nimble-witted and ready to rise to whatever comes along. You'd expect a normal reaction from a normal, happy guy—but to Bob Mitchum, Hollywood's just a step along his private royal road to romance.

Before he ever saw the inside of a studio he'd bummed across the country and back nine times. He'd been in and out of trouble more times than a bail bond. Among several dozen ways of earning his tick, Bob has been a truck driver, waiter, bus boy, bouncer, chauffeur, ditch digger, lifeguard, fisherman, mechanic, prize fighter, stevedore, astrologer's assistant, dock walloper, powder monkey, and just plain bum—to mention a few. He can sit and spin yarns for hours about each and every one—and will at the drop of a beer bottle.

Because, don't forget it one moment—Bob Mitchum is the kind of Joe things just naturally happen to no matter what he's up to. You can mention any town in the U.S.A. or any weird profession and he can come up with a personal story, usually speckled with laughs.

Like the time he was tripping the light fantastic as an adagio dancer in a night club and he dropped the ballet girl on the piano keys! Or, his stretch as a garage grease monkey—until he put the ring gear in wrong on a customer's Ford and the only way it would run was backwards! Like the time he got $25 for a semi-wind-up bout on a ham and egg fight program, ignorantly tied into the Mexican Olympic heavyweight champ and got his face murdered so that he stayed a week in the hospital (that's why his nose is off line today).

Or like the day he was riding a day coach along the Texas border and a Yaqui Indian, jug-happy with native liquor, came through the car swishing a knife and tried to slit everybody's throat until Bob and some cowboys roped and tied him. Or the winter night in Idaho when he wrapped up in newspapers to keep from freezing in a box car and a fellow-hobo set him on fire with a cigarette and burned his pants off!

town's gone soft . . .

That's just a sample—you start on Bob's adventures and you're in for a book—but you can plainly see that alongside of what's gone on in the past, Horrible Hollywood is nothing to make Rambling Robert change his ways or turn a whisker.

The other night, the studio handed him tickets for Bob and his pretty wife, Dorothy, to take in a swanky movie social soiree at Ciro's. "You've got to get seen around," said his career advisors. "Nobody knows who you are."

Bob handed them back. "Give 'em to somebody who can use 'em," grinned Mitchum. "Now, what in heck would I do at Ciro's? Besides," he added, "I haven't anything to wear."

"No tuxedo?" they gasped.

"I had one," recalled Bob, "but I lent it out a couple of years ago and I guess my friends have kept it working. Never saw it since."

"No dark suit?"

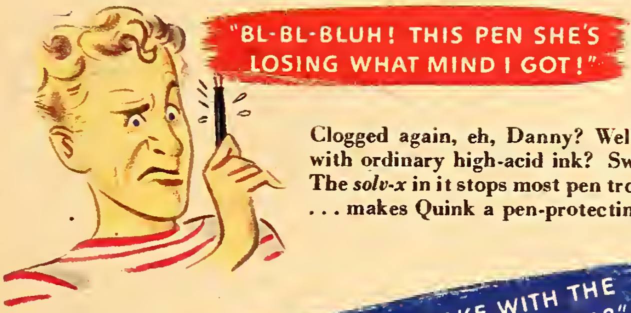
"No suit—period," said Bob.

It was true. He hadn't even one suit to his name. He had a couple that were battered up when he joined the army, but Dottie got large hearted and gave them away to some foreign relief or other. So when he was discharged there wasn't a suit and he couldn't buy one, or just didn't get around to it, one of the two, and I suspect the latter. Because there's nothing that Bob Mitchum cares less about than clothes—unless maybe it's exercise. Ask Mitchum what he does to keep in trim, and he'll answer, "Well, I carry out the garbage once a week!"

Bob just couldn't be glamorous if he tried—and he certainly is not going to try. He lost 28 pounds in the army, but not his rollicking love of freedom and fun. In fact, it pains him severely, that on his return to Hollywood from the service, a lot of the "disreputable characters" he talks about have forsaken him, become respectable, reformed and even taken to wearing coats and ties and combing their hair. He feels let down. Time was when Bob had a gang of stags he could roam around with, barhop, play poker, and chew the fat all night with when he got restless. That was usually his idea of blowing off steam after he'd ground out a twelve day-and-night Western.

Such periodic shenanigans don't bother his pretty and understanding wife, Dorothy, a bit. She's known and loved Bob since he was a wild kid in Delaware and

"It's giving me the screaming mimies!" moans Danny Kaye now starring in Samuel Goldwyn's "THE KID FROM BROOKLYN"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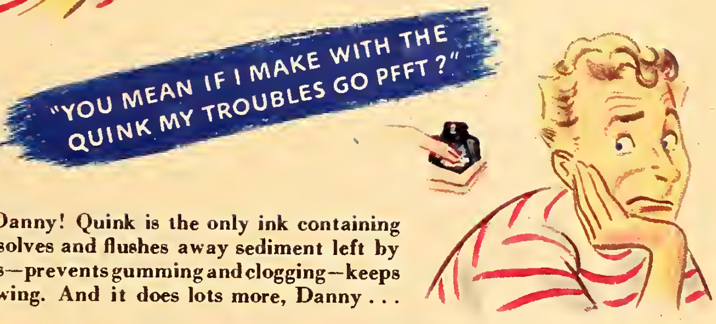
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she knows the urge to roam runs deep in his bloodstream. In fact, all the time Bob was courting Dottie, he'd be hopping a freight every now and then to chase across the country on some adventure or other. But he always hopped one back.

"When Bob puts on a coat and tie and leaves the house," Dottie sighs with a smile, "it means one of two things. Either he'll be gone two days—or else he's going out to fix the car."

mechanical moron . . .

Of the two evils, Dottie will pick the former, any day in the week. She doesn't bother her pretty head about Baby Boy Bobby straying from the fold, because in their relaxed marriage they're as happy as larks and as frank with each other about everything as only schoolday sweethearts who've made a go of it can be.

Other day Bob got a rave letter from a girl in a Midwest small town, where, as it happened, he'd passed through many times on his travels.

"Dear Bob," she wrote. "Didn't you used to sit on my girl friend's front porch and sing—'I'm in the Mood for Love?'"

Bob showed the letter to Dottie. "Well, did you?" she asked.

He grinned, "Could be," he said, "so what?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Dottie, giving him the back of her hand; "I'll just bet you were thinking of me all the time."

Bob was lounging around one of his favorite night spots (not the fashionable kind) the other night with a "disreputable" pal of his when a couple of cuties, who had no idea he was a movie swoon, edged up and started a conversation. "You know," said one, "you could be a good looking guy if you wanted to."

"Tell me how, Baby," cooed Bob.

"Well," said the cutie. "Do—do you always dress like that?"

"Uh-huh," droned Bob, without batting an eye. He was draped in an old pair of slacks and an open shirt. His hair was slipping down over his eyes. He wore carpet slippers. The girl gave him another size-up, from tip to toe.

"Say," she said, "are you married?"

Bob still gave her the lazy eye and nodded, "Uh-huh."

"Well," she huffed, flouncing off, "that accounts for it!"

He tells that one to Dottie whenever she gets uppity. "See—it's all your fault I'm no pretty-boy," he says, and she just gives him a low, fast look. But when Bob starts tinkering with the family car, Dorothy frowns for sure. Why he has to get dressed up to turn mechanic she doesn't know, and Bob probably wouldn't either, if you asked him; it's just one of his many perverse quirks. But what happens when he puts on a coat and tie and lets go on an ailing automobile is usually disastrous.

He had an old 1929 Whippet that he took apart and worked over, and the first time he took Dottie and the kids out for a spin in the new job, the motor hopped up through the hood and spattered on the highway. Then he bought another jalop and took it around back for a remodel job. It blew up in the garage and knocked off the garage door. When he was on location with Guy Madison down at Del Mar, near San Diego, a few weeks ago, Guy took along his crate, which promptly stalled the minute it arrived. "I'll fix it," said Mitchum. He did, all right. He spent all his spare time on the trip pushing Guy's car around, and loosening everything in the motor. He took off the fuel pump, dismantled the carburetor, and dissected every part of the motor. At the end of the week when Guy wanted to drive home, it still wouldn't run. He had to call a tow-car.

Bob and Dottie and their two boys, Jimmy and Chris, got caught in the housing shortage in Los Angeles and have had to settle for a little bungalow in the unfashionable part of Hollywood. It's not exactly the kind of a castle you'd expect a movie star to loll around in. In fact, it's a little wooden house that could do with a coat of paint and some new furniture. But it's the center of the world to Bob and his bunch and wherever he is that's the way it always will be.

Everybody's welcome all the time, day or night. Dottie never knows when Bob will want to eat or how many pals he'll drag along with him when he does. Since he's been in the army, his ex-service mates make it their Hollywood headquarters and sleep in all nooks and crannies of the little shack. Jimmy and Chris romp merrily around, and Bob can sleep sound as a top on the divan in his favorite position (prone) while the kids play cops and robbers in, around, and on top of him. He's a swell father, by the way, and Jimmy particularly is the spitting image of his old man. Bob raises them right, with a smack when they need it, but he's thinking about the moppets all the time, and really his heart's just like a watermelon that way.

He and Dottie took a trip up to San Francisco, right after Uncle Sam let him go, to celebrate. They left Jimmy and Chris in Hollywood with Bob's folks. They did the town—which is very nice doing—and saw all their friends. One night at a party Bob disappeared right in the middle of dinner and Dottie thought—Good Lord, what now? They looked all around and finally found Mitchum back in the nursery. The big softie was lying on the floor with the phone receiver off and the victrola was grinding out nursery jingles. He'd found some there and thought that Jimmy and Chris ought to have a listen. So he'd called home, long distance, and was playing the kiddie discs to his sons happily—although every minute burned up plenty of dollars in long distance tolls.

MARCH ISSUE

The March issue of MODERN SCREEN comes roaring to the newsstands on February 12 . . . but goes off meekly in your hands when you spot Dennis Morgan on the cover! So blow down to the corner and get there on time!

That, of course, meant absolutely nothing to Bob Mitchum, because lucre is one commodity he holds in fine scorn. He's always having to leave his ring or his watch at a gas station to fill up the tank, and through force of necessity, Dorothy has had to take over the financial duties for the family. (Bob can't even be trusted with the allowance his agent, Paul Wilkins, doles him out of his salary.) Sometimes he turns up with cash money which goes right away like the wind. He keeps it rolled up in his pocket, when he has it, in little wads and things, all mixed up. It tangles with his handkerchiefs, his keys, and whatever he has in the pocket.

The Mitchums were out on one of their rare evenings (with two kids and the "sitter" situation what it is, you can bet they're rare) when Bob paid off the cab driver with a bill. "Keep the change," he said grandly. He thought it was a dollar bill. But Dorothy has eyes made sharp with just such things as that. She spied the tenspot, even though it was rolled up like a spitball—à la Mitchum.

"Bob," she cried. "Are you crazy? You gave him ten dollars!"

Bob let out a yelp and chased the cabbie down the street. He was still in second and Bob has long legs. He leaped on the running board and got back his ten. But that's typical. What other Hollywood star—I ask you—would have reacted like Bob did recently and come right out with his financial standing over the phone.

He was house hunting for a bigger and better place—and around Hollywood these days that's a long, ghastly and grim process. To get a cubby-hole you have to give your family tree, fingerprints, high school grades and birth certificate, practically. So Bob tied into a prospect that looked all right.

"What do you do, Mr. Mitchum?" Bob said he was an actor. In the movies? Yes. H-m-m-m-m. "What are your assets?" was the next quiz.

"Hey, Dot!" yelled Bob. "How much dough do we have?" She called the answer.

"One hundred and twelve bucks cash," said Bob in the receiver.

He didn't get the house.

For such a frank, forthright and free-wheeling guy as Bob Mitchum you'd expect nothing but trouble getting regimented into the army. But, being a man's man, perhaps, or knowing by plenty experience how to get along in any set of circumstances—something made Bob a swell soldier. For the short time he was in, he hung up the best record in his battalion at Camp Roberts, snagged an expert rifleman's badge and got six separate recommendations for officer's training. That wasn't because he was a Hollywood actor, either, because all his service time Bob went incognito as possible as a GI, and remember, too, if nobody in Hollywood knew the guy—how do you expect a bunch of soldiers to know he was a movie hero?

Of course, when "GI Joe" came out, he had to 'fess up, but by then he was practically out of the army, on dependencies. The only time Bob got any Hollywood star treatment was on his theater tour I mentioned at the start. But even then there wasn't enough to make Bob think he was somebody. And since he's been back he's been far too busy to sit back, puff up and say, "So I'm a star—hey? Well, now ain't that sumpin'!" As though he *would!*

Bob Mitchum was anxious to get back to Hollywood and to work. He was so anxious that when he got discharged he wangled it in 2½ hours—which Bob thinks is some kind of a world's record for getting your "ruptured duck." He was on duty at the separation center at the time, which explains the technique—but the stimulus was getting back on the job in Hollywood. He loves to make movies,—really goes for the set work—although if you call him an "actor" he'll give you a queer look and tilt that left eyebrow dangerously.

ham on the lam . . .

There's an odd hangover Bob Mitchum packs from his days on the road. Sometimes—for no good reason at all—he'll take it on the lam before he can think. It happens when he's startled. One night, he came home late from the studio and flopped on the bed before eating. While he was snoozing, Dottie stepped out of the house to get something at the market and when she came back in she slammed the door. Pretty soon she called for Bob—but no answer. She looked in the bedroom—no Bob. But the window was open.

In a few minutes, the phone rang. "Is everything all right?" hissed Bob.

"Sure, you dope," she said. "Where in the world are you?"

"Around the corner," he said. "I heard somebody after me."

"You nut!" said Dottie, "that was me. Come on home."

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"Well, I'll be darned!" wondered Bob.

It happened, too, just the other day down at Del Mar where Bob was making scenes for "Until the End of Time." He was in the hotel bar talking with the dialogue director and they started toward the door to take a walk by the ocean. But halfway across a waiter dropped a tray of dishes with a resounding clatter. Bob dove right through an open window and climbed a fence before he could stop himself, even though the wide open door was handy.

If you ask him his hopes and his plans, he'll just give you a queer smile and then confess that that's the way he feels about Hollywood. Someday he'll be jumping out the window and taking it on the lam. The only place that seems real and safe, comfortable and sure, for Bob Mitchum is a farm back in Delaware where he came from—and that's what he hopes to have some day.

"They'll get wise to me here some day—sooner or later," drawls Bob Mitchum, blowing a thin blue cigarette smoke ring up to the ceiling and following it reflectively with his lazy eyes.

"But meanwhile," he grins, "to tell the truth—I never found a touch like this before!"

THRILL OF A ROMANCE

(*Continued from page 45*)

that, through all the responses, Esther and Ben kept their eyes on each other.

"In sickness and health," she said, looking straight up at him.

"—Till death do us part," he said, looking down at her.

It was very moving. It made you think of the old words—they plighted their troth. It made you feel as you ought to feel at a wedding—that this was a sacrament, sweet and good and lasting.

how they met . . .

"They gotta meet cute—"

That's a Hollywood classic. Producers pull it on writers. "Howdoya get the girl and boy together? They gotta meet cute—"

Esther Williams and Ben Gage met cute. She was selling cigarettes for a benefit at Earl Carroll's. He'd brought Ginny Simms who was going to sing. Bunny Green introduced them.

Esther likes to look up to a man. Being six feet in her heels, it's not always possible. But here was this tremendous blonde creature in uniform, grinning down at her from a peak of six-foot-five. Golly, that looked good.

"What do you do, young man?"

"I was a radio announcer. Now I announce for the army."

"What do you announce?"

"This and that. Read love letters from GIs for one thing, on Ginny Simms' program. Better listen sometime. They're very romantic—"

If you'd told Esther then that she'd have fallen in love at sight, she'd have squelched you. That's stuff for kids in storybooks. She was grown up.

When she left, it was raining. Because of the war, parking lot boys were scarce, and she couldn't find one. Normally, she's an independent gal who's been known to cope with worse. Now she began feeling sorry for herself. Other women had men to get their cars. And here she'd have to go wading out in that downpour, long white formal, flimsy sandals and all. Of course it had its funny side. Champ swimmer afraid of the rain, but she felt more like crying. . .

"Well, Girl, you seem to be in trouble—" It was the blonde young giant again. "Can I get your car for you?"

"Oh, if you would—"

He brought it around, she thanked him, they said goodnight and she drove away, thinking: "Gee, that was nice—" But she still felt lonesome.

Though she'd been only 17 at the time of her first marriage, its failure had struck deep. Brought up in a happy home, she'd woven the rosy dreams of girlhood around her own marriage, and set it up on a beautiful shining pedestal. When it began to show flaws, she wouldn't see them. When her eyes were forced open, she kept on trying desperately to make it stick. When it crashed at the end of four years, she lifted her head from the wreck with one deep resolve. If she never married again—never had the children she longed for—that would still be better than making another mistake.

So it kind of scared her that Ben should stick in her thoughts. She'd find herself twisting the dial, bending an ear to that program he'd talked about. Romantic was right. His voice reading those GI letters—"Darling, I love you so much—" So what? So a guy reads some other guy's letters to some other girl. What was she mooning about? She'd snap it off. And tune in again the next time.

That's why she looked away quick when, a few months later, she caught sight of him towering high at a wedding reception. From his angle, however, Ben couldn't miss her.

"Hello, you're not avoiding me, are you?" One word led to another. "This is going to sound silly," said Ben, "but you've been my dream girl for quite a while. I've got a picture of you in my wallet—"

Now that's a tribute to flatter any girl, and if she tells you different, she lies. But what pleased Esther most was this. It was no glamor picture but clipped from some sports page of her swimming days.

Before she left, he asked for her phone number, which scared her again. Somehow she squirmed out of giving it to him, but bright and early next morning here's Mr. Gage on the line. "Hello, am I pressing?" That made her howl, and suddenly she was wondering what she'd been scared about. "Look," she said on an impulse, "Would you like to meet my mother?"

So they had their first date—dinner at her mother's house. And after a few more, Esther knew that Ben hadn't been kidding about the dream-girl business.

no marriage talk . . .

But she wouldn't let him talk marriage; there were too many things in the way. Till her divorce was final, she had no right even to think about marriage, and though she found him terribly attractive, this time she had to be sure down to the roots. Besides, Ben himself, while perfectly willing to plan, wasn't ready to marry. The army'd taken him almost three years ago—fresh from a whopping contract as Bob Hope's announcer. Well, Ben was the kind of guy who'd have to be head of his household, who'd have to foot the bills and run the joint. He wasn't marrying on a sergeant's pay, and who knew how long he'd be in the service?

"Let's not make any plans," said Esther. "Let's just get to know each other and leave the rest to time—"

Mrs. Williams once summed her daughter up. "When her time came to be born, I think God said: 'This one's for laughs.' "

In Ben, Esther found another such

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BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

character—sunny and openhearted. They both like people. She calls him the great emcee of the street corners. Truckdrivers hail him, cops are his pals and he knows every newsboy in town by his first name. Esther understands that language, because high-hatting isn't in her. When kids crowd around, they get a sisterly talking-to along with the autograph . . . "Crimey, at your age I didn't stand around waiting for some stale movie star to scribble me her name. I was busy swimming—"

"Look," says Ben, "they want an autograph, not a lecture—" "Look," says Esther, "they're getting two-in-one—" Ocean Park's been a favorite hangout with them. Ben would come up on a weekend pass from Santa Ana, they'd start out for a party and wind up on the roller coaster. One night they'd been having a heck of a time playing bingo, when Esther got a yen for an ice cream soda. The first two or three drugstores they tried were out of ice cream. The last one had ice cream, but by then it was closing time. . . .

and make it sweet . . .

"Please," Esther begged. "Please make me a chocolate soda."

A bunch of kids who'd been fairly quiet for kids up to that point started raising the roof at their table. The manager hurried over and hurried back.

"Listen. I don't know if you're Esther Williams or not, but will you please settle the argument and shut those kids up?"

"I will," she said sweetly, "if you'll make me a chocolate soda."

As she dug into it the kids started inching over. They addressed Ben. "That's Esther Williams, ain't it, Mister?"

"I wouldn't know, never saw the lady before. She followed me in."

Esther choked but one young cavalier didn't think it was funny. "That's Esther Williams, all right, an' she don't have to follow no guy no place." His hand went into his pocket and extracted a coin. "I gotta dime, Miss Williams. Could I pay for your soda?"

She slid off the stool and hugged him to his squirming embarrassment. Ben rose. "Excuse me for ribbing you gentlemen, but the drinks are on me. How about another round?"

The manager, being a sentimentalist, set 'em up. That little incident, trivial though it may seem, is typical of the warmth and laughter they've brought to each other. Mrs. Williams fell in love with Ben, too, which did him no harm with Esther, who worships her Mom.

"I like what he does to you. You're sweeter these days. You've got that shine in your eyes."

"You know why, don't you Mommy? He's a fool—like me."

One day he announced that he'd changed his name to Howcum. "After you, honey."

"How come after me?"

"That's just what I mean. Howcum after me."

"I don't say Howcum."

"Sure you do, 'n it's cute."

After that he was Howcum. "This is GI Howcum of Howcum, Howcum & Stuff calling about the hole in the dining room rug." The identification bracelet he gave her was inscribed "GI luv you Howcum Ben."

His first gift was a ring of silver links to match his own. The plate joining the links was marked "EW."

"Pardon me for pointing," said Esther "But the initials seem to be off center."

"That's to leave room for the G," said Ben.

But the blue-ribbon gag was the one he pulled at Christmas. Esther'd gone East on a hospital tour. Ben had a furlough but no transportation. He packed a bag anyway and on a sporting chance made for the airport which was thick with majors and colonels hellbent on the same chance.

It happened that a general who'd been flown in was leaving again in twenty minutes. Ben walked up to him.

"How do you do, sir? I have important business back East. May I ride with you?"

"That's a rather unusual request, Sergeant. Can't you put it through the proper channels?"

"I thought I'd have a better chance by avoiding the red tape, sir."

Even generals go for the human touch. "Well, well, talk to my pilot."

The pilot was a full colonel. "I just asked the general for a ride, sir."

"I see you did."

"He says it's all right with him if it is with you."

"I've got nothing against sergeants, Sergeant," said the colonel gravely. That's how Ben found himself waving goodbye to the grounded majors—but not till he was up where they couldn't see him.

He met Esther at the Chicago airport. Down she tripped complete with mink coat, and orchids presented by the civic authorities. Up stepped the sergeant clutching an old beat-up little daisy.

"I brung you a flower, lady,"

First she died of laughing, then started unpinning the orchids to make room for the daisy.

Ben clucked in admiration. "I always say there's nothing like a dead daisy to show off mink."

Time will tell, Esther'd thought, and time did. It told her nothing but good about Ben and it also told her how she felt herself. At the ritziest nightclub wearing the loveliest clothes, dancing to the swooniest music, if she wasn't with Ben she didn't want to be there.

By the time her final decree came through last September she was sure in her heart. If she hadn't been, Mexico would have cinched it.

In mid-October she flew to Mexico to be fitted for the Matador costumes she wears in "Fiesta," and to make the picture. But the starting date was postponed, and M-G-M found they needed added scenes for "Hoodlum Saint," in which she co-stars with Bill Powell. So at the end of two weeks she was called back.

She'd been away from Ben before, and for longer than two weeks, but never before had she missed him like this. Now she knew how close they'd grown, how lost she'd be without him. The thought of Ben waiting at the airport wrapped her in a wonderful warm glow. And all of a sudden she could hardly wait.

Mel was with her, and she drove Mel crazy. "I've got to be back in time for Ben's birthday. I've got to—"

glass kiss . . .

His birthday was the 29th. By nagging and coaxing and the skin of their teeth, they made it. The customs kept Esther and Ben apart for a good twenty minutes, but she sang "Happy Birthday" and kissed him through the glass partition, which was better than nothing. They dined at the Derby. The cake Esther'd ordered by wire bore a Spanish inscription, translating into "Happy Birthday to my Darling from his best girl—" Ben opened his presents—a ring, a sweater and, as the topper, two pairs of pre-war pajamas.

"Whee, that's what I call an achievement—"

"Me, too," she agreed modestly. "Especially after last Christmas, tramping through the whole silly town of New York, trying to buy a shirt big enough to cover you. The clerks were so helpful. 'Sure you don't mean a tent?' "

Ben smiled, but a little absently.

"Honey," said Esther, "You've got something on your mind—"

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In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this Beauty Care

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

He nodded, his eyes on hers. "My unit's been disbanded. Only four of us left. I'll be out by the end of the week—"

She drew a long breath. Her smile was tremulous, but radiant. "Well—? What are we waiting for?"

They set the date for November 18th. Ben had a stroke of luck. He's got a wonderful singing voice and was offered a dubbing job in Vic Mature's new picture for the first real money he'd earned in years. Honeymoon Money, he called it.

The blow fell and wham, went the wedding plans. Word came that he'd been transferred to the armed forces radio service, and wouldn't be out for another six months. "Now I know how Punch and Judy feel," Esther wailed, "when the ball socks 'em."

All was confusion. Ben's mother, visiting his grandmother in Illinois, wrote; "I see by Louella Parsons that you're getting married, and I see by Hedda Hopper that you're not. But Jimmy Fidler can't seem to make up his mind, so I'm just waiting till the three of them get together."

Punch and Judy picked themselves up and set another date—March 20th, the anniversary of their meeting. On November 15th, a new army directive was issued. All men in the service 42 months or longer would be promptly discharged. Ben had been in 44 months. But now it was too late. Esther had to leave for Mexico on the 23rd. She'd always sworn there'd be no hurry-up stuff for her. She wanted a church wedding with all the fixings, and all her family around.

If Peggy Wright hadn't married Gail Patrick's brother that night, Esther and Ben wouldn't now be Mr. and Mrs. Ben was Lieutenant Richard Fitzpatrick's best man. The wedding was at Gail's house, and Esther wept steadily through the whole thing. Ben looked the other way—he couldn't stand it.

Later, with Mel and her husband, they went to Bob Dalton's, their favorite eating spot.

"I want to get married," said Esther, all forlorn.

"Look," said Ben. "Couldn't we—?"

And suddenly they were all talking and figuring, and if this and if that, and especially if the studio'd give Esther a little more time, they could be married on the 25th and take a week's honeymoon in Mexico. At this prospect, they flung their arms around each other while Mel tried to shush them and they said the whole world could listen, for all they cared.

nothing's impossible . . .

"It can't be done but we're doing it," caroled Esther.

The studio was marvelous. Jack Cummings, producer of "Fiesta," said they could shoot around Esther till December 3rd. Sam Katz said Irene could design the wedding dress. No studio designer's supposed to make personal clothes, but this was to be a gift from M-G-M. Esther phoned Mr. Mayer in New York to give him the news before he got it from the papers.

Ben called his mother in Evanston. He'd always promised his grandmother that he'd never be married without her. His grandmother's an independent little lady of 82—who refuses to live with her children and drove miles once to spend five minutes with Esther between trains. She took her sewing circle to see "Thrill Of A Romance," and reported back to Ben: "The girls all think you've got something there—"

Now Ben said to his mother: "I wonder if we ought to let her fly—"

This was repeated to Granny, who took the phone over. "I'm flying, young man. Rather risk my skin than miss your wedding."

Esther called Sue Ladd. She and Ben had a dinner date at the Ladds house that night.

"You may not know it, Sue, but you're throwing an announcement party—"

Hospitable Sue was ready to do it up brown, but Esther wouldn't let her. She did get hold of Barbara and Sonny Tufts though, and the table was lovely with crystal and silver and flowers, and Alan dug out some pre-war champagne for the toasts.

In fact, the one villain of the piece was our own Modern Screen. Earlier, we'd set up a date with Esther to shoot pictures that Friday, and wedding or no, Esther's a girl of her word. The only thing was, Ben wanted to meet her at the jeweler's to look at rings. The shop closed at five, and at five she was still in the gallery, posing for us. We felt pretty guilty about it, and said so.

"Skip it," she smiled. "I like Modern Screen too—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One Saturday, a friend and I decided we were going to see Sonny Tufts before he left town. He was staying at the Henry Grady Hotel, so off we went. Upon arriving at the hotel at 10:30 A.M. we asked for the number of his room. It was 1419. Off we went to the top floor. We walked out of the elevator and who should be there but some other bobbysockers. We sat with the others till around 12 when the bellboy politely told us to leave!

So we went downstairs. Mr. Tufts had left the hotel at 9 o'clock. Finally a girl spotted him—wheeee—and he was surrounded. He was enormous! He signed my autograph book and I saw his hankie—it was in his upper pocket. I grabbed it. "Mr. Tufts," I said, "may I have it?" He looked up from his signing and smiled—so I took it. Later I found out that the smile must have meant no!

That Sunday it was all in the paper. Mr. Tufts had gone to Lawson General Hospital and it was very hot. He reached for his hankie—but where was it? Someone with him remembered seeing a "bobbysocker" take it. For once in my life I got in the paper! I'm the bobby socker!

Joyce Wender
Atlanta, Georgia

And that, folks, sends Miss Williams to the top of our honey parade.

They chose the rings next day. Ben had found one he liked but wanted Esther to make her own choice, so he told the jeweler to mix it up with the others. As she picked each ring up, he'd cover the price tag with his finger. Finally she said: "I think I like this one." It was his own choice—star sapphire, perfect in cut but modest in size, set in platinum.

"Are you sure, honey?"

She'd replaced it on the pad. Now she picked it up fast and, before Ben had a chance to stop her, glanced at the price tag. . .

"Yes, I'm sure— Oh Ben, don't look at me like that. This is the one I want, but if it cost too much, I just wouldn't enjoy it. After all, you've been in the army for four years—"

His look changed. "Do something for me, will you? Remind me to tell you later you're a nice girl—"

They picked up a narrow diamond wedding band. Then the jeweler—no dope—brought out a pair of beautiful sapphire guards.

"No," said Esther firmly.

"We'll compromise," said Ben. "Next year I won't be in the army. Would you like the guards for your first anniversary gift?"

"Yes, if you'll let it be a double ring ceremony, so I can buy you a star sapphire too—"

So that was settled.

On Sunday they found the church. Esther wanted a small church, since only close friends and family were being asked to the wedding.

"My movie star bride. She can't play to an empty house—"

"You've got something there. I want someone who loves us in every seat, and there can't be more than a hundred—"

"Why, you've got that many right in your own family—"

He wasn't exaggerating much. Mrs. Williams was one of ten. Esther's brother and sisters are married and have children. But she was in earnest about having the church filled. "It feels warmer that way. I want it cozy, not grand. An aisle that's not too long—an organ that's not too overpowering."

They found it in the Westwood Hills Congregational Church—a simple, old-fashioned place with wooden pews that seated a hundred. One look was enough. "Here's where I'd like to be married, Mr. Gage—"

Fate had still another crisis in store for them. Ben's separation from the army had been set for Wednesday—

"Oh, darling, we'll have dinner and you'll be a civilian. How long before you get adjusted to civilian life?"

"As long as it takes me to get my uniform off—"

But when he walked into the restaurant, Esther turned green. He was still in uniform.

"What—does it mean?" she croaked.

"I don't know, honey. I sailed through all the prelims, stood there at 5 waiting for the final papers, and they said it would take another week—"

"Then we can't have a honeymoon—"

"Take it easy, Baby. There's still a ray of hope. I went to the General. You know me and the generals. I said 'They can't do this to me.' He said 'Come back Saturday and I'll let you know if they can—' "

fuss 'n feathers . . .

Well, he did get out Saturday—with just enough time to phone his delirious bride, dash back to town, climb into civvies and appear at Bob Dalton's for his bachelor dinner. Of course the affair was supposed to be strictly stag, but Esther couldn't wait to see her man in civvies. Her own pals had cooked up a shower for her, and among the gifts were two maribou jackets. All her life she's pined for a maribou jacket. So they crashed the boys' party. Ben had to parade for Esther in his civvies, and she returned the compliment in her maribou jackets.

The wedding was at five. Mel helped her dress. It was funny about the slippers. They'd been made for "Thrill of A Romance," and Esther'd bought them.

"I don't know why," she'd said at the time. "I hardly ever wear pink—"

They were perfect for the dream Irene had designed in palest pink crepe—short, but with long sleeves, draped round the hips and edged with matching lace. The hat was like a little tiara, from which hung a shoulder-length veil. That was all new. Something old was a prayerbook, once used by Mel's greatgrandmother. Something borrowed—a lace handkerchief, brought by Ben's grandmother for just

MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU, *wife of the suave and distinguished screen star and a reigning beauty in her own right.*

Mrs. Adolphe Menjou says:

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In Hollywood—city of beautiful women—Tangee's newest color creation in lipsticks... Gay-Red... has made a sensational success. Stars and starlets... members of the motion picture colony... agree that this is the lipstick shade to *make lips look young and gay!*

* * *

At last... a perfect cake make-up! Some cake make-ups you've used are good in one way... some in another... but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal *in every way.* It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not give you that wearing-a-mask look.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up. Mrs. Huhn is the creator of that exciting new lipstick color, Tangee Gay-Red and of Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up as well as many other cosmetic triumphs.

Use *Tangee* and see how beautiful you can be

"Don't let up when Nature lets you down!"

It's just plain old-fashioned to assume a "rockin'-chair's-got-me-attitude" certain days each month. Old-fashioned, because today, Midol can free you from much of menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues".

So don't pamper—don't give in to menstrual pain. Instead take Midol and experience quick comfort. Midol is offered *specifically* to relieve menstrual suffering. It contains no opiates, yet acts quickly in three ways: *Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue"*.

Try Midol next time. Take it as directed. See how comfortably those trying days pass by. Midol is sold by all drugstores.

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

that purpose. Something blue—the St. Christopher medal June Allyson had worn at her wedding. The idea is for Esther to pass it on to the next M-G-M bride. In the prayerbook she carried a bouquet of small white, pink-centered orchids and bouvardia.

As always, Esther was behind time. She kept darting frantic glances at the clock. "Before I was old enough to know what a wedding meant, people said, 'That child'll be late at her own wedding.' Mel, don't let me be late at my own wedding—"

Mel came through for a photo finish. They drove up to the church at 4:55.

The reception was at Mel's house. Old family friends mingled with movie stars. Mrs. Gage, Sr., was responsible for the big laugh. Ben introduced Lana Turner to her. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't quite catch the name—" Ben's roar threatened to knock the house down.

Their plane didn't leave till 12:30, but time flew. Between hugs and kisses, Esther tried to open wedding presents. She heard that some kids with cameras were hanging around outside, freezing to death. So she and Ben posed in the doorway, then shooed them home. And suddenly it was time to change to the blue suit and the gray lizard shoes. And the last laugh came when she threw her bouquet. Because it was caught by Little Robin, held high in her mother's arms.

An M-G-M cameraman went to the airport with them. "If you don't take another shot," Esther'd said, "There's one I must have. Me and Ben grinning at each other in the plane on our wedding night. For our dear little grandchildren."

They'll live in the little house Esther bought last year. She feels it's as much Ben's as hers. He mixed buckets of paint and helped her decorate it, and chose a passionate pink for the hallway that scared her at first, but now she loves it. While she's in Mexico, his dad, a retired landscape artist, will do the garden over.

Later they'll build. What kind of place they don't know yet, except it has to be warm and friendly, the way they feel. And they'll take their time—very carefully pick their lot, very carefully find their architect and draw up their plans for their very own home.

"It's got to be perfect," said Mrs. Benjamin Gage. "Because it's for ever and ever and ever—"

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

be in the group. If they're all going for cokes, you go, too. If someone says, "Come on over to my house," well, fine! Some day, when you've gained a bit in poise and assurance, toss in your casual invitation: "Want to raid my ice box today?" *Do* they? Oh brother!

That Big Dance: Chub is taking Peggy, and Janie's going with Joe, of course—and *everyone's* going but you. It's just two weeks off, and how are you going to *stand* it if nobody asks you. Now, look. Calm down. First of all, remember this, it's happened to everybody at least once in their lives. Furthermore, the other gals are so busy being relieved that they made it that *no* one is bizz-buzzing about what a sad-sack you are. Anyhow, if you're very, very foxy, you may still be asked. Just forget the dance and how frantic you are, and very quietly go to work on some nice unstaked guy at school. Smile at him, draw him out, discover what he does with his spare time. If he likes music, ask him over some night to hear your records. Maybe he's an amateur photographer. Gosh! You'd love to watch him work! Arrange to see him after school by hook or crook, and from there on, it's just a hoot and a holler to "What are you doing Saturday night?" You know the answer to that, don't you? A dreamy-voiced, "I've just been thinking what fun it would be to drop in on the dance."

What is a Wallflower? A wallflower is a female landmine, and no matter how she's camouflaged, the lads are smart enough to leave her alone. In other words, a girl can be 4.0 on looks, wear out-of-this-world clothes and still be strictly lethal with the guys. How does she get that way? Well, maybe she's painfully shy, or excruciatingly loud. She may be a dead pan, or just a dud at everything the boys consider fun—from pitching pennies to pitching woo. She simply hasn't, as the Navy says, gotten The Word. It's a sad, sad plight while it lasts, but the wonderful thing is that no one needs to be one. What's the magic? Why, simply analyze your shortcomings in the cold light of day, and remedy same. If you have trouble with self-analysis, get a trusted friend to help you. Then, if you're loud, aggressive and a perpetual scene-stealer, for Pete's sake, take it easy. Lower your voice, pull in your chin and laugh at someone else's jokes now and then. Try building up your date instead of yourself when you're in a group. Talk less, learn to disagree gently, get your way—if you must—via subtlety. If you're shy, brush up your self-esteem. Excel at dancing or skating. Be an authority on something like male sports or jazz. In so doing, you'll gain stature in your own eyes and that's practically the cure for your shyness. Remember that most boys dread being conspicuous, and they hang around the gals who put them at ease. If you're good at that—and it involves little things like performing smooth introductions, cueing guys for their pet anecdotes, smoothing their ruffled feelings, when and if, quelling arguments before they get out of hand—you'll never be a wallflower and that's a promise.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was nearly 6:30 in Hollywood on St. Valentine's Day, 1945, and the Frank Sinatra show was coming to a close for that Wednesday. Frank sang the signing-off theme. Lou Crosby finished with a few words for the sponsor, and it was over.

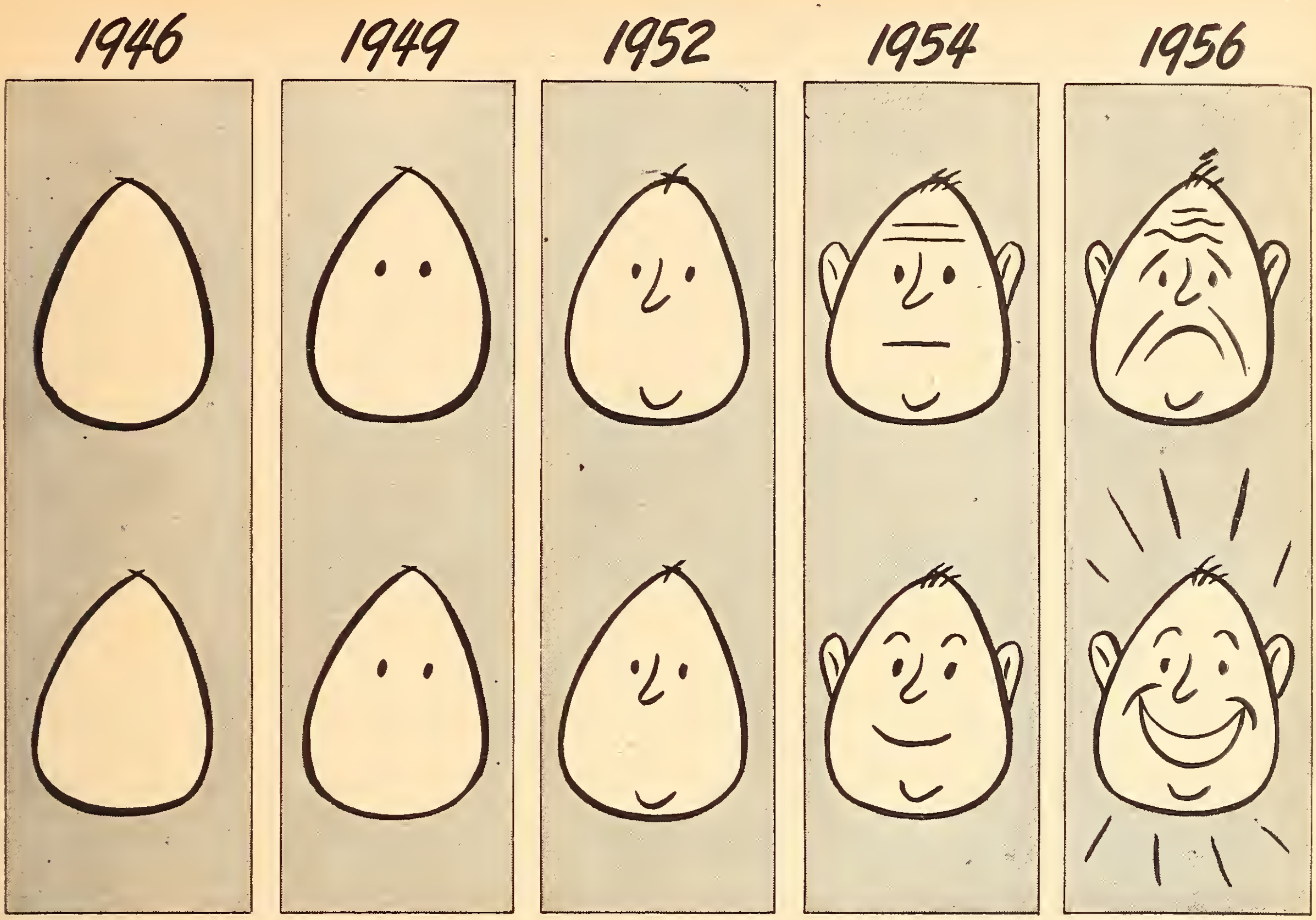
Then we all rushed forward to collect (if we were lucky enough) precious pieces of Frank's script.

Then I noticed that a member of one of Frank's clubs handed Frank a huge red paper heart. He held it up for the audience to read and on it were inscribed the words:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Bing's okay but
We swoon for you."

Frank smiled that boyish smile, and his eyes twinkled as he said, "Well, I swoon for Bing."

Beverlee Cresto
Los Angeles, Calif.



Two ways your face can grow in the next few years

Usually, our faces show what's happening to us. For instance, suppose financial matters are constantly on your mind.

Suppose you know that there's practically no cash reserve between you and trouble.

It would be surprising if your face didn't show it.

But suppose that, on the contrary, you've managed to get yourself on a pretty sound financial basis.

Suppose that you're putting aside part of everything you earn . . . that those dollars you save are busy earning *extra* dollars for you . . . that you have a nest egg and an emergency fund.

Naturally, your face will show *that*, too.

There's a simple and pretty accurate way to tell which way your face is going to go in the next few years:

If you are buying, regularly, and holding as many U. S. Savings Bonds as you can, you needn't worry.

Your face will be among the ones that wear a smile.

Buy all the Bonds you can...keep all the Bonds you buy

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

If your hand isn't satin-smooth — it's time to change to Luxor

Do you say, "I do my own dishes—and my hands *can't* stay soft and smooth"? Or is it your job that keeps you from having lovely hands?

Don't give up! Change to Luxor Hand Cream and expect to see a *real difference* in your hands.

You see, Luxor Hand Cream gives *real help* to skin roughened by work or weather. For Luxor contains Carbamide — (an ingredient long used by surgeons in the treatment of wounds)—and thus helps to heal tiny cracks you can't even see with the naked eye—relieves these cracks that make skin *look* red, *feel* rough! That's why the effect is so beautiful and so lasting.

Just one jar of Luxor Hand Cream will show you how easy it is to have softer hands, smoother hands—no matter what you do!

Luxor **hand cream**

not sticky—not greasy

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 64*)

might not be as good as Shakespeare's, but it certainly held the interest of a fascinated crowd.

Lana Turner walked in with Bob Hutton and was seated at the next table to Cleatus Caldwell (Bob's former big moment) who was with Vic Mature (a former breathless interlude in Lana's life). Get that much?

Then, at the very next table, sat Buff Cobb (who used to be mad for Vic and vice versa) with Robert Walker.

Everybody was trying to pretend that everybody else wasn't there when the head waiter called loudly, "Mr. Greg Bautzer on the telephone for Miss Buff Cobb." And, in case you don't know, Greg is supposed to be back in Lana's life again (he was also her first Hollywood beau!).

Some fun. And it could happen only in Hollywood.

* * *

Ran into Alan Ladd and Sue Carol at the Beverly Hills Club the very night of the day his contract squabbles were settled with Paramount. What a change in Alan! He was his old gay self again. He makes no secret of the fact that he is a worrier and when things go wrong he's always sure they are going to get worse.

"Why, just the other day we bought two horses," said Sue, "and Alan picked out a terrible looking nag. I asked him why, 'Oh' he replied, 'he looked so *worried* that he might never be bought. And I know just how he felt.' "

* * *

It was a beautiful baby shower Mrs. Bob Hope gave at the Beverly Hills Club for expectant mother Dorothy Lamour. I can't think of any girl who has looked so pretty during the time she was "expecting" than our former sarong girl. Dottie is one of those lucky girls who seem more beautiful than "before" the happy event was scheduled.

The room was decorated in the most beautiful pink and blue flowers and many of the guests had been invited to wear pink or blue chapeaux if they owned them. The table decorations were pink and blue storks and on each table was a little music box playing nursery rhymes.

But the cutest idea of all was the baby picture game. All the gals, including Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert, Sue Carol, Ann Sothern, Betty Hutton, Rita Hayworth, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Fred MacMurray and two dozen others, were asked to bring along a baby picture of themselves.

Then all the pictures were put in a big box and everybody was supposed to guess "who was who" when they were all in diapers! Hedy Lamarr was the easiest to guess. She was gorgeous even when adorned with only a safety pin. Barbara Stanwyck looked the least like her own baby picture. Dottie Lamour looks almost the same. She certainly was a beautiful baby, to quote the old song And, oh, yes—almost forgot to add that the gifts looked good enough to eat with ice cream.

* * *

Ciro's is a night spot in Hollywood where celebrities are always seated in a certain section of the cafe where they can see (and be seen) to better advantage.

So the other night, mine host Herman Hover was flabbergasted to walk through the cafe and notice Van Johnson stuck away over in an inconspicuous corner, the Gregory Pecks equally hidden away and Robert Walker parked over somewhere behind the orchestra.

"I thought I told you always to give actors our best tables," said Hover heatedly to a new head waiter.

"Actors, sir?" said the new captain. "Are there any actors in the place?"

"What do you call Van Johnson, Gregory Peck and Bob Walker??????" demanded the boss.

"If you are asking for my critical opinion, sir," replied the waiter, "I would say they were person*alities!*" Yuk, Yuk!

* * *

Vignette on Dana Andrews: Blondes are his favorite "type" and he doesn't care who knows it. Both his wife and daughter are blondes. . . . He won't give interviews at noon or during the lunch hour because he always drives home for lunch. . . . He doesn't drink cocktails. Highballs are different. . . . He loves the movie "Laura" but is doggone sick of the song. . . . He likes ham sandwiches, women to wear gloves, to drive a car very fast and the color of tomato red. . . . He hates motorists who honk horns, purple, sardines, people who hem and haw when they talk, suntan makeup and bare legs with street or evening clothes. Just thought we'd let you know.

* * *

The M-G-M studios started getting in a worried mood when Sonja Henie told a Chicago newspaper man that she didn't know what might happen with Van Johnson—that he was telephoning her every day. At that time, Sonja hadn't yet obtained her divorce from Dan Topping, and M-G-M didn't want their fair-haired boy to be entangled.

As for Van—he was a little surprised, himself! His feeling for Sonja is merely a friendly one and the romantic angle had never entered his head. Van told someone I know that his friends are eager to get him married. But he's a thoroughly nice boy and a gentleman, and when a lady makes a statement well, what can he do?

* * *

On the other hand, I predict that one of these days Helmut Dantine and Ida Lupino will marry. They have had their quarrels. yes, some unpleasant publicity and their spectacular moments. But she is the only girl for him.

The torch he carried for his wife is doused and almost any evening he can be located at Ida's house, or you'll see them out dining together.

A romance that has come along as steadily as this will hardly die out in a hurry.

"Two's better'n One! --here's what we mean—"

NAN: Ya don't hafta be twins t'know it's best for baby's skin to be *doubly-blessed* with Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil. Our beeyootiful, healthy skin sure owes thanks to Mennen "twin blessings". . .

ANN: First off . . . bein' *antiseptic*, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other skin troubles.

NAN: Second, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent roughness and dryness, keeps skin smooth and lovely. It's the *only* baby oil used with wonderful results on *millions* of babies over the past 12 years!

ANN: Makes us *smell so sweet*, too! Most doctors, hospitals and nurses say Mennen Baby Oil is best; follow *their* advice . . .

4 TIMES AS MANY DOCTORS PREFER MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL AS ANY OTHER*
MORE BABY SPECIALISTS PREFER MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER THAN ANY OTHER*
Twin Blessings for Baby-
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*Nationwide surveys

BE SURE TO USE MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth! New scent makes baby smell sweet. 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be *antiseptic*, and MENNEN *is!**

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It's a little late to be talking about the fabulous party Mike Romanoff gave at which the guests were asked to come as their ancestors. But Hollywood is still talking about this most sumptuous post-war affair to date.

I think the thing that pleased everyone most was the way Jimmy Stewart seemed to have thrown off his war worries and entered into the fun. He came as a skeleton, and he told me that he had called up one of the leading undertakers and asked to be delivered to the party in a coffin. "Certainly not," said the undertaker, horrified, "that would be in very bad taste."

It was at this party that Lana Turner met Bob Hutton for the first time and danced and sat and talked with him—and that was all. But it was certainly a pain in the neck to Cleatus Caldwell, ex-wife of Ken Murray, who has zee beeg yen for Bob and was supposed to marry him when her divorce is final. That night, she and Bob quarreled, and up to the hour of going to press, they haven't made up. It shows you can never tell what will happen at one of these big parties.

It's too bad—because as far as Lana is concerned, Bob is just one of many admirers. She told me after the Turhan Bey break up that she has no intention of getting seriously entangled again.

* * *

A radio commentator had it on the air that Joan Crawford showed up at a night spot wearing black lipstick and black finger nails. Far be it from me to call the gent a fibber, but I think Joan is too smart where her public is concerned to show up looking like a caricature. If it's true—I gotta see it with my own eyes.

* * *

Now that we are almost to the end of this month of GOOD NEWS there are several things I want to ask you—and I would appreciate your writing me about them.

For one thing, I have heard many people say lately that they think Frank Sinatra is becoming too serious and "preachy" with his deep-rooted interest in juvenile delinquency and racial tolerance. I don't feel that way myself. I respect Frank's sincerity—but I'd like to know how you feel.

Then, one fan wrote me and said she thought it was "indelicate" for me to mention in my newspaper columns and in this department, that a movie star was "expecting." Said the lady, "Such intimate things should not be mentioned months and months in advance. Why not be dignified and confine yourself to announcing the *birth* of the movie babies and not the expectations?" Zowie! I would lose out on a lot of scoops if I did—but how do you feel?

Still another critique was that Hollywood was being too gay these days and tossing too many big parties. After the long, long years of the war in which there was practically no social life in movie town, it seems to me to be perfectly natural that the movie folk should relax a bit and be happy. Do you enjoy reading about the parties I tell you about in Hollywood? Then drop me a little note and say so—and I'll appreciate it. That's all for this month.

BOB WALKER

(*Continued from page* 38)

the "Y." He said he was a young man of good character and—yes—he was willing to work for his bed and board. They wrote out the address on a piece of "Y" stationery and Bob grabbed a subway. He rode to the end of the line. Then he took a street car and jolted on. Finally he swung off, carrying his suitcase. He was clear up in Yonkers. He lugged the grip down the street to the number written on the "Y" paper. His heart sank. It was an ancient house, miles from anywhere.

But inside it wasn't as bad as all that. The Wallace Co-op operated on the old time-honored American colonial principle —"No work, no eat." The room was fifty cents a day and you worked for your meals. Bob hung up his clothes and rolled up his sleeves. He was hungry.

He crawled into the hay that night weary but at peace. He was earning his own way, even if he dreamed about a stack of dishes ten miles high tottering over and about to drown him in a sea of dishwater.

mother's little helper . . .

For weeks, he rolled out of his cot in the bare room and was mother's little helper around the Wallace Lodge. Then he chased after the Yonkers street car, dived down in the subway and finally got to civilization. For some reason, the first rounds he made were Manhattan restaurants. He thought everybody had to eat and certainly he could land something there that didn't require any skill, experience, training or social standing. He tackled the business offices of all the eatery chains—Horn and Hardart, the Automat people, Childs, Schraffts, and dozens more. For some strange reason they had plenty of bus boys, cooks' helpers, waiters.

Bob hustled around to all the possible job hunting grounds. He filled out enough applications to bind into a book. "We'll let you know," they said—but they didn't. In 1938 jobs were tough to get, even dog-meat jobs—and oddly enough, those were all Bob wanted. He wasn't interested in starting a business career with a future. The only future that made sense to Bob was an acting future. He just wanted to stay in New York until he could stick his foot in a stage door and pry it open a crack. But his first disappointment still seared Bob's sensitive soul. He didn't hit the Broadway pavements in his busted condition. He didn't have the heart. There was nobody to tell him he was good, and he needed that. Then the letter came.

It was postmarked "Tulsa" and the address was the handwriting Bob knew so well. "I'm coming back to school," exulted Phyl. "We'll have a wonderful year."

Bob skipped his job chase that afternoon. When his Co-op labors were over, he pulled the pants of his best suit out from under the mattress and slipped on the snowy clean shirt he'd been hoarding.

Phyl flew into his arms at Penn Station chattering a mile a minute—Tulsa, the tent show, the home folks, the fun, the thrill of being back in New York. They'd both be "seniors" at the Academy of Dramatic Arts this year. What balls of fire they'd be, now that both had been out in the world and rubbed off the green paint.

Bob hailed a cab recklessly and listened, smiling, all the way up to the Barbizon for Women. It was so wonderful just hearing Phyl's voice and he didn't want to dam the gay cascade by saying what he had to say. "If you have any class," he told himself, "you'll let her down easy." Bob sat in the Barbizon lobby while Phyl fresh-

(*Continued on page 100*)

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By Nancy Wood

STAR-GAZING at LUCEY'S

Second in our series of Hollywood restaurants, Lucey's feeds many of your favorite movie stars

Movie actor-restaurateur Steve Crane and Don Alheraros, headwaiter, go into a huddle over one of the best menus in the city of make-believe

Lucey's is a miniature Italian castle with a congenial atmosphere and nothing gaudy in its appearance. Great place for business talk!

■ "STAR-LIGHT, star-bright, first star I see tonight—" The first movie star you might see on entering Lucey's Restaurant is Steve Crane, who, with Al Mathes, owns this favorite Hollywood eating place. (The restaurant business happened to Steve last spring!) Then, after getting Mr. Crane's autograph on one of his own menus, you'd look around and see whole constellations of heavenly bodies from Paramount, Columbia and RKO.

Lucey's has very few tourist guests. It's a little Italian castle, located in the heart of Hollywood. In general, quiet reigns. Dim lights, soft music, little tables in tucked away nooks, a huge fireplace, a placid old-world atmosphere make it an ideal spot for coherent conversation. Jimmy Fidler, Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons are here often, interviewing. Producers have large luncheons, agents discuss who, what and how much, and movie people can really enjoy a peaceful meal because cameramen aren't permitted to shoot on sight, but only with previous consent of the stars.

Lucey's list of famous patrons is a long one—Rita Hayworth, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Janet Blair, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Sonny Tufts, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Ingrid Bergman, Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake among others. The favorite guest of the management is little Cheryl Crane, who comes here twice a week to eat ice cream with her daddy. She is usually accompanied by either her nurse or her mother, Lana Turner (the former Mrs. Steve Crane). Lana makes a dainty meal of cold sliced chicken and potato salad.

These glamorous customers are exceedingly easy to please. Each usually has his or her favorite booth. Booth 13 was Buddy De Sylva's before his recent illness. Veronica Lake always eats in No. 3 and Betty Hutton unsuperstitiously prefers 13.

When he is working, Bing Crosby is in at least twice a day. Always in a hurry, but, as you would expect, never shouting for service. If the staff's busy, he asks them to put him in any little corner and leave him to his steak and hashed brown potatoes. However, during the production of "The Bells of St. Mary's," Bing, Ingrid Bergman and Director Leo McCarey could be found lunching in the shaded patio, in plain view of passing fans!

Alan and Sue Ladd are salad fiends. And no wonder! Lucey's is widely known for gorgeous salads—the Lorenzo, Caliente and Marinare. (Coaxing is useless! They *won't* tell how they make them!) Sonny Tufts can make his way through a really impressive steak. Joan Fontaine can't let the French pastry tray pass without indulging!

VEAL SCALLOPINI

2 lbs. veal cutlet, sliced ¼ inch thick
Salt and pepper
Cracker meal
1 clove garlic, finely minced
¼ cup olive and salad oil, combined
½ cup sherry

Pound thinly sliced veal thoroughly until "spongy." Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and dip into cracker meal. Melt butter in hot skillet, place veal in pan and brown quickly (takes about 2 minutes). Add finely minced garlic to oil and pour over veal slices. Lower heat to simmering, baste veal with sherry and simmer 30 minutes, or until meat is very tender. It's perfectly delicious eating at this point, but perhaps you'd like to serve it with the special sauce Lucey's makes: Saute sliced mushrooms in butter for five minutes over low heat. Add about a cup of meat sauce (like that used for spaghetti) and 2 tablespoons mustard sauce diablo (or add brown prepared mustard to taste). Add a dash of salt if needed. Serve hot over veal. Serves 4 or 5.

ZUCCHINI FLORENTINE

1 lb. zucchini
½ cup olive oil
1 clove garlic, minced
Cracker meal
Pepper, if preferred

Cut zucchini lengthwise into slices ¼ inch thick and then into 3 or 4 inch strips eight hours before cooking time. This allows it to soften. Soak in salt water for 1 hour or more. Drain thoroughly. (This is Lucey's method. By an alternate method also used in cooking this Italian specialty, freshly sliced zucchini is soaked in hot water 30 minutes before sautéing.) Add finely minced garlic to olive oil in skillet and brown. Meanwhile dip drained zucchini in cracker crumbs (if soaked in unsalted hot water, sprinkle with salt at this point). Place in hot fat in skillet and fry, uncovered, over high heat 9 or 10 minutes or until tender. Serves 2 or 3.

LUCEY'S ALMOND PUDDING

8 ozs. almonds, finely chopped
½ cup butter
⅔ cup powdered sugar
2 eggs, separated
¾ teaspoon orange flower water
⅛ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons cream

Chop almonds very fine, or put through nut grinder. Cream butter until soft, add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg yolks, orange flower water (you can buy this at the drug store, or use vanilla instead), salt and cream. Add almonds and blend thoroughly. Pour into small buttered pudding pan. Place pudding pan in pan of hot water and then in moderate oven (350° F.). Bake 25 minutes, or until firm. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until frothy, adding 3 tablespoons sugar gradually and beating until stiff. Return to moderate oven and brown meringue. A rich dessert, which should serve 6 to 8.

"They *almost* weaned me!"

"I've been on a queer diet the last year or two . . . sometimes I wondered if I'd *ever* see any more Fels-Naptha Soap.

But a fellow who's always had the best doesn't give up easy. And now that I'm getting my Fels-Naptha, the laundry work in this house is strictly pre-war.

I do a family-size wash without a quiver, finish the job on schedule, and believe me—those clothes are really *white* again!"

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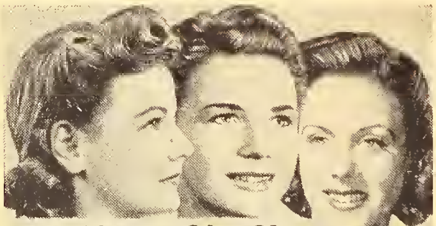

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PALE? WEAK?
from loss of
BLOOD-IRON?

Here's One Of The Best
Home Ways To Build Up Red Blood!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you are pale, feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to low blood-iron—

So start today—try Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build up red blood to give more strength and energy—in such cases.

Pinkham's Tablets help build up the RED QUALITY of the blood (very important) by reinforcing the haemoglobin of red blood cells.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS

ened up and fixed her train face. The parade of cuties, photo models, Macy salesgirls, show-struck kids like himself and Phyl, tripped in and out, bright and busy. He couldn't say it here. When Phyl came down he suggested: "Let's walk over to the park." They found their favorite bench, the one where the squirrels practically picked your pockets.

"I'm not going back to the Academy," blurted Bob. "I can't afford it. I'm broke." And he told the whole tale. His fight with Aunt Tenny. His resolve to go it alone. The Wallace Co-operative lodge. His fruitless job hunt. The way he'd shied off from Broadway—all of it.

"Then I'm not going back to school, either," said Phyl promptly.

She smothered Bob's protests with glowing ideas. They'd both get jobs on Broadway. They were both good. They rated it.

"Phyl, dear," said Bob, "you're wonderful. Will you marry me?"

soon, maybe not tomorrow . . .

"Of course," she smiled, as if that were already understood. "Of course I will—some day. But we've got to get busy. Come by for me tomorrow—early."

"As soon as I get through the dishes, dear," cracked Bob happily.

They tackled Broadway as a team and they gave it all they had. It wasn't a case of the Walgreen Club, hanging around whiling away hours over the drug store fountain with great ideas and gossip. Bob and Phyl couldn't afford the luxury of Walgreens. They toured the heartless agencies all day, cooled their shoe leather on the outer office benches and dragged home at night—Phyl to the Barbizon, where papa paid the bill, and Bob back up to Yonkers in the middle of the morning, rolling out right after dawn to earn his breakfast.

But nothing happened. Bob was just as snakebit on Broadway as he'd been on Fifth Avenue. And even the beauty and spunk that Phyllis Iseley packed didn't crack one producer's armor. The answer was always, "Sorry." Then they heard about the Cherry Lane Theater down in Greenwich Village where, if you really loved your acting, you might get in a play. Luck broke for Bob and Phyl the first time they called on Paul Gilmore. He ran the tiny place for just such unknown, poor but talented kids as Bob and Phyl.

Paul Gilmore was an old and formerly famous actor but the Cherry Lane was plenty older. In fact, it was antiquated. The stairs were rickety and stage boards creaked. When it rained the trickle might come dripping down anywhere, on audience or actors. Backstage, rats and mice cozily kept house and multiplied.

Bob and Phyl were stars—or at least leads—from the start. They did "Springtime for Henry" and "Three Men on a Horse," old standbys that Phyl had done in stock back in Tulsa. But they did them well, and while fifty cents a night is no road to riches, they were happy. For Bob it was a long haul from the Village clear up to Yonkers, with a way stop at the Barbizon, but he got used to that. Luckily both were the type who got wrapped up in their work, so that the expensive fun Manhattan offers didn't bother them a bit.

Love on a dime, only sometimes it was a nickel—that was Bob and Phyl. But when you're nineteen and she's eighteen—what's money?

But back in Tulsa, Phyllis Iseley's family wasn't so sure. Phyl had gone back East to finish the Academy and here she was playing in some rat trap down in the slums. The Iseleys took a flying trip to New York and when they got a look at the Cherry Lane they weren't impressed. Mr. Iseley was a practical show business man. He owned a chain of theaters in

Oklahoma and Missouri and it was the Iseley Stock Company that Phyl had starred with that traveling tent show summer. Papa Iseley also had an interest in a radio station. He thought his daughter could get just as valuable experience and live a lot more befitting an Iseley back home. He put in a call for New York. There was a spot open on the radio station for a dramatic show and it would be Phyl's baby if she wanted it. She could produce, direct and star in her own show.

The Cherry Lane season would end soon. Phyl thought of Bob up in the Co-op, the struggle he was having and how it ate into her heart. This would be such a wonderful breather for them both—a little money, a project of their own, relief from the grinding, competitive city. But not without Bob.

"Papa, can you use a leading man, too?"

"Sure, bring him along."

Phyl put it up to Bob that night. She didn't say anything about that conversation. She just said the job was open for both of them and it was a wonderful break. What could he lose? It sounded swell and wherever Phyl went that was for Bob Walker.

let's go . . .

Phyl went on to get things started and Bob followed West. First, though, he went around to Aunt Tenny's and patched up things. On his record, Hortense Odlum decided Bob had plenty of character to get by and obviously anybody who would act the hard way he did down in the Village and play houseboy days for his board and keep wasn't lacking in character.

Tulsa was almost like being back home in Ogden. A small, live-wire Western city, plenty up-to-date and receptive to new ideas. The Radio Lab Phyl and Bob worked up was one and it went over like a B-29. The Phyllis Iseley Radio Theater was the official tag. Phyl and Bob acted in all the air plays, wrote, directed, studied and pioneered. They had the time of their lives and the program was a success all of its fourteen weeks' run. They made $50 a week between them, and on top of that Bob took over the job of managing a movie house of the Iseley chain. That brought in another twenty-five. They were practically filthy rich.

Bob camped in Tulsa at a boarding house down town from the Iseley's, but somehow he seldom showed up there for meals. Generally Phyl would say, "Oh, come on home!" and it was hard to refuse. Pretty soon he was accepted as one of the family and nobody in Tulsa batted a surprised eye when they announced their marriage. They knew it would happen someday, but even Bob and Phyl didn't dare hope it would be so soon. He was still 19 and Phyl 18 when they said "I do."

That was right after the P. I. Radio Theater had completed its successful run. By then, between Phyl and Bob, there was a nice little starting out stake of $600. Papa Iseley came through with a gorgeous red convertible Packard for a wedding gift and with the wheel in his hands, Bob had only one idea.

"We've got to drive to Ogden so the folks can meet you," said Bob. So that was their honeymoon.

On the way they stopped in Salt Lake to meet the old F Street gang, and show lovely Phyl off to the Walker clan. And in Ogden, Horace and Zella Walker swelled like pouter pigeons when they introduced their beautiful new daughter around town.

Now Bob hinted, "You know, Hollywood's not far away. It would be a shame not to go there, long as we're so close."

"I've never seen Hollywood," said Phyl.

"Look," argued Bob. "I've got an uncle who has a drag at R.K.O. I'll bet we could get tests. It would be easy with all the experience we've had. What do you say?"

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Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.

"How much money have we left?" asked Phyl.

"About four hundred bucks."

Bob had forgotten his Hollywood heartbreak long ago when he came up full of beans and the bright boy actor of San Diego Army and Navy; but after all, he was just a raw kid then. Now it would be different. They had influential friends. Phyl's father had Hollywood connections. It should be a breeze to get a break. Once they got a wedge in they always came through. There were lots of arguments you could toss at yourself kicking the idea around in your head, like that. The red car was just built for Hollywood Boulevard. Four hundred bucks, sunshine, palms and careers waiting to be plucked.

"Aunt Daisy" ran a boarding house up on La Brea, just North of Sunset Boulevard, in the heart of Hollywood. She was a sweet, motherly old lady and perennially young in heart. All her boarders for years, it seemed, had been youngsters like the couple who drove up, busting to show Hollywood a thing or two. She had a room for the honeymooners and also inexhaustible advice and encouragement. The room was cheap and the advice absolutely free.

They moved into Aunt Daisy's Hollywood haven and before they'd unpacked their bags the hunt was on. Bob and Phyl both toted a formidable sheaf of letters of recommendation from their New York dramatic professors and the Cherry Lane.

Bob came back bursting to Aunt Daisy's one night with the glad news. "We're getting a test at R.K.O." They knew his uncle there and they had smiled sweetly.

Aunt Daisy came through with a celebration feed that night. She always had to be in on all the results of Bob and Phyl's day. When they'd come dragging in from their studio rounds, no matter how late, she'd shoo them into the kitchen and put on the coffee pot. "Now, dears," she'd say, when she had them sitting at the kitchen table. "Tell Aunt Daisy all about it." As the tale unwound she'd nod her head wisely and give advice.

same old brush-off . . .

Sometimes Bob and Phyl took her advice and sometimes they didn't. But the results were about the same. It was the old brush, the freeze. The polite boot, or the old square-toed kick, not subtle but convincing. At R.K.O. it was more refined and ladylike. Bob got whizzed through his "relative" test there so fast that his head was dizzy. "Ah—that's fine—now, speak your lines—fine—perfect—perfect—cut . . . A great personality, Mr. Walker—photograph like a million—never heard such a recording voice—goodbye—goodbye—we'll call you—don't you call us. . . ."

At M.G.M. the treatment was more direct. They just said "No"—period—and they said it right away. It is a little bewildering to Bob, today, to recall his first contact with Leo who purrs happily at his approach today (and why not—he's one of M.G.M.'s biggest bets!). Back then, Bob couldn't even find Culver City in the first place. He zig-zagged the red Packard over half Southern California before he could locate the studio he'd read about. And when he got there at last the closest he got to an interview was the girl at the reception desk in Casting. His name? Did he have an appointment? No? Then, she was sorry. Goodbye. Next?

Bob and Phyl got their biggest chance at Paramount. They worked their hearts out to get in there, pulling all the wires they knew and finally wangling a test from that young minded studio, then interested in building up young stars. They knocked themselves out at Aunt Daisy's, running up her light bill polishing off scenes from Ibsen's "Ghosts" and "Tovarich." That, they figured, with typical little theater reasoning, was the stuff to show.

It was a *wrong* mistake. If Bob and Phyl had been less highbrow they might have had a chance. Frank Freeman, the Paramount boss, came into the testing stage six times to give them the eagle eye. But all the artistic acting that Bob and Phyl were throwing around wasn't what he had in mind for the Paramount stock company. A couple of young, appealing kids, such as Bob and Phyl undoubtedly were, might have won a double contract in a walk, by other tactics. As it was, Paramount teetered on the fence for weeks about Phyl, who interested them most, and Bob himself just missed snagging a part in "Henry Aldrich." But in the end the decision was thumbs down.

Phyl finally landed—at Republic—in "New Frontier," a western with John Wayne, and Bob found himself actually before a camera with film in it at Walter Wanger's, chasing Helen Parrish with some other stock kids in and out of "Winter Carnival," one of the saddest film efforts the Lone Star Wanger ever produced. But it was $75 a week for Bob while it lasted.

Bob wasn't too sensitive. He had no illusions about his early Hollywood art. He was interested mainly in keeping solvent. While he made "Winter Carnival" he packed manuscripts to the set, read and synopsized them for a story agent, Dave Bader, who'd given him a $35-a-week reading job. He spent most nights that way, too. Both he and Phyl were determined the Iseleys weren't going to play Santa Claus any more.

Bob and Phyl left Aunt Daisy's for a little dream cottage they found in Laurel Canyon for $35 a month, with a fireplace, cozy furniture and everything. It was their first home really, but even at $35

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it was an extravagance for the Robert Walkers. Sometimes Phyl came through with a dinner. But mostly she was too busy chasing a job. They dined at Thrifty Drug Stores, hamburger stands and wherever they could. It wasn't all love-in-garret, Hollywood style, though. They rolled along the Pacific Coast in the soft moonlight in the big Packard, just as if the world was a bowl of peaches and cream. Then the gilt rubbed off and the hard, cold brass of Hollywood showed underneath. "I didn't come out here to read scripts," grumbled Bob.

"If you think I'm going to be the cowgirl of the Golden West, you're crazy," rebelled Phyl. They looked at each other and the look met in the middle and spelled "New York." They practically dived for their bags and started packing.

By the time they were packed and cleared out of the bungalow, Bob and Phyl had sobered up. They remembered—New York is expensive, acting is undependable. They both looked at the shiny, red Packard ouside. It had been their bucker-upper all through Hollywood.

goodbye, car . . .

Phyl spoke first. "We'd better sell it."

"It's our wedding gift."

She bit her lip. "We'd better sell it."

They got $1100 for it. That got them to New York, paid the first month's rent on an apartment in Woodside, Long Island.

It was fall. The city wore a cocky, bouncy air. The summer visitors were gone and the New Yorkers were back home, rarin' to go. "We can't miss," Bob grinned, optimistically. "Meet you on the 5:15."

But they could miss. In fact, it was very easy—despite their training, despite the people they knew. They missed for four long weeks and then one day, when they met for lunch at Walgreen's counter, Phyl couldn't eat. She didn't feel well, she thought she'd see a doctor. Bob went along. The doctor grinned. "How'd you like to be a father?" he asked Bob.

It was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. But it was also a stunning shock to Bob. Marriage was wonderful—responsibilities?—well, he hadn't thought about that, certainly right then he hadn't. Frankly, he got scared. He knew he'd have to do something about it. Suddenly the Broadway acting drama seemed wildly impractical. After he hugged Phyl happily he went outside and had a cigarette.

He'd never thought of radio much before. He knew there was money there, but all he could see was the stage. Now he didn't have the patience to take the brush-offs. He went over to Radio City now—and he found it just as tough. But he landed a tip: An agent named Chamberlain Brown was holding auditions every week for undiscovered talent. In his day Chamberlain Brown had been a big agent on Broadway; he still had the best connections and he'd talked them into looking at the kids he auditioned. It was a good bet and what could a guy lose? Bob went over that week and Phyl went along to help. They did scenes from "The Shining Hour" and "Our Town." A man came up to them afterwards.

"I'm the talent representative here for Paramount," he said. "Gosh, I think you kids are great! How'd you like a test?"

Bob and Phyl laughed. They told him about all the tests at the studios.

"I don't care," said the New York man. "You kids are *still* great. Let me call them long distance, tell them. If they say yes, will you make another test?"

Sure they would. The man called. He told his story to the Hollywood powers. He built them up big. "What's their names?" asked Hollywood.

"Robert Walker and Phyllis Walker."

The answer came back, "No, *thanks!*"

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Bob and Phyl hadn't expected anything different. But there was a lady agent who was in solid at NBC, Audrey Wood. She liked them, too. Through her, Bob Walker got his first job on the air, one line in a "Yesterday's Children" show. Five words and his check was $25. Five bucks a word! To Bob, with his bank account gone and his boy, Bobby, on the way, that was sensational. He plunged into air acting seriously, forgetting the stage, forgetting Broadway. His agent friends, Bill Liebling and Audrey Wood, told him, "Stick around here and keep at it a few months and you'll make a nice living." At that point Bob was ready to settle for just that. He was only twenty-one but he had to be practical. Life, not dreams, was his ticket now and life was a practical business.

In a few months he was busy almost every day, in morning shows like "David Harum," "John's Other Wife," "Stella Dallas"—soap operas and corny tear-jerkers all, but the biggest bonanza in radio.

But long before the big checks came in, Bob and Phyl started tightening their belts for the Big Event. The cozy little apartment in Woodside made them feel like spendthrifts when they checked up on what it cost to have a baby. Their Manhattan friends had the answer, "Move to the Village—it's cheap, and it's handy."

They found an unfurnished walkup over on West Tenth, way past the jail, practically in the slums, for $18 a month. The kitchen was combined with the living room. The lavatory was in the hall. There was no heat. It was hardly the Ritz Towers.

They lugged their entire house furnishings in from Woodside—one chair, a love seat, a table and two lamps. Bob will never forget the day they moved in. It was raining a gray, sodden downpour, and the Village streets looked imcomparably shabby, dirty and old. He hoisted their stock of worldly goods up the stairs. He sat them down and when Phyl surveyed the bleak apartment she curled up in the love seat and buried her face. Bob could have cried too, but neither did. They were so forlorn, weak and weary, it tickled them.

village life . . .

Bob and his wife lived the Bohemian life only briefly. At bottom they were nice, normal western kids and the artistic village simply wasn't their dish. They didn't thrill to all the cults and movements and all-night parties that made the ancient brick patch-up places rock most nights. They didn't drink; they had no political crusades. They didn't paint or sculpt, and unless you could call Bob's script synopses writing, they didn't do anything connected with the arts, except long to act. Phyl sent home for "Polly," her parrot, and "Tinker," the inky black cocker, to help warm up their loft. But as Bobby's arrival drew nearer and nearer they came to their senses and longed for the plain suburbia which was more their speed. The deadline was mighty close when they finally managed to move into a summer shack in Long Beach.

That nest is distinguished in Bob Walker's memory only as the first home of his adored boy, Bobby. It was, frankly, another mistake, in the scrambling attempt of the Walkers to find a place they could call home. They moved there because it seemed to do nothing but rain in the Village and the leaky flat was damp. So to get out of the damp before Baby Bobby came they went to Long Beach. What was worse, Bob talked the landlord into an extra two months free, before the season opened, so they moved in at the height of the clammy seaside spring. Bob picked up an old flivver for $75 and they chugged out that day with their sticks of furniture. A couple of trips did it and together Bob and Phyl set about unpacking.

They were only half way through—on another day when Phyl thought she'd better stop. It was around three o'clock in the morning when she whispered to Bob and he jumped out of bed and grabbed his clothes. Inwardly he cursed his dumbness for all the jouncing and jolting of their rackety-packety ride in the flivver, for the hasty unpacking and shifting around they'd done to get settled. Now this was it—and there was no phone in the house—and it was raining cats and dogs.

He dashed through the storm down town whistling and yelling for cabs. Luckily, the one prudent thing Bob had done was to tell the cab office he might need one that night. Luckily, they had one there. In a matter of minutes the Walkers were skidding down the pavement to Jamaica in as wild a ride as Bob cares to remember. All the dreadful tales he'd heard about everything connected with babies flashed through his mind—and it was all his fault. He was a nervous wreck and prepared to be more so when they closed the maternity ward door on him at five A.M. But in ten minutes the nurse popped out, smiling, "Congratulations," she beamed, "You're the proud father of a fine son!"

Bob just gawked. He'd thought he'd be pacing all the morning and maybe into the night. With his red curls matted and his clothes soggy and wet, he looked more like the kid who'd run away from home back in Salt Lake City, than a brand new, 21-year old father. He muttered, "Th-thanks," and sank weakly down on the bench. Only then did he realize he'd practically had the baby with Phyl, through all that day and night of moving and getting settled. The hospital, reached in the nick of time, was the very end of the event. From that moment on, Bob Walker felt, as he feels today, that he's an especially privileged parent. What's more, Bobby brought him bright new luck. He landed jobs in two new radio shows the very next day.

But you could hardly attribute all of Robert Walker's success in Radio City to Baby Bob. As he did better and better—won spots on night shows, too, like the Aldrich Family—what was paying off was the training, natural talent, the thorough hard work, the urge for perfection which has always marked Robert Walker's bid for fame. He still owns the recording machine he bought for Phyl to wax his programs at home. They'd replay them together and find out what he'd done on the air that wasn't as good as it could be.

Before long the Walkers were edging right along toward Easy Street. They moved from the Long Beach shack to a furnished house in Garden City, where, a year after Bobby, Michael boosted their family to four.

smooth sailing . . .

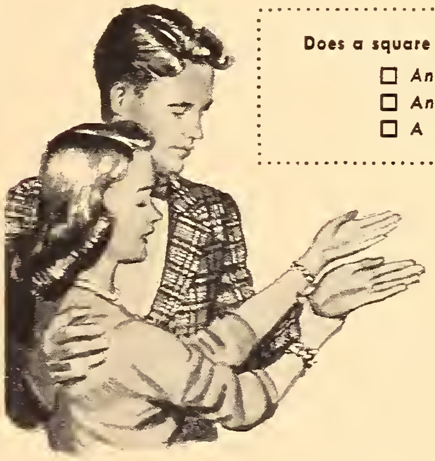
Outside of occasional snags, Bob and Phyllis Walker sailed along, as smooth as silk. When Bob snagged his own air show, "Maudie's Diary," and got billed over the air, when he found himself dragging down $300 and $400 a week and getting his name in radio, he began to believe—against his inner voice—that this was the life. He bought a swell new Buick convertible to race back and forth to town in. He moved the family to wealthy Sands Point, Long Island, to a dreamy Colonial house, set in four green acres. He joined the exclusive Sands Point Club, played tennis with Phyl and his friends while the boys splashed in the salt-water pool. They took in the Forest Hills tennis matches, drove around Long Island in the summer, took long walks by the sea and thrilled to watch their boys get a healthy outdoors start. They even got a nurse for the kids, to take the load off Phyl.

Because Bob was the working breadwinner, ever since they came back from

Are you in the know?

For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—
☐ Give up breathing
☐ Minimize the midriff
☐ Try corset laces

The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull!) . . . working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snuggest outfit. With Kotex, no revealing outlines nag you—for Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that *don't show*. And to help you stay dainty, there's a *deodorant* in Kotex. Gals who rate appreciate this grooming aid!



Does a square shaped hand indicate—
☐ An inquiring mind
☐ An impulsive nature
☐ A dynamic personality

Your hand can reveal your traits and temperament! Have you a square shaped hand? If so, palmists say you're a practical soul; self assured. You have an inquiring mind—which is good, for it helps you make wise decisions. And when you inquire about sanitary protection, and learn that Kotex has lasting softness (doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch) . . . that Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . it's ten to one you'll decide on Kotex. Because you value real comfort. No wonder you're self-assured!

If the lady doesn't laugh, would you consider her—
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☐ Dracula's mother
☐ Justified

This little lap-lander didn't *mean* to tumble. But to the lady it's the last straw. She's tired of being pushed around by boisterous characters. The lady's justified. Accidents and a "who cares?" attitude too often go together. That's worth pondering... on "those" days, as well, for if you use *care* in choosing a sanitary napkin, you'll choose Kotex—and avoid mishaps. Yes, Kotex' exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection from problem-day accidents!

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Hollywood and found Broadway closed clam-tight to their joint assaults, Bob achieved the prosperity on his own, while Phyl took care of the home and family. That's the way both of them wanted it, although deep inside the old frustrated acting spark had never been doused in either Bob or the beautiful girl who was to become Hollywood's Jennifer Jones. She still went over his radio scripts with him, criticised his shows, and for fun sometimes when the nights were rainy and the kids put to bed, they'd build a fire and go through one of the old plays they did together at the Academy and the Cherry Lane. Hollywood—that seldom came up—the memories weren't too pleasant—but Broadway still was an open crush with both Walkers and they admitted it. In fact, their greatest pleasures were the trips in town to see a play. Before the nurse came they worked out an alternating deal. One night Phyl stayed home with the kids while Bob drove in town to catch a hit performance. The next time he fed the boys and put them to bed while Phyl had a night at the theater. With the babies under a nurse's care, they made the trip together. And when they did, Bob noticed the rapt look that Phyl wore for days. She was born to act herself, as he was, he knew, and he wasn't surprised when, with the household running smoothly at last, she started driving in town with him days, just, as she said, "to look around."

phyllis scores one . . .

Nor was any one in New York more tickled than Bob when Phyl met him one afternoon at their favorite spot on 51st Street, bubbling about a chance to test for the Chicago company of "Claudia." Dorothy Maguire had made that one a big Broadway hit. The words "Chicago Company" gave Bob's heart a twinge but they were two of a kind and he caught the thrill of the break. It was second nature. "Gosh, Phyl, that's great," grinned Bob. "Chicago—there's lots of radio there. Maybe I could get a spot and come along."

They had a drink to celebrate.

But Phil didn't get the part. Another Phyllis, Phyllis Thaxter, was author Rose Franken's choice. For both Phyls, however, that test was a one-way ticket to Hollywood—only Phyl Walker got there first. Selnick's alert New York scout saw her and phoned his boss. At that time Twentieth Century was combing the world for the one and only Bernadette for the great religious picture, "The Song of Bernadette." So when Phyl Walker lost, she won. But could she fly out to Hollywood and make a test for "Bernadette?" "Wait until I call my husband," said Phyl.

It was hard to tell it over the phone. But she babbled something and then raced out to Sands Point. Bob and Phyl stayed up most of the night making excited plans. Phyl would go to Hollywood, of course. What a wonderful unbelievable chance! And Bob—he'd keep on with "Maudie's Diary" and watch over the nurse and Bobby and Mike in Sands Point. It was all a long, impossible gamble, but what a swell kick to be thinking and hoping.

So Phyllis Walker flew off to Hollywood, saying, "I'll call you the minute I know!" And it seemed like Bob would have no nails left at all by the time he heard the operator say "Los Angeles calling." Still, he really didn't believe it could happen to Phyl—not—boom!—like that. Maybe she'd get a stock contract, anyway.

He was home with the kids when the call came. It was short and sweet. "Bob," came the familiar voice, high with excitement, "I've got it. I'm 'Bernadette.'"

Bob had a hard time keeping his own voice level. All the old plugging, undiscovered actor came back to him and he was as tickled as if it had happened to

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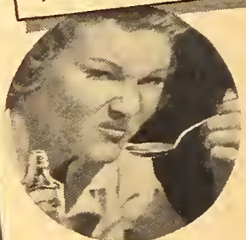

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him. "I'll send out the kids with the nurse," he said, "so you won't be lonely. And maybe later I can come out myself."

"Hurry," said Phyl.

It was Bob who broke up the home at Sands Point, stored the furniture, packed off the boys and the nurse, made the inventories, cleaned up the odds and ends. He knew he couldn't stick in New York with his family 3,000 miles away.

Soft radio spot or not, he had to go West, too. He talked it over with his agent, Marcella Knapp. "There's plenty of big time radio in Hollywood." She wasn't saying anything Bob didn't already know. The glamor end of radio had practically moved to the Coast. "You won't have any trouble getting set in radio, but look," urged Miss Knapp, "Hollywood means one big thing—pictures. Why don't you take some screen tests while you're there?"

Bob laughed. "You should see my report cards," he scoffed. "Ask Paramount, RKO, M-G-M—any of 'em. It's a long and sad story. For radio—yes, but for pictures—well, no studio has ever chanted, 'We want Walker!' "

Marcella Knapp planted one on the button. "Of course, they were *crazy* about Phyl from the start. That's why she's doing 'Bernadette' today, I suppose."

She had him. Bob grinned. "Okay," he said, "if they start waving screen tests in my face I won't run."

look who's here! . . .

He had told Phyl he'd be showing up on a certain date in December, when his radio contract left him off the hook. Happily for Bob that event came around two weeks early. He rushed home and packed his bags and grabbed a train. He was aboard before he realized he hadn't even called Phyl. He started to write a telegram and then tore it up. A dad doesn't get a chance to surprise his wife and kids often.

Bob rolled up in a cab to the apartment house in Beverly Hills and rang the doorbell. Phyl opened the door—and almost fainted with surprise into his arms.

That was almost Christmas. They scurried around town and came up with a house, in time to give the boys a real Christmas, with tree and toys and everything like they had back East. They didn't know it then, but that was to be the last Christmas they would spend together as Bob and Phyl Walker. The day after Bob came to town he was home when the telephone rang and he answered it.

"Hello, is Miss Jones there?"

"Who?" asked Bob.

"Jennifer Jones."

Bob yelled, "Phyl, do you know any 'Jennifer Jones' around here?"

She laughed. "Sure I do—that's me."

Maybe it's best to leave the private life of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Walker on the happy note of that last Christmas of 1942. Not too long afterwards, when Bob was making "See Here, Private Hargrove" and Jennifer was deep in "The Song of Bernadette," they decided to part. No one knows why and few even guess. Neither Bob nor his Phyl has ever explained, nor do they intend to. It is none of our business, either. Their family still flourishes, normally, happily, with Bobby and Mike growing into healthy, husky boys, dividing their time between their adoring parents. And one thing is certain—it wasn't unbalanced success—the trite but often too true story behind movietown breakups. Because Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker—going their separate ways—became two of the brightest young stars in the Hollywood heavens. Bob's Phyl won her Academy Oscar with her first camera part. Her Hollywood career is screen history that bears no repeating here. Neither does Bob's.

He took that test almost the minute he got in town when M-G-M wanted a young

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sailor type for "Bataan." He won his contract in a few minutes. "Private Hargrove" made him a star in his second picture. "Since You Went Away," "The Clock," "Her Highness and the Bellboy," "Sailor Takes A Wife"—for Bob they have marked a steady progression toward the highest shelf of Hollywood achievement. He's played in nothing but hits, he's done nothing but stand-out acting jobs. And along the way he has stubbornly, gradually won a victory over the big bugaboo he had to lick for his personal satisfaction—the tenacious type-casting yen of Hollywood to keep him forever a bashful boy, a perpetual clumsy Private Hargrove.

Only the other day Bob, now twenty-seven, reached movie maturity at last when M-G-M gave in and handed him his first thoroughly grown-up job, one that offers the greatest acting challenge of his life. They picked him to play the late, great popular composer, Jerome Kern, in "Till The Clouds Roll By," Hollywood's musical saga of that melody master's life.

Along with that plum, they handed Bob a new three-year contract which matches his star-standing with what makes the world go 'round—money! So immediately, Bob started looking around Hollywood for an apartment house to buy. Because the kid from Salt Lake is still a Walker and like a good Mormon, he's always thinking of his family. Two years from now his dad, Horace Walker, will retire from his job in Ogden and Bob thinks it would be swell to have the folks down in Hollywood. He knows they'd go crazy just sitting around, so he'd like to hand them the apartment house to manage. And that's a dream that looks like it might soon come true.

He picked another dream out of the sky last year, when he traveled back to New York for a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater on Broadway. Years ago, when he first hit New York, Bob and his brother, Walt, used to sit in the Capitol on Sunday afternoons and 'way back then he'd look at the blazing marquee and muse, "Wonder how I'd look up there?" He looked swell this year in mile-high letters, on all four sides. "ROBERT WALKER . . . IN PERSON" and he knows it's corny but he couldn't help hauling out of bed at dawn and hiking over from the Waldorf to watch the workmen hang the letters up as he muttered, "I never thought it would happen to me!"

broadway on the brain . . .

There's still his dream of those same words announcing a starring play on Broadway, and that's one he'll never give up until it's a reality. It blends inseparably with one great ambition in life—an ambition he's clung to since the San Diego Army and Navy Academy days—to be a fine, polished actor. Sometimes it's hard for Hollywood to understand that side of the quiet guy who loses his personal self in the major art of his life.

Bob made his most poignant film scene so far in "Since You Went Away"—the farewell love scene which he played tenderly with Jennifer Jones, the girl who only weeks before had been his wife, Phyl Walker. Sensing a story, a reporter collared him on the Selznick set.

"How can you stand," he asked, "to make love like that to your wife when you've just separated?" He drew a puzzled stare from Bob Walker.

"Why," he said at last. "That's got nothing to do with me and Phyl. You see, it's *acting*."

But the world which sees his pictures takes a more personal view of Robert Walker, as the world always does when a screen actor becomes a star. Acting craft or not, what comes across when Bob Walker faces a camera is something people like, and if personality, as the sages say, is the sum

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VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

of all experience—then Bob Walker has been on the right track to success since his runaway Salt Lake City days. Because wherever you go, you don't find any complaints.

The other day, before Bob was set for his dream part in "Till The Clouds Roll By," and before the composer's tragic passing, Jerome Kern sat in the office of Arthur Freed, the M-G-M producer. Kern's consent was necessary before Freed could cast the starring part.

"There's only one actor I can see doing it, Jerry," stated Freed. "And that's Robert Walker."

The composer smiled and reached for the telephone. "Just a minute," he said. "Let me call my wife." He dialed that number. "Hello, Eva? Listen—I'm in Arthur Freed's office and he suggests Robert Walker to play me in the picture. what do you think?"

Jerome Kern grinned and tilted the receiver so Arthur Freed could hear. "Well, Jerry," said Mrs. Kern, "you send Robert Walker home to me and you can stay there and play the part yourself!"

LANA by JAMES M. CAIN

(*Continued from page* 52)

the "played line," as they call it on the stage. I don't mean she acts when she talks to you. But she becomes intense, and makes every effort to make you feel what she is saying to you. Yet her face is always animated with a real sparkle; expressions flit across it with the rapidity of shadows and light on water. She has never acquired a broad A, and there is nothing about her speech that suggests the stage, screen or radio.

Yet of course I was curious as to why she had wanted to play in my story. When a woman goes romantic over a hobo, then helps him kill her husband, you couldn't exactly call her "sympathetic." So I asked her what had attracted her to Cora. "Her honesty," said Lana.

I almost choked on my tea. "Honesty! Are you kidding?"

honest cora . . .

"Look," said Lana, "Cora didn't pretend to herself. She knew she was a punk, and that what she was going to do about it was wrong. But she wanted something out of life. She wanted something she could never get if she went along in the same old rut."

"And what did she want?" I asked.

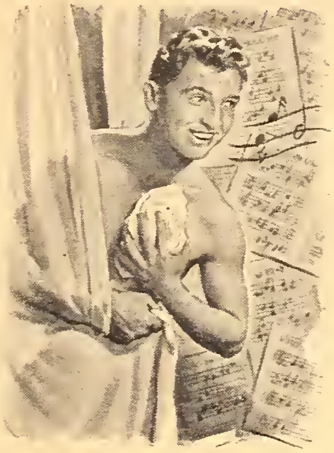
"Respectability!"

"I've often wondered if my readers could believe that."

"I believe it. It's what made Cora so human. She'd kill a man so she could have a little piece of property away out in the hills, a lunchroom, some cabins, and a filling station. Then she'd be something. That's what she said. Well that's so silly you can't help feeling sorry for her. But a lot of things people do don't make any sense, and when she was so honest with herself about it, I wanted to play her. And I loved the chances I had to show her when she was human just like anybody else. There she was—just a woman in love, doing things for a man, feeling the way other people feel, even if she *had* killed somebody."

Well, there's Cora in a nutshell. Lana understood her better than I did. And I wrote the book! The hunch I'd had about Lana was completely justified. She's more than a glamour girl. She's an actress. When she played Cora, she *was* Cora. I think she's going to make a hit of that "Postman" book yet!

BRIGHT IDEAS from Hollywood



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TEEN DREAM

(*Continued from page 56*)

in the hazy way of nocturnal happenings when a bearded man (the beard blows back and forth like fog) tells Dolly that her father and mother have gone mad.

By this time, Dolly is trying to run away, but her legs have the power of soaked spaghetti and as she looks back over her shoulder, the little old man begins to laugh a horrible, shaking laugh, while shouting, "And you're crazy, too."

Then she wakes up.

This should prove conclusively and for all time that dreams are a lot of nonsense, because Dolly Loehr is Diana Lynn of Paramount, and—together with her urbane, charming mother and father—the Hollywood family Loehr is one of the most sensible and intelligent in America.

Diana is now nineteen, but like her contemporaries who are seniors in high school, or who are going to business, or who are in their early university years, she relies very much on the judgment of her parents in all business affairs, and they take a courteous but firm hand in her social life.

While Diana is working in a picture, she has to be in bed at nine every night, because she rolls out around 5:30 A.M.

When she's between pictures, she may remain out until twelve-thirty or one, but her parents always know where she is, with whom, and at approximately what time she'll reach home. Frequently her parents are still reading in the living room when she arrives. Sometimes they go into the kitchen to raid the icebox, but Diana usually sticks to a glass of fruit juice instead of lacerating a chicken bone.

It has only been something over a year since she shed her baby fat, and she doesn't want to get it back. Just before Mona Freeman was married, Mona and Diana went to Santa Barbara for a week's rest.

mona eats, diana watches . . .

Each morning they would have breakfast together, to wit: Diana: Scrambled eggs with tomatoes and coffee; Mona: Cereal with cream, a heated gooey coffeecake, a glass of milk, a dish of bananas with cream.

During the morning, tenish or so, Mona would lift her head from the suntanning sand and observe to her roommate, "I'm hungry. Let's go get a malt."

"For you—yes. For me—no," replied the Spartan Miss Lynn. She even accompanied Mona to the fountain and sat there stoically sipping water while Miss Freeman drooled over a double chocolate awful-awful with whipped cream, nuts, and cherry topping . . . and stayed thin!

There is always an occasion when Dolly skips all thought of appetite control: That's when her father mixes up a batch of his out-of-this-world hot cakes.

An old time friend of the family who is always called "Aunty" arrived one morning last spring with a service man as her guest. "I've been promising him the treat of his life," she announced. "A stack of Loehr cakes. Now don't disappoint me."

The breakfast went on and on. Afterward, Dolly-Diana said ruefully, "I know I've gained three pounds. It was a wonderful breakfast, Dad—never better. But I'll never forgive myself for eating so much—never."

Several months passed. Then, one afternoon, a parcel was delivered to Diana. Shipped from Germany by the service man who had been the rollicking guest at Diana's non-dieting table, was a magnificent hand-made black lace mantilla.

Completely awestruck, Diana managed to say, "I forgive myself."

In addition to being a fugitive from

frosting, Diana has another difficulty: she loses things. When the Loehrs go to a movie, it is standard operating procedure for Mr. Loehr to whisper, "Everybody ready? Dolly, do you have your purse? Your gloves? Your coat? Your hat?"

In one theater, there is an usher who knows Diana and who checks her space the instant she has left the theater. One time he even netted Diana's coat. That was a terrific play!

One night, when Diana and a boy friend started to a party, he stopped her in the hallway and looked her over carefully. "I want to know right now," he said severely, "what you are wearing, holding, or carrying that isn't fastened. I want to get acquainted with whatever you're going to lose so that I won't have any trouble reclaiming it."

At present, Diana's chief boy friends are Loren Tindall and Henry Willson. About a year ago she went through a phase during which she had a new beau every week. She met Army men, Navy men and Marines. She liked them all, introduced them to her family, and told her mother afterward, "Mommy, isn't he positively the most attractive person you've ever seen?"

Said Mrs. Loehr serenely, "Yes, indeed—this week."

This was followed by another phase. One of the Army romances that had endured for much more than a week, suddenly went to pieces—as a few million such romances did from coast to coast and back again. Diana was working in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up" at the time, and she felt as if her heart had grown up to the Rip Van Winkle stage, complete with wrinkles.

After each take, she escaped to her dressing room instead of mingling with the other people on the set. She didn't want to talk, or to listen to someone else talking, or to play gin rummy, or to tune in the radio. She wanted to brood.

At night she would have a silent dinner—vaguely aware that her father and mother were exchanging glances that only great politeness kept from being amused. Then, excusing herself, she would drift to her room and return to her brooding.

Sometimes she read—particularly if the story dealt with a girl to whom all romance had turned to dust. One night she was devouring a particularly clever story when her horrified eye caught a sentence: "She was suffering from a bad case of teen-itis," said the author.

who, me? . . .

Miss Lynn sat up smartly, re-read the story to that point. Have you ever seen yourself in one of those distortion mirrors at the beach? Well, Dolly felt as if . . . in words on a printed page . . . she had seen a distorted image of herself.

She finished the story, turned off the radio, hopped into a shower and into bed. The next morning she came downstairs, humming. To her parents she said, "Think I'll call somebody and make a deal to go to the beach. Just look at that sunshine. What a day! What a day!"

Observed her father, glancing briefly from his newspaper with a straight face, "It says here that Languid Lily has left town, thank God."

Diana isn't on a clothing budget, because Mrs. Loehr has great confidence in Dolly's good sense. Sometimes, of course, she goes berserk. While wandering around with her mother one day, Dolly spotted a stiff rayon taffeta frock, short-formal type, embroidered with spots of sequins. "That's the best looking thing I've seen in years," she enthused. "That's for me!"

"You know how you are," warned Mrs. Loehr. "Your imagination is taken by something pretty dashing, but when you get it home and try it on before going to a

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Pat on with upward, outward strokes. (See diagram.) Remove with tissues. Your skin feels soft and baby-fresh, as dry, rough spots seem to disappear. Your mirror—and admiring eyes—proclaim your lovelier-looking complexion.

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party, you always lose your courage and wear some simple little afternoon dress."

"Not this time," chirped Dolly. "All the fashion books say that we're slipping into the elegant season, so watch me slip."

Several days later she received an invitation to a small dinner party. "I think you could wear your new dress," suggested Mrs. Loehr.

After thinking it over, Dolly decided that it was a fraction too formal. Better wait for a bigger party. Several weeks passed, then invitations to a really posh affair were put into the mail. "Now you're all set to spring that sequin affair," said Mrs. Loehr, folding the invitation.

"I'm a cinch," agreed Dolly. Came the night of the affair. She descended the stairs in a girlish blue frock, explaining, "I've talked to some of the other girls to find out what they were going to wear, and this is more appropriate."

To date, the lavish job hasn't been worn outside Diana's bedroom.

mad hatter . . .

Another pet madness of Diana's is hats. The wilder they are, the lovelier they seem. When she went to New York on a personal appearance tour this fall, she had only one day to shop with a friend.

So they descended upon one of the most imaginative milliners in town, and Diana began to try on hats. In joyous succession, she selected six, one a little more fantastic than the other. "At least," Diana said proudly, "I can go home and show off my headgear when everyone asks me what I did in New York."

For the first luncheon to which she was invited on her return, Diana got gussied up like Easter on Fifth Avenue; she was BUT elegant. Mad hat, slim, slick dress, gloves the gay shade of the hat, and mood strictly from Manhattan.

Everyone raved over her; the outfit was a huge success. But early in the afternoon, Diana removed the hat as inconspicuously as possible. When she reached home, she was carrying it.

Since that time she has worn a second hat, but the other four New York purchases remain on the closet shelf, leering maliciously at the unworn sequin dress.

Shortly before Mona Freeman was married, Diana gave a shower for her. In discussing it, one of the guests said, "I've been trying to think what it was about that party that struck me so forcibly. The girls all looked like high school or college students instead of professional people.

typical teensters . . .

"When we arrived, Mrs. Loehr and Diana were beside Mona in a receiving line—the first I've seen in lackadaisical Hollywood for a long time. When gift time came, Mona sat in the middle of the floor, opened her parcels and squealed with delight, then passed around the gifts for everyone to see. The presents were charming, but not embarrassingly expensive.

"For refreshments, we had ice cream, chocolate cake, and coffee. I've been trying to think why I was so impressed," said the guest.

Her friend, who had also attended the party, laughed. "Well, the answer's simple: There were no gold-plated goblets among the bride's gifts, and there was no champagne served. Everyone was natural, sincere and friendly. Here's the secret: that party would have been in perfect taste in Detroit, or Dallas, or Denver."

So there you have it: Dolly-Diana could belong to your Girl's Club or your sorority, and she'd fit in perfectly. There she is, worrying about weight, fussing about clothes, forgetting her belongings, mooning over boy friends, amusing her parents, but generally having a smooth time—a typical teenster.

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HOBO HAMLET

(*Continued from page 46*)

terrors for Dane, ever since he headed his jaloppy west one day and decided to smack the movies right in the nose. Knocking around the country playing road company shows, Dane collected a flock of rugged experiences Hollywood could never match in a million years, and he thanks his lucky stars today for that. For one thing, because it's whetted an edge on his slashing personality that paid off on the screen the minute he got a break, and tagged him pronto as the most vital package of male star material to storm the studios in years. For another, because his strictly-from-hunger trouping past had handed Dane Clark's natural eager-beaver ambition a keep-punching spirit that turned a raw college athlete into a finished actor. And for a third, because it got him into the habit of seizing a chance by the neck, like a bulldog, and hanging on until something happened.

Take the day, a couple of years ago, that Dane latched on to a flock of refusals and turned them into a ticket to fame.

He'd been eased out of Producer Jerry Wald's office twice that day, when he followed up a tip that there was an acting job open with Humphrey Bogart in "Action in the North Atlantic."

"No," said Jerry, the first time Dane breezed in. "I'm looking for a young John Garfield."

"Why look further?" asked Dane. "That's me."

"Goodbye now," said Mr. Wald.

The second time it was more painful. "Sorry," explained Producer Wald. "You see, this guy has to act right along with Bogart."

"I think he can keep up with me," said Dane with a straight face.

"Are you kidding?" barked Mr. Wald, closing the door.

The third time Dane ducked his fresh face in, Jerry Wald was patiently grim.

"Look," he said. "There's no use of all this. I might as well tell you I've already tested twenty experienced actors for the part."

"Then why not make it twenty-one?" came back Dane. "What have you got to lose?"

That struck Mr. Wald as logical—and besides, his defenses were crumbling before Dane Clark's undismayed peppering persistence. He waved him through to the test stage—maybe to get rid of the guy, and Warner's got themselves a brand new star.

learning to be a tough guy . . .

When Dane's friends tell him to take it easy and relax, for a change, he usually grins and relates to them the above handy incident. "Suppose I'd taken 'No' for the answer the first trip," he points out. "Where would I be today? In a furnished room with housekeeping privileges, that's where—sitting around frying eggs and latching on to the extra line!"

He doesn't bother to explain that what's made him tough inside and tuned up like a dynamo was the catch-as-catch-can career up and down the land scratching a living out of heartbreaks, disappointments and stranded hopes, and bouncing back from dainty haymakers by Lady Luck.

He had it coming, of course, because no pea was ever greener than Dane Clark was about the emoting game when he walked in with his guard down back in New York just fresh out of college. Even today Dane will put you straight right away. "I'm no actor's actor," he'll tell you right off without apologizing a bit. "I'm not artistic. I'm just realistic." Oddly enough, Dane

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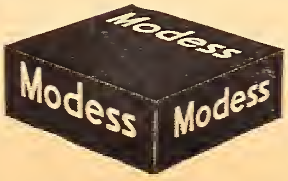

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hung up one of his best bits of realism on his first crack at acting—only it wasn't on the stage.

That was when Dane was drifting around trying to find himself after they'd dressed him up in a cap and gown at St. John's University, where he'd taken a law course after Cornell. Somehow, after all the boning he'd done, law just didn't make Dane vibrate and when he'd walked off the campus for keeps he made a few feeble passes at a legal career but found himself relying for his cakes and coffee on another radically different type of endeavor. He'd hired himself out as a sparring partner for a lot of leather pushers and even taken a crack at the prize ring himself. He'd played pro baseball and football and he'd even picked up a few bucks modeling for a sculptor, cashing in on his body beautiful and the three varsity letters he won at Cornell and St. John's.

his first great role . . .

But his conscience was poking him around the bed at night and maybe that's why he tried this acting effort first. It wasn't anything exactly to cover the front pages of the Sunday drama sections—in fact, as Dane remembers, he was Third Assistant Bearer of Spears and Number Ten in the Chorus of Off-Stage Voices—just the same, he thought he ought to take it seriously. But it's hard to take eight dollars, his weekly check, very seriously when a chance arrives to pick off $75 for an afternoon of fun. That's how he found out about realism in acting.

Because right in the middle of his first week of the artistic life, up popped a chance to play with a pro team against the Brooklyn Eagles at Ebbetts Field and there was $75 practically in his pocket.

Well, the only thing Dane could think of to do was see if he really had any hidden talent. He didn't stop to consider that he was picking a tough audience of professionals for his dramatic debut. He just walked right into the theater before the afternoon show, put on a long face, summoned some crocodile tears and a quavering voice, and when everyone gathered around, sobbed out that his mother was desperately ill. "Why you poor boy, go right home!" chorused the cast. But Dane mumbled some corny crack, between sobs, that the show must go on, and worked up even more sympathy. They packed him out the stage door and Dane hopped a subway right out to the field.

Only right in the middle of the scrimmage he tangled with a tough tackle on the Eagles and when he picked himself up his lip was split, his nose flattened and a black eye was spreading over his face like an eclipse of the moon. He thought that would cook him for sure at the evening performance when he showed up with the telltale scars of combat. But when they asked him what happened he spieled out a long tale about rushing out for the doctor and running into a door. Even that got over and worked up so much sympathy that Dane felt ashamed of himself.

Of course, they weren't tossing breaks Dane's way right and left in those early days. For a long time he was plenty lucky to find himself billed in fine print down at the bottom of the program under "Ensemble." Clark wasn't choosy, and maybe, too, he wasn't good. But he never lacked enthusiasm. He landed one job heckling from the audience in one of those audience participation plays they're always trying around Broadway. Dane's big moment was to rise up out of the pit at a strategic moment and yell, "Shut up, you big bum!" Then he had to race down the aisle, jump up on the stage and wrestle one of the actors around the stage. Not exactly the sort of thing to cop an Academy Oscar or whatever they hand

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out around Broadway. But the way Dane figured, whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing up brown. He screamed so loud that a couple of old dowagers in front of him fainted away and almost had heart attacks and getting into the aisle, he got so tangled up with another row of females that he bowled half of them over. They rose and stomped out indignantly and the house manager read him the riot act.

Another time they had Dane mixed up in one of those gusty dramas about prisoners and stool pigeons and his particular stage job was to uncover a jerk who'd been singing to the cops and choke the daylights out of him. Strictly with motions, of course. But to Dane choking was choking and he got so wrapped up in his art that the poor Thesp turned as purple as the Northern Lights and two other actors had to run over and louse up the performance to pry Dane away.

That event in his all-out saga happened right after one of Dane's artistic enthusiasms busted up his first real chance to make a name for himself in the arty stage set and left him right where he'd started from—only maybe a little farther back.

The play was "Coriolanus" and Dane's job was playing Junius Brutus, a rabble rousing Roman who spent most of his time on the stage making long speeches to imaginary mobs. The play was one of those modern, stylized productions making its debut before a special Sunday audience of nobody but highbrows. All the drama critics were there and the swallow-tailed pooh-bahs of Manhattan's "theatah." Not only was it Dane's first crack at a real speaking part, at Shakespeare and at the center of the stage, but it was also his first chance to show himself off to the People Who Count.

But that prospect only made Dane double up on his high octane, super charged job approach. So he tore his heart out in every rehearsal speech, screamed, thundered and raved and ranted so perfectly tremendously terrific that when he woke up the Sunday morning of the performance he could barely open his mouth and squeak. He went on stage sounding like a bullfrog with tonsilitis and walked off again without half his important audience hearing what he'd croaked. The critics were not impressed and after that debacle Dane Clark decided the best thing he could do was get out of town.

art for art's sake . . .

How he ever let himself in for the beating he took with "Sailor Beware" Dane will never know, except that he was young and foolish and trusting and as always, an eager beaver supreme. But right after his disastrous tangle with art and Shakespeare he went for the phony project of a fast talking promoter hook, line and sinker. We'll call the wacky impresario Fred, because that's not his name. Fred was the owner, business manager, director, advance agent, press agent and everything else for "Sailor Beware." He was also the star and his wife was the leading lady.

Life began for Dane and the other young hopeful suckers in an attic over a delicatessen, where they had to yell at rehearsals to make themselves heard above the El train that rattled by inches away. But that made it all the better because at last Dane told himself he was in the real thing. It was La Boheme, art for art's sake, the divine fire, and a couple of Muses thrown in. Like the rest of the kids who fell for Fred's fast talk, he was fired up like a furnace at the very suggestion of "the road." There was nobody in the audience to yell, "You'll be sorry," either—although the funny part is Dane's not sure he is sorry.

Anyway, they all met for the triumphal tour one gray dawn at 45th Street and Broadway and piled their luggage into a train of the rattiest automobiles Dane had

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ACT II: Love is a Wonderful Thing!

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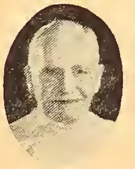

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ever seen, fugitives from a junk heap. Still he wasn't dismayed although he'd been rehearsing for weeks and weeks without any pay except promises and fine talk. They rattled and wheezed down toward Wheeling, West Virginia, in the chilly fall weather and almost froze in the Alleghenies. Half the cars rattled and died en route. Of course there wasn't a red cent to have them fixed or even to keep the gas tanks full and if the Mighty Art Players themselves hadn't dug down into their pocketbooks, that part of the Drama Caravan that finally made it to Wheeling would never have showed up.

As it was, when curtain time came for their gala first night in Wheeling, two-thirds of the cast of "Sailor Beware" were scattered around the West Virginia mountains with flat tires, and among them was the leading man, director, producer, etc.: Fred. Somehow, Dane and the survivors scraped together a ragged performance, but, naturally the audience hooted and the theater informed them pronto that the engagement was terminated. Next morning Fred arrived. Turned out he'd spent the night undismayed with a bottle.

barnstorming commands . . .

That fiasco should have been the tip-off of coming events, but Fred had a mesmerizing way about him that Dane admires to this day. When the going got tough, that's when Fred really got in the groove. He could tell the most awe-inspiring fibs, make the most glowing promises and charm the arm off a statue. Looking back, Dane cherishes the experience as a liberal education and a living lesson in how to live off hot air. When the cast grumbled, Fred raised salaries magnanimously. Dane had his salary hiked so many times that, on promises he was making Hollywood wages, although in cold cash he thinks he collected all of ten bucks. He even had a percentage of the show, as it was, which Fred liberally bestowed one time when he put up a squawk.

They found out in Wheeling that the advance bookings were as phony as Fred. They were really on a barnstorming tour, set to live off the land like Commandos. The next target was Toledo, Ohio, where "Sailor Beware" was streamlined down to a prologue for movie theaters, but sounded good to a gullible theater manager hypnotized by Fred's high flown telegrams. Dane will never forget his entry into Toledo.

He started out again over the mountains in one of the surviving shaky heaps with another dazed member of the cast. They survived snow, rain, sleet and empty stomachs until, 75 miles out of town, the tissue paper tires popped and rolled them into a ditch. Towing was out of the question with plenty of no money, and passing cars whizzed merrily past ignoring their thumbs. But finally Dane flagged down a vegetable truck, and capitalizing on what he'd learned from Fred's breezy chatter, Dane sold the driver a bill of goods to haul them into town. He rolled at last into Toledo mixed up with a load of cabbages and tomatoes and smelling just as ripe.

But strangely enough, the show actually clicked at the Toledo movie house the first night and that called for a party. Fred and his wife threw a big whing-ding (on the cuff) at a Toledo hotel and the walls echoed with optimism and get-rich promises. The only trouble was—Fred kept right on celebrating the next day and when show time came around he was out like a light. That did it. The manager kicked them all out on the street.

That's the way it went, while Dane sopped up about every trick any trouping ham-and-egger knows, from sheer necessity. Somehow the show dragged around towns in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and points all over, between Fred's

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binges. When the jaloppies expired, Fred fast-talked bus companies into transportation deals. Dane slept in flop houses and ate whenever Fred could charm a restaurateur out of a hamburger. He marveled at the way Fred could charge hotel bills, bus bills, cafe bills and all other bills to the theater where they weren't even working yet.

Obviously the system couldn't last forever. One day in Cleveland their sins—and the cops—caught up with "Sailor Beware." One of Fred's rubber checks had bounced fast enough to upset his calculations and the hotel grabbed their baggage. Dane came to the rescue with his legal knowledge and got the troupe out of jail and their suitcases back, but for him that was the last straw. He'd seen plenty.

"Let's get out of here," he told the gang, sitting on their suitcases on the sidewalk.

The sixty-four dollar question was "How?" Dane took up a collection with the four guys who had the same idea he had. The kitty added up to ninety cents. "I'll be back," Dane said. He walked into the hotel lobby, bought nine chances on a punchboard and won a gold watch. He took it to a hock shop and collected forty dollars. He bought four nine-dollar coach tickets to New York with a few cents over for candy bars. He got back home maybe broker, sadder, but plenty wiser.

As for Fred, what happened to him and "Sailor Beware" immediately afterwards, Dane doesn't know. But the last time he heard, Fred was doing most of his fast talking to himself and a few keepers. He was in an insane asylum.

turning scene stealer . . .

After "Sailor Beware," Dane Clark was prepared for practically anything, but that was a good thing, because it seemed Fate kept slipping him some kind of a Mickey Finn every time he tied in to a show. Back on Broadway, he broadened his rugged record considerably when a casting tip landed him in the office of a new show called "Dead End." He nabbed an understudy job and later went on the road. "Dead End" was no Sunday school picnic, to begin with. And for Dane it was the first of a stretch of tough guy parts that played on his puncher body, strong face and Brooklyn accent which still hung over even after a couple of colleges. He didn't mind being "Babyface Martin" a bit, a nice little character who was usually rubbing somebody out, and kicking his mother around the house. By playing something he could really get his teeth into, Dane found out that riding his realistic hobby horse he was turning into a guy who could steal scenes with the greatest of ease. And he wasn't exactly mad when he got compliments, no matter how left-handed.

In fact, Dane thinks that about the nicest last-tag he ever collected got tossed at him inadvertently up in Providence, Rhode Island, home of Brown University. Dane had snarled through his "Babyface" at the local theater and was sharing a room with another cast member at the best hotel in town. So one day a couple of girls from the Brown school paper came in to interview the visiting actors. Dane was in the room getting dressed, but he stopped, put on his robe and tried to be the perfect host. But the girls shied away from him like he was poison ivy and finally, in a huff, he walked out of the room. Then he heard them whisper to his roommate.

"How can you live with that awful person?"

"Huh?" gasped Dane's buddy. "Why?"

"Why," said the girls, "he's such a heel, such a mean, contemptible low-down louse. I don't see how you can stand it!"

That eavesdropping made Dane sore as an owl for one split second. Then he

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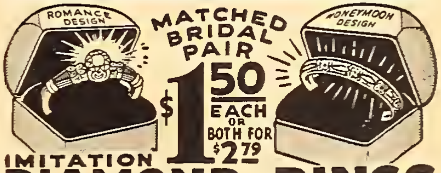

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realized that he really must be putting something over on the stage to work up a reaction like that. So he walked back in the room, took a bow and thanked the kids—to their immense surprise.

But back in his stage days, the bitter pill Dane Clark had to swallow was his very obscurity, which persisted through all kinds of stage jobs and road company tours. Somehow Broadway could keep the guy busy but refused to put him up in lights. When he wasn't an understudy to a star he was shot out in the sticks with the road company. Dane understudied in "Dead End," "Of Mice and Men," "Stage Door," "Golden Boy," and four or five more, and as long as he was out of town he'd get his chances to fill in the show. At least, Dane figures, it taught him patience and it made him a quick script study, sometimes too quick for comfort.

For instance, when Dane was subbing for Wallace Ford in the John Steinbeck prize play, "Of Mice and Men," he knew the part of George so well he could almost say it backwards. But Wally Ford felt just dandy every night and Dane sat in the wings biting his nails for weeks and weeks. So who should up and come down with the pip one night but Sam Byrd, whose part was "Curly," and who didn't even have an understudy to his name, because he was considered indestructible, having played for five years in "Tobacco Road" without missing a minute. And Dane it was who stepped into the spot, grabbing the next scene as he exited from the one before and learning it before his cue came to go on again!

For an up and at 'em, high pressure personality like Dane Clark playing second fiddle, if and when he got the chance, was slow torture, and it's a tribute to his moxie that he stuck to that sort of life for five long years before deciding to make Hollywood yell "Uncle" and break the jinx. Especially since, by the time a couple of years had rolled by, Dane had dropped that strictly-for-the-check attitude he had for acting and was all wrapped up in it like a Christmas gift. That's when it was especially tough to watch another actor playing a scene and lousing it up.

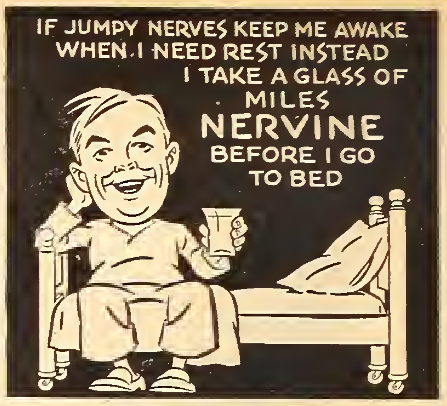
telling 'em off . . .

In one show of which Dane was very proud to be even an understudy, he thought the leading man was kidding and gagging around on the stage and being too cute. Dane didn't like it. So he walked up to the star and told him off.

"Listen," he boiled, "I think you're a four-star heel, mugging up a good play like this. Here I am telling all my friends to see it and working overtime to press-agent your hit and you're playing Little Lord Fauntleroy with yourself. You're just a big, swell-headed ham!"

But sometimes Dane's frank, outspoken opinions boomeranged. One of the bitterest disappointments in his stage career was getting fired from a part in "Stage Door" on the tryout trip, a part he'd won in competition with Broadway's best known actors. But once he had the job, Dane couldn't help sticking in his oar and the other actors got sore. Pretty soon they had aced him out and the producer was explaining, "It's not your work—that's swell. But for the sake of harmony—"

Yep, Dane Clark learned plenty in the five years he batted around Broadway and the sleeper jumps. But his oddest job was cut out for him in "Dead End." That's where he played nursemaid to those cocky, hell raising young stars, the Dead End Kids. Dane was only an understudy in the original cast with time on his hands, and that's one reason why they saddled him with the job of keeping the kids from wrecking the play. The other was—Dane was the only one in the company husky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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

enough to keep the little devils in line.

They'd had reams of publicity and they were eating it up. All the write-ups pictured the kids as holy terrors, which was true as far as it went. They played devastating pranks all over the stage, razzed the stars, tore up the scenery and generally messed up the place. Finally, the play owners consulted a psychologist. He worked with the problem kids one week and at the end they'd driven *him* to a sanitarium! Then they called in Norman Bel Geddes, the designer, to plan them a playroom at the theater, where they could relax and keep out of mischief between acts. Well, the Dead Enders wrecked that expensive joint in one day flat. Things were in a state of crisis and even Dane was getting tired of smacking their heads together—when he had a bright idea.

fixing the dead end kids . . .

He knew the Dead End rascals were sold on their own publicity and considered themselves about as tough as they came. But Dane knew where some kids were a whole lot tougher. One day he took the brilliant brats to a movie and afterward led them into a smoky little pool room down on Third Avenue where some real juvenile delinquents hung out.

As Dane expected, his own little darlings swaggered right in and took over the place, spitting on the tables and messing up the games. But not for very long. There was a shrill whistle and the gang of *real* Dead End kids swarmed in like alley cats. When the curtain went up that night on the show, the Dead End Kids were strangely quiet and their faces looked like they had been kissing electric fans.

Dane originally wanted to use the air waves as a stepladder out of the Broadway understudy bog but he found it a tight little circle, strictly barred against newcomers. So he sat down and wrote himself a few radio plays and when the stations tried to buy them he said, "I go with the deal—or else." And that's something else he's got for Hollywood. He can knock off a radio show in his sleep, almost, because he's mike-broken from away back.

In short, Dane Clark's a right handy man to have around Hollywood. So far there's only one thing that's got him fooled.

He took in the preview of his second Warner epic, "Destination Tokyo," and strolling blithely out of the theater, he almost fell over to find himself hemmed in by a bunch of teen-age cuties bent on touching him, snatching his autograph and if possible a lock of his curly hair.

He stood like a man in a daze. He didn't get it.

"Wh-what do you want *my* autograph for?" he stammered.

"Because you're *cute!*" cried a silly filly.

"You're a swoon-goon!" explained another doll.

"Hubba-hubba-hubba!" raved a third.

Dane traveled right home and stared at himself in his mirror. He rubbed his busted nose contemplatively and stroked the angular face that earned him all his jobs as a "tough type" in the drama circuit. He considered his thirty-odd years and the beatings he'd taken. He shook his head and called to his wife.

"Darling, did you know I was cute?"

"What?"

"I'm a swoon-goon," explained Dane. "Hubba-hubba."

"You should have come right home," said Mrs. Clark, "instead of stopping in all the bars you could find. Sober up and get to bed."

Dane climbed the stairs wearing a quizzical grin. He thought he'd seen and done about everything and knew all the answers. But obviously he didn't know from nothin'! After all he'd been through, life was just beginning in Hollywood.

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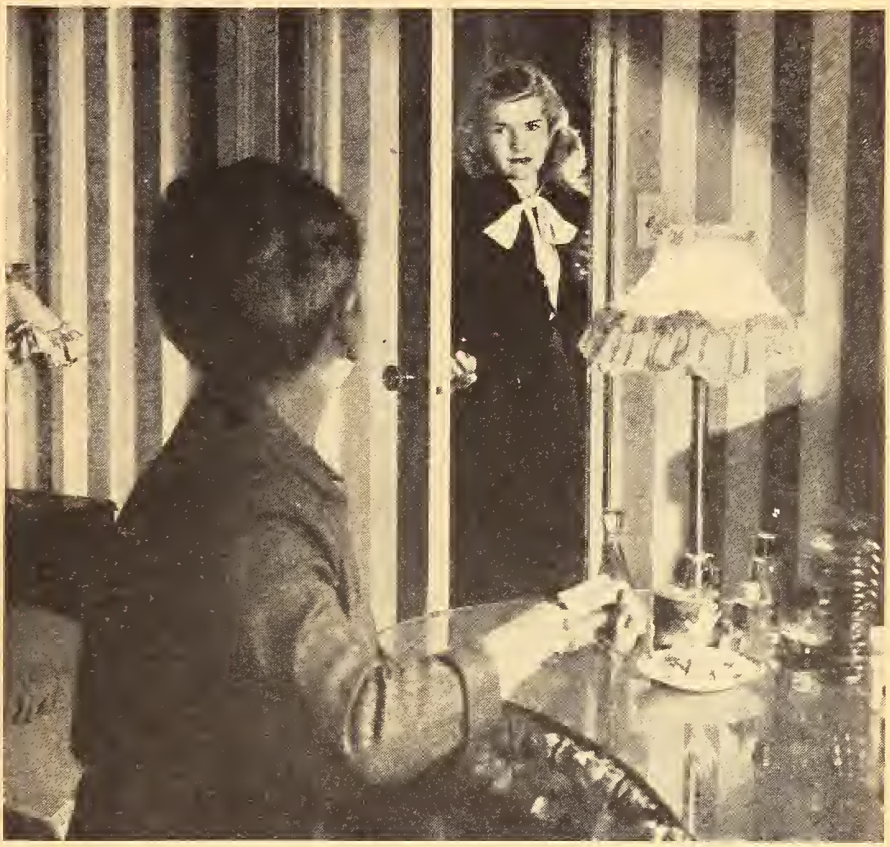

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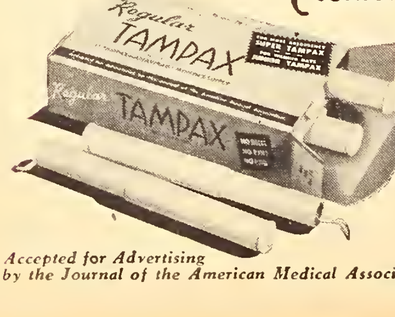

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

"BUTCH" BEY

(Continued from page 50)

"My dear," crooned Selly, getting back into form. "Your voice sounds ravishing—muted, like a distant lute. How about dinner tonight?"

"Dinner?" gasped Miss Raines, "It's still dark—do you mean breakfast?"

"Breakfast—ha-ha," chuckled Butch Bey. "That was hours ago. I thought maybe we'd—"

"Say," interrupted Ella. "Who *is* this anyway?"

"But, of course," cried Private Selly, remembering he was in Hollywood again, "it's Turhan—Turhan Bey."

"I don't believe it," stated Miss Raines flatly. "And I don't like gags. Not this early in the morning. Good night!" And she slammed down the receiver.

That brought the Bey to his senses at last. He was in Hollywood—not in a Camp Roberts barracks. Time was when he'd have done the same thing himself—only worse—to anyone who jingled his boudoir buzzer a minute before ten a.m. He waited until eleven o'clock before he tried again—and he got results. But it seemed to bugle-happy Bey like half the day was gone by then. And because he's really a philosophical semi-Oriental soul, Private Selly Selahettin puffed his pipe reflectively and grinned to the mirror: "How much can you change?"

A lot of guys have been asking themselves that same riddle, of course, ever since Uncle Sam founded the dear old Gamma Iota Army Fraternity back in 1941. Most of them are loyal GI alumni of the U. S. Armed Forces by now, because commencement started V-J Day, and the heroes who survived the greatest battle in history are now back in drape shapes and reet pleats—if they can find some. Turhan Bey got pledged a little late, because army medics blackballed him twice. But there's plenty of military work still to be done all over this One World—and as you read this, Turhan will be hard at it somewhere—in Japan, or Germany, China or Italy, Tarlac, Tinian or Timbuctoo, wherever orders send him. He's in the army now—and for some time to come it's goodbye Hollywood.

the travelin' turk . . .

That furlough was Turhan's last official "morale builder leave"—ten days back home to get him set mentally for the long, long trail—which was a laugh for the Bey, because he's been traveling around all his life, and because his morale doesn't need any props at this point. He's headed for a new adventure and he couldn't be more thrilled if you wired him to a shock machine. It's not exactly in the style he's been accustomed to travel—but that's what makes it fun. The Hollywood surprise of the month—to those who tagged Turhan as a mere snaky divan artist and hand kisser—is this: The Turk is a trooper. What's more, he likes it. What's still more, Turhan hasn't changed even as much as he thinks he has. Basically, he's had the stuff from the start.

It's true enough that all his young life, before he hit Hollywood, Turhan had things pretty much on the plush side. He was born an aristocrat, cradled in the lap of Continental luxury, schooled as a gentleman, and maybe spoiled a bit by the lovely ladies of Europe's capitals, before he reached the age of reason. But all that was only normal in his set. That's the kind of raisin' he had.

The night before he was inducted at Fort MacArthur, Turhan came home early from telling Lana Turner goodbye. He

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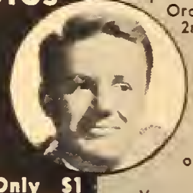

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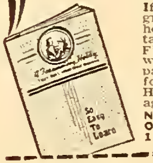

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walked in about nine o'clock, in fact, because he wanted to wind up a few things and hit the hay by ten to start his army career daisy-fresh the next day. In his room he found three suitcases, all packed. He called his mother, the handsome, youngish European lady who's as much his pal as his parent.

"What's this?" asked Turhan.

"Why," explained Mrs. Selahettin, "the things you'll need in the army, of course. Your robe, smoking gown, riding clothes, dinner jacket—"

She looked a little puzzled when Turhan whooped and explained that in the army he was joining you didn't need duds like that. Maybe in Europe, but for a Yank GI, all he aimed to take along was a razor kit and toothbrush. He spent his last night in Hollywood unpacking the suitcases and putting his clothes back in the closet.

You see, Turhan had had a crack at the military life before. He was a cadet in Turkey when he was a growing lad, and there it's quite a dress-up affair all the way. Not that it's panty-waist. In fact, the way they bring up young stags over in those parts is on the Spartan plan and that's why Turhan has been grossly underrated as a gorgeous guy ever since he started making faces on Hollywood sets and let his sideburns grow. The truth is, that before half the U.S.A. brand of Hollywood actors who are the Bey's contemporaries could spell c-a-t, Turhan could ride like a Cossack, shoot like a Dead-Eye Dick and drill like a West Pointer. His father, in short, made a man of him early, as is the Turkish custom. Along the way, he learned the correct manners, dress and gallantries of Continental court circles. He knew the right people and did the right things.

For instance, the week before he joined up on Uncle Sam's service team, Turhan and his handsome mom were up in San Francisco at the United Nations Conference. They had a nostalgic bit of the old days, doing the town with friends in the Turkish diplomatic delegation. There were formal dinners, receptions, wining and dining with all the fuss and ceremony. Naturally, after that week, it was easy for Mrs. Selahettin to slip in a tux and pearl studs for her boy's career in the army. She just forgot.

american by adoption . . .

But Turhan, in spite of his background, became Americanized easily. He likes democracy's doings and has always managed to carry his own weight in Yankland. He knows it's a joke for the Joe Miller book that the world regards him as a kind of 1945 Valentino, a Menace from Venice, a Turk at Work. His slantish eyes and accent did it—let's face it—but underneath the oily villain parts and torrid love scenes with Maria Montez and Katharine Hepburn, Butch Selahettin himself was always a right guy and no perfumed poodle to pick on—as was painfully discovered by various Hollywood characters who knocked chips off his shoulder.

Steve Crane, for instance, picked himself off the floor the night he tried it, you'll remember, at Ann Rutherford's party a year ago when Turhan was squiring Lana around. Steve asked for it and got it, and the impression was so rudely awakening that he's been taking boxing lessons ever since. But Turhan already had had 'em.

All of which is beside the point, except to show that Turhan Selahettin entered the army with no complexes, inhibitions, or shrinking violet soft spots. He was as good a hunk of GI material as the next guy and he's proved it. So far he's been a model soldier. And he says, "It's my ambition to make as good a record as it's

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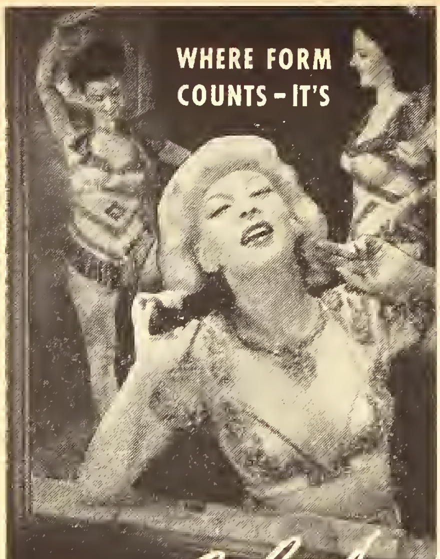

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possible to make in the army. It's the biggest chance I've ever had."

Not for ambition or advancement. The Bey, despite his gold spoon raising, is going it the GI way—and by choice, because he had an opportunity to put in for O.C.S. With his military training and continental connections, there were plenty of specialized jobs he could be trained to handle as an officer. But Turhan had a funny angle on that: "You don't know what's really going on in the army if you're an officer. You don't know what the army's thinking and I want to learn." And that's another facet of Turhan Bey's makeup you'd probably never suspect from looking at his slinky pictures. The guy is bright, alert, up to the minute in current affairs, and you can't catch him flat-footed on many subjects. He's intelligent and articulate. He reads everything, stops, looks and listens—and he thinks every young man and woman had better, too, if this old world's to be saved. But before we go into that serious side of the Terrible Turk, I'll have to tell the story on him about the GI-vs.-O.C.S. item I mentioned a few lines back.

There were a couple of army majors Turhan knew in civvie life and they both put the bee on him to go out for officer's training. This was several days after he'd done all the screening tests and induction rigamarole they put all rookies through down at Fort MacArthur. The officer friends weren't taking no for an answer at that point so they went right ahead starting the ball rolling. But in a few hours they came back to Turhan. Their faces were long.

"You flunked your I.Q. test," said one dismally. "You can't even apply for O.C.S. if you've flunked that!"

"What's an I.Q. test?" Turhan wanted to know.

"Briefly," explained the officer, "it tells whether you're a moron or whether you can bend your brains around a bit."

"Which means?" grinned Turhan.

The officer sighed. "Moron is a horrid word. But your test is one of the lowest on record. How did it ever happen?"

Turhan couldn't remember. Except that they'd shot all kinds of tests at him at MacArthur and some of them he'd just sort of done with a once-over-lightly-and-no-hot-towel. He didn't know which was important and which wasn't and being a foreign guy, his English wasn't as fast as that of Yanks, born and bred. So to keep up, he'd skipped here and there—and one of the ones he'd given the go-by to was the all-important I.Q. test.

retake please . . .

They arranged another I.Q. for him and Private Turhan passed with a blue ribbon mark, when he paid attention. But he still wagged "No" to the chance to apply for O.C.S.

Turhan joined the Army last June, right after he finished "Night in Paradise." In fact, he got deferred ten days to make retakes and added scenes for that one, which well may be the last time you'll see the Bey on the screen. Not that he has any plans to give Hollywood the pitch, but then the fortunes of a soldier are precarious, even in peace time, and two years—which is what Turhan figures he'll spend in uniform—is a fairly long time in which plenty can happen.

The day before he left, Frank, the Universal studio barber, who's been trimming his hair in that long sleek sweep and letting the sideburns creep down below his ears, almost wept to shear off his own glamorous tonsorial handiwork, including the wispy black moustache. But when he got through, the transformation was enough to fool an expert. Turhan got such a kraut head-crop that on the street car

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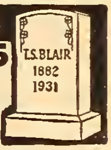

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ride down to the Fort and when he got there, not one of his inductee buddies recognized him, although it turned out practically all of them had seen him in the Montez extravaganza. (Although they all admitted the attraction was sexy Montez and not Bey!)

The funniest thing about his incognito, to Turhan, though, was the reverse side. He came back to Hollywood on his first liberty pass from Camp Roberts, wearing the GI clothes that always seem to be sizes too big in the wrong places, and this lawn mower hair-do. He went to a party with Lana Turner (they were still love-happy then) expecting to get the same kind of good natured razz he'd drawn when he did a show at Camp Roberts. He'd played "Don Jose" in "The Loves of Carmen" that night, in costumes and everything, and it was supposed to be very romantic. But when the other dogfaces saw the silky Bey looking like a reaper had waltzed over his noggin, they rolled in the aisles.

part of the act . . .

But at this particular Hollywood party, Turhan strolled around without getting even a raised eyebrow. Finally one of his actor friends inquired, "You doing an army picture now?" He thought Turhan had just rushed over from the studio set!

Others he'd meet on Hollywood Boulevard would spot his uniform and say, "Oh, are you still in the army?" "*Still* in? I just got in!" Turhan would bark back. It was all very confusing to the Hollywood folk and still is, more or less. Half Turhan's friends don't know but what he's still out at Universal creeping up on Maria Montez with a scimitar or something. As for new GI buddies, they've tactfully refrained from giving him the Hollywood treatment, too, for which Butch Bey is very grateful. Because he went into the army to be a soldier, not a celebrity, and that's exactly what he's been concentrating on.

Outside of that "Carmen" show and another stage turn in "Hit the Deck" at camp, Turhan has been strictly in the audience at post theatricals. He sat and cheered when Earl Carroll's cuties and the Ice Follies came up to entertain the boys, just as if he hadn't seen them both a couple of dozen times in Hollywood. He only did the two camp productions because they asked him to, and it was no rest cure, going through his long daily training drudgery until all he wanted was to make with the shut-eye. Instead, he watched his buddies sink on their cots blissfully while he changed into costume and started a full night's work for Special Service! But he was glad he was able to bring the boys he worked with a few laughs—even if they stemmed from his clipped haircut.

What has been foremost in Private Selahettin's ambitions, however, since he donned khaki, is to add up to what the War Department calls a good soldier. On his first test at the range Turhan captured the Expert Medal in rifle, machine gun and automatic practice. He's officially an infantry rifleman, but by now he's handy with all the weapons his outfit uses. He hasn't been in a speck of disciplinary trouble because from his cadet days he already knew what was expected in the neatness department. Like a lot of GIs, he learned to make a bed tight enough to bounce a golf ball on, and to keep it that way by cheating a little and sleeping between the blankets instead of mussing up the nice, white sheets.

K.P. was sort of new to the Bey, because he'd never run into the kitchen mechanic side of army life in his European cadet days. Did he like it? He did not! Until he went on the detail, he'd never washed or wiped a dish in his life, much less greased pans, manicured spuds, hoisted

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garbage or slung hash at tables. And as for latrine and such details—well, what happened to Turhan shouldn't happen to a dog. But he rallied around for all of those minor tragedies of a rookie's existence and kept his record clean. He didn't even get gigged once for A.W.O.L.—even though all the time he was at camp he kept a car handy and when he could snatch a pass, roared South with eight hours' driving to spend four seeing somebody precious, like Lana or Ella, or one of his stable of cuties. Because that's one way in which the army didn't change Turhan.

It was on one of these flying junkets that Turhan came as close to spoiling his lily-white report card as he ever did. The Bey's weaknesses have always been women and automobiles, and when he changed over from Torrid Turhan to plain Butch Bey (he got his nickname from a leather-tough sarge who'd spent a whole year in the front lines in Europe, named "Uncle Joe," so he's pretty proud of that "Butch" tag). Well, as I say, going into uniform didn't alter Selly Selahettin's crushes. And of the two—I hate to disillusion you gals—motor cars come first.

Turhan has a flock of them, he hopes, still scattered around Europe in storage, a Mercedes at Vienna, a Lancia in Vienna, a Fiat in Rome

just like a nazi . . .

He came up next with a little BMW, a pint-sized German car. Turhan found it hidden somewhere around Hollywood, worked it over, and took it on its maiden trip back to the camp. In no time at all—like a true Nazi—it gave him the double-cross, expiring just short of Ventura with a sardonic cough. That put Turhan in a pretty pickle for a couple of reasons. One, he had to find another ride or wind up A.W.O.L., and two, he had to do something about the case of beer he was bringing back to his buddies.

That started the midnight ride of the case of beer—(and I wish I could rhyme that with Paul Revere—but what can you do with "Selahettin?"). Anyway, Turhan knew if he showed up without the lager, as advertised, his name was mud. So he started along the highway lugging the beer and twitching his thumb. Try that sometime for your chilblains. After a couple of miles he got a ride. It lasted about ten miles and then—bam!—two tires blew out. Turhan started the lonesome journey again. A truck driver picked him up. He broke down on a hill. More making with the hoofs lugging beer. That night Turhan had six separate hitches and he wound up at Camp Roberts riding in a farmer's pickup truck mixed in with a load of fertilizer, but he was on time—and he had his beer. He and his buddies buried that treasure not too far from their barracks and for several nights the pleasant tinkling sounds of trench shovels striking glass disturbed the midnight calm.

Of course, Turhan, like any normal guy, would far rather flirt than fight. I said his weakness is women—next to jalops—and that's true talk.

He met a couple of cuties in a cafe at Paso Robles, who had never seen Hollywood. He fell for their typically American, un-Hollywood charms and so when his next forty-eight hour pass came up he invited them down to see all the wonders of Glamorland.

"Oh no," they shied. "We'd be embarrassed going around Hollywood with a celebrity."

khaki disguise . . .

"Nuts, my dears," replied the Bey. "Nobody knows me in Hollywood. In this GI rig, I assure you I'm just one of the mob." And he told them how sometimes

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even his own movie set pals passed him by these days without a tumble. Finally Butch Bey talked them into the junket.

Well, they did pretty well along Hollywood Boulevard and the Strip. The screen colony let Turhan and his double dates alone, just nodding "hello" and strutting on by. Without Lana he wasn't an item to the columnists or a picture for the camera boys. Then Turhan took his out of town lovelies down to the spot where every visiting elk or doe always ends up—Olvera Street, the old Mexican bazaar you don't find anywhere else but in Los Angeles.

They were doing fine with their *enchiladas,* jumping beans and *serapes,* until a gang of strolling dusky Spanish maids turned their dark eyes on the Bey. He was their particular film favorite in the Main Street movies, with his smooth latin love looks, it turned out, and they penetrated his GI disguise in a wink.

"Toor-hahn!" they screamed. "Primo! Caballero! Hombre! Dulce! Sweetie-pie!" And in a flash all the sparkling senoritas in the Spanish quarter swarmed him like bees around honey. They snatched his army buttons, ripped off his tan tie, covered him with seven different flavors of latin lipstick.

But those episodes and escapades, while bound to creep up now and then on a 23-year-old guy who's good looking, full of beans and movie-glamour to boot, didn't interfere during Turhan's five months' basic training stretch with the job at hand—which was learning to be a soldier the U. S. Army way.

He won his expert marksman medals, like I said, for automatic rifle, machine gun and M-One shooting. His machine gun crew made the best record in the battalion, even though he snapped his favorite pipe to smithereens and bunged up his face hitting the dust in the tests. Butch Bey made a whistle clean record on his two-week bivouac, too, although he passed out cold right in the middle of the twelve mile hike with full pack. But when he came to he staggered up and finished it on foot instead of including himself out like some guys with stronger tickers than his (Turhan's heart's on the athletic side).

They picked him to lead the fifteen minute discussions on world events, a part of the new way Uncle Sam trains his boys. Every day, wherever rookies are, in dusty fields, on maneuvers, in barracks, drill ground or class, an officer calls time out and sets the GIs off in an open forum, to speak their minds on what's what in the world. It's an enlightened nod to the fact that we're going to have to use brain as well as brawn in the army to keep us all from atomizing each other sooner or later.

Turhan got in the habit of leading these sessions, because he was always up to the minute on his world affairs. One time, he set the pace and the argument got hot and heavy. A lieutenant came over.

"What's going on here?" he asked. Turhan told him and summarized the discussion points.

"I don't agree," said the looey. And he plunged into the word scrap. Came next the company commander, a captain. He said his piece. Then a major drifted up. They shot the breeze hotly for an hour-and-a-half, even though orders said fifteen minutes. At the end, the brass hats had their back hair down, pounding away with their viewpoints and the GIs coming right back in sizzling rebuttal.

There's one thing that Turhan Bey has won so far out of his U. S. Army service, which he prizes above all. He's in fighting trim physically, he can "eat anything that can't eat me," as he grins. He's got the inner serenity that comes from serving his fellow men, he's set for adventure and he's piled up memories.

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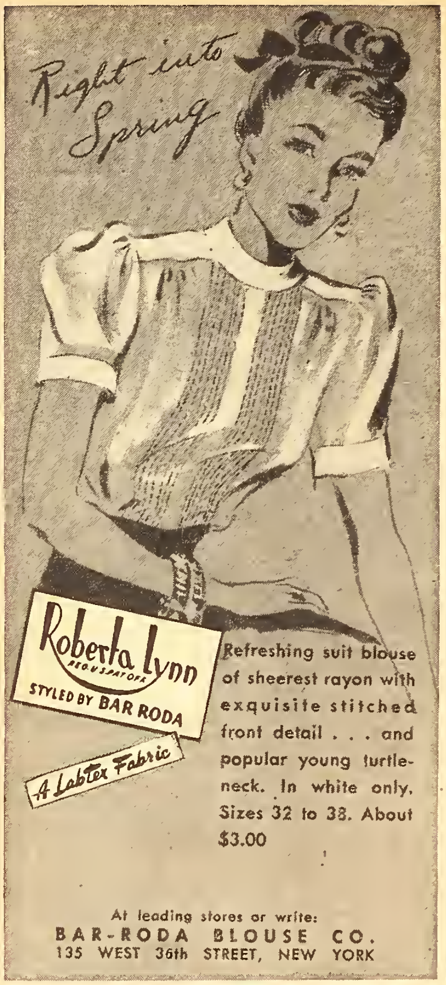

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(Continued from page 48)

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"And what's a couple—DON!! I never washed your socks. Shall I do them now or d'you think I'd better pack first?"

"Wash my socks," he grinned.

Little Phyllis Avery and big Don Taylor —Pinky to you—were married in September of '44 while they were playing in "Winged Victory." Madly in love then, they're even more in love now and more deeply necessary to each other—sign of a true marriage. This was their first real separation. The other didn't count, because its end was in sight before it began.

That was last May, after the show closed and Phyllis had her appendix out and Don was transferred to the AAF Base Unit in Hollywood. But he didn't have to go till the operation was well over, and she'd left the hospital.

Nowadays an appendix is nothing. "Like yanking a tooth," Phyllis assured Don.

He pretended to be equally nonchalant. "I *said* in sickness and health, but did you *have* to take me up on it so soon?"

morale division . . .

There was just one thing she insisted on. He had to be sticking around when it happened. You couldn't have kept him away with block busters, but Phyllis was taking no chances. At 7:30 a.m., all groggy from last night's shots, she called him. "Get up, Don. It's time for you to come. They're going to operate any minute now."

"An appendix is nothing," Don'll tell you. "Except they lie just as still—" That was the bad moment—that throb of unreasoning terror when they wheeled the stretcher in with its quiet burden, which wasn't his laughing Phyllis but something mute and remote, beyond his reach . . .

They said she'd come out of it soon. But it felt more like eons before the lids fluttered and the lips moved. He bent over to catch the words—

"If he's not dead by the time I come out," said Phyllis, the gentle, "I'm going to kill him—"

"Who?" Don asked softly, though he wanted to shout and sing.

"Yehudi," she sighed. And fell asleep.

The rest was a lark. Word got around that the pretty little appendectomy in Room So and So was Pinky's wife. Girl orderlies popped in and languished at his picture on the dresser. Probationers waylaid him for his autograph. Phyllis thought that was wonderful. The more they loved Don, the more Don's wife loved them. He was doing a lot of radio work at the time, but he'd come in every noon with posies and blue elephants and lipsticks, and she'd sit up in bed, making herself new faces. After the show he'd come back, and she wouldn't let him leave till midnight. That was against the rules, of course, but whoever looked in pretended he wasn't there. Sometimes he'd fall asleep in the low chair and wake up to find her eyes fixed on him in wifely admiration.

"It's your long legs," she'd explain. "They look so cute, sprawled halfway across the room."

Don left for Hollywood two weeks ahead of Phyllis, and worked a miracle. Within six days he'd found an apartment. Not just any apartment either, but one with a fireplace, an upstairs and down, and a feeling of home. Luck had something to do with it. So did the Pinky-charm, which he turned on brazenly, twisting his

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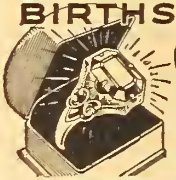

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cap and looking appealingly forlorn. "My wife's just out of the hospital. She needs home cooking. We've only been married nine months. We've never even opened our wedding presents—"

The agent, being a woman, fell, and one Sunday afternoon Don took off to meet Phyllis's plane. Instead of a wife, he got wires. She was bumped nineteen times. He waited till three in the morning and then gave up. At five, Phyllis phoned from Mines Field where her plane had landed.

"I'm coming in an army bus. It feels just like 'Winged Victory.' One girl and a hundred guys."

It felt even more like "Winged Victory" when the bus drew up at the Roosevelt Hotel, and Phyllis hopped off into Don's welcoming arms, while a hundred guys hubba-ed like mad. . .

Don had told the truth when he said his wife needed home cooking. They both needed it. Only he'd neglected to add that his wife couldn't cook.

While they'd been traipsing cross country with the show, it hadn't mattered. Everyone ate out. Now Phyllis wasn't working, and Don's army check was small, and the kitchen stove kept glaring, "Why don't you use me?"

One morning she said: "We're eating in tonight—"

"What, for instance?"

"Look, Don, I'll have to learn some time. Are you game—?"

"If you cook it, I'll eat it—" He kissed her and was off to the post. When he got home that night, smoke poured from the kitchen. He went in to find his wife surrounded by cookbooks and every pot and pan the establishment boasted. She looked flustered but radiant.

"Go in and sit down. I'll have everything ready in a minute."

A few minutes later Phyllis appeared, proudly bearing a platter of eight enormous baked potatoes, stuffed with tuna fish. Her pride was of brief duration. They weren't very good. Each managed to choke down one. "What'll we do with the rest of 'em?" she asked.

"Look, honey, I know people are starving in Europe. But with transportation the way it is—let's just chuck 'em out, huh?"

it's confidence that counts . . .

By knocking her head against the wall, Phyllis finally learned. The crisis came the night she tried macaroni—Don's favorite dish. After three helpings, he laid down his fork with reverence. "You're in, Mrs. T." That gave her confidence—which is all you need, says Phyllis. Before long, they were throwing parties for six—roast beef, browned potatoes and a salad you'd pay a buck-and-a-half for at Chasen's.

They've lived simply, because that's how they like it. A good thing too, since they couldn't afford to live any other way. Once they went to the Mocambo—to celebrate their first anniversary. Phyllis gave Don some hand-made socks, and a Kelly green album. When he brings it out, you notice that he's pasted up two pictures of Phyllis for every one of himself. He gave her a subscription to Vogue magazine, and a cushion for the car. The cushion was in self-defense. She kept whipping them off the couch, till the poor guy didn't know where to lay his head. . . .

While Don was at the post, Phyllis kept house. Never having worked at anything but acting, she'd expected to loathe housekeeping, and was pleasantly surprised to find she didn't. Once in a while she'd go on a shopping jag—run up to Saks', price everything in sight, decide what she'd buy if they had any money, and come home feeling almost as good as though she'd bought it.

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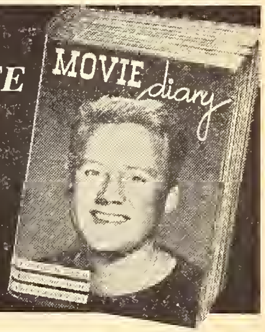

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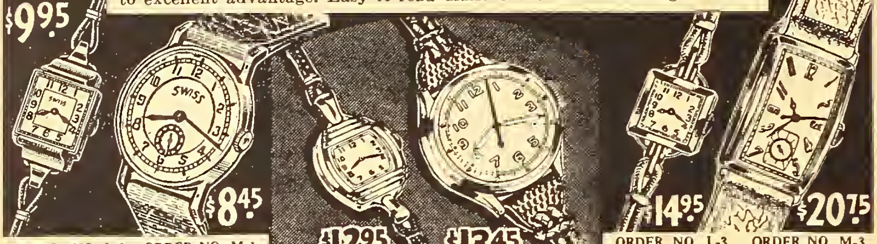

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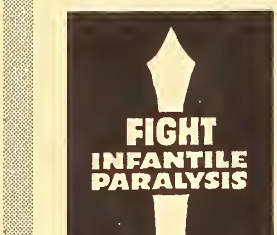

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Evenings they'd go to a movie, or friends would drop in—the Barry Sullivans, boys from the post, the writing Epstein brothers—it was one of the Epsteins who got Don his first movie break. Or they'd be alone and sit by the fire, Phyllis knitting, Don working on whatever he happened to be working on. Like her, he's discovered in himself a home-making talent. The barstand he built, the tool chest, the book shelves, would do credit to a professional cabinetmaker.

Phyllis tries to beat Don to bed. Otherwise, he appropriates all the pillows and the side with the big light, so he can read and do his crossword puzzles. Sits there smug as a shah and deaf to protests. "Big lights for big people, little lights for little people," he murmurs. That's his favorite line. His wife's smallness enchants him—he likes to dwell on it. "We'll have a Doberman and a Peke—big dogs for big people, little dogs for little people—" Or: "I'll take the armchair and you can sit at my feet—big chairs, etc."

Besides, the last one in has all the dirty work to do—opening windows, turning out lights, running down to the kitchen for milk and cookies. It never fails. The minute they climb into bed, they're starved. So they generally manage to hit at the same second, and then there's a battle of wits to see who can shame whom into getting up. . . .

dream house . . .

On Sundays they'd go looking at houses. Found one that was perfect, except it wasn't for sale. Which was lucky, because they had no money to buy it with. Just the same, they'd go back every week, driving by slowly, turning at the end of the road, and driving by again. Once, when it looked as if no one were home, they got up nerve enough to peer over the back fence to make sure there was ground enough in the rear. A small brown-eyed boy lifted his head from a sandpile to smile at them—

"That settles it," whispered Don. "We won't buy the place unless he goes with it—"

One of their treasures is a book, bound by Don within wooden covers in the shape of a shiny red, white-windowed barn. It's full of magazine clippings—a fireplace here, a stone wall there, a room with a lovely corner, an article on how to build your roof out of plastics. If nothing else, at least they've got lots of ideas for the house-to-be. It'll have a big workroom for Don. There'll be a fourposter and a fireplace in the old fashioned bedroom, and a maple tree on the lawn—dropping leaves in autumn—no matter what it costs, or how far they have to haul it. The house'll be big enough for kids and dogs, but not so big as to swamp Mom and Pop when the kids grow up and take off.

Finally and most important, it's got to be a white house with green shutters and a lawn in front. That's the only kind of house that spells home to these two.

Pinky grew up in such a house, and Phyllis fell in love with it shortly after falling in love with him. By birth and background, Phyllis could have been a sophisticate. Her father's a well-known playwright. She was born in New York and spent much of her girlhood in Paris. But not till Don took her to Freeport, Pa.—pop. 3000—did she feel that she'd come home.

"Oh, Don, it's so wonderful. You walk up the stairs, and the stairs belong to the people, and the people belong to the house, and the whole place smells like hot biscuits and polished wood—"

"Glory be!" yelled Don. "I'm married to a small-town girl—"

They went up to Penn State, Don's alma mater, to see his sister Janet. They

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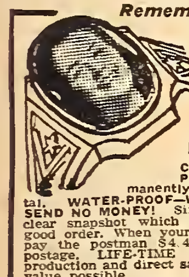
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saved all their fillings for the dentist who'd pulled Don's first tooth, and it was remarkable how many porches needed cleaning when Don and his bride walked down the street. Kids would stop in on their way to school for an autograph. After Don's twentieth trip to the door, his mother decided that something would have to be done—

"I've got it—" She went off and came back with a tablet, and had him sign every page. Then, when the bell rang, she'd step to the door and rip off a sheet. "Here you are, dear—"

"Mother, you'll do that once too often," Don warned her. "Sooner or later, it's bound to be the milkman—"

"Well, it won't kill the milkman to have your autograph—"

"Now children," Mrs. Taylor would say, "the day is yours. You don't have to see a soul. If anyone calls, I'll simply say you're not in—"

No sooner were the words out when the phone would ring, and Mother would come back, looking guilty. "That was Mrs. Jones. She wants to drop in this afternoon. I *couldn't* fib to her. She's been a friend of the family for years."

There was one Taylor habit that had Phyllis scared to death for a couple of days. They're a tribe of shouters. They shout around corners, up and down stairs and all over the place. About anything or nothing. How the eggs are cooked. Why the orange juice isn't on the table. They all get into it. Everybody has a pitch. Then, as suddenly as it started, the noise subsides—

The first time it happened, Phyllis sat and trembled. How did her husband's folks ever get along? The second time, she turned pleading eyes to Don, which his mother caught—

"The child's frightened, and no wonder. All this yelling around—"

"Were we yelling?" asked Don absently. "I hadn't noticed—"

Dad turned to his new daughter-in-law. "Pay no attention, Phyllis. We might as well be singing—"

Dad's also the one who turned pale when his only son said, "I'm going to be an actor—" How a sensible man could *want* to be anything but an engineer, he couldn't quite figure, but he was prepared to admit there *were* other professions. "I'm reasonable," said Dad. "Anything but an actor—"

fond fathers . . .

As president of the State School Board Association, he attended periodic meetings in Harrisburg. Before getting down to business, the directors would exchange notes on the subject of their sons—

"My boy's at Penn State, taking economics. . ."

"Mine's at the University, pre-med. What's your boy doing, Taylor?"

"Oh, he's at State too—"

"What's he taking up?"

Dad would cringe. So help him if he'd say dramatics! "Well—liberal arts—"

When Don was signed by M-G-M, there were news items in the Los Angeles press. He sent a clipping home. Two weeks later his mother wrote: "I can't find that clipping anywhere. It's gone. Will you please send another?"

The clipping, they discovered later, had been swiped by Dad and tucked away in his wallet and taken to Harrisburg. When the my-boy, your-boy stuff started, he flipped it out. "Seems my kid's just signed a Hollywood contract," he said modestly.

Finally, Dad's the one who does things nobody else would think of. On the last day of "Winged Victory" in New York, Phyl and Don got a letter from him, enclosing a ten dollar bill. "Go to Sardi's," he wrote, "and have a big dinner on me—"

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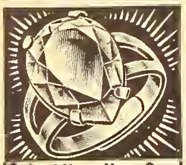

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At M-G-M, where he's still under contract, they'd smack their lips. "Boy, what a part we've got for *you!* If only you were out—"

Meantime, Phyllis had received offers for Broadway shows, and had turned them down. She and Don couldn't bear the thought of separation. Phyllis loves acting, but Don comes first, last and always. They've talked it all out. When Don goes back to work, she's quitting—

"I'll miss it, but it's not worth the sacrifice of one little sliver of our happiness. You can't put your whole heart into marriage *and* a career. You can *have* both, but not the way we want it. I'm putting my whole heart into marriage."

Then why is Phyllis doing a show in New York while Don stays in Hollywood? For three reasons. Because he's in the army and can't bring home the bacon yet. Because Jean Dalrymple's a persistent woman. Because Phyl and Don are reasoning adults, as well as a couple of kids in love. . . .

pretty please . . .

Jean Dalrymple, producer of "Uncle Jeffrey," wanted Phyllis for the lead. Twice Phyllis had told her no. One day last October Miss Dalrymple called again.

"Won't you *please* reconsider, Phyllis? I've got such a strong hunch about your doing this part. We'll make it worth your while. We'll give you thus-and-such-and-this-and-the-other."

"Well, I still don't know, Jean. Let me talk to Don and I'll wire you tonight—"

They talked for hours. There were a dozen arguments pro against the one big CON. Don paced, with his hands in his pockets and a light in his eyes. Phyllis made a discovery. "You're *excited*, darling. For the first time in months—"

"Sure, we've got something to talk about—instead of sitting in two chairs, with nothing to tell each other. When you're not working, you're only half alive. This way, at least one of us would be perking. And you know, Phyl, *I'd* get something out of it too. Even stuck out here, I'd be right in the midst of it with you—"

"You could send me refresher courses by mail. And, oh Don, we play Pittsburgh. I could go to Freeport—"

"Maybe I'll be discharged by Christmas. Imagine Christmas in Freeport together—"

"But suppose you're not. I don't want to spend Christmas away from you, Don—"

She made him decide, half hoping he'd say no. Finally he turned to her. "Look, honey, I'm like a democracy with two parties. One's yelling yes and the other no. But I guess the ayes have it. I guess we'd be awful saps if you didn't go—"

The plane soared and circled and melted away into the distance. Don went back to the car. His eyes carefully avoided the white walls Phyllis had painted, only to come smack up against the little cushion on the seat next to him—

Then a thought hit him. Suddenly he was out from behind the wheel, sprinting for Western Union, his heart at least ten degrees lighter as he wrote his message. They'd said no wires, but this one was different. It wouldn't cost much. And while it was very short, it still didn't sound mad.

Phyllis got it next morning. "HELLO, DARLING," was all it said.

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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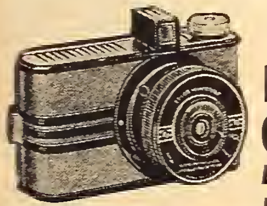

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CO-ED LETTER BOX

(Continued from page 26)

cards right, next time he'll have no one on his mind but you.

As a male reader, I am curious to know why so few boys give parties. Is it considered sissy or something? W. T. S., Oak Park, Ill.

It isn't sissy at all. It's just that the gals spoil the boys to death and it simply doesn't occur to said boys to reciprocate. But gosh, how they love a lad who does! When you give yours, you can either invite the boys you want and have them bring their own dates, or you can designate what girls you'd like them to bring. Don't forget to call for your own date a bit in advance of party-time, and let her help you launch things. She'd love to, you know.

How can I cope with an unromantic father? Whenever I have house-dates, he sits it out with us from eight to eleven. Not talking or anything, just *there*. T. G., Burlingame, Calif.

We'd like to meet the gal who could be alluring with The Boss right on the spot. On the other hand, it's your dad's living room, and he doesn't get much of a shot at it, does he? Some smart girls we know have taken to the kitchen. They've moved a couple of chairs out there, they've hung a dart board over the sink, dragged down a radio from upstairs, and everybody's happy. Think of the accessibility to cokes and cookies. Think of that sleek waxable linoleum floor for dancing. The idea has its points—and though they don't include a sofa and soft lights, is that bad, considering some of the sad numbers you occasionally entertain?

I have been dating a boy who has just told me that he's married. I'm so much in love with him that I can't give him up, and he has begged me not to stop seeing him. You see, his wife is an invalid and he hasn't the heart to divorce her. What do you think about a situation of this kind? H. S., Paris, Ky.

It is tragic for everyone but the husband, who seems to be doing all right. You really have no alternative but to give him up if you care anything at all about your future. It won't be easy, but it will be infinitely better in the long run than the living death you're letting yourself in for. Make the break clean and fast, and then whatever you do, don't look back. The first month will be ghastly, but hang on, and you'll be okay.

* * *

Kids, there are holidays ahead, and they are wonderful, but they are often dilemma-ridden, too. Blind dates that don't jell and leave you wondering what the heck you did wrong; parties to plan on an all but invisible allowance; we know how it is. If you'll write us the facts, we'll send you our Sunday-best solution, which really is a very good solution indeed. Or so you've told us, all you very nice people. This is us: Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

HAPPINESS, INC.

(Continued from page 36)

and shove. Yet in the park, though heads would turn here and there, that was all. Once settled, they were largely left to themselves. Of course the protecting trees had something to do with it, but Betty thinks it was mostly that people were nice enough to respect their family privacy.

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The "Dolly Sisters" schedule had been arranged so that Betty could finish in time to be with Harry on his three-months engagement in Manhattan. Ever since their marriage, that's the one thing they've schemed for—how not to be separated.

As luck would have it, they even found an apartment that some friend of a friend wanted to sublet for the summer. These people were charmed to have Betty and Harry take over, till they heard about Punkin. Punkin almost ruined the deal. The lady's brow furrowed. Frankly, she didn't like the idea of a dog.

"Oh, you don't know Punkin!" Betty was almost insulted. "Why, he wouldn't so much as chew a tired old slipper—"

So one day they all went out—Harry and Betty and her mother, Vickie and the nurse—leaving Punkin locked in the bedroom. Normally, he'd have gone straight to sleep. But a gale was blowing that day, especially strong around the umpteenth floor where they lived. As they reconstructed the crime later, the wind must have turned the Venetian blind into a rattling enemy, and Punkin attacked. When they got back, he lay with his head on his paws, weary but triumphant. Half the Venetian blind hung in shreds.

"He couldn't have done it," wailed Betty. "It must have been the wind—"

"Since when," her mother inquired, "do winds leave toothmarks?"

Shopping wasn't easy. Like any movie favorite with sense, Betty appreciates fans. On the other hand, there are certain advantages in being able to go about one's business unhampered. So she works out what she called her disguise—lowheeled shoes, a blouse and dirndl skirt, head wrapped tight in a scarf, face washed clean of makeup, and a pair of dark glasses. Mrs. Grable called it "getting yourself up like a fright—" She thought it was silly—

One evening "Diamond Horseshoe" was playing at a neighboring house. Harry was working. Mrs. Grable hadn't seen it—

"I'll go with you," Betty offered, "if you'll let me wear my disguise—"

"Oh, Betty, you don't have to doll up. But can't you look normal?"

"No disguise, no movie—"

the legs have it . . .

They had to stand in line for tickets. People looked at her face, then at her legs.

"Too bad you can't disguise *them*," murmured her mother.

"I can," Betty murmured back—and stood pigeontoed.

At this point a boy detached himself from the line. "Please can I have your autograph, Miss Grable?"

But it was a taxi-driver who helped Mrs. Grable win her point. They'd been standing at the curb, waiting for a cab, when somebody yelled, "Betty Grable!" That was all it needed. The crowd gathered so thick that the cab could hardly inch through—

As they finally pulled away, the driver asked: "Wottsa sensation? Anybody hurt?"

"I'm afraid it was me," said Betty meekly.

During the war GIs wrote to Betty from all over the world. No, she didn't answer every letter herself. That would have needed six of her. But pinups were posted to all who asked, and the special letters got personal replies. What touched her most deeply were the toys and souvenirs that came for Vickie from Germany and Italy and the South Pacific. She went out and bought a hope chest and stored them away, knowing that Vickie would treasure them all her life.

While Harry was playing Atlantic City, she made some dates of her own at Camps Kilmer and Halloran, at St. Albans and Mitchel Field Hospital. At Kilmer, ten thousand boys waited in the open-air auditorium, with five thousand more standing.

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Betty came on in a black dress and big picture hat and was greeted by a roar.

"TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, BETTY—"

She stepped to the mike. "My hair'll fly—"

"LET IT FLY—"

Off came the hat. First, she sang tunes they'd liked in pictures, then they hollered requests. In between, they'd ask her—

"Why didn't Harry come along?"

"He's working—"

"Where's Vickie?"

"Taking a nap—"

"How about a dance?"

She was wearing high heels and the stage was rough, but they wouldn't let her go till she'd done a few steps. Then they crowded round the car with helmets and belts and shirts to be autographed.

At St. Albans a guy was standing at the door as she went in.

"Hello," said Betty, "how are you?"

"I'm all right," he growled, frozenfaced.

Okay, she thought, if that's how you feel about it, and moved on. It was so hot that one boy followed her from bed to bed, wielding a fan. But she got her biggest laugh out of two characters—one in a wheelchair, the other on crutches—who never took their eyes off her legs and never intended her to overhear their comments.

"Gee, they're classy all right, but what's so *different* about 'em?

"Whajja expect her to have?" glared the other. "Three of 'em?"

When it came time to go, the first guy blocked her way in the hall. "What do you do this for, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know. To see some of the boys I've written to maybe—"

He eyed her for a moment. "Well, I guess you're okay—"

"Gee, thanks, mister. So you finally came around—"

"Yeah, and you know why? I was lookin' for four cameras to be trailin' you. They never showed up—"

"I know how you feel," grinned Betty, and stuck out her paw. He almost pumped it off.

a lady called sugar . . .

First thing the James' did when they got back was to buy a couple of horses. Betty's always loved horses—longed to ride as a kid, but was always too busy dancing. Having heard of a pair of perfectly matched pintos for sale, they bought them on the spot. The gelding's named Billy, the mare *was* named Lady, but that's too formal for Betty. She calls her Sugar.

"Now that we've got the horses," said Harry, "we'll *have* to find that ranch—"

They'd been ranch-hunting for a year. You're more likely to associate them with nightclubs, and that's where you're wrong. Except for purposes of Harry's profession, they've never been to a nightclub together. Once, before they were married, the Palladium ran a dance contest for bandleaders. Harry asked Betty to be his partner. He won the cup, but with another girl. At the last minute, Betty got cold feet.

One day a boy in the band called up. "Can you drive out to the valley this afternoon? I think I've found you a ranch." And so it turned out—63 acres near Calabasas, beyond a couple of miles of dirt road, with corrals and stalls and barns and a darling white farm house. Betty was enchanted. "The horses'll *love* it," she squealed.

Once the horses were moved out, Betty had to take over, because Harry was scheduled to leave on a short tour. Also, she had to work fast. Her new picture, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," was starting in November. She shopped for brushes and sponges and currycombs, ordered hay and oats and grain.

"Are you sure they don't want something tastier?" she asked the caretaker.

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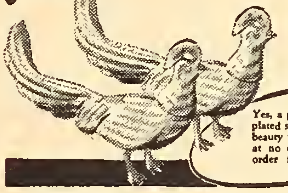

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"That sounds like a bunch of shredded wheat without cream—"

"Well," he said, "you can get them carrots for dessert—"

They've got to buy feed now, Farmer Grable explains, because the place is run down. But pretty soon they'll be raising their own crops. Like all farmers, they have their worries. When Harry phoned one night, Betty told him it was raining. He seemed upset.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"I think you're supposed to plant hay before the rains come—"

Not till she'd made the horses comfortable, did Betty turn her attention to the house. It's a real farmhouse, with a porch all around, a living room, three bedrooms, large kitchen, laundry and bathroom. For the bedrooms she got bunkbeds, so they can sleep a lot of people. But for the living room, where they eat, she bought good old pieces—a big maple table with benches and armchairs, a chest for linens, a cobbler's bench coffee table—stuff they can use when they build their ranchhouse and go out there to live.

oats or diamonds? . . .

Betty's not a showy spender. Her income tax man was astonished at her relatively small expenditure for clothes.

But buying for a place that you're going to keep all your life—that's different.

Apropos of which, Betty and Harry have just bought another horse. A little brown horse and a little brown saddle for Peter, Betty's nine-year-old nephew. "When the folks come out Christmas Day, and we go to the corral and say, 'Peter, here's your horse,' and see the look on his face—well, I don't know which of us'll be getting the Christmas present—"

There's never been any discussion between the James' about Betty's work in relation to marriage. She's said more than once for publication that, if it ever came to a choice, the career would go. But she and Harry don't talk about it. If they did, he'd probably say: "Look, honey, it's up to you. You've worked hard to reach this spot, and I have no right to ask you to drop it. I know Vickie and I come first, and that's all that matters. The rest is your business—"

Betty's too clear-eyed to kid herself. She knows she can't have both without making compromises. Her vacations and Harry's, for instance, have never coincided. He's been free while she worked, and the other way around. That's bad, she says. And it's bad to be away from Vickie all day when she works.

Because she's so alive to the handicaps of the situation, she probably gives more thought to the welfare of her home than plenty of women who have nothing else to do. There was a time, while "The Dolly Sisters" was shooting, when they had no cook. Well, Harry'd rather eat bread and cheese at the kitchen table than go out to a meal. And that's what he doubtless thought he was going to eat.

Mrs. James had her own ideas. Mrs. James was no dope, she'd learn how.

"Nothing to it," said the kids at the studio. "Just broil your steak, bake your potatoes—"

"Not so fast. How do you bake a potato?"

They drew diagrams and she bought a cookbook. Next evening she dashed home, popped in on Vickie—Mrs. Grable was taking care of her that day—and down to the kitchen. Betty's nothing if not thorough. Things may turn out wrong, but not because she didn't take pains. It said in the book exactly what temperature they wanted. She twisted the dial, then—to make doubly sure—stuck a thermometer in. It said in the book that the steak had to be three inches below the flame. So she knelt on the floor, tried to keep her head out of the oven, and measured the distance between flame and steak with a tapemeasure. When Mrs. Grable came in to say goodnight, she found Betty dealing with the potatoes like a heavyweight champ defending his title.

The payoff? It was a swell meal. And she went right on cooking till they got help. Sure, she had her ups and downs. Like the time she stuck a roast beef in the oven and it came out veal. Which was very strange, because she'd distinctly asked the man for roast beef.

Betty used to think she'd hate being domestic. Now she's sure she'll like it. It's part of being Harry's wife and Vickie's mother.

Needless to say, the James world revolves round the blonde head of Vickie Elizabeth.

Betty took to mothering as if Vickie had been her fifth instead of her first. No qualms, no awkwardness, no jitters. According to Harry, just a natural talent. According to Betty, "She's got her father's disposition. There are no problems. If I'm a good mother, it's because she's such a good baby—"

You can't spoil her. Not that they try. For the most part, she's kept strictly on schedule. It soon became apparent, however, that if you relaxed a little, Vickie wasn't the kind to take advantage. Her bedtime's 6:30. But when Harry works at night, they bring her down in her little robe to sit with him while he has his dinner. She loves that, but doesn't demand it as a right. There's no fussing next night, if they don't bring her down.

AW, YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE!

That WAS Charles Drake in "Conflict!" It WASN'T. Yes, it was! No, it wasn't! Our "Super Star Information Chart" (see page 22) settles disputes like this one in a jiffy.

Only two things make her cry, and one of them she's getting over. Until recently, she'd scream blue murder when her ears and nose were being cleaned. Now that she's growing up, she just whimpers. And she doesn't like Betty to leave in the morning. She adores riding, so they're not sure whether it's Betty or the car that she wants most. It wouldn't be so bad if she'd get mad and yell. But all she does is hold out her arms, and the lower lip trembles. That kills her mother.

Otherwise, she's a consistently happy baby. On the whole, she prefers people to things, but she can also amuse herself. Give her a bunch of magazines and she'll sit for an hour, turning the pages. The tiniest picture of Betty brings forth an ecstatic "Mama!" and her daddy's still easier to recognize. She knows him by the horn.

She likes playing with Punkin more than Punkin likes playing with her. He doesn't quite trust her. She pulls his topknot and biffs him over the head. When she's through, he sneers and walks away. But he's a glutton for punishment. Because all she has to do is call, and he goes trotting back.

She's a tease, too. "Love Mommy?" asks Betty. She shakes her head. "Love daddy?" Another solemn wag. "Love Vickie?" No, she doesn't love Vickie either. "Love your new shoes?" Harry brought her a pair of green sandals she's mad about. But she tightens her lips to keep the smile from showing, and her head goes back and forth like a blonde and curly pendulum.

At first they thought maybe no meant yes, till Betty trapped her. "Vick, you want to go for a ride?" That was all, brother. The head bobbed a vigorous assent. Where Vick comes from, you don't kid about rides.

Many people get the idea that movie stars are a race apart, that Hollywood has nothing in common with Tuckahoe, New York—and they shed a tear over the poor little rich child who calls Miss Glamorgirl mother, and gets to come in and curtsey after dinner. This may be true of some, but it's also true of some in Boston, Mass. Betty and Harry are the same kind of parents they'd have been in Spodunk—crazy about their youngster, spending every possible minute with her, happiest when they're all together. A perfect day is a day with Vickie, and her favorite game is the same as your own kid's. They'll spend whole afternoons in the living room with Harry hiding, Vickie go-seeking, Betty pretending to help, Punkin barking, the radio blaring—and the baby shrieking for joy when Daddy pops out from behind a chair. . .

Betty doesn't take her happiness for granted, but treasures it like a hard-won jewel. More—far more than she ever craved a career—she's always longed for what every woman wants—love and home and children. When she said "I do," she made herself a couple of promises, and to those she's stuck.

She doesn't lug her job home with her. There's no dinner-table twaddle about what she said on the set or what the director did or how she fluffed her lines and no wonder—that awful script! For all Harry hears about movies, she might have been selling hot dogs the livelong day. But sauce for the goose isn't sauce for the gander. Not that Harry goes in for shoptalk. Only, to Betty, music isn't shoptalk, it's one of her passions. She follows every new recording that comes out, so it's hardly surprising that she can't wait to hear about Harry's. That doesn't explain, however, why she saw more rushes of "Kitten on the Keys" than she did of "The Dolly Sisters." Nor why she loves Greg Ratoff, who raves about a certain bandleader in the picture.

They go out rarely. More often, people drop in to play cards and listen to records. Most of their friends are musicians, or connected with music. Among the few exceptions are the John Paynes. Betty and Gloria talk babies. Gloria's wearing Betty's maternity dresses, and the new Payne baby will be using Vickie's sterilizer.

harry says . . .

More than anything else, it's the way Betty talks about her husband that makes you realize what a good marriage this is.

"I've never heard him say a cross word to anyone. That's not just a wife speaking, it's the literal truth. He can't stand friction. If anyone starts an argument around him, he'll walk out—

"I'm a different proposition. When things and people would irritate me, I'd let off steam. You could always count on Grable for the snappy answer. Well, Harry cured me. Not by anything he said. He's the last one in the world to preach or lecture. But I knew if I kept it up, he'd think less of me. And I couldn't bear to lose his good opinion. So I learned to control myself—

"I'm still no angel. You know how it is—some days you don't feel as good as others, you get a little depressed. That used to upset Harry. Now I just say, 'Look, honey, I don't feel so good—' He says okay, and waits for me to feel better—

"But it happens less and less often, and maybe by the time we're eighty, it won't happen at all—" Betty jumped up. "Anyway, I'm talking too much. I can give you my recipe for happiness in three words. Marry Harry James. Only I saw him first, thank God—"

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Modern Screen

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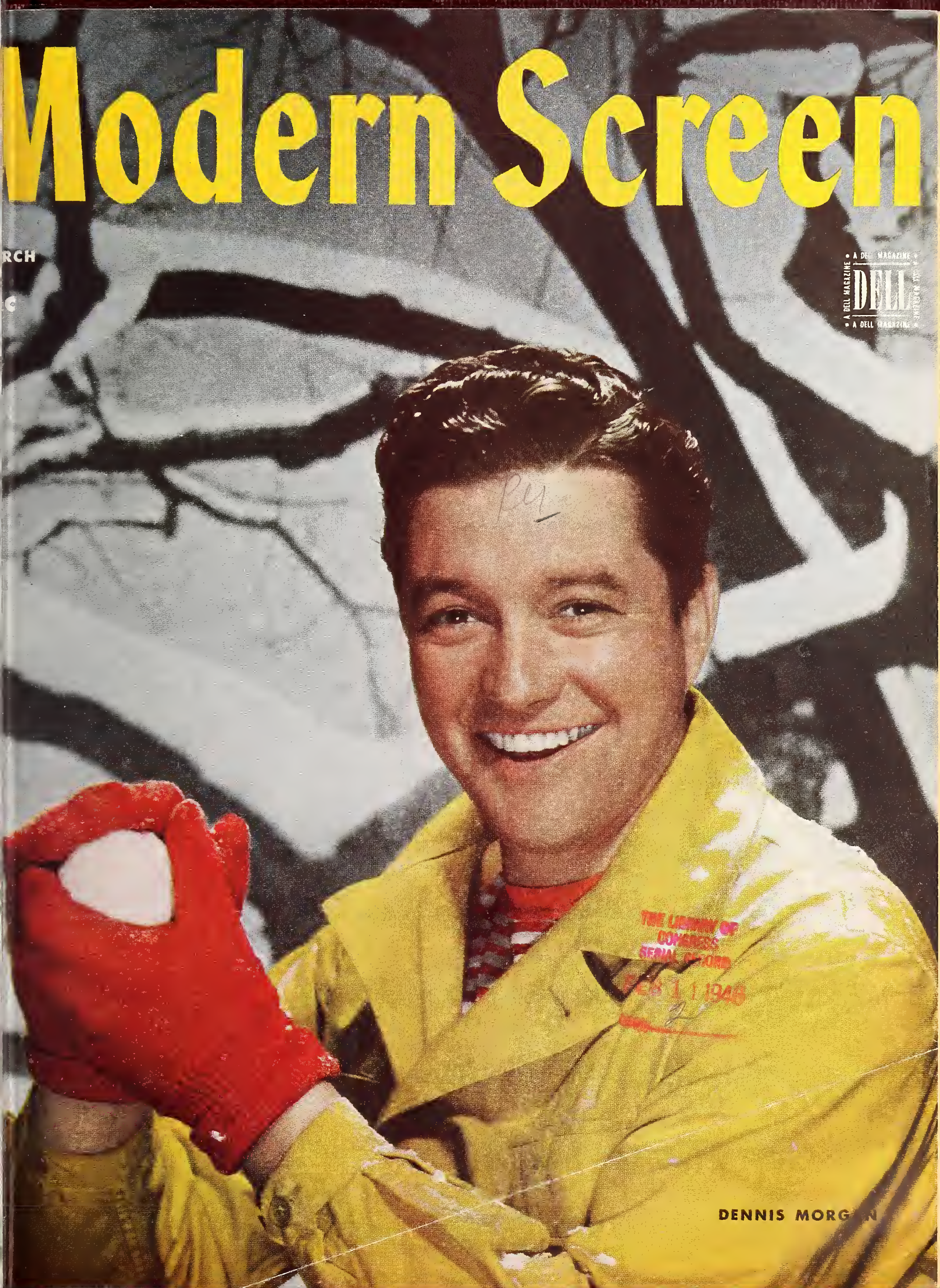

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"Brush *me* off, will you?"

CUPID: Now wait, Sis! *Hold it!*

GIRL: For *what*, you faithless little imp! It's about time some girl taught you not to go around ignoring girls just because they're not beautiful!

CUPID: So! It's that way, huh? Well now *you* listen, my little fugitive from spinsterhood! It's about time you stopped looking at men with all the charm and radiance of a tired wash cloth! Smile at 'em, Sister! Sparkle!

GIRL: With *my* dull, dingy teeth? Hah! Heaven knows I brush 'em enough, but sparkle . . . hah! They—

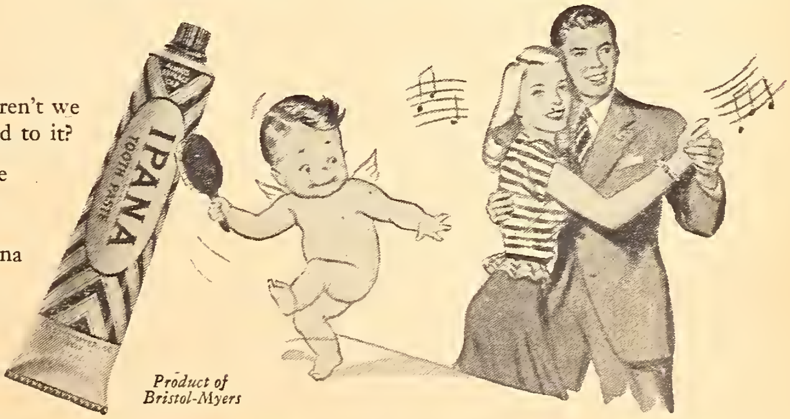
CUPID: Ever see 'pink' on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Just lately. Why?

CUPID: *Why?* Why Great Day in The Morning, Pet, don't you know that's a sign *to see your dentist*— and right away! Because he may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Fine, fine, fine. Very impressive. But weren't we discussing my smile a while back? What happened to it?

CUPID: Pet, don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? This Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you start on your way to a sparkling, radiant smile that'll stagger any stag line. Now get going, Baby! Ipana and massage!



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and GARSON'S GOT HIM!

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Gable is a tough, swaggering, romantic bos'n who has made love and trouble in every port on the seven seas.

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Garson's a girl whose greatest *Adventure* is a picnic on Sunday.

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Then—WHAM! They meet!

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It's lightning and thunder...it's sound and fury...it's wind and flame...it's heaven and some of the other!

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It's love on every note of the keyboard—laughing, lilting love; roaring, raging love. It's Gable and Garson in the screen's most exciting *Adventure!*

★ ★ ★ ★

Pardon us, while we doff our cap to Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell, who turn in such stand-out performances.

★ ★ ★ ★

And a low bow to the excellent supporting cast—to Victor Fleming for his fine direction—to Sam Zimbalist for his super production—to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Vincent Lawrence for their screen play with a punch!

★ ★ ★ ★

They've given us a great entertainment *Adventure* that marks the return of our favorite swell guy, Clark Gable—and the advent of Greer Garson in a zestfully different role!

—*Leo*

"The Beginning Or The End" will be the most important picture of 1946. It is the story of the atomic bomb!

modern screen

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COVER: Dennis Morgan in Warners' "The Time, The Place, and The Girl." Cover and color portraits of Dennis Morgan, Johnny Coy, Dick Haymes, Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall by Willinger.

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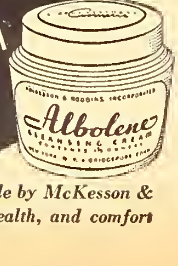

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by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

The Road to Utopia

■ If Crosby, Hope and Lamour ever run out of roads, I will build them a new one personally. "The Road To Utopia" is as breezy and nonsensical and utterly delightful as its predecessors. It has a talking fish, a talking bear, and a running commentary by the late Robert Benchley. It also has a very screwy plot, which may look silly in print, but looks fine on the screen with Crosby and Hope to put it across.

It seems there's a gold mine in Alaska. Yeah, I know, there are lots of gold mines in Alaska, but this one is special because it belongs to the father of Sal (Dorothy Lamour). He is murdered by a pair of bearded desperadoes named Sperry and McGurk who escape with the map of the mine. Sal, a determined type, starts for Alaska after them. Meanwhile, a couple of confidence men are also on their way to Alaska. Duke (Bing Crosby) and Chester (Bob Hope) are specialists in gypping suckers out of their hard earned cash. Duke is convinced that Alaska, where everyone has gold practically coming out of their ears, is a Utopia for crooks like them. Chester isn't so sure. He's heard that they shoot first up there, and ask for your biography afterward.

As usual, Duke gets his way. Chester is going to win *one* argument, however. "I'm going to put all our dough in this nice safe," he says as soon as they get to their stateroom on the boat. Unfortunately, the "safe" turns out to be a porthole, and there goes all that lovely money! So the boys have to work for their passage, and in the course of their labors, they find the map of the mine which Sperry and McGurk have *(Continued on page 14)*

Duke (Bing Crosby) and Chester (Bob Hope) yen after Alaskan gold mines—and Dot Lamour!

"Turn away!
Turn away!"

"You can't stop
loving him!"

"You can't,
You can't!"

Gene Tierney at the flood-tide of her glory... in a motion picture that engulfs the screen in dramatic greatness!

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Written for the Screen and Directed By **JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ**

A
20th
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CO-ED

To have and to hold is this month's text: How to snare your gent, know when it's puppy love, make him forget that "let's be pals" routine.

JEAN KINKEAD

■ Valentine time again, and we can't think of a better excuse for dusting off our favorite topic—that heart-shaking, heart-breaking business of love. There are so many angles to the darn stuff—how to get it, how to hang on to it, how to brush it off. And you just think you know 'em all, when—wham!—there's another one. This is by way of helping over the rough spots. It's kind of a guide post, so if you've got a guy, or want one, read on.

First love: It's wonderful when you get it, but it's so darned elusive. How does one hook that very first guy? Well, let's see. S'posing there's a lad in Latin who is absolutely atomic. Blond and barrel-chested. And definitely for you, only he doesn't know it yet. How can you get him looking your way? First of all, be sure he's not already staked. If he's going steady or is ma-ad for some other gal, don't waste your wiles. If all's clear, begin inquiring around about him. What's he interested in? Where does he hang out after school? All that stuff. (But be foxy with your questions or everyone will know you adore him, and that is bad.) Then, looking ever so cute, plant yourself where he can't possibly miss you. Smile at him, say something friendly and casual, and then move on to someone else. Now and then bring him a good clipping on baseball or jazz or whatever he's all wrapped up in. Give him a scrumptious brownie you've made. Take his side in a red hot argument. Don't haunt him, don't be self-conscious with (*Continued on page* 12)

CO-ED LETTERBOX

My mom says my guy is "too old" for me. I'm sixteen, he's twenty-one. What do you think? K. L., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

You'll bash our teeth in for this, but we're afraid Mom's right. At sixteen, you really should be picking on kids your size, although a few years hence, that five-year age difference won't mean a thing. You see, at twenty-one, a guy has grown-up ideas about smoking, drinking and woo, whereas your contemporaries are still fairly unsophisticated. Granted, there's glamor in an "older man," you'll still have much more fun with the 17 and 18-year-old bracket. Not only that, if you stick to the bush leagues, you won't be a faded old lady who's seen everything when you turn twenty-one.

I haven't a prayer of getting a date for the Sophomore Hop, and I honestly wouldn't mind so much if the gals in my club weren't all signed up already. I just can't bear their scorn. What can I do to shut them up? H. Z., State College, Pa.

Gee, we gals can be mean to each other, can't we? Here's how we'd deal with that group of ghouls. Cease wailing and whining over your plight in front of them, and go to work on some chap. (See "First Love" in the other column.) If it's still no dice, cook up an out-of-town engagement, and then put yourself under wraps that weekend. Come the Monday-after, when it's all yah-ta-ta, yah-ta-ta about who wore what to the dance, be interested, but not avid, and just a wee bit superior and mysterious about your Saturday night. By the following Friday, the whole business will be so much ancient history, and you'll wonder what all the stew was about anyway.

Our dancing school has evening classes, and of course (*Continued on page* 10)

A Million Dollars Worth of Fun in the New Billion-Dollar Smart Set Playground!

Paramount sets a new style in romancing, dancing, singing and laughing . . . in the lavish . . . lovely show that only Mitchell Leisen of "Lady In The Dark" and "Frenchman's Creek" fame could give you!

DOROTHY LAMOUR
and
ARTURO DE CORDOVA
in

"Masquerade in Mexico"

with
PATRIC KNOWLES • ANN DVORAK • GEORGE RIGAUD
Natalie Schafer • Mikhail Rasumny • Billy Daniels
and The Guadalajara Trio

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

Produced by KARL TUNBERG • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Screen Play by KARL TUNBERG • Based on a Story by EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER and FRANZ SPENCER
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Hear Dottie's South-of-the-Border songs and see the most gorgeous gowns you've ever "Ooohed" and "Aaahed" at.

WANT TO BE HIS VALENTINE?

He'll love the girl with sparkling hair!

Yes—there's nothing like bright, sparkling hair to make a girl more attractive AND—to bring a flood of Valentines to her door.

What's the secret of such glamorous hair? It's simple—when you use Nestle Colorinse. For Colorinse fills your hair-with glowing highlights—adds radiant color and gives your hair a softer, silkier sheen.

See how gleaming hair makes your eyes and your whole face brighter! Start today to use Nestle Colorinse and discover for yourself that glamorous hair is one *sure* way to a man's heart.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢.

Nestle HAIRLAC

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(*Continued from page 8*)

we wear long dresses. My father won't give me the money for a couple of formals because he thinks it's silly. How can I convince him that it's *vital?* J. J. B., Pensacola, Fla.

Why not be very adult and independent about the thing and get the dresses for yourself? Earn money being a "sitter" or working part-time at a local store or cooking breakfast and supper for your family. There are all sorts of jobs a big girl like you could do. Then when you've amassed the dough, spend it wisely. Get a black velvet or black jersey skirt and two knock-out blouses, one white and off the shoulder-ish, one in a blazing color like Kelly green or brilliant blue or hot pink. The works shouldn't set you back more than fifteen dollars if you shop around. And don't think your pa won't be proud!

It's almost my turn to have the kids to my house for Sunday night supper again. How can I change the potato salad and hot dog routine without running it into Money? A. R., Stowe, Vt.

Why not have Heavenly Hamburgers with all sorts of fixings the way they have them in the deluxe New York meat wagons? Get lots of freshly ground meat (¼ pound per person), make it into patties—two each, and wrap 'em in wax paper till you're ready to serve them. Then round up four or five smallish wooden salad bowls, and fill each with one of these items: Onion rings, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, bread and butter pickles, sweet relish, a plate of sliced American cheese, and any other accessory you can think of. Also line up three or four bottles of sauces. Have buttered rolls in the oven, and let the lads do the cooking, while the gals pour pepsis, dish out hot casseroled baked beans. Fun, different, and not expensive.

I'm just plain fat, and still my family won't let me go on a real diet. Please give me a few reducing hints that won't antagonize them or starve me. I love to eat. B. K., Athens, Ohio.

If you're very, very fat, say—twenty pounds overweight—you should persuade your family to let you see a doctor, just in case it's a glandular irregularity. If you're just kind of tubby, chances are all you need are a few setting-up exercises and a couple of very important don'ts. Don't eat between meals, unless it's just a glass of tomato juice or a cup of tea with lemon. Cut out butter, and take no more than two slices of bread a day. Try to limit yourself to just one gooey dessert a week—fruit the rest of the time. Dispense with seconds in order to shrink your stomach. Get enough sleep, but not too much. (Anything over nine hours is rubbing it in.)

* * *

Kiddies, thanks for all the peachy mail. We eat it up, you know, and we're awful glad that we're really and truly helping. The quiz biz is our meat, so keep the questions coming and we promise to answer 'em all. Write me, Jean Kinkead, at Modern Screen, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

APRIL ISSUE

You've got a date with Alan Ladd on March 12 if you'll just get to your newsstand fast enough . . . because Laddie decorates our April cover!

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet

Hear ye:

This month, 'stead of answering questions, your Info Desk is going to play Columbus and do some discovering. So let's forge ahead with info on another batch of young hopefuls, who, with your help and encouragement through fan mail and votes on the MODERN SCREEN Poll, can't miss their goal of stardom.

Let's start off with terrific DANNY MORTON, who scored so as "Bugs Kelly" in "Crime, Inc." He's a Brooklyn boy, and Feb. 5, 1912 is his official birth date. He's 6 feet tall, weighs 165 lbs., and has topaz eyes and light brown hair. He is married to Marie Rhodes, and has two children. He can be reached at Universal, where his latest film is "Crimson Canary."

RORY CALHOUN is the one that intrigued you with his performance of "Jim Corbett" in "The Great John L." His real name is Francis McCowan, and he was born in Los Angeles on Aug. 8, 1922. He has black hair and blue eyes, is 6' 3" tall, and weighs 185 pounds. He was discovered by Alan Ladd and Sue Carol while horseback riding one day. He is under contract to Selznick Studios, so why not write him there? P.S.—Not a wife in sight!

Although he just danced to "Why Do You Want to Make Eyes at Me For?" with Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde," your attention was nevertheless drawn to 25-year-old, New Haven-born JOHN DEAUVILLE. He's 5' 11" tall, 170 lbs. and has brown eyes and hair. Unmarried, he was discovered for films while dancing with a date in a Los Angeles ballroom. Will next be seen with Eddie Bracken in "Ladies' Man," and Paramount Studios is his address.

Everyone calls him "Mr. Johnson" 'cause the resemblance between 28-year-old JAY NORRIS and your favorite Van, is soooo striking. Jay hails from Albany, Ga., and is an ex-Navy man with a Purple Heart to his credit. Is 6 feet tall, has reddish-blonde hair and deep green eyes, and is unattached. His latest films are "Walk In The Sun," and "Well Groomed Bride," and he's currently trying his luck on Broadway in "Strange Fruit." Write to him at The Royale Theater, Broadway and W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

And remember Durbin in "It's a Date?" Well, surely you can't forget her leading man, charming LOUIS HOWARD. Louis is just out of the Army and featured in "Up Goes Maisie" and "I Have Always Loved You." Is 6' 3½", 195 lbs., and has green eyes and brown hair. Strictly a bachelor! Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City, California.

That does it for now . . . but remember, I've pul-enty of other info stored up on pul-enty of other stars, featured players, movies, and what have you. All I ask is that self-addressed (with zone number) envelope, sent to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Are you with me?

Lots of love—

Bev.

"I Know what I'm Doing!" she said...

"A woman isn't meant to be lonely,
she's meant to be loved.
From now on I'm going
to live my life
my way!"

"Nobody needs to know anything... they'd never suspect *you*...

"What can any woman say to prove she's worth a second chance at Love..?"

BARBARA STANWYCK

WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN AS "JESS" IN

"MY REPUTATION"

It's Barbara's best, truly! and a new triumph for **WARNERS!**

GEORGE BRENT · WARNER ANDERSON · LUCILE WATSON · JOHN RIDGELY · EVE ARDEN · DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT · PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

Screen play by CATHERINE TURNEY from the novel "Instruct My Sorrows" by Clare Jaynes • Music by MAX STEINER

BRIGHT EYE-DEAS!

Looking *down* into mirror, apply mascara clear to end of lashes. Hold brush there till lashes "set". (About 30 seconds.) Wipe brush clean with half Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Go over lashes to separate. Apply mascara to upper lashes only for "natural" look.

To extend eyebrows, remove almost all mascara from brush with half Sitroux Tissue. Brush brows the *wrong* way to pick up tiny hairs. Then brush back into place. If necessary, sketch in hair-like lines with eyebrow pencil.

At bedtime, use eye-cream generously. *Gently* work out toward temple under eye — back toward nose on eyelid. Remove excess with Sitroux. Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures, dozens of daily "beauty" aids!

* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitraux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

CO-ED

(Continued from page 8)

him, and don't make yourself conspicuous in front of him via giggling, loud talking, etc. Very gradually, he'll become aware of you. You'll see it happening. He'll come up to the juke box when you're there, ask you what you want to play. Some day he'll ask you to dance. And then one wonderful Saturday night, he'll take you out, and you'll look wonderful, *be* wonderful— and it will hit him the way it's hit you. You'll be in love, you two.

He Loves You Like a Sister: You've known him forever, and he's always called you Goonface, and you've always called him Driz. For years he's run errands for your mom and thought he owned your dog, and just generally been all tied up with your life in a completely unromantic way. Now all of a sudden you realize he looks like Van Johnson and that all the gals *burn* for him. And gee, how you'd love to change the brother-and-sister act to something cozier. Well, it won't happen overnight, but it *can* be done. Your first move is to eliminate "Driz" from your vocabulary and start calling him by his right name, or—better still—Van! (He'll tell you to lay off, but he'll love it.) Next, make it your business to look cute when he's around. No more of that curler 'n' cold cream stuff when he comes to shovel the walk for your dad. Begin flattering him a bit (subtly, natch) instead of panning him at every turn. "That's a wonderful looking sweater," or "Gosh, I wish I could skate like that." Tell him some of the nice things you've heard about him. Then some night, when you've got your relationship going on a more civilized plane, get your mom to invite him, in an offhand way, to stay for dinner. You'll appear looking dishy in your best sweater and skirt, friendly and merry and plying him with steak. After dinner, you'll dig out some good records or a pack of cards or an old year book, and you'll both have a wonderful time. And what do you bet, when he's going home, it'll be " 'Night, Swoonface." Instead of you-know-what.

It Can't Be Puppy Love: There are stars at high noon, and the world's never been so beautiful. You're in heaven when he's around. and when he's not, you're just a big blond ache. The stuff is really there, still your mom beats on you to break it up and play the field. It's only puppy love, she says, and we know that's unbearable to hear. In the first place, you just don't want to date other guys, and in the second, if you *do* break it up, maybe no one else will ever ask you out. How to appease your mom, hold your man, and do right by yourself simultaneously is quite a trick, but it can be done. First you must acknowledge, be it ever so painful, that your mom may be right. Maybe it *is* puppy love. In that case, you'll make it last twice as long, make it infinitely more wonderful, if you'll spread it a little thin. If, on the other hand, this colossal *amour* of

FREE OFFER!

You can assure your favorite star a place on MODERN SCREEN'S Popularity Poll—and maybe win a free gift for yourself, besides. For it's you fans, filling in the Questionnaire below and mailing it in to us no later than February 20, who are judge and jury when it comes to deciding what stars should be featured in MODERN SCREEN. And speedy does it this time, too. Because we've got just 500 super Dell magazines to give away to the first 500 of you who fill in the blank spaces herein and scoot your frank views M.S.-ward via the trusty postman.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

For Pete's Sake (Lawford) . . . . ☐
Dennis Morgan's Life Story (part one) . . . . ☐
Watch Johnny Coy! by Hedda Hopper . . . . ☐
Lover Man (Helmut Dantine) . . . . . ☐
Sentimental Gentleman (John Hodiak) . . . . ☐
From Mother, With Love (Dick Haymes) . . . . ☐
All God's Chillun . . . (Frank Sinatra) . . . . ☐
"Diary of a Chambermaid" . . . . ☐
Bogey Girl (Lauren Bacall) . . . . ☐
Portrait of Hurd Hatfield . . . . ☐
Billy, the Kid (William Eythe) . . . . ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons . . . . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . . .

. . . .

. . . .

. . . .

My name is . . . .

My address is . . . . City . . . . Zone . . . . State . . . .

I am . . . . years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

WHEN A BRIDE WORKS DAYS

... and her husband works nights!

**So much love,
yet love's a
luxury . . . to
be indulged at
dawn and dusk.
So modern . . .
millions are
living it today!**

JOAN FONTAINE

"From This Day Forward"

RKO RADIO PICTURES

with MARK STEVENS
ROSEMARY DeCAMP · HENRY MORGAN
WALLY BROWN · ARLINE JUDGE

Produced by WILLIAM PEREIRA • Directed by JOHN BERRY
Screen Play by HUGO BUTLER

ROY SINGS THE ANSWER TO A GYPSY LOVE CALL!

It's a carnival of romantic musical thrills when a wild-ridin' cowboy crosses trails with a wild-lovin' gypsy.

Meet ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ, The Gypsy Bombshell! She's Sensational!

Hear ROY Sing the No. 1 Song Hit, "ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL", to Dale Evans!

Roy Rogers · Trigger

KING OF THE COWBOYS

THE SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES

IN

ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL

Featuring GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES and DALE EVANS

with ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ and DOUGLAS FOWLEY · NESTOR PAIVA and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS · A REPUBLIC PICTURE

yours is deep and good and unending, dating other lads won't change it, but it will make you a more poised, more interesting, more attractive gal, and—in the long run—a much more satisfactory wife. Either way then, playing the field obviously makes sense. The thing to do is to have a nice adult talk with your fella and tell him that he is It, your favorite guy, but that you feel that both of you should shop around a little more. The junior prom, church on Easter, New Year's Eve—times like those belong to you and Him, but a stray Friday or Saturday night here and there can go to Tom, Dick or the other guy, and to Mary or Janie or Bett. It'll keep you both on your toes, keep you from getting stodgy and old-married-ish before your time. Not only that, it'll give you more and more opportunities to prove to yourself *and* mom that your very young love is very true love.

How To Brush It Off: This is a good stunt to know, when things just plain have ceased to fizz for both of you or for one of you. In the first case, where the two of you no longer give much of a hoot, but just can't seem to break the thing up, proceed so: In a blithe and ungooey mood, tell him that you think you've both hit the end of the line, and that you think he's been an angel and a gentleman to let you do the breaking off. Tell him you hope he'll still drop around, 'cause you still think he's a wonderful gent, but that you feel variety is what you both need. Ask him if he'll tell the lads that you have amicably gone pfft, so that you won't be left high, dry and guy-less, and promise to do the same for him with the gals. Wind up the evening merrily, with all the emphasis on what fun it's been, rather than how deadly it became, and you'll have brushed it off beautifully and sensibly. If *you* have ceased to care, while he still goes for you, the procedure is very much the same. Pretend you think it's mutual in order to save his face. Be less merry, more tender about it, and play up the "I hope you'll still come to see me," part. He'll be crestfallen of course, but he'll still have his pride, and he'll still think you're terrific. If he's the one who's cooled, while you're still a-flame, try to beat him to the draw if it kills you. However, if he throws you over before you have a chance to resign, keep your chin up and don't tell a soul what it's done to your heart. Be casual when you see the guy, neither cutting him nor drooling over him, and when the kids start quizzing you about what happened, grin and say you ran out of allure. If you don't brood or get bitter, there'll be other guys pretty soon. Wait 'n' see!

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

hidden in their cabin. "Aha! A gold mine. What did I tell you! We're rich!" Duke says blandly. But just then Sperry and McGurk show up. The boys dispose of them temporarily, and go ashore in their clothes and false beards. They walk around scaring the hell out of the citizens of the Yukon, who think they are Sperry and McGurk. By this time Sal has arrived and confided her troubles to Ace Larsen (Douglas Dumbrille), who promises to help her. Don't trust him, though. In fact, don't trust *anybody!—Par.*

P. S.

"Road to Utopia" is the fourth in a series of "Road" shows which originated in the mind of the late director Victor Shertzinger when he lost a golf match listening to the quips of Bing and Bob.

Are you in the know?

This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because—

- ☐ *She's a curfew keeper*
- ☐ *She should be pram-trotting*
- ☐ *She's still wearing makeup*

Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms." So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleanliness and *daintiness* go together, too. And they're never more important than at "certain" times...that's why Kotex contains a *deodorant.* Yes, locked inside each Kotex napkin, the deodorant can't shake out. See how this new Kotex "extra" can keep *you* sweet-and-lovely!

In calling for an appointment, how should she give her name?

- ☐ *Miss Dinah Mite*
- ☐ *Miss Mite*

How's your telephone technique? Whether you're buzzing the dentist or beautician—when making *any* business appointment give your full name. Thus, the gal above should be Miss Dinah Mite. Which distinguishes her from other Miss Mites; prevents needless puzzlement. And on "problem days" there's no need for guesswork—as to which napkin *really* protects you. Kotex is the name to remember. For you get plus protection from that exclusive *safety center.* Never a panicky moment with Kotex!

Do you choose the colors of your clothes—

- ☐ *To copy your gal pal*
- ☐ *To suit your color-type*
- ☐ *Because they're hi-fashion*

A color that's Bacallish for one chick can be her gal pal's poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own color-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin-tone and tresses—that's for you! It's a poise-booster. So too, (on "calendar" days) is Kotex—the napkin that befriends your smoothest date duds. Because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show . . . don't cause embarrassing bulges. You can scoff at revealing outlines with those special flat pressed ends!

Should a gal go down the aisle first?

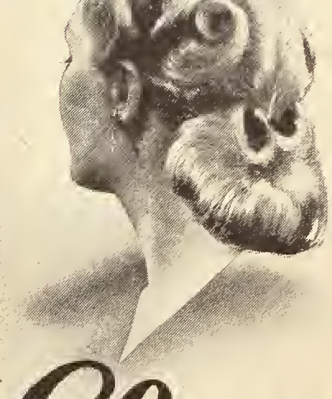
- ☐ *Yes*
- ☐ *No*
- ☐ *Not always*

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn't *always* precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansome leads the way. Know what's what. It keeps you confident. And to stay confident on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. Kotex is made to *stay soft* while *wearing* . . . doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch...so you're carefree because you're more comfortable!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Keeps your hair looking lovelier longer



Gleam

[. . . . Formerly Known as Hennafoam *Gleam* Shampoo]

Yes, actually! GLEAM Shampoo's exclusive and revolutionary formula has a "certain something" which gives your hair new and longer-lasting loveliness. *First,* a shampoo with GLEAM reveals in their full glory all the natural, gleaming highlights in your hair. *Then,* for extra good measure, it *keeps* you hair that way . . . soft, shining and easy-to-manage . . . *from one shampoo until the next.* And here is why:

GLEAM Shampoo's quick-forming, fast-acting Cocoanut Oil *Action Lather* ever so lightly, ever so easily just floats away every trace of dust, soot and dandruff flake. It's lively, foaming bubbles rinse away quickly, completely . . . leaving your hair sparkling-clean, it's natural lustre entirely free from the slightest trace of dulling film.

But that's only *half* the thrilling story. Now for the *better* half: To its uniquely rapid-cleansing Cocoanut Oil, GLEAM Shampoo adds *other* special ingredients, cleverly combined to keep your hair in *top condition* until next time it needs shampooing. Try GLEAM! Simply compare its long-lasting results with other shampoos you may have used. We're sure you, too, will become a regular user of GLEAM Shampoo...which keeps your hair looking so much lovelier, so much longer.

10c 25c 45c
at all drug &
5 and 10c stores

Gleam
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO

Shertzinger figured the combination would make money on the screen. He was so right that when Paramount announced "Road to Morocco" as the last of the series, the studio was swamped with protests . . . Fresh from his role in "Going My Way," Bing welcomed "Road to Utopia" as a relief from worry and an opportunity to get even with Hope. . . . Bob enjoyed working in the film, too, except for the scene where he tangled with a 700-pound Russian bear. Bob said the brute had obviously heard his broadcasts. Although Hope escaped injury, a week later the bear bit his owner so severely that a hospital trip was necessary . . . Dottie Lamour's usual costume weighed 45 pounds, but Paramount couldn't resist throwing in a scene in which Dottie wears a fur-lined sarong.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

It's pretty swell to have Bob Montgomery back in pictures. And it's a pretty swell picture he has come back in. Made from the William L. White best seller, "They Were Expendable," it tells the story of the PT boats. Of, specifically, Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3, stationed at Manila.

The lieutenant in charge of the squadron is John Brickley (Robert Montgomery), known as "Brick" to practically everyone. Second in command is tall, tough Rusty Ryan (John Wayne). When the picture—and the war—begins, Rusty is a little bit sore at Brick who has talked him into this PT boat routine. It looks as if the PT boats aren't going to get into action at all. Oh, sure, when the Jap planes came over at the beginning, the baby boats went out and manoeuvred around and got a couple of planes. Rusty got some shrapnel in the arm, too. But all that was nothing. And ever since, the boats have been used for messenger service. Messenger service! That's something to tell your children about. "What did you do in the war, daddy?" "I was a messenger." Great stuff!

But before long there is a bigger job for two of the boats. A Jap carrier is nearby. Maybe a PT can get near enough to knock it out. It's a mosquito against an elephant. It's David against Goliath. But it works. One of the PT boats doesn't come back, but Brick's boat gets the carrier and escapes. Rusty wasn't along on the expedition at all, because the shrapnel in his arm sent him to the hospital. He figures he's been robbed, and he takes it out on the hospital staff until he meets Sandy. She's a nurse, Lieutenant Davis (Donna Reed), and she and Rusty fall deeply in love.

The PT boats are assigned the job of evacuating General MacArthur and his family to Mindanao. They make it, but when they get there, they are told to stay. They are now under Army orders instead of Navy, and they aren't very happy about it. Then Brick blackmails some torpedoes and aviation gas out of a former classmate at Annapolis, and gets an okay on a trip to blow up a Jap cruiser. He knows that the PT boats, like so many ships and men in this war, are "expendable."

John Wayne, whose acting improves with every picture, and Bob Montgomery are both tops in this exciting story. And keep your eye on a little guy named Marshall Thompson.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Directed by Commander John Ford, in between real-life Navy action, "They Were Expendable" comes out as authentic as a movie can get. Choosing women to portray South Pacific natives, Ford was sent a batch of curvaceous cuties. He exploded. "Send over some grannies. My God, sarongs where we were were as hard to find as peashooters at a bubble dancer's convention. And nobody *looked like Dorothy Lamour!" As a result, the native women in "They Were Expendable" are about as exciting as a clock. . . . Every foot of the marine photography and dock scenes was taken on location at Key Biscayne, Florida . . . On the day Ford sighted a brush fire on an island six miles off the coast, he set up the shots for the battle of Cavite and filmed it as "Manila burning in the background" . . . Bob Montgomery's training as a PT boat skipper during his early months in the Navy came in handy. He needed no direction about the boats, and handled them certainly as well as the many Navy veterans hired for the picture.*

THE HOODLUM SAINT

So you think you know your saints. But do you know about the hoodlum saint, who watches over tramps and mugs and bums? His name is St. Dismas, and he has quite a job looking out for characters like the Snarp (James Gleason), Fishface (Rags Ragland), the Eel (Slim Summerville), and Three Fingers (Frank McHugh).

These assorted gyp artists are all pals of Terry McNeil (William Powell). They helped put him through college, and they now regard him as the greatest man in the world. Terry is just back from World War I, a major, with several wound stripes but no dough. The "characters" have no dough now either, and for a while it looks as if they will have to go to work—obviously a fate worse than death. Terry, who was a newspaperman before the war, crashes a society wedding in the hope of meeting Joe Lorrison, a newspaper owner. He does meet Joe, and talks himself right into a job. But he also meets Joe's niece, Kay (Esther Williams), and falls in love.

What can he do about it? The job doesn't pay much, and Kay is rich. Obviously, Terry must get rich, too, as fast as possible. He keeps the newspaper job just long enough to make some connections, then goes off to Chicago. He has decided to go to work for a man named Malbery, who is head of a large corporation. Of course the "characters" trail along, and he has to spend a lot of time getting them out of trouble. Terry works hard at his new job, trying not to think about Kay, and before you can say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he is vice-president of the company. He has also acquired an ornamental girl friend called Dusty (Angela Lansbury), to keep him occupied until he gets back to Kay.

Terry gets pretty tired of yanking his crackpot pals out of jams, so he tells them about St. Dismas, the patron saint of hoodlums. "Next time you get in trouble, pray to St. Dismas instead of coming to me," he says sternly. Doubtfully the "characters" try it—and it works. No one could be more surprised than Terry. But Terry is in for a lot of surprises before the end of the picture.

William Powell is at his smoothest and "the characters" will enchant you. It's a top-flight cast all around.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

The St. Dismas Orphanage, which inspired the film, was several hundred dollars richer after the picture was completed. Bill Powell originated the idea of keeping a slotted box on the set and started it off with a neat ten-dollar bill. Set visitors were invited to deposit a quarter, and the cast and crew donated their own bits of coin . . . During the filming, both Esther and Bill had birthdays. Bill received one small cup cake adorned by one small candle, whereas Esther, being a gal, got a considerably larger cake inscribed "To a Saint —from the Hoodlums" . . . Angela Lansbury was married to Richard Cromwell during the picture's shooting, and rushed home every day to watch her new husband refinish the antique furniture they had bought together. A week before her marriage, Angela was horrified to discover

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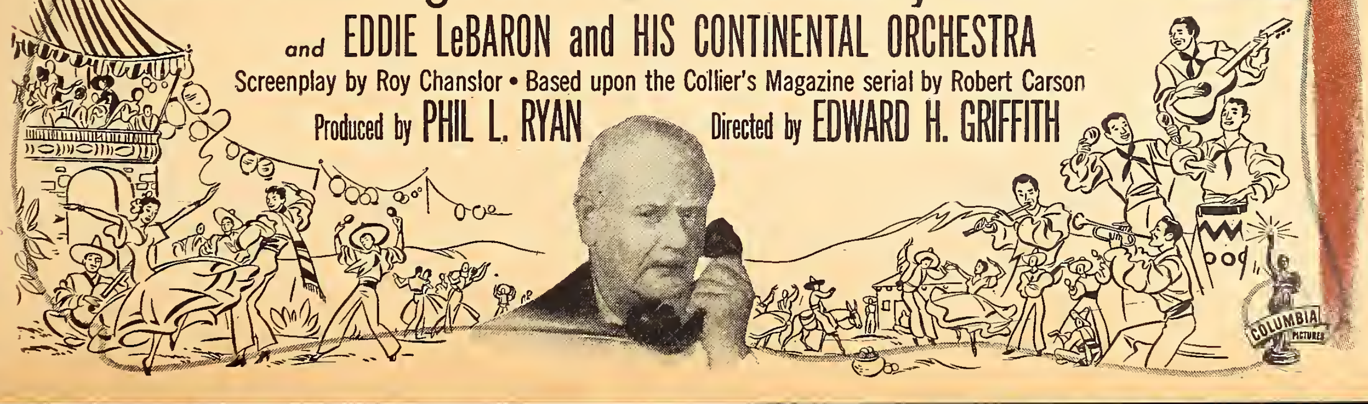

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the biggest, blackest, hairiest spider she had ever seen walking nonchalantly across her bed. Both Angela and her mother flailed the creature with frying pans and fireplace implements, finally called a squad car to the rescue. . . . Angela also bumped into trouble when one of her twin brothers, attempting to simulate an atomic bomb, got his hair singed from his concoction of kerosene in a tin can. Angela figures life keeps her busy, but she loves it.

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE

You're sick. Maybe you have a stomach ache, or maybe it's something really serious. Either way, what do you do? You send for the doctor. But do you ever stop to think about the years it took him to get to be a doctor? The long, tough struggle, before he can walk in and look at your tongue and take your temperature and tell you what's the matter with you? You'll appreciate it more after you see "Miss Susie Slagle." There's a swell cast—Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, and Joan Caulfield, with Lillian Gish in the title role.

Miss Susie Slagle's is a boarding house where the luckier students from the medical school live. In 1910, several new ones have just arrived. One is Pug Prentiss (Sonny Tufts). It has taken Pug a lot of years to get this far. He had to work on a farm in Vermont to get the money and now that he's here, he can't quite believe it. Then there's Bert Riggs (Pat Phelan) who has come all the way from China. Miss Susie greets them all graciously. A second year student named Ben (Billy De Wolfe) gives them the dope on the various classes and professors. Work begins.

Pug has ability as a surgeon, but he has a big psychological handicap—the fear of seeing death. He tries to forget it, and for a while he thinks he has it conquered. His social life revolves around pretty Greta Howe (Joan Caulfield). The first time she meets Pug she decides to marry him, and she's a girl who gets her way.

Bert meets a girl, too. She's a student nurse, Nan (Veronica Lake) and they are soon deeply in love. Bert hesitates about asking her to marry him. He must go back to China and be a medical missionary. It's no life for a girl. But all Nan asks is to be near Bert, in China or anywhere else. It doesn't seem like much, does it? Still, it's more than life is destined to give her.

Pug's old fear returns as he comes closer to being a surgeon. If it weren't for Miss Susie, his medical career would have ended. They all owe a lot to Miss Susie. You'll see what I mean when you see the picture.—*Par.*

P. S.

Owned by the studio for seven years, the script was not tackled sooner because of its complexity of characters and stories. It was finally written in finished form by John Houseman, co-founder with Orson Welles of the Mercury Theater. It was directed by John Berry, who was associated with Houseman in the Mercury Theater, and who introduced a new technique in Hollywood of a full week's rehearsal with the entire cast before actually shooting . . . Despite the fact that the film is overflowing with newcomers to the screen, the cast also includes a favorite old-timer, Lillian Gish, who plays the title role. It is her first important role since she left films for the stage in 1930, and makes her the only screen star to be active during both war periods. . . . The studio hired Dr. Benjamin Sacks, noted diagnostician, as technical adviser. He spent six months on research, and under his supervision sets were constructed to produce a typical medical school of thirty-five years ago. Four laboratories contained more than 5000 props valued at $10,000 in medical equipment, all of which was practical with running water and gas heat, to allow for actual experiments . . . Walls of the students' bedrooms and bathroom at the boarding house were adorned with anatomical drawings by studio artists. Featured was "Little Elize," a feminine figure of questionable reputation drawn on the bathroom ceiling. Her popularity was enhanced by a song written especially for her, sung by male members of the cast, which paid tribute to her in anatomical terms.

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD

You've probably heard the "Breakfast in Hollywood" program, with Tom Breneman officiating, on the air. If you haven't, you should, and in either case you'll enjoy the picture. By the way, our own Hedda Hopper is featured in it. And in the *cwaziest* hat!

Hollywood at six a.m. is a busier place than you might think. Pretty little extras in everything from cowgirl costumes to evening gowns are just going to work. A nice old lady, Mrs. Reed (Beulah Bondi) is tying her dog up in the yard, preparatory to starting for the "Breakfast" broadcast. Miss Spriggins (Zasu Pitts) is going there, too. She has on a hat she has bought for the occasion. When the milkman tells her it looks like a permanent waving machine, she is delighted. It seems they give a prize at the broadcast for the dizziest hat. Mrs. Cartwright (Billie Burke) is going, too, but she doesn't have a dizzy hat on. She dresses very conservatively and doesn't even wear makeup. She thinks her husband prefers her this way, but the minute she gets out of the house this morning he calls up a blonde who uses *lots* of makeup.

Tom Breneman is on his way to the broadcast, too. After all, the guy has to earn a living some way. He picks up a young soldier named Ken (Eddie Ryan) and gives him a ticket to the show. Ken meets a pretty girl there. Her name is Dot (Bonita Granville) and she's from his home town, Minneapolis. They have something else in common, for they both know Jimmy Glennon of the Navy. They discuss Minneapolis and Jimmy during the broadcast, in between watching celebrities like Hedda Hopper. Of course Hedda wins the prize for the screwiest hat! Later on, Dot tells Ken that she's engaged to Jimmy. Ken happens to know that Jimmy is married, but he doesn't know whether he should tell her that.

The other people at the broadcast have problems, too. You get quite a cross-section of Hollywood in the course of the picture. The Hollywood that has nothing to do with the movies, but is made up of people like you and me. I think this "breakfast" is worth your money.—*U.A.*

P. S.

Although a microphone has never given Tom Breneman so much as a qualm, he viewed the movie cameras with a great deal of suspicion. After he saw his screen tests he told his wife, "I'm much better looking than I appear on the screen," then laughed and added, "I guess I'm an awful ham". . . . Breneman was impressed by the sets, one an authentic reproduction of his restaurant, and the other a $5,000 office. He doesn't actually have an office, uses a top drawer in the desk of somebody else's receptionist. . . . Because the film specializes in crazy hats, Hedda Hopper was given a role in the picture to utilize her reputation for whacky headgear. . . . Andy Russell sings "Amour," "Magic in the Moonlight" and a new song, "If I Had a Wishing Ring." Slightly chubby at the time the film started shooting, Andy was ordered to lose fifteen pounds, had to go through a Sinatrizing process. . . .The film was a windfall for the

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town's elderly female extras. Because of the need for actresses to portray Breneman's restaurant audience, more than 200 of the more aged extras found themselves with three weeks of solid work.

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

This is a story about a boy and girl who fall in love and get married. It's the sort of thing that's happening every day, and that's what makes it real and beautiful. Joan Fontaine is wistfully lovely as the young wife, and Marc Stevens will charm you with his portrayal of the husband. They're bewildered and a little frightened by life, but they're willing to take a chance.

If they weren't, Susan (Joan Fontaine) and Peter (Marc Stevens) wouldn't get married. Peter is only making twenty dollars a week, and even in 1937 that doesn't take you far. But Susan has a job too, in a bookstore, and between them they can certainly make enough to get along on. Can't they? *Can't* they? Susan's older sister, Martha (Rosemary De Camp) tries to discourage them. "Listen, you've got a job and a room at the Y.W., and while it may not be exciting, you could be worse off. Leave it at that for a while." Martha is married and has two children and her husband's out of a job. She knows what she's talking about.

Susan marries Peter, anyway. They don't have a honeymoon because they can't leave their jobs, but they have a one room and kitchenette apartment where Susan fixes breakfast. They have a big armchair where Peter can sit and hold her on his lap in the evening. They have everything! Then Peter loses his job, and there don't seem to be any others. Susan goes on working at the bookstore while he stays home and does the housework, which he loathes. One evening Susan comes home with good news. The owner of the bookstore has written a book. He has seen some of the art work Peter does for a hobby and he wants him to illustrate the book. He has sent fifty dollars to clinch the bargain. Peter takes off his apron, turns off the gas under the beans (which are burned, anyway), and takes his wife out to dinner. He doesn't know the mess that fifty dollars is going to get him into. Oh, Peter and Susan have a tough time, all right. But are they sorry they got married? See the picture and you'll know the answer.—*RKO*

P. S.

Some studio in Hollywood once took a poll on the subject of titles, and among the facts gleaned was the information that people do not flock to see a movie with marriage mentioned in its title. The industry has never been able to understand why, because the biggest money makers among films have been those dealing with marriage. "From This Day Forward" was originally titled "All Brides Are Beautiful," from the novel of the same name, but courage failed in the Title Department and they changed it to a monicker that smacked only slightly of marriage but didn't hit movie-goers in the face with it. . . . Mark Stevens, who is being hailed as the newest sensation on the screen, has his first important role in the picture, that of male lead opposite Joan Fontaine. Mark worked in the film with tongue in cheek, because after floundering around Hollywood for a long time and suffering dropped options from several studios, including RKO, he decided to free lance and was almost immediately called back by RKO for the lead in the picture. . . . Of the definite opinion that makeup is a sissy business, Mark refused to have any applied to his face. Then he saw the rushes and realized that he looked slightly embalmed. The makeup man had better success the following morning.

DEADLINE AT DAWN

You're a sailor on furlough in New York, and a girl manoeuvers you into a crap game with her brother. The game turns out to be crooked, and you've been drinking a lot, and you lose your temper. You draw a blank for a while, and the next thing you know, you're walking along the street with a portable radio in one hand and a wad of dough in the other. Neither of which belongs to you.

It's a bit worrying, especially when you're young and serious minded like Alex (Bill Williams). Has he stolen the money? Should he go back and see Edna and her brother, Romano (Joseph Calleia), and find out what it's all about? Or should he just hop the next bus back to the base at Norfolk? While he's trying to decide, he wanders in to a dime-a-dance joint and meets June (Susan Hayward). She's sorry for this bewildered kid, and against her better judgment finally goes with him to Edna's place to return the money.

But Edna is dead. She's lying there on the floor, and she isn't beautiful any more. Not beautiful at all, because she's been strangled. Alex' first thought, naturally, is that he did it himself. But June doesn't believe that, and neither does he, really. He has a feeling he would have *known* if he had done a thing like that.

By morning someone will have notified the police. And Romano will say he went away and left Alex with his sister and she was alive then. Maybe Alex will be convicted of the murder. Unless, that is, he and June can find the murderer themselves between now and the deadline at dawn. There are a couple of clues. A lipstick, and a white carnation. The lipstick leads them eventually to a frightened blonde, and the carnation turns out to be the property of a blind piano player named Sleepy. There are other people, too, whom Edna has been blackmailing. Is one of them the murderer? By now Alex and June aren't sure of anything. They've found a philosophical taxi driver named Gus (Paul Lukas) who helps them in their search. But can they find the murderer—by dawn?

This is an unusual picture, with an unusual characterization by Paul Lukas.—*RKO*

P. S.

Production was so rushed that cast and crew often worked at night. Because scenes were laid in Manhattan, on a supposedly torrid evening, stars drank ice water every few minutes to cool their breath and keep it from vaporizing in front of cameras. . . . Portraying a cripple, Osa Massen was afraid she would forget to limp, finally solved the problem by wearing a pebble in her shoe throughout entire production. . . . In one scene, Bill Williams was required to chew peanuts as he talked to Susan Hayward. During rehearsals, Susan seemed to become more and more nervous. "What's the matter?" the director asked her. "It's my silly phobia," explained Susan. "I can't stand to hear anyone chew peanuts or taffy." "How about bananas?" suggested director Clurman. It turned out that Susan has a great affinity for bananas, and ate one in the scene along with Bill. It took a bit of timing to synchronize their eating so as not to interfere with the dialogue. . . . Strangest sign of all time to appear on a set was the one reading "Keep Off the Shadows." Shooting Bill and Susan on a moonlit New York street, the cameraman had their shadows painted on the sidewalk, was terrified that somebody would walk on the fresh paint and delay production. . . . A photographer before she became an actress, Osa Massen became very friendly with Susan Hayward, and while working in "Deadline at Dawn" started making a weekly photographic record of Susan's twins. . . . Bill Williams, who never wears

(Continued on page 26)

Killer Hunt!

... Four Hours to Go!

Gob on shore leave... dance hall hostess. Fear in their hearts . . . murder on their hands... and only time until dawn to prove an innocence they themselves doubt!

SUSAN HAYWARD · PAUL LUKAS
BILL WILLIAMS
(The Sergeant of "THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS")
in

DEADLINE AT DAWN

with JOSEPH CALLEIA · OSA MASSEN · LOLA LANE · JEROME COWAN
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Screen Play by CLIFFORD ODETS

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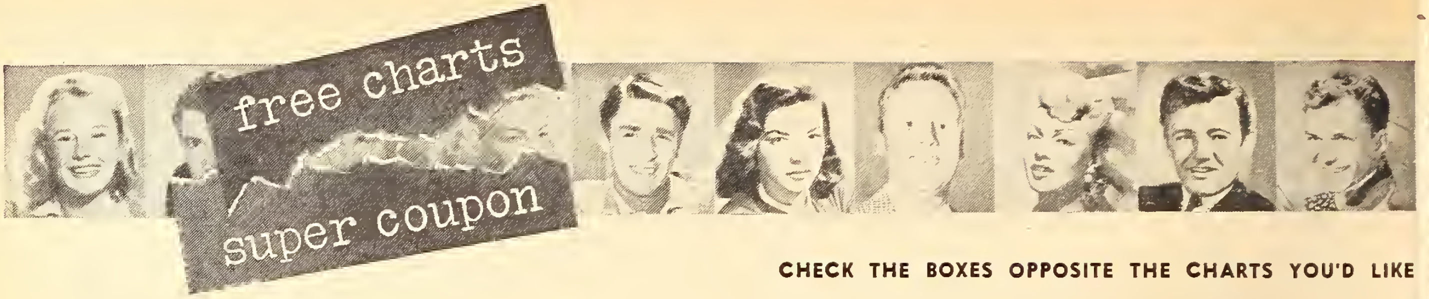

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By Elizabeth Goudge

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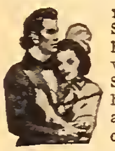

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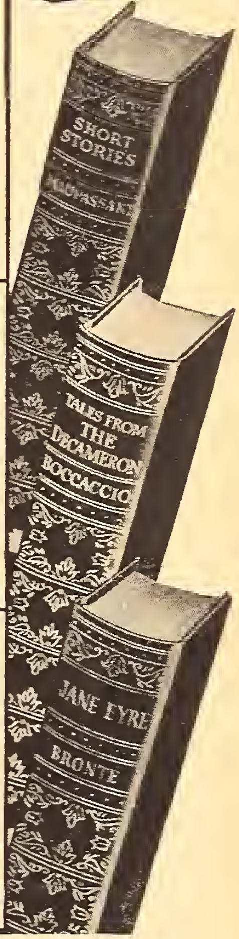
Orson Welles, Joan Fontaine in 20th CENTURY-FOX Motion Picture "Jane Eyre."



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Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Cold, huh? Well if the weather's got you feeling slightly on ice, how about picking up a fireplace somewhere and winding yourself around some nice hot music? Strictly the life. Only hey, wait a minute. You're not supposed to go looking for that fireplace setup just yet. Not until I give you The Word about a few things to go with it. The two very best records of the month, for instance. One sweet, one hot, and both worth your hard-earned dough. For sweet, I'll give you "Just a-Sittin' and a-Rockin' "—the Stan Kenton-June Christy version (with "Artistry Jumps," on Capitol) and for hot, take "Jivin' Joe Jackson," coupled with "Queer Street," by Count Basie on Columbia. So that's that. Now for the usual records (don't forget the complete list at the end of the article for easy clipping and carrying) arranged with the sweet choices first, hot next, and albums trailing merrily.

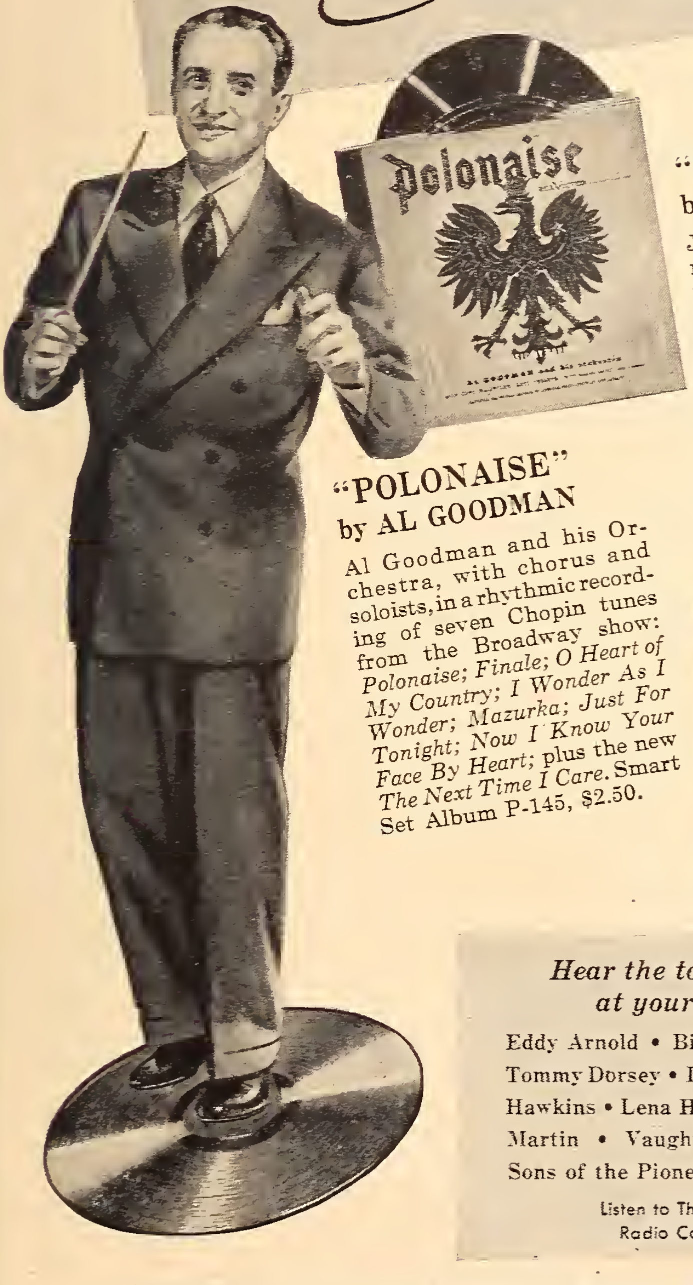
Yank overseas forces dubbed la streamlined Stafford "GI Jo."

BEST POPULAR

As Long As I Live—Johnny Johnston (Capitol)—This is the song from "Saratoga Trunk," and *not* the original "As Long As I Live" which everybody knows. It's one of several recent songs that are title duplications. For instance, there's a number out now called "Blue," probably the thirty-nine thousand and sixteenth with that label. Popular Mr. Johnston sings "One More Dream" on the other side of "As Long As I Live," and he's aided by the vocal group known as The Satisfiers. From the cigarette of the same faculty.

Come To Baby, Do—Les Brown (Columbia), King Cole Trio (Capitol)—This is the first time I've ever mentioned a number three months in a row. But these two new versions are so good I had to let you know. A lot of successful tunes have been written by taking a line out of another popular tune, and building a new song around it. "Come to Baby" is a switch on that line out of "Embraceable You." I think it goes, "Come to papa, come to papa, do—" Anyhow, the other side of the King Cole recording is "Frim Fram." And in case you read that line in a New York column about how "those in the know are laughing at the way 'Frim Fram' got past the radio censors," you can relax. It's a lot of eyewash. The line that's causing all the commotion goes: I want some frim (*Continued on page 78*)

New RCA Victor Smart Sets


Polonaise
AL GOODMAN and his orchestra

"SHOWBOAT"
by TOMMY DORSEY

Jerome Kern's immortal music from "Showboat" in new super-smooth arrangements by Tommy Dorsey: *Why Do I Love You; Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man; Make Believe; Ah Still Suits Me; Ol' Man River; You Are Love, Bill;* plus Kern's latest, *Nobody Else But Me.* Smart Set Album P-152, $2.50.

"POLONAISE"
by AL GOODMAN

Al Goodman and his Orchestra, with chorus and soloists, in a rhythmic recording of seven Chopin tunes from the Broadway show: *Polonaise; Finale; O Heart of My Country; I Wonder As I Wonder; Mazurka; Just For Tonight; Now I Know Your Face By Heart;* plus the new *The Next Time I Care.* Smart Set Album P-145, $2.50.

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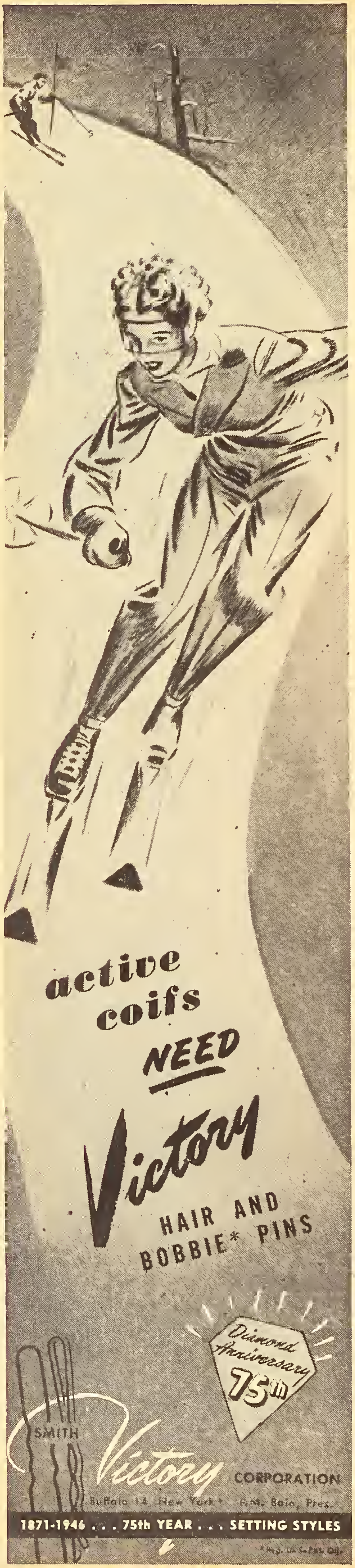

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 20)

a hat off-screen and is continually misplacing the Navy cap he wears in the film, collects hats as a hobby. He owns everything from a cockney's headgear to toppers worn by South Pacific natives.

THE SEVENTH VEIL

Don't be deceived by the title. This English picture has nothing whatever to do with Salome. The only strip tease in it is a mental one, whereby a neurotic patient's mind is finally unveiled to a psychiatrist. The patient is lovely Francesca Cunningham (Ann Todd), who has been one of England's really great concert pianists. She is now confined to a mental hospital, with the delusion that her hands are injured so she can no longer play.

The reasons for this delusion go back a long way. They begin with Francesca in boarding school. One time the head mistress caned her for being late to classes, and her fingers swelled so that she failed in an examination for a musical scholarship. Afterward she leaves school and goes to live with her Uncle Nicholas (James Mason), who is not her uncle at all, but a distant cousin. He is an intensely domineering person, but attractive in a curious way. He's a cripple, and his life has been unhappy. When he discovers Francesca's talent for the piano, he sends her to the Royal Academy of Music. He has decided to make her a concert pianist, and when Nicholas decides something, it's as good as done.

The next seven years are extraordinary ones for the shy girl. She falls in love with a young man, Peter (Hugh McDermott), an American bandleader working his way through the Academy, but Nicholas promptly whisks her off to Paris to continue her studies. Francesca is heartbroken, and she throws herself completely into her music, which is what Nicholas wants. She becomes a great pianist, and yet she is always under Nicholas' domination, and always unhappy. When after many years they return to London, she looks for Peter, but it is too late.

Another man comes into her life then. He is Max Leyden (Albert Lieven), a famous artist. Nicholas asks him to paint Francesca's picture, and that leads to the series of events which land her in the mental hospital . . . and, eventually, get her out again.

The musical score of "The Seventh Veil" is beautifully played by the London Symphony Orchestra. Make a special effort to see this, it is a truly superb picture—*Univ.*

P. S.

London audiences and critics have gone balmy over the film, maintaining it is one of the few that pay a compliment to the intelligence and imagination of the audience . . . Ann Todd, who paints in oils as a hobby, is the mother of two children, David, aged 9 and Francesca, 5. She borrowed the name of her daughter to use as her character name in the film. . . . Hugh McDermott, who plays Peter, has portrayed an American in several English stage productions. During the war, his dressing room was often swamped by GIs who thought him an American. He hated to tell them that he really is from Edinburgh. . . . For the hypnotic sequences, an American major in the medical corps was employed as technical director.

BECAUSE OF HIM

In "Because Of Him" Charles Laughton plays a great actor who, like most great actors, is also a bit of a ham. Type casting they call that. Deanna Durbin is the young girl who comes to New York to get on the stage. Franchot Tone plays the other reason young girls come to New York.

Kim Walker (Deanna Durbin) has been trying for some time to get an autograph from the great theater idol, John Sheridan (Charles Laughton). But it can't be just any old autograph—she wants it on a special piece of paper. In fact, what Kim is up to is to get Sheridan's signature to a letter. She gets it the night he leaves on a fishing trip, and Sheridan goes off peacefully, not knowing he has just signed a glowing testimonial to Kim's ability as an actress.

Armed with the letter, she goes next day to Sheridan's manager, Gilbert. On the way to his office, she brushes off a handsome but wolfish young man who tries to pick her up. It is definitely disconcerting to find the same man in Gilbert's office when she gets there. He is Paul Taylor (Franchot Tone) the author of Sheridan's next play. He revenges himself for the brush-off by insinuating that it is Kim's looks rather than her acting ability Sheridan has been interested in. But Gilbert is sure that the great man intends to have Kim play opposite him in the new play. He gives a big party for her at Sheridan's apartment, and not only announces her as the new leading lady, but conveys the impression that there is a romance between her and Sheridan.

Kim is bewildered by the way the situation has gotten out of hand. When Sheridan returns unexpectedly in the middle of the party, she can't think of anything to do except faint. Sheridan takes her in the other room, lectures her severely on her attempt to impose on him, and adds that it was a damned bad faint. Kim resents this criticism of her acting ability so much that later she stages a fake suicide attempt. This leads to more complications, while Paul simmers quietly in the background. Eventually, I hasten to add, love conquers all.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Directors believe that one of Deanna Durbin's best "camera angles" is her walking. They gave her long walking scenes in "His Butler's Sister" and "Can't Help Singing." In "Because of Him," Director Richard Wallace strolled her arm in arm with Charles Laughton down 320 feet of a New York Street. Just in case you notice in future Durbin pictures that she is going in more and more for hiking, you'll know the reason why. . . . When a "Cyrano de Bergerac" nose was needed for Laughton, property men went into a twitch. The size of the famed man's nose has long been a subject of controversy in the theater world. Makeup man Jack Pierce finally settled the issue by making a rubber snoot two and one-half inches long at the base and three-quarters of an inch wide, curved to fit the Laughton features. . . . It seems Franchot Tone's offspring always arrive while he is working in a picture with Deanna. His first son was born during the shooting of "His Butler's Sister," the second arrived smack in the middle of "Because of Him." . . . Required to portray waitresses in the film, Deanna and Helen Broderick learned the tricks of the trade from a studio commissary veteran with eighteen years of experience. . . . The famous oyster bar in Grand Central Station was authentically duplicated as a set for the film. The only difference was that the smaller oysters of the type available on the West coast were used.

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PUZZLE—WHICH IS THE PIN-UP GAL?

One look at GLENDORA DONALDSON's sparkling beauty and you know she's a famous model.

And her cuddly daughter, Linda, is giving Glennie plenty of competition. Who could choose between two such perfect complexions?

"We share a family beauty secret," Glennie says. "It's *Ivory care!* I learned about pure, mild Ivory in *my* bathinette and it's still my beauty soap today!"

Here's Glennie's style secret

Being a Navy wife, mother and famous model, isn't enough for Glennie's many talents—she makes her own clothes, too! This tricky playsuit is her own idea.

"Nice clothes aren't all that count in modeling," Glennie says. "A fresh, radiant *complexion* is the most important asset of all—I call it that *Ivory Look!*"

Say, who's the model here?

Glennie is also an artist with an eye for beauty. "Real beauty starts with a lovely complexion," she says.

"Models can't afford to be careless about skin care. I'd advise *anyone* who wants to look her loveliest to remember that."

Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory—Glennie's beauty soap—the soap doctors advise. You can have softer, smoother, lovelier skin—that *Ivory Look!*

99$\frac{44}{100}$% Pure

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Don't be a soap waster—Ivory contains scarce materials—make it last!

To our Readers...

■ Some time when you're in a dreamy mood, treat yourself to a good look at Frankie Boy. And tell me if you don't get a strange feeling that maybe the guy is all soul. It happens to me so often, I just thought I'd ask around to make sure I'm not losing my grip.

I remember long, long ago, the first time I heard Frankie sing. It was a number called "I'll Never Smile Again." I remember thinking, "He isn't just *singing* that number." And a million volts of lightning ran down my spine.

Then recently George Evans asked me down to hear Frank talk at a high school. A simple talk. Frank was telling the kids about a fight he'd had back in his Hoboken days. He and his dad and a small task force of their buddies had knocked out a meeting of hooded Ku Klux Klansmen.

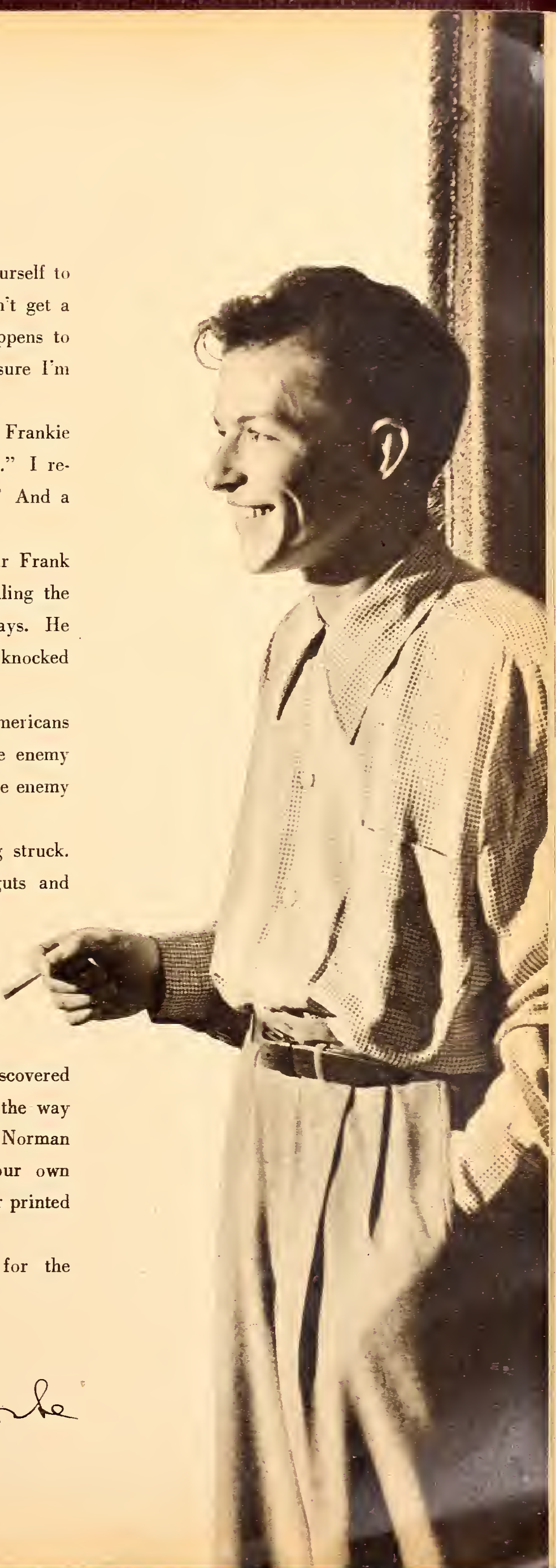
Frank told the kids what the Klan does to make Americans hate other Americans. Then he warned them that the enemy isn't always a jerk hiding out in a hood. Sometimes, the enemy is hiding in your own heart!

It was a simple talk. But once again the lightning struck. Frankie the fighter. 130-odd pounds of bone and guts and soul challenging half a world of intolerance. A sweet guy who makes a million dollars a year . . . talking about an *ideal.* Men who make that kind of money like to save their ideals for their old age.

I got the feeling then and there that Frank Sinatra was the bravest man I'd ever known. Better still, I discovered that there are lots of folks who think about Frankie the way I do. And so for this issue, the great radio writer, Norman Corwin, has written him a ringing tribute. And our own Virginia Wilson has written the finest Sinatra story ever printed in any magazine!

A word of warning. As you read, look out for the lightning.

Al Delacorte



FOR PETE'S SAKE

"I WOULDN'T WALK 20 YARDS TO SEE ANY MAN—NOT EVEN PETE," CHUCKLED LADY LAWFORD. GRINNED THE GIRL, "YOU'RE NOT 15—AND I'M NOT HIS MOTHER!" ● BY IDA ZEITLIN

Pete himself christened one of his fan clubs "The PL's"—was *so* thrilled when Mom and Dad wrote in for charter membership.

Still impressed with husband Sir Sidney's excitement at his excursion into the "theatuh" (remember him in "Kitty"?), Lady May pooh-poohs rumors of her film debut. "Two actors in the family are plenty," she smiles. "I'll sit by and enjoy them."

■ Three times in six months, the Lawfords have had their unlisted phone number changed. It doesn't seem to help much. Two days after the last change, a treble voice on the wire inquired for Pete. By the Pete, Lady Lawford knows them. No bobby-socker would be caught dead calling him Peter. As one youngster demanded: "Why be formal at our age?"

"Peter's not in," Lady Lawford said. "Would you like to leave a message?"

"No thanks, he wouldn't know me from Adam. I'm just an ardent fan—"

"Well, I'm Peter's mother and I wonder if you'd tell me something. How did you ever manage to get this number?"

"From the black market at school. You can (*Continued on page 109*)

As a rule, Pete can't be bothered with primping—can't sit still that long. Even has to steal time from his athletics and socializing to gorge on scripts—any scripts—"so I can get the feel of them."

Along with slang and jive, Pete's picked up our passion for camera'ing. Was dubbed "hero" recently when he invited Nora Flynn to his table, got her out of range of some gents fiddling with a gun—that went off!

■ The Swedish housewife, red-faced, shook her fists and advanced on the husky kid rubbing his ripped knee pants and ruefully fingering the bent spoke of his bike wheel.

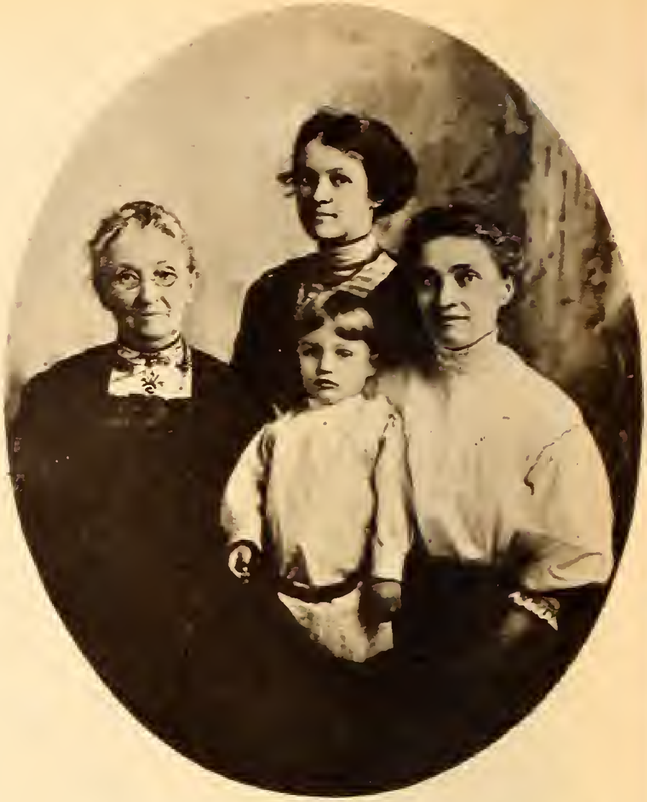
"Now you've done it!" she shrieked. "You've gone and killed my husband, Nels!"

The boy gulped miserably. A few seconds before he'd come kiting down the street lickety split, the wind biting his pink cheeks, his pale blue eyes glistening. He hadn't seen the man who stepped off the sidewalk and the man hadn't seen him. They'd connected with a belly busting bump that sent him flying over the handle-bars and the man skidding, head over heels. He lay in a very undignified position by the curb, gasping for air like a stranded catfish, and he was one of Prentice, Wisconsin's, leading merchants.

"I'm sorry," blurted the kid, "I didn't mean—"

"You're sorry," mocked the boiling woman. "You didn't mean! You did *too* mean. You're always up to something. Stanley Morner—you're the worst boy in this town!"

"Tuffy" Morner scraped his toe in the gravel and sighed. His folks would hear about this, as they



"And unto the fourth generation. . . ." Four-year-old Dennis (at that time, "Stanley,") with great-grandmother, Mrs. Robbins, Mrs. F. Morner, his mother, and grandmother Van Dusen.

During his Prentice, Wisconsin, high school days, he started playing basketball, combing his hair, letting his nails grow—and dating. Met Lillian as a senior, married her 8 years later.

Already expert at skiing and hunting, Dennis fast became "The Compleat Angler;" at 11 had already caught a 28-lb. fish. Here he's "proud fisherman'ing" with his pal, Ben Wing.

At 36, Dennis is starring in "The Time, The Place and The Girl." At 3, sister Dorothy was the only female he'd grin at. Morners had another son, Kenneth, who died at Dennis' birth.

D. started his rat-tat-tat style of speech during this "cowboys and Indians" phase. His horse, "Strawberry," just died, after having thrown, in 3 years, the boss, son Stanley and pal Johnny Mitchell.

First time his music teacher heard him sing, she wept. Later started sneaking in voice lessons with his piano practice. At 23 he was announcing for Milwaukee radio station WLMJ.

dennis morgan

"Tuffy," they called him, and he lived up to it, even bicycling right over the town's leading merchant! (Life Story, Part 1)

By Kirtley Baskette

had heard about so many other things. It wasn't true that he had killed Nels, of course. Nels disproved that the minute he got his wind back by joining in bawling him out with a vigor that showed he was little the worse for the crash. It wasn't true either, Tuffy reasoned honestly, that he was the worst kid in town. Things just seemed to happen when he felt particularly full of beans, which was practically all of the time.

Always up to something, that was "Tuff" Morner. The first kid, if he could run fast enough, to smash the glass and blow the siren when somebody yelled "Fire!" First to grab the handles of the hose trailer and help the shouting, sweating men haul it the night the bank burned down. A busy kid, "Tuffy." Youngest trombone player in the city band, the boy tenor star of practically every get-together and bang-up event in Southern Price county. The smallest hunter to get his deer and haul a giant muskellunge out of the Jump. The busiest and best young actor in town, too, and so advanced about it that they had to co-star the principal's wife with him in the school graduation play to make it look even.

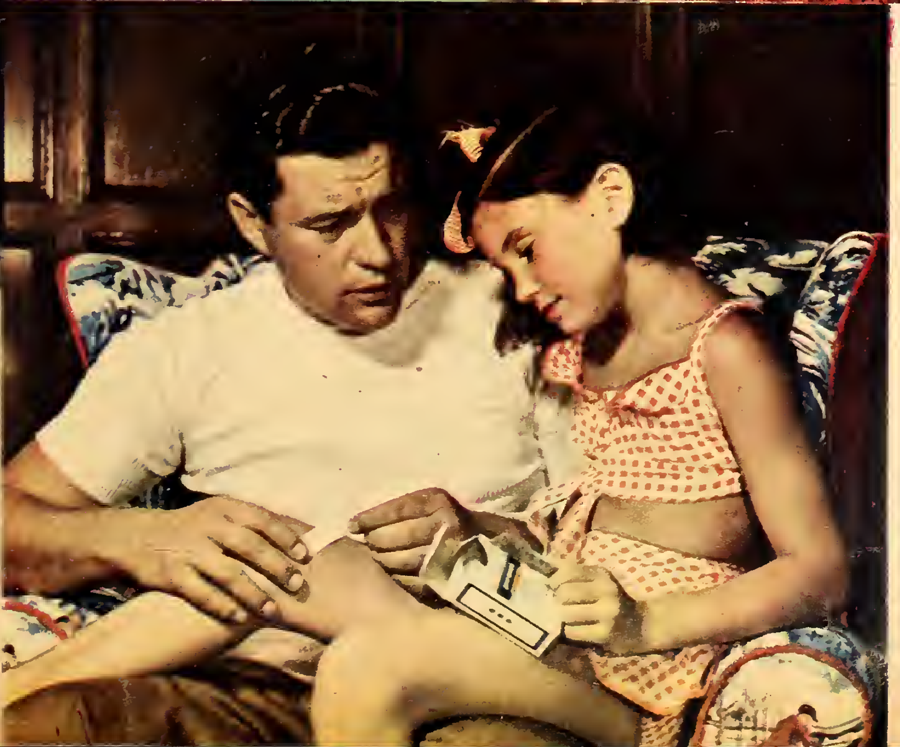
Maybe a good part of the reason that "Tuffy" Morner, whose folks called him Stanley, grew up to become Dennis Morgan, Hollywood's golden-voiced star and Prentice's pride, is because he kept "up to something" all along the way. Through athletics, acting, debate, music and culture in high school and in college. And afterwards, refusing to settle for a steady, secure business life, through Chautauqua, radio, night clubs, concerts, opera—through the build-ups (*Continued on page 89*)

dennis morgan

Jim promises to inherit Dad's hatred of dress-up, is old enough to giggle at the old story of how young Dennis, forced into a Palm Beach suit, once walked a block to a berry bush, squatted in it until the suit was suitably stained.

Co-star Martha Vickers finally caught D.'s bug for the outdoors. He once crept into sis Dot's room, made her jump from porch roof into snow—while she had measles!

Kodachrome by Willinger



Look who's First Aid-ing daughter Kris! D., chopping down a tree recently, smashed in the house roof, lacerated 3 fingers!

Kodachrome by Willinger

HE'S HEDDA HOPPER'S CHOICE FOR THE "STAR OF THE MONTH,"
IS JOHNNY COY—THE LAD WITH THE DANCING FEET, THE LIGHT HEART . . .
AND A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY-HABIT OF PERFORMING AT PARTIES!

WATCH JOHNNY COY!

Johnny, soon in "Ladies' Man," looks Coy as Hedda Hopper awards him his splendid Gruen Watch. John, who "discovered" Lucille Bremer, has fan clubs galore, although he's only appeared in 3 pics.

by HEDDA HOPPER

■ Fred Astaire said, "Excuse me a minute, Hedda," and stepped across the stage to where a wiry young man stood watching the dance rehearsal with worshipping eyes—for all the world like a red hot fan.

I was studio set-hopping that day and I'd headed straight for Fred's "Blue Skies" set at Paramount. For one, because there's nothing that perks me up like a look at flying feet—especially Fred Astaire's flying feet—and for two, because I knew this was Astaire's swan dance, the last toe symphony that great dancing star would tap out for the movies before he retired.

That's how I happened to see and hear what I did.

Fred smiled and stuck out his hand. "You're Johnny Coy, the dancer, aren't you?"

The young guy bobbed his rumpled head and gave a grin that lit up the set like a row of arcs. "Yes sir, Mister Astaire," he said, just as if he were talking to the President of the United States.

"I've seen your pictures and I like your work," Fred told him, "and from my experience, let me say you're going to be around Hollywood for a long, long time!"

I moved in like Gang Busters then, eavesdropping all over the place. This I wouldn't want to miss, for a lot of reasons.

"Gee, thanks," I heard Johnny Coy stammer. "I never dreamed this would ever happen to me. Mister Astaire, you've been my idol ever since I was a kid!"

"Thank *you,*" smiled Fred. "Look—would you like to see my routine?"

"Would I!"

He took the time right there, did Fred, to run through his whole (*Continued on page 100*)

"HI, CHARLIE," SAYS HUMPHREY TO LAUREN. OR "BUTCH." OR "SLIM." BUT THE LOOK IN HIS EYES SAYS, "HELLO, DARLING."

Bogey girl

Kodachrome by Willinger ➤

The Bogarts really loved this old boat. Now they've bought "The Santana," and L. gave H. a navigation instrument set.

■ The most exclamatory news about Betty and Humphrey Bogart is that they have bought "The Santana," a 55-foot yawl with an illustrious past and a promising future. The Bogarts are selling their 35-foot cabin cruiser, which was satisfactory for jaunting to Catalina, but which couldn't compete with "The Santana" in, say, the soon-to-be-revived annual race to Honolulu.

"The Santana's" previous roster of ownership includes, most recently, Dick and June Powell, and before that, George Brent. When he bought the boat, Bogey announced laconically that he would probably find some of Ann Sheridan's bobby pins in the cabin.

Incidentally, the cabin was originally one huge room, but under the Brent ownership this was subdivided into two compartments. The Bogarts, scanning the construction blueprints, have decided to knock out the new partitions and return the boat to its initial plan.

Working up to the ownership of a craft of "The Santana" class is a project that has kept the Bogarts busy practically since their marriage last May. Bogart *(Continued on page 86)*

Lauren (with Humphrey in "The Big Sleep") almost fainted in death scene of "Confidential Agent." Gagster Peter Lorre put a wet sponge inside his shirt. She touched . . . and shrieked!

BY
FREDDA DUDLEY

Nancy Guild (with Hi in "Somewhere in the Night") loved that pre-induction gag the "Harvey Girls" cast and crew pulled. They nailed up his dressing room—and Hi upped and got classified 4F!

"HI" HODIAK'S THE GUY WHO WORSHIPS HIS MOM, ONCE SPENT A FULL DAY ON THE SET APOLOGIZING TO DUMMIES AND COLLECTS ETCHINGS—FOR HIS WALLS.

By

NANCY WINSLOW SQUIRE

Portrait of three stags and a heart: Johnny's still dating Anne Baxter even though Mom B. said uh-uh. So now the kids claim it's just friendship . . . Peter Lawford and Bob Walker are the town's newest Damon and Pythias team.

▲ Now that his folks are settled on the ranch he bought them in Tarzana, John's huge appetite keeps Mom Anna Hodiak bustling for sure.

Sentimental Gentleman

■ Several years ago, when John Hodiak was serving apprenticeship as an actor for a Detroit radio station, he and three fellow actors decided to catch the night boat to Cleveland for a weekend of relaxation. They made reservations for two cabins and boarded the excursion vessel promising each other that they were going to turn in early, that they were going to catch up on some much needed rest—that they were going to take it easy.

During the early evening they investigated the boat, dined well, and listened to the music. John noticed a wan-looking girl trying to keep an eye on two jack-in-the-box youngsters of two and four years, and on one occasion John captured the smaller baby just as that individual was grinning down into Lake Erie and contemplating a high dive.

When he returned the (*Continued on page 115*)

➤That's all Hi does—stuff himself with sinkers and scripts. And so fashion-wise! Bought Mom a birthday gown, begs Annie B. to wear wedgies to get her to *his* level.

from mother with love...

"He's got it!" cried

Mrs. Haymes, when Dick was 16.

And now, years later,

the rest of us are catching on.

By CYNTHIA MILLER

The Haymes' heir, Skipper, 3, promises to turn out as handsome as was—and is—his Dad (above, at 10 years old). Pop's nixing all film offers—wants kid to have "normal" childhood.

■ The lights dimmed, and a blue spot centered on a blond, match-thin boy of sixteen. He held a guitar that was almost as big as he was, and he had a carefree grin almost as big as the guitar. He played a couple of bars and then began to sing "Robins and Roses" in a voice that somehow seemed to walk right into your heart.

At a ringside table, a pretty, blonde woman grasped the arm of the boy beside her. "He's *got* it!" she whispered. "Oh, Bob, he's really got it!"

"Got what, mother?" Bob's voice was gruff. He was eleven years old, and he couldn't see what all the shooting was about. Sure, Dick could sing. Heck, they'd always known that, hadn't they? Of course this was the first time he'd sung in public, with a mike and all that stuff, but this was just an amateur show in Jersey. You'd think. (*Continued on page 105*)

The Haymes' are "sick and tired" of all those divorce rumors: Last one started when Dick came home first from weekend while Joanne stayed behind—to nurse the baby's cold! She's coaching with H. Hawks for career as "new Bacall."

Kodachrome by Willinger

Kodachrome by Willinger

On a note of tribute

Two talents with one thought: Norman Corwin, Frank.

BY NORMAN CORWIN

■ The editors of MODERN SCREEN have asked me to say a few words of introduction to Virginia Wilson's splendid Sinatra story (starting page 46, Ed.). It kind of gives me a laugh that they should come to me—of all people. You see, I used to growl and even bark at the mention of Frank Sinatra. I was one of the millions of my sex who hated Frank in a mild and tolerant way because his fame seemed to be limitless and out of control. Our feeling was purely sour grapes and had nothing to do with his singing or with him. We hated Frank without ever having heard or met him, simply because women were making such a fuss over him.

Now it takes a good deal to turn millions of resentful anti-crooners into a bunch of worshippers. Yet Frank did just that. He won me over, as he did millions of others, by having the courage to be an honest citizen. You may not think that takes much courage. It's something you do every time you vote and pay taxes. But it's different with an artist whose fortune happens to be his voice—his appeal to the public. Let me tell you a story to illustrate what I mean.

In 1944, during the presidential campaign, I produced a big all-network Election Eve broadcast for our late President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, which some of you may have heard. Now a famous comedian had agreed to be on the broadcast. In doing so he would have had to come out publicly for the man in whom he believed. But at the last minute he got cold feet. His advisers urged him not to take a stand. They told him, in effect, "Think of the people in your audience who have already made up their minds to vote the other way. They may resent you. Maybe your own radio programs will lose audience. Maybe your pictures and personal appearances will do bad business. You may lose half your income." He was influenced by these advisers and he never appeared. His loss was a great blow to the program. Of course, he was ill-advised, because the American people are far too sportsmanlike ever to penalize any artist, actor, athlete or public figure for his politics. But he was the perfect example of a man afraid to be a citizen above being a performer—afraid to come out at a critical moment for what he believed.

Frank Sinatra is an equally perfect example of the opposite. In the same political campaign Frank fought tooth and nail for the candidate of his choice. He electioneered for Franklin D. Roosevelt all over the country. He made speeches and sang, and never worried for a (Continued on page 63)

Please turn to following page

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN...

by Virginia Wilson

Frankie doesn't like seeing them pushed around, the kids with the black skins, the different gods. That's why now it's his fight

■ It was the same, and yet it was different, too. There was the huge auditorium packed with applauding kids, and there was the lighted stage, and there was Frank. He stood there, one tanned hand touching the mike, just as he'd stood a thousand times in the last four years. But now inside him was that new, driving urge. The urge that had brought him here to Gary, not to sing, but to talk. He *had* to make these kids understand. It was so damned important, not just to him, Frank Sinatra, but to the kids themselves, to the whole world. His mind flashed back suddenly to a scene in Hoboken many years before . . .

The gang had been to the movies. They were straggling along home, sniffing the sweet spring night, when the thin, little guy on the end said "Hey, fellows, what's that big light burning over on the rocks? It looks like a cross, almost."

The rest of them turned to look. "Gosh, it *is* a cross," Fats said nervously.

"The Klan must be out. We'd better get on home. Come on, Frank. Quit staring and hustle."

"What's the Klan, Fats? And why all the rush?"

"Heck, don't you know *anything?* The Klan's a lot of guys who dress up in sheets and stuff, and if you're a Negro or a Catholic or a Jew, they're liable to beat you up."

"What are the sheets for?" Frank was still puzzled.

"So nobody'll know who they are,

His last show at N. Y.'s Paramount, Frank's "kids" presented him with a rose heart, a gold key because "you've our hearts, here's the key," a shower of confetti—and so much emotion in their "Auld Lang Syne" they got *him* crying.

you big dope."

Frank thought about that for a minute. A group of men who hid behind sheets and beat up other men or boys, because they looked or believed a different way. He decided he didn't care for the idea.

"How many of 'em are there?"

"Oh, not so many, I guess. Too many for *us* to do anything about, though. I hear they're carrying guns lately, too."

"Yeah?" Frank thrust his stubborn

It was a bitter-sweet moment when Frank Sinatra met, for the first time in many years, an old Hoboken boyhood pal, Sgt. George Cardes, a sightless war veteran.

After the show was over, Frankie, with Danny Kaye along for the laughs, hosted the Para. ushers and stage hands at Toots Shor's. Said it was the least he could do as thanks "after what they'd been through."

As soon as he finished a Command Performance with Harry James, F. dashed off to N. Y., left "The Horn" frantically trying to contact him to arrange a match—Harry's baseball team wants to challenge Frankie's nine.

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN..

Frank flew to Gary, Indiana, to try and persuade striking white students to return to school with their Negro associates.

The Swooner Softball Team was organized to give F. and his pals a workout—so now they practice 5 hours each Sat. and have played 2 pro games. Only thing, song pluggers who ump won't call Frank out!

Louis Watts led the welcoming festivities for Frank at Froebel High, helped prepare signs and songs for his arrival with Alma Smith, Eurra Whitaker, Mattie Hicks, Dot Williams and Mattie Dunleavy.

chin out. "Well, I'll bet they're not so tough, if they're such cowards they hide behind sheets. And if each of us had our pop with us, there'd be twice as many of us, wouldn't there?"

The logic was unanswerable. The gang didn't need a diagram drawn for them. "Let's meet on this corner in half an hour," Pete suggested, and they disappeared into the darkness.

Not much later, a small but determined group climbed an isolated section of the Palisades. Frank's father had been easy to convince, and most of the other boys had come back similarly accompanied. The Klan had gotten away with everything short of murder lately, and it was whispered that murder would be next. Maybe a lesson now would help some.

Frank climbed quickly, staring through the gathering black. "There they are," he whispered suddenly. "Hey, pop, see 'em over there by the grove?"

In an open space beside the maple grove, the remains of the cross still gave out an (*Continued on page 119*).

diary of a chambermaid

CELESTINE'S BEAUTY ALWAYS TEMPTED THE WRONG KIND OF MAN. SHE HATED THEM—THEN NEARLY PAID WITH HER LIFE FOR LOVING ONE • BY MARIS MAC CULLERS

STORY The man in the carriage watched the train from Paris puff into the small country station like a tired poodle. As it came to a stop he got out of the carriage and walked, bustling, down the platform to the third class coaches. Two girls stepped out, holding their worn luggage tightly in their arms, staring curiously all about them. *(Continued on page 80)*

PRODUCTION Because the film includes a generous dose of characters who are "light" in the head, there were bound to be wacky goings-on on the set. Burgess Meredith, who co-produces as well as acts, portrays a gay old bird who impresses the ladies (he thinks) by consuming beetles and rose petals. Meredith was spared the beetle episode, *(Continued on page 104)*

3. Mme. Lanlaire (Judith Anderson), a vicious tyrant whose only weakness is for her dying son, Georges, plots to make Celestine desirable in his eyes, thus trapping the boy into remaining at home, under her control.

6. She persuades him to take her to the Carnival and when they arrive, he begs her to come to Paris with him. "We'll live like kings," he boasts, "and why not? I've 25,000 francs hidden away in my room!"

7. Joseph overhears the conversation, steals to Mauger's room and murders the old man when he is discovered in the act. He forces Celestine to promise to marry him because "we're accomplices." Georges is stunned.

1. Paris is too full of designing men for Celestine (Paulette Goddard), so she flees to the countryside, and the service of the rich Lanlaire family, where she meets valet Joseph (F. Lederer) and Louise (Irene Ryan).

2. Mr. Lanlaire (Reginald Owen) is a thwarted old man, cowed by his wife and intrigued by the pert new maid. When he offers Celestine "romance," she accepts. "I'll use men—rich men—to get places," she vows.

4. But Georges (Hurd Hatfield), though wracked with pain and bitter, sees through his mother's scheme and resists Celestine's enticements. He has crawled home to die—no woman will make *his* agony the less lonely!

5. As soon as Celestine realizes that old Lanlaire is penniless, she sets her cap for his old enemy, Capt. Mouger (Burgess Meredith), who'll "eat anything that's dead—or alive" and is "the strongest man in the world."

8. In his agony, the young Lanlaire flees to the greenhouse. Celestine follows him and Joseph comes upon them locked in each other's arms. They fight, and the girl saves her lover's life by begging Joseph to elope.

9. The carriage bearing the escaping couple runs into a mob of celebrating villagers. In his panic to protect some loot, Joseph falls under the horses' hoofs and is killed, as Celestine is rescued by Georges.

Lover man

■ The Broadway cop swore a mighty oath and shrilled his whistle till his face turned purple. "Hey, *you!*" he yelled.

Cars were swishing and swerving, squealing their tires and blasting their horns around a tall, dark guy standing spang in the middle of the busiest street in the world, calmly focusing a camera at the Strand Theater marquee which blazed—"HELMUT DANTINE—IN PERSON." The whistle didn't even make him look up. Neither did the yell. The cop gave a growl, raised his hand and plunged into the murderous traffic. He grabbed the guy by the coat collar and yanked him back on to the sidewalk.

"Listen, Screwball," he snapped. "What you think you're doin'—Promotin' a free ambulance ride to Bellevue?"

"No, Sir," replied the handsome photographer politely, flashing his most courteous smile. "I was just taking a picture of the sign that says 'Helmut Dantine.' I want to send it home. You see—"

"A-h-h-h-h-h!" New York's Finest tilted his cap with a sarcastic flip of the back of his hand. "I get it. One of them crazy jerk movie fans—hey?"

"Well," shrugged Helmut, "yes."

"Okay, swooner," barked the law. "Get your pictures and autygraphs—but get this, too. Do I catch you pilin' up traffic on Broadway again and so help me, it's the wagon!"

"Yes, sir," bowed Helmut again, ducking into the crowd, and musing wryly that that cop had aced himself *(Continued on page 129)*

Poor Helmut! First he and true love Ida Lupino (here on Command Perf.) had a whopping row and split up, then "Shadow of a Woman" needed retakes—fan tangles on that p.o. tour knocked off 15 pounds!

GIRLS ASK HIM TO BITE THEIR PENCILS AND PEGGY GARNER GIVES HIM THE EYE, BUT HELMUT DANTINE LIKES IT, LIKES THIS ROMEO ROUTINE.

by Jack Wade

Kodachrome by Willinger

Portrait of Hurd Hatfield

CHARACTER PARTS WERE FINE, SURE—BUT WHEN THEY ASKED HURD TO PLAY THE BEAUTIFUL DORIAN, HE WONDERED UNEASILY IF THEY'D LOOKED AT HIS FACE . . . by ABIGAIL PUTNAM

■ The long arm of chance sent Hurd Hatfield to Ojai—some eighty miles from moviedom—while M-G-M was hunting a Dorian Gray. Iris Tree, Hurd's hostess, gave the arm a jog, and that's how stars are born.

She was just back from a few days in Hollywood. "I dined with Albert Lewin," she said, passing the soup. "They're looking for someone to play Dorian. You're not absolutely right in appearance, but I suggested you anyway—"

Just like that. Recovering from the shock, Hurd said: "I don't stand a chance," and waited hopefully to be contradicted.

"Maybe not," came the placid answer. "But it's worth trying—"

After dinner he raced out to borrow the book. At college it had been required reading, but he'd never finished it. By the time he'd turned the last page at 4 a.m., hope had burned to a crisp. Iris was an angel but crazy, and so he told her next day.

"The golden-haired darling of London!" he jeered. "The radiant glamor boy! How long since you took a squint at my dark, morbid features?"

"Don't be an ass," she advised in her crisp British way. "Call and make an appointment. What have you got to lose?"

He'd come to Ojai for relaxation. It was no part of his plan to batter at the movie gates. The theater was *his* meat, *he'd* studied with

(Continued on page 109)

Hurd Hatfield's got the romantic lead in "Diary Of A Chambermaid," but he's got problems: Like driving a car. A taxi driver once offered to teach him for ten dollars, no matter how long it took, but quit after two lessons!

billy the kid

It kept nagging at us—why is Bill Eythe so terrific? So one of our editors scooted to Mars, Pa., dug up inside stuff about that pants splitting episode, about Mom's football career, about Dip, the dog. Aah, now we *know* . . .

■ "What if we wait till he's half asleep?" suggested Bill with a bright smile.

"Or hit him over the head, soft like?" Ruth wondered thoughtfully.

From over in the depths of the deep armchair big Dutch untangled himself. "How's about slitting his throat?" he drawled.

Bill paled. Fun was fun but suppose this goof of a brother really *meant* it?

"Don't you come one inch closer," he wavered.

"And *who* is going to stop me?" murmured Dutch.

"Me—I . . ." Desperately, Bill turned to his parents as the enormity of his brother's ninety pound, ten year advantage suddenly swept over him. "Mom —Dad, *do* something!"

"All right, you've had your fun, children, now stop it. At once." Mrs. Eythe picked up the big cooking spoon, gave a last vigorous shake to the bottle in her hand and marched to the middle of the living room.

"Come, Dip," she crooned. "There's a good boy. Come, Dippy, come take your nice, sweet castor oil so you'll feel all better." Warily, she approached the big dog, knelt beside his sprawling bulk and gently pried the spoon past his pointed teeth. For a split second, there was a dead hush, and then with one flashing motion, the huge chow grabbed the spoon and slithered under the sofa, his rough tongue joyously licking off the last drops of oil with little yips of pleasure. Two days of planning strategy and now this! The Eythes didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Being the Eythes—they laughed.

They've always laughed, especially when, like any other average American family, not finding some chink in their particular cloud of trouble could've started them weeping. Like the time they thought Bill would die. Or when Mr. Eythe nearly lost his contracting business in the depression of '29. And Dutch broke his arm in the big game against Notre Dame and Ruth wrote home

(*Continued on page* 58)

When Bill was 4, the Eythes had to be on good behavior. Because Willie warbled the family woes to anyone who'd listen . . . so *everyone* knew what mommy said to daddy when daddy came home late!

By
MIRIAM
ALBERTA
GHIDALIA

Bill Eythe took Margaret Whiting (above) to the Hollywood Bowl, even preferring her to *soooo* many nice gals, like Anne Baxter, Greta Garbo and Tallulah Bankhead—

Bill's folks visited him in Hollywood for 7 months. Best of all, Mom liked the Mocamba, where she rhumba'd with Bill—and got flustered as a babbysocker when Van J. danced by!

Bill's house has a swing, a lumpy studio couch, and a door that's wide open to servicemen. They swarm in and take over while Bill stoops over the stove, whipping up omelettes and angel cakes that fly away fast.

(*Continued from page* 56)

from Harrisburg High would someone come and rescue her please, the mice were at her sweaters again.

Ruth was six when Bill was born, and from the very beginning, she started proving the biology books wrong—Bill was *her* baby. The accident of birth? Phooey! Bill was the child of her heart and to a woman, what else mattered? Who else could appreciate the curled pinkness of ten perfect fingers and toes? The heartache of that little naked spot on the back of his fuzzy head? Only a female who had a half-dozen experience-crammed years behind her, yet was only six years removed

(*Continued on page 60*)

The phone makes Bill feel not so far away from home. Likes going back to visit school chums, but he's always ready to return to Calif.

Bill blushed as red as his Irish setter on "Royal Scandal" set when he lifted up the glamorous Bonkhead. Zip! went his tight-fitting 18th century pants across the seat and zoom! went his dignity!

He's lucky to have a sweater left, because the fans ripped his coat to pieces on Bill's last N. Y. appearance! Bill's technicolorful in "Centennial Summer," his next picture.

billy the kid

She's Engaged!

ROSE-MERI'S RING—
a square-cut diamond. Her fiancé sent it from Honolulu in a native box with her name, a heart and a rose on the cover!

Her complexion is ivory-miniature smooth! Pond's is her complexion care.

IN THE ARMY reconditioning program, Rose-Meri helps at Lawson General Hospital. Recently she visited the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York to see how they teach the handicapped to re-educate muscles, train for self-support. Many handicapped people need a helping hand today. Can *you* give one?

She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

ROSE MERIWETHER LEWIS, of Atlanta, Ga. and Coral Gables, Fla.,

engaged to Lt. Comdr. BRUCE GREGORY KROGER, U.S.N.R.

Rose-Meri's middle name comes from the famous Meriwether Lewis who helped discover the Pacific Northwest. "There's been a Meriwether in every generation ever since," she says!

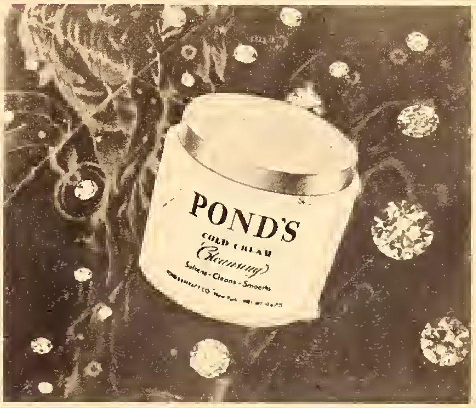
Another adorable Pond's bride-to-be, Rose Meriwether Lewis has true Southern charm—dark-dreamy eyes, a complexion so smoothly soft it fascinates.

"I just love Pond's Cold Cream," she says—and here is the soft-smooth way she especially likes for using it . . .

She slips luscious feeling Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats it well to soften and release dirt and make up. She tissues off—clean.

She *rinses* with more fluffy-soft Pond's, whirling her white-tipped fingers around her face in little circles. Tissues again—"to get my face *extra* clean and soft."

Copy Rose-Meri's twice-over Pond's creamings—every night, every morning, for in-between-time cleanups, too! You'll soon see why it's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!



"DOWN SOUTH" Rose-Meri says, "You *have* to take good care of your skin if you want to keep it nice. Pond's Cold Cream is such a help! It leaves my face with the grandest soft, clean feeling. I honestly don't think there's a finer cream anywhere." *You'll* love Pond's Cold Cream, too! Get a *big* luxury-size jar—*today!* On sale at beauty counters.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties — *The Countess of Winchilsea · Miss Mimi McAdoo · Mrs. Victor L. Drexel · Mrs. Victor du Pont, III · Lady Stanley of Alderley*

Write your pen troubles away with this new ink!

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK WORKS THE MAGIC!

"S'MATTER, MOM, IS YOUR PEN STUFFED-UP?"

Sure, sonny, your mom's addressing those invitations with just ordinary high-acid ink. And high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles! Why don't you tip her off to Quink—the kind your teacher uses. It contains pen-protecting *solv-x*.

"USE MY QUINK, IT CLEANS PENS AS IT WRITES!"

Smart boy! No wonder your school papers won all those gold stars for neatness! And Quink does much more than keep pens free-flowing. For while ordinary high-acid inks damage vital pen parts, *solv-x* in Parker Quink guards against metal corrosion and rubber rot.

"OH, BOY! DOESN'T THAT SOLV-X MAKE A DIFFERENCE?"

Smooth writing now, isn't it lady? And brilliant! That's why Quink is America's largest-selling ink. That's why new millions are switching to Quink. And remember, only this ink developed by Parker scientists, contains wonder-working *solv-x*. Yet Quink costs no more than other inks!

Copr. 1946 by The Parker Pen Company

Solv-x in Parker Quink protects pens 4 ways:

1. Ends oil gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.
2. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
3. Cleans a pen as it writes . . . keeps it out of the repair shop.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.

Stop pen troubles before they start. Quink with *solv-x* comes in 4 permanent, 5 washable colors at 25c. School size, 15c. Also pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

BILLY THE KID

(*Continued from page 58*)

from babyhood herself. So for the rest of their lives, (and even to this very day), Bill kept his place as Ruth's baby, to coddle and tease and go half out of her mind over with worry.

At first they thought it was only an upset stomach. "Mommy," Ruth reported from the nursery. "The baby, he feels hot."

"Nonsense, dear, it's just that he's been tossing around in his crib."

"But he cries so *hard*," she frowned.

"Of course, honey. When you were three months old you cried 'so hard,' too. But we'll go check, shall we?"

They checked, and a minute later Mrs. Eythe was at the phone. Let's see now, was Dr. Brown three rings or four? Darn these party lines. Silly to get upset, Ruth and Dutch used to run temperatures all the time, never meant a thing. Ah, yes, here it was, Mars 297 Ring 3. Sorry, came the voice at the other end, Dr. Brown was out, he'd be back in an hour.

"But Mrs. Brown, can't you please find him? It's little Billy, he's so flushed—"

An hour later Dr. Brown showed up and reported an upset stomach. Keep the baby quiet, give him these drops every hour, he'd be fit as a fiddle in a day or two. Two hours later the baby was screaming, his red face dry and hot, the veins in his forehead bulging with the pain.

This time the doctor came running. Responsible women like Kate Eythe didn't phone at three a.m. without good reason. It was an ear infection, with the fever running to 105. If Billy lived through the night, he had a fighting chance. But oh God, he's such a *tiny* baby—

lonely vigil . . .

It was a long night. Ice packs, sheets wrung out in cold water to soothe the burning little body. Mrs. Eythe calm and competent, her eyes wide and staring to hold back the hot tears, her husband locked in his room with only the steady fall of his steps back and forth breaking the monotony of the baby's whimpers.

At daybreak the doctor straightened up from the crib, stretched his cramped back and announced, "He'll make it. Frankly, Mrs. Eythe, I never for a minute thought he would." And then with a kindly look at her face, "Run along and get some rest yourself now, you're exhausted. I'll take over until the nurse arrives."

"Thank you, oh thank you," she whispered. Slowly, she walked out of the room, nearly stumbled over a little form huddled on the floor against the doorway.

"Ruth! Ruth, baby, what are you doing?"

"Taking care of Billy."

"Come, come to your bed, darling. You did a beautiful job, a splendid job. Billy's going to *live!*"

"Oh, I knew he would," the child answered simply. She held up her little Bible. "I can't read it but I talked to it. It always works, huh, Mommy?"

And as she gathered up the sleepy child in her arms, Kate Eythe cried. For the first time in that long, grey night.

Bill never fully recovered from that old infection. There was always an earache or a buzzing sensation or a slight dizziness to plague him. When he was twelve his parents took him to the leading ear specialist in Pittsburgh. The doctor probed and peered, asked questions, and then dismissed the boy into the next room.

"It's chronic, Mrs. Eythe, he'll never be without some discomfort for the rest of his life. And he'll have to be careful, very careful. Shall I tell him now?"

"No. No, thank you, doctor. I don't thing he needs to be told. What good would it do?"

"But he's a boy, madam. Young boys swim and throw snowballs and play catch. Bill mayn't, you know. He'll even have to stuff cotton in his ears every time he washes his face."

"I'll see to it that he doesn't harm himself, doctor. Billy's a good boy, he'll listen."

And until three years ago, when Bill went to Hollywood, he never knew that his ear condition was chronic.

Bill was always a round little boy; round cheeks, a dumpling body and long arms and legs that never seemed to belong to the pudgy rest of him. And gentle? Angels would have let him tug at their wings.

But what a temper he had! Not the kind that stamped and bellowed and made fine scenes. No. When Bill got really sore his eyes would narrow, his fists clench taut and a thin white line trace itself around his mouth. The family hadn't come up against it yet when he was cast in Miss Kyser's Easter play at the Mars public school.

you're for me . . .

His sister Ruth had come in from Harrisburg, where she was rooming with a girl friend and working in the State Department as a clerk, to help create the costume. As "character" lead in the play, "Pappy" in "Peter Rabbit," Bill's costume had to be a really splendid production. And Lord knew it was! A skin-tight red satin body with long absorbent cotton ears that looked so real they nearly twitched, and mud-colored heavy cotton stockings and a tail that wriggled with every step he took.

The stage at the Mars grade school wasn't a very elaborate affair in those days. Three flashlights with red lollipop cellophane wrappings were the footlights, and what looked suspiciously like two sheets from the infirmary stitched together dubbed in as the curtain.

The play was going along famously when —oh woe!—Billy knelt at the foot of the queen, struggled to heave himself up again and slirrp!, his pants split! The quivering red satin parted to a wonderful expanse of white underdrawers. The audience went wild. They roared. Miss Kyser threw her head back and laughed till she hiccupped. Miss Jeffreys backstage could be heard gasping for breath. To Bill, it was pure horror. He just stood there, frozen, not moving a muscle.

Mrs. Eythe and Ruth ran backstage after the curtain calls.

"You were splendid, son," his mother assured him.

All of a sudden, he got very busy tugging at his absorbent cotton ears.

"But darling, everybody loved it," consoled Ruth. "It made them laugh and be happy."

Fiercely, he whirled around, looked them straight in the eye.

"But *you* didn't have to laugh," he raged. "My people didn't have to laugh. I should've had *somebody* with me."

The next year when he was Santa Claus he wouldn't let anybody attend the play, only Ruth. And his mother didn't discover until weeks later that this time his sofa pillow belly had dropped to his knees.

Ruth's a quiet girl with wide-set brown eyes and a good-little-girl look. She doesn't laugh much, but there's always a smile trembling on her lips, as though she's ready to love you dearly and wouldn't you like to be friends, please?

She was working in Harrisburg at the time, where "the brat" used to come on regular Thursday to Monday weekend visits. He never asked for much when he got out there, it was enough just to be near Ruthie. He'd trot around the apartment after her as she swept and dusted, hand her bobby pins when she put up her hair, sit patiently while she changed dressings on his poor, aching ear.

It was about four in the afternoon, this Saturday, the radio was on and Ruth was swinging around the room in a fast two-step, a mop clasped adoringly to her chest. The gang was coming up later and she felt good.

"Is it hard to dance, Sis?"

"Oh, I dunno. Sorta comes natural, I guess." And then with a twinkle, "Natural, that is, to grown-ups."

He was still for a moment, then, "Teach me, Sis?"

So she flipped the dial to a waltz, grabbed him by his stubby middle and dragged him around the room. She could've cried at the starry look in his eyes. He looked like Porky Pig auditioning for a Gene Kelly role.

A few hours later the bell started ringing. Every time it did, Bill'd race for the door. If it was a girl, "Hi!" he'd chirp in his best Doug Fairbanks voice, "wanna dance?" And before the girl had a chance to gawk, he'd stretch his arms up until they barely touched her shoulders and start jigging up and down, that same beatific smirk on his face. But Bill never fooled anybody—he wasn't giving a darn about how many girls he trampled underfoot. If he could practice on them so that he'd be a better partner for Ruth, well . . . .

THAT'S FOR ME!

Yep, that five-dollar check is for you —but def—and all you've got to do is tell what happened when you met that movie star. So perch your typewriter upon your knee (though a pen will do!) and write briefly *and* clearly *to your "I Saw It Happen" Editor,* Modern Screen, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If you make us feel that we were right there with you, we'll publish your True Confession (that's for us!) and send you five dollars (that's for you!)*

A Doug Fairbanks voice wasn't the only thing young Billy acquired in that three-movie-shows-a-day period where, among other things, he developed a passion for chocolate bars, serials, Greta Garbo and being a director—all four of which last to this day. His parents, of course, objected bitterly.

"He'll ruin his eyes," Mr. Eythe would complain.

"He says he doesn't look half the time, just listens," Mrs. Eythe would answer.

But Bill was too far gone. After seeing "The Ten Commandments" for the fourth time, he couldn't resist. He wrote a long, searching letter to Cecil B. DeMille. He, William Eythe, Esquire, intended becoming a director, too. What did Mr. DeMille suggest? Mr. DeMille very kindly answered with an ultimatum—four pages long. Either Bill went to classes every day and studied hard or there was no hope. So Bill framed the letter, went to classes every day—and got his movie-going done after school.

There's an old jingle that goes, "A son is a son till he gets him a wife, but a daughter's a daughter all the rest of her life." But possibly because Bill was his mother's last born, or because she had so nearly lost him, they were closer to each other than most. Although if ever boys had a mother they could pal with, Bill and Dutch Eythe are so blessed, for Katie Anne Eythe is clever and chic with a lovely face and a young, bouncy manner.

Like any fond mother, Katherine Eythe looked forward to the time when her youngest boy would be married, with a wife and family of his own, but Bill never went for girls much. They were pleasant to have around and if they were good to look at, who was he to quibble? But he never "dated steady" and he never played favorites. In Bill's gang they all went out in a crowd where everybody danced with everybody and no hearts broken. And when you took a girl home, it was because she was the next on the block to be dropped off and not because you'd seen the latest Valentino picture and wanted to practice the technique on someone. They had a pretty reasonable curfew in Mars, home by midnight or one on a Saturday night, two'ish if the occasion was special and you'd told your parents beforehand. For a long time, Bill had a habit of poking his head into his parents' room after a night out, chirp "Anybody conscious?" and without waiting for an answer, sprawl across his mother's bed, munch an apple and give a detailed account of the evening.

It never failed, somehow, but that right in the middle of what Mrs. Beardsley had served, they'd hear the front door squeak open and seconds later, a cautious creak from that darned sixth step from the top that wouldn't shut up, no matter where you stepped, even with your shoes off. A muffled "darn!" and "*Dutch!*" the three conspirators would whisper in unison. "He's sneaking in," Mr. Eythe would announce, and exchange a profound look with his wife. The look would be lost on Bill. "Sissy," he'd hoot. "Who does he think he's kidding? What does he see in girls anyhow?" And dropping a light kiss on his mother's head, he'd lounge off to bed. Bill was nearly 21 before he started figuring out for himself exactly how you could keep that sixth step from the top shut up. Even with your shoes off.

In his whole life, Bill wavered in his decision to be an actor just once, and that was during his senior year at high.

It was pretty touchy, announcing his decision to postpone going to college to his folks. Dinner was the best time, he imagined, but with Ruth away in Harrisburg and Dutch at Carnegie Tech, anything a fella said fell with such a darned dramatic *thud* in the conversation.

"Swell roast, Mom."

"Oh? Glad you like it, dear."

"Say, dad, there's something I'd like to ask you. Dad, I'd like to—"

"Yes, son?"

"—have some more gravy, if I may."

The Eythes hadn't brought up two other children without learning the signs. They waited. They discussed the weather.

"Say, dad, what do you think of art?"

"I think it's a very fine institution, Bill."

"So do I! So folks, that's why I'm going to—that is, I'd like to—Mom, Dad, I'm signing up at Pitt Art School because I did swell work in High's required art courses and I think I'd make a swell commercial artist and please say it's okay with you and I'll work hard and earn my tuition and you're not sore, are you, that I'm not going to Tech even though Dad went and Dutch is going and you'd like me to?"

work and worry . . .

They didn't mind. But there was one point they later bitterly regretted not having clamped down on. That "I'll work hard and earn my tuition" clause. Because Bill started an orchestra while still in high school. He wore a tux, played the piano and arranged bookings for the school dances. But obviously, before they could get bookings, they had to practice. They practiced at the Carl Eythes.

At midnight, Mr. Eythe would be pleading, "Please Kate, do something!"

"*Do* something!" she'd repeat in a shrill voice, "it's all I can manage to keep inside my skin!"

At one he'd be reduced to moans.

At two, he'd be firm. "Young men," he'd announce, standing tall and majestic at the head of the stairs, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave."

At three, Mr. and Mrs. Eythe would be fast asleep to the strains of "Tiger Rag." Exhaustion.

By the time graduation rolled around, Bill was holding down three jobs. There was the orchestra, of course, and then the stint managing Olson's Dairy after classes and the weekend job assisting the director in charge of the fashion show at the local department store.

Graduation is a big event in Mars. It's a big event any place, with the first long gowns and a corsage for your best girl.

"Who are you taking to the dance, Bill?" his mother asked idly that morning.

"I'm not going."

"Not *go*— But Bill, your father and I are on the receiving line! Did you ask Mary Beardsley? Or maybe Jane Wilson?"

"Oh, it's not that, Mom," he smiled. "It's not getting a girl. But I've got to work tonight. I've got to do inventory at Olson's. Aw, don't feel *sorry*, Mom, it makes me feel *swell* . . ."

So graduation night, Bill Eythe changed out of his tux in the gym lockers after the ceremonies, pinned an orchid on his mother's evening gown and went off to do inventory at Olson's Dairy. That was the second time in his life, Kate Eythe recalled, that her son had made her cry.

ah love, ah life . . .

For a whole year Bill concentrated on art at Pitt, but all along, deep down he knew what he wanted, and art wasn't it. The term up, he applied at the Fox-Chapel Summer Theater as apprentice actor. He went through the whole pattern: Typing scripts, painting flats, swimming in cold Chapel Creek at two in the morning with the air sweet and heavy on his wet body, declaiming Shakespeare over beer and pretzels at the "Town House," falling maybe a little in love with his current leading lady, but always falling out in time for the next play and the next leading lady.

Elizabeth was one of them, cute as a button and blonde as flax. Mom knew her from back home, so when Liz was cast as the carousel keeper in "Liliom," with him doing the lead, he wired for her and Dad and Ruthie to come to the opening.

He was a little nervous, sure. You don't mind making faces in front of a bunch of strangers, but when it's people who belong to you sitting down front, third row, seats 11, 13 and 15, you feel like three years old and it's Hallowe'en Eve. Liz looked swell, the rouge in hard circles on her overpowdered cheeks, her fine yellow hair dyed blood-red and frizzed—she really looked the part. A slut. He made his entrance, there was a splatter of applause and right away he could feel the folks up there with him, pulling for him.

He was going swell until the second act. Here was the big scene. He threw Liz her cue, she came on from upstage right—and the guffawing started. Seats 11, 13 and 15 were practically rolling in the aisles! The folks had spotted Liz in her flaming frizz-top and had just broken up over it all. But when they trouped backstage to congratulate him, they took their bawling out like troupers. Even when he looked down at his mom's still-dimpling face and hissed, "I'm ashamed of you. You damn near wrecked that second act!"

They nearly pulled the same routine when Bill opened in his first show, "The King's Maid," playing a doctor, Van Dyke beard and all. But they calmed down soon enough when they overheard two wiseguys behind them cackling, "This beaut'll have a hell of a ways to go to get to Broadway." With Baltimore only 186 miles from New York, they realized the reference wasn't to mileage. "Maid" died an unnatural death when it was just a week old, but two weeks later Oscar Serlin, who had directed it, sent for Bill to do "The Moon Is Down." After that role, Bill certainly did go a "hell of a ways."

The registrar nearly keeled over when Bill registered at Carnegie Tech for the four-year drama course.

"But aren't you Dutch Eythe's brother?"

"I am."

"But—but—but you're registering for *drama!*" she gasped.

"Yup."

"Well, what does Dutch say?"

"Howard? Oh, he says I'm nuts!"

That's how it was all along the line. The brother of the great Dutch Eythe, All-American, professor now at Maryland Boy's Academy, going in for *drama?* It was incredible.

dip the dog . . .

The neighbors keep asking the Eythes about Margaret Whiting. "What's this we read in Parsons' column about Bill and Margaret?" Mrs. Eythe shrugs her shoulders. "All I know is what I read in the papers—I've given up trying to keep check on Bill's newspaper romances. I've met Margaret, of course, she's a charming girl."

Bill's just bought himself a new home in North Hollywood, and so far, Dip the dog is the only member of the family who's seen it. Dip was just six weeks old when Ruth sent him to her "brat" from Harrisburg back in '30, where he was promptly adopted and christened "Dip" in honor of Ruth's not-yet-then husband, Charles Dippery. Dip's sixteen years old now, and his teeth aren't too good and whenever he gets a spell of rheumatism or indigestion or just plain old-age'itis, the family has to take

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turns sitting up with him and feeding him aspirin. Bill got sort of lonesome for the dog recently, so Mom talked to the old fellow for hours, convincing him that being sent first class mail was fun and wouldn't he love to see Billy? They didn't tell Bill about it, thought they'd make this package a whopper, so what happens but that Dip landed in Hollywood on a Sunday and the station master had to go down himself and keep him company because depots are closed on Sundays and the old boy looked so lonesome! Bill thinks Dip recognized him. He leaped up and started drooling all over his old master. And of course it could have been just that his eyes were watery from traveling, but Bill'll swear there were tears. Dip wanted to make friends with the three setters Bill's got frisking around the place, but he'd lost most of his social grace. Kept walking into them with his near-sighted old eyes and when the pups wanted to make something of it, just turned and walked off, his tail fluttering bravely with the glory that was once Dip's.

Dip's back home in Mars again, a bit the worse for wear, maybe, but a little brighter, a little more resigned to this sad business of living out your life an old, tired dog. He likes having people around to talk to, especially "Mom" Eythe. They spend a lot of time together lately, mostly at night when the house is very still and she can kneel by his bed and scratch him, oh so gently, between the eyes and look deep out the window for long minutes. They understand each other, these two. Know how it feels to be laughing and joking in a room full of people and all of a sudden have a catch at your heart and know it for loneliness. Dip helps remind Kate Eythe of her baby, brings the old days tumbling back so it doesn't seem too close, this maybe having another "fool woman" to worry about the boy. Not that she won't be glad to get him off her hands, you understand. It's just that "A son is a son till he gets him a wife." And Billy's such a *good* boy . . .

ON A NOTE OF TRIBUTE

(*Continued from page 45*)

second whether any of his fans differed with his politics. That was their right, as it was his right to take a position.

Since those days Frank has served an even greater cause, a non-partisan cause, and served it unsparingly. Instead of being dazzled by his brilliant success, he looked around carefully and saw the dangers which confront us all today. He saw that the war didn't really end last August—that Fascism is still alive, even though its armies have been smashed. He saw that the greatest friend of Fascism in this country is racial mistrust and antagonism, and he knows that certain vicious men make a profession of arousing hate.

Frank Sinatra decided it was his *duty* as a citizen to help fight that sort of thing. He has been preaching unity—unity of all peoples.

It would be easy for Frank to rest on his laurels, or to use his fantastically great fame strictly as a source of income—to endorse cigarets and shaving soap and make personal appearances as a singer for the sake of Sinatra alone. But Frank has chosen to apply his fame to more constructive purposes—to endorse democracy and unity, and make personal appearances as a citizen (such as his visit to Gary, Indiana) for the sake of harmony in this country. He is, as I say, a citizen above all else. Being that, he is, as all good citizens automatically become, a patriot.

We, who once snickered, salute him.

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RITA AND ORSON CALL THE WHOLE
THING OFF—PETER LAWFORD PLAYS SIR
GALAHAD—BETTY HUTTON'S HEFTY—
LAUREN B. TAKES CRITICISM LIKE A TROUPER

louella parsons' Good news

Duet by Hildegarde and Diana Lynn, who guested at H.'s show when in Ne York. Diana's constant cry while touring the town: "Couldn't we stor at 8 a.m ? I can always sleep at home, but I can't afford to miss this!

■ In spite of the fact that Victor Mature and Orson Welles exchanged hot words and cold looks at a night club a couple of nights before Rita and Welles parted, I'm making a bet that la Hayworth and Vic do not resume.

The reason? June Haver!

Of course, where Vic is concerned you never know. Ever since I've known that boy he has been maaadly in love with some fair charmer and she's always "the love of my life."

I'm not saying that June and Vic will marry. He has been twice divorced and she is a very devout little girl in her faith which forbids marriage to a divorced man. But these two are very much in love. She wants to spend all her time with him even when she goes on shopping or marketing errands.

And to prove just how much she thinks of him, not long ago she walked out on a dinner party given by her boss, Darryl Zanuck and his charming wife, Virginia, because she had a date with Vic later in the evening! In fact, he called for her at the Zanucks' wearing a sweater and sports clothes, and little Junie got into her fur coat over her sparkling evening gown and drove away with him.

* * *

The party June left behind at the Zanucks' was one of the gayest I've been to lately. Our younger set is not only party conscious since the end of the war, but it seems to me everybody wants to make up for lost time. I've never seen so many pretty girls in such gorgeous clothes.

The affair was in honor of (*Continued on page 66*)

All you've got to do to get kissed by Gene Tierney (like Perry Como her is complete one year on radio's "Supper Club" program. Gene's got b plans for husband Oleg Cassini: Studio consultant on costume desigr

Jeanne Crain says she'd rather stay home and learn lines than go partying, but she couldn't resist new husband Paul Brooks' invitation to dance at the Mocambo. J.'s excited about playing opposite Greg Peck.

Who wouldn't be gay, dancing with Nanette Fabray? But Bing Crosby's got other reasons, too: On the last day of "Blue Skies," he took his usual "last day" photo with all four sons, then quit for a year's rest.

What's with the match between Bob Walker and Florence Pritchett? He's at the Stork Club with her here . . but just a few nights ago it was Buff Cobb! Bob's getting ready to play the role of the late Jerome Kern.

While Lana Turner was in Arizona, male visitors included Greg Bautzer and Rory Calhoun . . . but the daily phone calls came from Bob Hutton! She and Bob (dining here at The Troc) have Hollywood wondering.

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Leaves hair with its silken sheen that lasts for days

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Tyrone Power, just out of the Marines, and his happy wife, Annabella. She was all done up in a shocking pink dress, that is, the top of it was shocking pink and it had one of those new necklaces embroidered on the blouse which, when combined with her own diamonds, was stunning.

Jeanne Crain is certainly a cutie-pie when it comes to dressing her type. With that lovely red hair of hers she knows she looks wonderful in green. Her gown was a soft sea-green with sequins.

I don't think anyone had any more fun than Jimmie Stewart, Henry Fonda and Tyrone, who were swapping stories like mad.

Nineteen-year-old London actress Peggy Cummins, whom you will know very soon as Amber in "Forever Amber," was proudly telling everyone that her lovely white dress was part of her American wardrobe. "All English girls envy American girls their lovely clothes," Peggy told me.

Little Diana Powell, Bill's vest pocket-size wife, told me about how she had been shopping all day with William Powell, Jr., who is just home from overseas and is returning to Princeton. "I'm so proud that Bill Jr. likes me so much—enough to call me Mother." I couldn't help laughing because Diana looks like a baby and young Bill is head and shoulders taller.

Clark Gable, who had a previous engagement, came in after dinner with Anita Colby, who looked like a fashion plate. I spotted Cary Grant and Joseph Cotten talking together in a corner and maybe you think I didn't bust into that twosome. That's too much manpower going to waste!

I've never seen Joe in such a serious mood. He talked about the experience necessary for young actors and how heartbreaking it is that so many kids are coming to Hollywood with dreams of crashing the movies when they have not one ounce of training behind them.

"Now that the war is over, more and more boys and girls are coming here drawn by the glamor of fame and fortune," Joe said. "They have money from war jobs and other good jobs to last them a little while until they can crash the studios—*they hope*," Joe went on. I can't go into all the details of advice he has for the youngsters because space forbids. But his best tip is this: If you've got the acting or movie bug—try to get in some dramatic school or Little Theater in your home town before trying to crash Hollywood!

Darryl Zanuck, boss of the 20th Century-Fox, who usually has the cares of the studio on his shoulders, forgot (*Continued on page 74*)

Joan Caulfield, lovely star of Paramount's new picture, "Miss Susie Slagle," chooses this beautifully fitting cerise coat by Hi-Ho Juniors.

To find out where to buy this coat, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN'S fashion pages, write to: Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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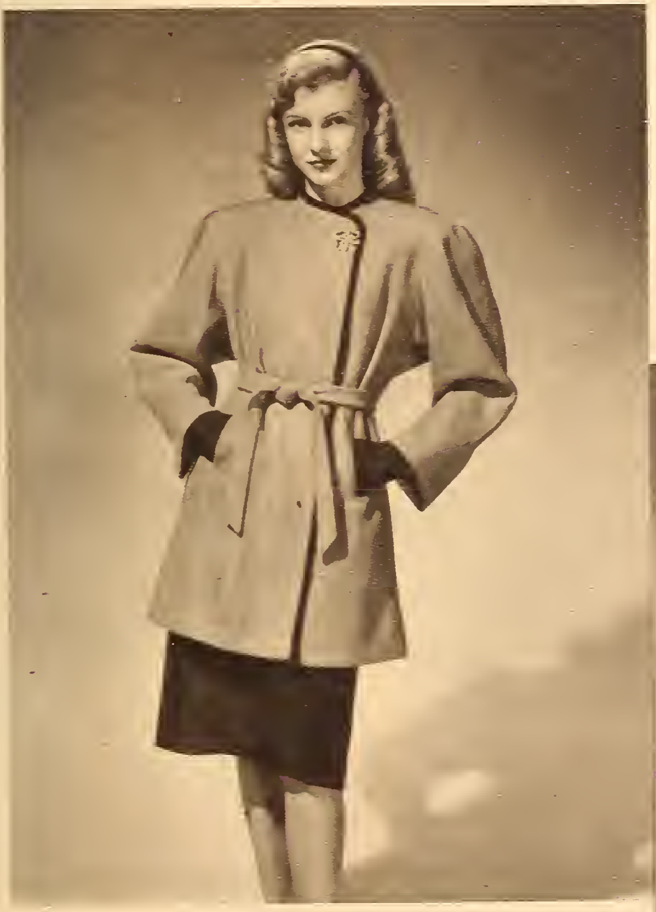
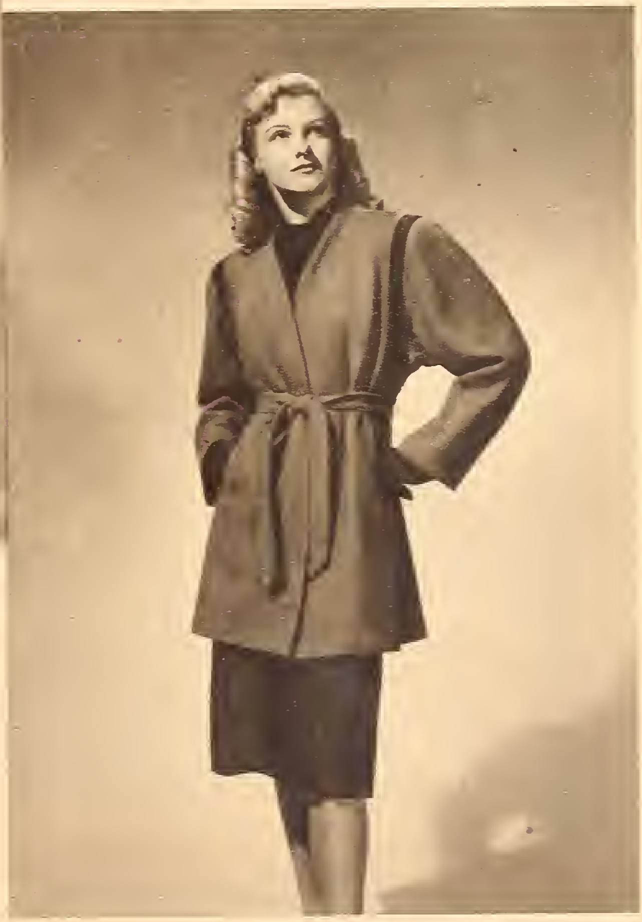


RIGHT: This collarless beauty is a natural for that black skirt and sweater combine mentioned above. And how about wearing that scarf you got for Christmas muffled high at the neckline? Note braid around the armhole, that's news!

ABOVE: Braid-bound high, high neck, deep armhole sleeves, pulled in tiny waist; fashion points that make this honey of a coolie coat new as tomorrow's headlines! Wear it as you see it, closed high and pinned or open, with lapels.



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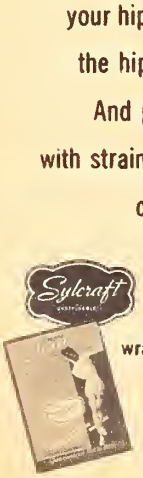

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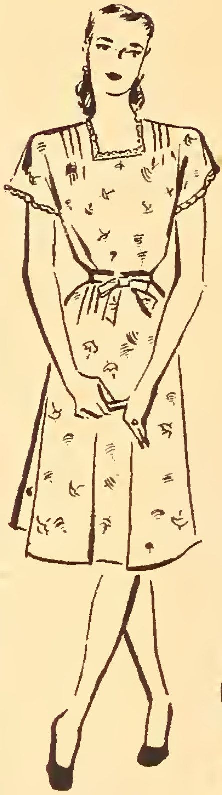

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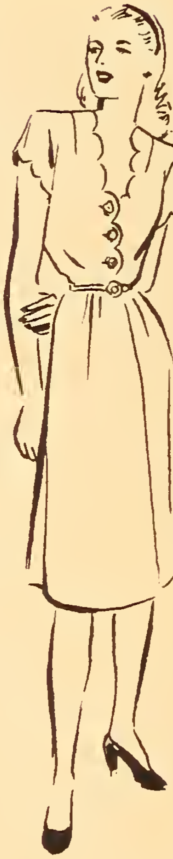


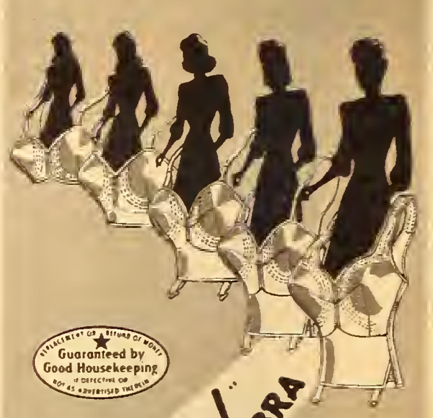
B

The best way to brighten up that tired old wardrobe is to get busy and whip up a few things for yourself! Here are two dresses, two blouses and a skirt—all lovely to look at, easy-as-pie to make! Make the poncho-blouse first, it's so easy that it will give you the push you need to go to work on the rest! Learn to pick up pretty fabrics here and there when you see them, pretty buttons, bits of trimming. And you'll see! Suddenly you'll find yourself the best-dressed gal in your whole admiring crowd!

A. Make this square-necked honey in a bright print with eyelet embroidery at the neck, or in a dressy black sheer with black lace. This one is No. 2879, and it's cut in sizes 10 to 40.

B. Easy to make, yet with that smart, professional look is this scolloped neck dress with three fancy buttons. Make it in bright rayon gabardine for Spring, in a colorful cotton for Summer. It's No. 2966, and it comes in sizes 12 to 42.

The Uplift — that stays up!



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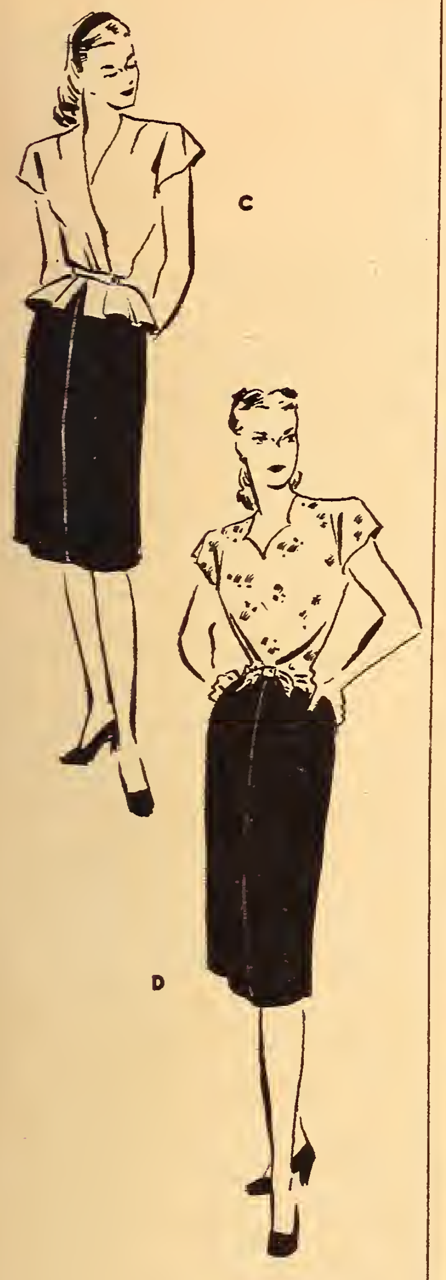
C

D

C. The overblouse is the thing, especially if it has a peplum. Make it in taffeta for dates, or in pastel rayon with a black skirt, or in wool jersey for school. Blouse No. 2861 in sizes 10 to 40. Skirt No. 2837, in waist sizes 24 to 32.

D. The newest thing in easy-to-make blouses—the poncho type, which you make in a jiffy, wear with everything you own. No harder to make than a dickey, but ever so much more practical! No. 2880, in one size that fits anybody.

TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

Send 20c in coins for each pattern. Write name and address plainly, and state pattern number and size. Address: Pattern Bureau, MODERN SCREEN, Box 42, Station O, New York 11, N. Y. For 24-page Fashion Book, illustrating 150 other pattern styles in full color, send 15c extra.

Inexpensive — but styled to the minute. A smart, casual Topper with the new softly rounded shoulders, nipped waistline, winged sleeve and deep armhole. Tailored in all-wool Shetland. Tie sash belt, shirred elastic back for easy action. In neon blue, gold, aqua, sky blue, lime, melon. Sizes 9 to 15.

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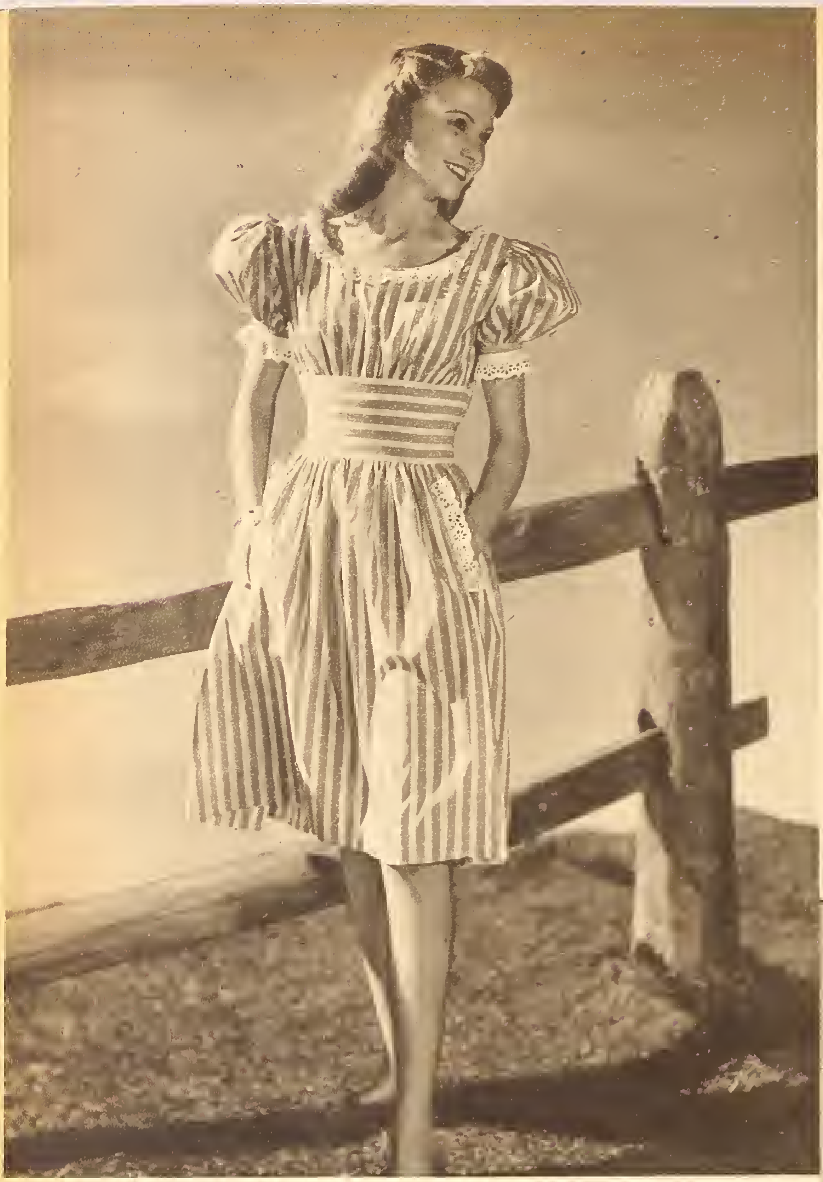
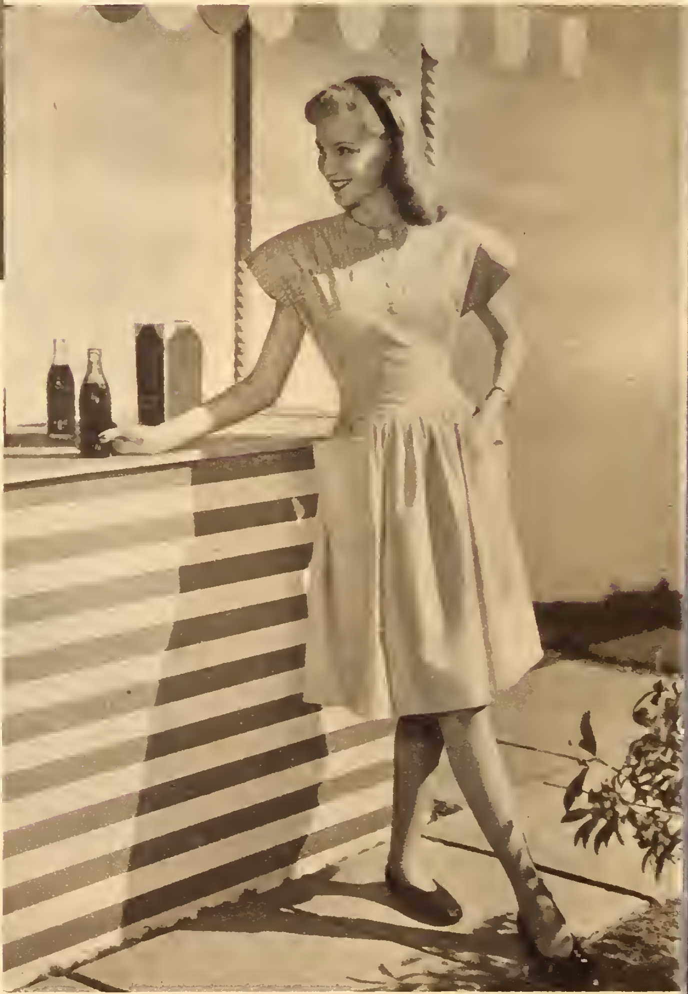


COTTON

GRACE NORMAN,

OF TEENTIMERS' FAME, PREVIEWS THE LUSCIOUS COTTON DRESSES SHE HAS DESIGNED FOR YOU TO WEAR FROM TODAY ON AND ON!



ABOVE: There's nothing to beat that fine old Southern belle look, ma'am! That scooped out neck, those huge puffed sleeves, the rows of sweet, sweet eyelet embroidery are dynamite!

RIGHT: Stripes have no rival for that crisp, fresh-out-of-the-bandbox look! And the way they're matched in this honey of a cotton dress is just nothing short of miraculous!

FAR RIGHT: This plaid seersucker lovely will be your best friend this Summer! It is cool to look at, cool to wear, easy to launder. The corselet belt, bow tied, is a new touch.

PREVIEW for TEEN-AGERS

"It's EASY and it's FUN!"

–says Mrs. Lois Clarke of St. Paul, Minn.

Wife and mother tells how she lost 53 pounds and "that middle-aged look"

Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That is what Mrs. Clarke achieved through the DuBarry Success Course. "I was overweight, tired, irritable, and so self-conscious about my looks that I just stayed home," says Mrs. Clarke. "How different now! I lost 53 pounds and that middle-aged look. My skin is clear, my hair truly lovely."

Above, Mrs. Clarke on starting her course. At right, the lovely Lois Clarke of today, looking far younger than her 35 years.

"If I had only known how easily I could become slender," Mrs. Clarke says, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. As for the Success Course, Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

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ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

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Please send me new booklet telling
all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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Mrs.________________________

Street________________________

City______________ Zone No., if any ____State________

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 65*)

everything and had more fun than anyone else. I never saw him laugh so much and have such a really good time—but then we all did.

* * *

NOMINATED FOR THE HEAVIEST-PUBLIC-NECKER-IN-HOLLYWOOD: Turhan Bey! He and Peggy Badey don't even move out of the spotlight to do their kissing in night clubs.

* * *

Peter Lawford tells me he is going to have to give his mother some lessons on how to be the mother of a movie star. Lady May Lawford is so gracious and so hospitable she just can't turn away the fans and bobby soxers who come to the house asking to see Peter.

Not long ago, three young daughters of a neighbor stopped by to meet him. Lady Lawford invited them in but explained that her son was asleep and couldn't be disturbed. Having established that fact, she spent the rest of the evening entertaining them and telling them all about her son.

When the girls decided to go home they discovered with considerable surprise that it was eleven o'clock.

"Oh, you can't go home alone at this hour," insisted Lady Lawford as she headed for Peter's room to awaken him! So at nearly midnight, a very sleepy hero, clad only in pajamas and an overcoat, was driving the Beverly Hills streets delivering home three very thrilled sub-debs.

* * *

Hold on to your beanie! You aren't going to believe this—but Betty Hutton now tips the scales at 140 pounds—12 pounds heavier than she weighed in for "Stork Club."

"It's because I'm happy," wailed Betty, "and been eating my own cooking!"

I have to admit that those Thursday night dinners at Betty's honeymoon house are becoming really famous. Ted Briskin, her beaming groom, likes her cooking—"And any good cook will tell you that you can't cook anything good that isn't fattening," Betty said.

* * *

Right here is where I want to give Lauren Bacall a great big hand. I don't know whether you call her "Baby" or Betty—as Humphrey Bogart does. I call her a wonderful scout.

Recently, Lauren was hurt to the quick over the unfavorable reviews in all the papers on her performance in "Confidential Agent." The critics really took the girl over the coals.

She said, just the other day at my home, "I'm not a great actress. I need plenty of help in every scene I play before the camera. I have to be told what to do with my hands and feet and which way to turn my head. My studio failed to take this into consideration when they gave me Herman Shumlin, a stage director, to handle me in 'Confidential Agent.'

"In the future I am going to say the first day on the set, 'Boys, I need a helping hand. Please help see me through.' "

Well, if the girl does that, you'll see her go farther and farther in her career—and I mean it. One bad performance will not finish Lauren by any means.

That little house where Alan Ladd and Sue Carol have lived so long and happily during their married life, in the Los Feliz district of Los Angeles, will soon be a happy memory of the past.

Every day Sue and Alan are out in the Valley scouting for property and they want at least ten or twelve acres. I suppose you know they have gone crazy over horses, horses, horses and intend to breed them.

"What we want," says Alan, "is a small rambling farm house and plenty of room for stables, hen coops, a play house for Alana and a small guest house." Speaking of Alana, guess she isn't a baby any longer. She's just been presented with a miniature riding outfit—the exact duplicate of the ones worn by her Ma and Pa.

* * *

Van Johnson-In-Shorts: He has never read "Forever Amber". . . . He defends Greta Garbo in arguments when that lady is being fried by some of her critics. . . . He never has any late Christmas shopping to do because he buys Christmas presents for his pals any time during the year—wherever he happens to run across nice things. . . . The headaches that bothered him for so long are coming less frequently. . . . He flatters older women, and the mothers of his girl friends, by calling them by their first names. . . . He's given up desserts, which he loves, because he was gaining weight. . . . He's not quite as happy as he was when he first came to Hollywood—but he doesn't know why. . . . He's an awful good guy.

* * *

News that Joan Crawford and Phil Terry had suddenly parted came to me around midnight after I had retired to a good night's sleep—I thought!

Then came the 'phone call that sent me to my typewriter to write my exclusive story—a story I hated to write and which was a definite surprise.

Just two days before Phil left home, he and Joan had entertained at a small cocktail party. They certainly seemed happy and proud of their two children. The den was a mass of Christmas presents Joan was wrapping and ornaments were all over the house for the trees they planned to decorate the next night.

Little Christina was upstairs bedded with the flu. But little blonde Phil, Jr. was all over the place. He is one of the most adorable children I have ever met. You just want to bite a chunk out of his fat little knees and arms. Only three years old, he bows formally when he is introduced. But the cutest thing he does is to mutter under his breath when he is not actively included in the conversation.

I can't help but think that whatever happened between Joan and Phil was very sudden. I'm sorry, for they are both nice people.

* * *

The first party given by he-man Randy Scott and his lovely wife, Pat, was a terrific affair—and I'm not apologizing for that adjective. Just everybody in town was invited.

(Continued on page 77)

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TINA LESER'S NEW YORK SALON
Applaud Tina Leser for a lovely hostess gown—
—and for lovely hands

Campana Balm

● Incomparables – Tina Leser's clever use of line and color...the miracle of Campana Balm's skin softening effectiveness. Campana Balm is different from all other lotions. Fast acting. Rough, chapped hands respond overnight – become whiter, thrillingly softer. Because Campana Balm really works – before or after household tasks, exposure to wind, water, weather. Keep hands soft always – use Original Campana Balm, 10¢ to $1.00.

CAMPANA IS DIFFERENT

CANADIAN BORN: It had to be better at 20 below.

THRIFTY, TOO: Deep, rich, emollient—one drop covers both hands.

IF A SILKIER, SMOOTHER COMPLEXION WOULD MAKE YOU HAPPY, THEN HEED THIS HOLLYWOOD ADVICE ABOUT THE USE OF FACE POWDER AND CREAMS!

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

Susan Hayward

HINTS FOR HAPPY FACES

Gail Russell

Jinx Falkenburg

Shirley Temple

Deanna Durbin

■ They're gleeful, they're glad, they're joyous, they're merry . . . these girls just plain feel good! Why? 'Cause, one and all, they are sure of their complexion beauty. If you would have *your* mirror reflect as happily smooth a complexion as Deanna's or Shirley's, it would be wise to check on the care you give your skin. Out Hollywood way, the lassies are downright fastidious about the powder they dab on their noses, they are quick to take advantage of the many fine facial creams that cosmetic folks whip up.

First off, how do you powder your face? Do you buy the nearest shade on the counter, then dab it on hit or miss, or rub it in as if you were polishing old furniture? That's just about as wrong as casting Joan Davis in the "Forever Amber" lead. Let your powder blend with your complexion tone and see to it, if you use a tinted powder base, that the base also fits into the ensemble. Then gently pat on the silky grained stuff with a clean puff as it should be applied. I want you to note this "gentle patting on" procedure very carefully. It is important because clumsily rubbing the puff over your skin will disturb the even distribution of foundation and (*Continued on page 118*)

Cocktails started at Romanoff's at six and ended way past curfew time. Lana Turner, who has everyone worried that she will slip off and marry one of her dozens of admirers, was with Bob Hutton. Lana is so pretty and romantic she's apt to do what we least expect when we least expect it. She wore a poke bonnet, the cutest thing you ever saw. But it wasn't big or deep enough to keep Bob from peering at her every moment. Does that boy have it bad!

Lew Ayres made his first public appearance, and what an ovation everyone gave him! He still has that same serious charm that made you love him on the screen. The war changed many of his ideas and there has been much talk that he is taking up the ministry. But, in just meeting him at a social gathering, I cannot say I think Lew has changed greatly. He was always a quiet, reserved man but he has great warmth and a gentle humor, too.

Cary Grant and Betty Hensel are no longer pretending they don't care. Imagine having Cary so much in love with YOU that he wouldn't leave your side all evening. Ain't bad. Betty was wearing Cary's Christmas gift—a diamond and ruby brooch. I suppose I'll be writing about their marriage as soon as his divorce from Barbara Hutton becomes final.

* * *

I asked one of the members of The Hollywood Women's Press Club if giving "booby prizes" to the stars who had been the least co-operative during the year ever hurt any player—and by the same token, if giving Golden Apples for good behavior with the press, was of any value.

Personally, I have always felt these awards were a little unfair. But this girl, who is a fan magazine writer, said: "Well, look at Cary Grant. He won the booby-prize one year and felt so badly about it and became so co-operative and willing to help that he won the Golden Apple the next year! I've never known anyone to be so pleased. Cary even asked to become a member of the Club. He pays dues and plays Santa Claus at all our Christmas parties."

Joan Crawford won the popularity vote this year by a huge margin. And when you stop and think how long Joan has been a top star you'll agree that playing ball with the press pays off. Gregory Peck won the "good boy" honors.

HOW TO SNAG STAGS

Stags—that's a crossword puzzle word for men . . . males . . . fellers. When they're beating a path to your door, you're a gay, happy thing. When they're not—then you're flashing the S.O.S. signal to Jean Kinkead. 'Cause Jean's the gal who knows all the answers to the $64 question, "How To Be Popular With Boys." In fact, that's the title of the Modern Screen *Super Chart in which our Jeannie covers her favorite subject from A to Z. Turn to the Super Coupon (page 22) for details of how to get your free copy.*

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There is a key to style, so easy to get, so important to have. A young firm bustline is a basic need, a "Perma·lift"* bra will do so much to help you achieve it easily, comfortably. In "Perma·lift" the famous cushion insets at the base of the bra cups, gently support your bust from below, retain that support through countless washings and wear. Ask for a "Perma·lift" bra today at your favorite corset department. Modestly priced $1.25 to $2.50.

● *"Perma·lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company.* (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 24)

fram sauce with the ossenfay and shifaffa on the side." I was up to the Copacabana a while ago and heard King Cole do it, and the composer, Redd Evans was there too, so I asked for the lowdown. Redd just grinned. "It's nothing but double-talk—doesn't mean a thing." King Cole admitted it took him three days to learn the line, and he had to postpone his recording. He doesn't like to have to read music on record dates. Being a great perfectionist, he likes everything pat.

IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING—Larry Stevens (Victor)—Larry Stevens has one of those lovely stories nobody believes. There he was, singing at a gas station and dishing out gas, and up drives Jack Benny and practically hauls out a pen and a contract on the spot. But there's no sense in any of us dashing for the nearest filling station, kids. Probably not even Groucho Marx would show up. That's life. Anyhow, Larry sings "It's a Grand Night for Singing" from the picture "State Fair" very nicely, and on the other side he does "Closer to Me," from the picture "Easy to Wed." This one's got the final chorus in Spanish, with Latin background by Mahlon Merrick and his orchestra.

JUST A-SITTIN' AND A-ROCKIN'—Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Now the number I told you was my choice for the best popular record of the month. It's got a very knocked-out vocal by beautiful June Christy who sounds just like Anita O'Day, and it's got a wild arrangement that really rocks. On the other side there's a jazz number called "Artistry Jumps." It's a jump version of Kenton's theme, "Artistry in Rhythm." The Kenton boys have recorded "Artistry in Rhythm," but this is an entirely different treatment. It features Vido Musso on tenor sax, and Stan himself at the piano.

LONG, LONG JOURNEY—Billy Eckstine (National)—This is a tune I wrote about a year ago, and Billy Eckstine had been going to wax it all along, so it was entirely a coincidence that the elevator strike was called the day the band was finally set to record. Everybody had to walk up twelve flights of stairs—carrying everything including the bass fiddle—a long, long journey indeed. Which fact, combined with the title, made lots of people think it was a press agent's stunt. It wasn't, honest. Billy sings the lyric, and solos on trombone. Incidentally, though I wrote "Long, Long Journey," I like "I'm In The Mood For Love" (on the other side) better.

STRANGER IN TOWN—Charlie Spivak (Victor), Mel Torme (Decca)—Here's a song composed by the amazing Mel Torme. I first heard of this kid when he was fourteen years old. He'd written a tune called "Lament to Love" and Les Brown recorded it! Now he's eighteen, and a popular drummer, singer, bandleader, song-writer, etc. I saw Mel and his group—The Meltones—when I was on the Coast last January, but it was under rather amusing conditions. I'd gone out to catch the Bandwagon show one Sunday afternoon, and I noticed Mel and the Meltones sitting quite calmly through about half the show. Then suddenly they got up as one man, sang, "Don't itch it, Fitch it," and sat down again. For the rest of the show. To get back to the Charlie Spivak arrangement, it's sung by Jimmy Saunders, a boy who made news recently by marrying Rita Daigle, one of the Rheingold girls. Probably everything will be beer and skittles for him from now on. The other side of Spivak's "Stranger" is "Home Country" with a vocal by the popular Irene Daye.

SYMPHONY—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Guy Lombardo (Decca), Bing Crosby (Decca), Benny Goodman (Columbia)—One of the few ballads of the war to originate overseas, this was the number one favorite of the fellows in France.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER—Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest (Decca)—From the new Orson Welles picture of the same name, this "Tomorrow is Forever" gets sung here by Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes. To tell the truth, I'm not wild about these double feature jobs. I think each vocalist does better when the arrangement is built around him or her. I also think Helen was singing much better five years ago, when she was with a band. It seems to me she's become a little affected. The orchestra with her and Haymes on this job was directed by Earle Hagen. He's the trombonist who used to be with Ray Noble, and he's the composer of an awfully pretty tune called "Harlem Nocturne." (Harlem Nocturne's been recorded by Johnny Otis for Excelsior, and I think you'd like it.)

BEST HOT JAZZ

JIVIN' JOE JACKSON—Count Basie (Columbia)—Count Basie's new vocal discovery, Ann Moore, is featured on this record. The other side of "Jivin' Joe" is an instrument number by the band. It's called "Queer Street."

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

AS LONG AS I LIVE—Johnny Johnston (Capitol)

COME TO BABY, DO—Les Brown (Columbia), King Cole Trio (Capitol)

DIG YOU LATER (HUBBA-HUBBA-HUBBA)—Perry Como (Victor)

IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING—Paul Weston-Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Ray Noble (Columbia)

IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING—Larry Stevens (Victor)

JUST A-SITTIN' AND A-ROCKIN'—Duke Ellington (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol), Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Delta Rhythm Boys (Decca)

LONG, LONG JOURNEY—Billy Eckstine (National)

STRANGER IN TOWN—Charlie Spivak (Victor), Mel Torme (Decca)

SYMPHONY—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Bing Crosby (Decca)

TOMORROW IS FOREVER—Helen Forrest-Dick Haymes (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

COUNT BASIE—Queer Street (Columbia)

ROY ELDRIDGE—Embraceable You (Decca)

EDMOND HALL—It's Been So Long (Blue Note)

ERSKINE HAWKINS—Good Dip (Victor)

HARRY JAMES—9:20 Special (Columbia)

CHARLIE LAVERE—Can't We Talk It Over? (Jump)

RED NORVO—Slam Slam Blues (Comet)

STUFF SMITH—Time And Again (Musicraft)

REX STEWART—Solid Rock (H.R.S.)

EDDIE VINSON—Mr. Cleanhead Steps Out (Mercury)

BEST ALBUMS

KITTY CARLISLE-WILBUR EVANS-FELIX KNIGHT—The Desert Song (Decca)

EDDIE CONDON—Jazz Concert of Gershwin Songs (Decca)

SPIKE JONES—Nutcracker Suite (Victor)

POLONAISE—Al Goodman Orchestra and singers (Victor)

SHOWBOAT ALBUM—Diane Courtney and others, Kern songs (Pilotone)

ARTURO TOSCANINI—Rossini Overtures (Victor)

SOPHIE TUCKER—Songs She Made Famous (Decca)

ORSON WELLES—Famous Presidential Speeches (Decca)

BEN YOST SINGERS—Old Timers (Sonora)

DEAR MRS. JOSEPH COTTEN:

We think you're lucky...to be so lovely yourself...and to be married to such a distinguished star of the screen.

Yours,
TANGEE

Mrs. Joseph Cotten says:

"At last I've found it – the perfect cake make-up!"

Scores of cake make-ups came to Hollywood ahead of Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. Some were fine in one way...some in another. Then Constance Luft Huhn's newest creation arrived and took the motion picture colony by storm because it's ideal *in every way*. You'll find that Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is so very easy to apply...stays on for so many extra hours...is designed to be oh-so-kind to your skin! And you don't look—or feel—as if you were wearing a mask.

The thrill of Satin-Finish!

Yes, it is a thrill to find a lipstick that does not run or smear...that means lips not too dry, not too moist...that stays on for *extra hours*. And that's what Constance Luft Huhn has done for your "lip-appeal"...by creating the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Today's smartest colors are Tangee Gay-Red, Red-Red and Medium-Red.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN. Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up. Among Mrs. Huhn's recent triumphs are the famous Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick, and the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.

Use Tangee and see how beautiful you can be

"Love—phooey! I'm wrapped up in my job"

"Aw, gwan! You're ready for a steady. So get smart—and learn how!"

KEEP FRESH! Bathe. Then dust your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Quickly it dries lingering moisture. Leaves you ravishingly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH! Sprinkle *extra* Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. It imparts a satin-smooth sheath of protection to sensitive skin.

STAY DAINTY! Keep your feminine appeal on high. Use Cashmere Bouquet *often* for coolness, comfort and for the dainty way it scents you with the *fragrance men love.*

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In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes
For the luxury size
with velour puff ask for
Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder 65¢

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID

(Story)

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Are you here for Lanlaire's?" the man said.

"Yes. I'm the new chambermaid."

"Your name?"

"Celestine."

The man stared at her for a full moment and his eyes moved from the gleaming black hair to the small trim ankles.

"You'll do."

The other girl looked up meekly.

"My name is Louise. I'm the new scullery maid."

The man said shortly: "You're ugly. Go back to Paris."

"But—"

"You heard what I said."

He started to turn but the girl Celestine didn't move and she said softly: "Are you Mr. Lanlaire?"

The man's head snapped around: "I run the Lanlaire establishment."

"The valet?" Celestine said.

"Among other things."

"What is your name?"

"Joseph."

"You can tell your master, Joseph, that because you chose to insult the scullery maid, the new chambermaid decided to quit, too."

"Now—" Joseph said.

"Both of us—or neither," Celestine said.

"Come along, then," Joseph said; his eyes flicked over the two of them. "Both of you."

Celestine's heels clicked like two exclamation points over the rough cobblestones. As they came to the carriage Joseph turned once more.

"I want it understood that I am a person of some importance at Lanlaire's," he said. "Understand it now. For your own good."

"Valet!" Celestine said contemptuously.

And her heels clicked again.

This was Celestine: Dark and pretty and poor. Born into poverty, fighting the world from the time her flashing eyes first flickered at the drabness around her. It was never easy and she never expected it to be. There was early wisdom in her face and she knew what she wanted. Hadn't she written it in her diary? Oh, she wasn't going to be a chambermaid forever. There were men in the world and some of them had money; and all of them, or almost all, had a way of looking twice at a pretty black-haired girl with trim ankles . . .

So she came to Lanlaire's. And it didn't take her long to see her chances and to size them up. Mrs. Lanlaire was a she-wolf. But the Master? Ah, there was another story. And Mauger, the neighbor. And there was even talk of a son—Georges; he might turn up some day. There were plenty of chances at Lanlaire's if a girl were smart.

It was Joseph who stopped her in one of the corridors one day.

"You don't have much time for me," he said.

"A chambermaid?" Celestine said. "A chambermaid has no time for people of importance."

"Like the Master—"

Celestine shrugged.

"You're wasting your time there," Joseph said. "All the money is in Mrs. Lanlaire's name. He hasn't a cent of his own."

"Others do," Celestine said.

"Mauger?"

"He tells me he has twenty five thousand francs, in cash alone, in the house. Among other things. You're not so smart, Joseph."

"You'd never consider Mauger," Joseph said. "Not seriously. The man is a fool—"

"Are you the only smart one in France?" Celestine asked.

"In this part of France."

"I'm not so keen on brains," Celestine said. "A good man doesn't need them."

Joseph laughed.

"We're alike," he said. "You're a sharp one. And so am I. And I'm patient. You'll get to like me better some day."

"I doubt it."

Joseph smiled: "I don't. Wait and see. I'm not a bad sort at all."

"Valet!" Celestine said.

"Not forever," Joseph said. "Not forever, by a long shot."

The letter came the following day. Celestine brought it in to Mrs. Lanlaire at dinner and reading it, the great, harsh face suddenly lit, and she turned, rising from the table. After that it was all excitement. Orders were shouted down the halls of the house. The suite on the second floor was cleaned and aired. Mrs. Lanlaire was everywhere at once. She caught Celestine in one of the corridors and twirled her as if she were inspecting a toy doll.

"The dress!" Mrs. Lanlaire cried. "It won't do."

She hurried into her own room, opened one of the great closets, rummaged for a moment and came out bearing a gown.

"Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful, Madame, but—"

"Then it's settled. If you need more let me know. Hurry now—" Celestine turned to go. "Celestine!" Mrs. Lanlaire's face was almost soft now. "You're the prettiest here. He likes pretty things. Be kind to him—"

"Him?" Celestine said.

"My son. He's coming back. He must have whatever he wants. I couldn't bear to see him leave again. I want everything to be so perfect here that he'll never dream of going—"

"Your son . . . ?"

Mrs. Lanlaire's face was alight.

"Georges is coming back!" she cried.

Celestine didn't see him when he came. She heard the rumble of the carriage outside but by the time she ran to the window, the courtyard was bare. She hurried out to the great hall but she was too late. She heard their voices high up, beyond the turn of the great stairs, and then the door to the new suite being opened. Mrs. Lanlaire, high on the upper landing, called:

"Celestine!"

She turned.

"Bring up champagne. To Georges' room—"

She felt even then, a sudden sense of strangeness; as if this moment in her life, walking up the curving stairs with the iced bucket of champagne and the tray with the delicate and beautiful etched glass goblet—as if this moment marked the turn in her life. She had a curious sensation that walking up these stairs now, she was walking out of the past, climbing into some unknown future . . .

She knocked on the door.

She could only see, at first, the sweep of brown hair against the white pillow. Then she saw his face: Pale, gravely white under the startling brown eyes. He looked frail, weak; and yet there was something

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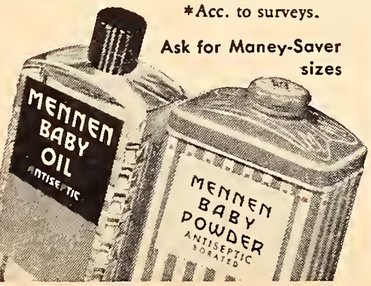
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strong and sensitive in the turn of his chin, the quiet line of his mouth.

"Good afternoon, sir—" she said.

He didn't turn.

"The champagne—"

"Take it away."

"But Madame said—"

"Take it away. Champagne. I've had it!"

"The bottle is unopened, sir."

He almost smiled then and turned to her, half rising against the backboard of the bed. He looked at her for a full minute before he spoke again.

"Your hair . . . against the light . . ." He shrugged angrily. "Are you the maid?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll have the champagne."

"It might make you feel better. If you have a touch of a cold there's nothing like—"

"I've had this cold for six years," he said; he said it almost as if it were a joke. Then his face grew grave again, looking at her, and he said: "Mother told you to bring the champagne?"

"Yes."

"Mother takes good care of me," he said mockingly. "Even though I am the black sheep of the family. Champagne and a pretty maid." He shook his head. "I'm sorry. I've nothing against you, of course—"

He turned away from her again, looking out of the huge window that framed the gentle French countryside, green now, and beautiful with growing things, rising gently to a sky that stretched like a blue arch of grace east and west to the ends of the world.

It was quiet in those calm summer days, a soft beguiling calm that bathed the garden and the walks around the house and even the tiny village over the hill in beauty. It might have been the beauty of summer that brought them together so often—Georges and Celestine. Or it might have been more. But they walked the garden paths together and down to the village under the green of the trees, spread like an aerial canopy over their heads.

The old man, Lanlaire, saw it and he stopped Georges one day as he walked alone. He looked gently at his son and then he said: "Ah, you've been touched, too, I see—"

"Touched?"

"Celestine."

Georges didn't answer for a moment.

"More than touched, my son?" Lanlaire said softly.

"Much more. I'd marry her—"

"Then why don't you?"

Georges smiled almost sardonically: "Me? Sick, tired, cynical, beaten. I'd make a fine husband."

"She might be the medicine you need."

"No," Georges said harshly. "I wouldn't wish that on her."

He turned away abruptly, suddenly silent, and left the garden. The old man looked after him and frowned and then walked slowly back to the house. They could hear Georges pacing in his room all through dinner that night . . . and beyond into the small hours: The irregular click of his heels, stopping suddenly, and beginning again.

"I'm going up to him," Mrs. Lanlaire said.

"No, don't," the old man said. "He doesn't want to see you."

"Whom would he want to see?" she said sharply.

"I don't know," the old man said. "Celestine, possibly. Maybe not even her . . ."

"He must stop this endless pacing. It's not good for him."

"The world is full of things which aren't good for us," said the old man softly.

Mrs. Lanlaire stared at him impassively for a moment and then turned toward the small corridor that led to the servants' quarters. She found Celestine.

"My son is very upset for some reason. Perhaps a cup of hot broth might soothe him. Will you bring it to him?"

"Of course," Celestine said.

"Georges is unhappy and ill," Mrs. Lanlaire said. "He may be thinking of leaving, sick as he is. I won't have it! I won't allow it! You must help me . . ."

"Whatever I can do, Madame," Celestine said.

He was standing at the window when she came in, standing with his back toward her. He swung around as she came in, looking at the bowl of broth she was carrying, looking at her.

"Why did you come?" he said.

"The broth—"

"Who told you I needed it?"

"Madame said—"

"How often has she sent you to me?"

"Sent me?" Celestine said.

His face was a mask.

"When we walked in the Garden? In the village?"

"No—"

"All those pleasant, seemingly accidental meetings? Maman sent you—"

"No—"

He said harshly: "You're lying. My mother is a very wise woman. She knows my weaknesses. But she doesn't know my strength—"

He strode suddenly to the door, threw it open. Mrs. Lanlaire was there. Georges said sardonically: "Come, in Maman."

His face was flushed and his eyes very bright, like a man in a fever. But his voice was low and steady and when he spoke he didn't look at Celestine.

"It almost worked," he said. "It almost worked again, Mother. You almost had me. That's what you want, isn't it? To possess me the way you possess Father and everything your hand touches. You don't care how you'd get it. You'd use anything. Even love—"

"Georges, I swear—"

"I don't believe you. She's very pretty, Mother. It would be very easy to love her. But I'm going away. If I have to crawl from this house, I'm getting out!"

It was then Celestine suddenly turned and ran. There was only silence behind her and she could feel Georges' accusing eyes following her down the corridor.

She was packing her bag in the small room in the attic when Joseph appeared at the door.

"So you're leaving," he said.

"What do they think I am?" Celestine said. "Don't they think I'm human? That I have feelings? How can he believe I'd harm him? I never want to see him again now. None of them!"

"So you're running away. Back to Paris," Joseph said. "Back to drudgery. And all the rest. I thought you were smarter than that."

"I'm smart enough."

"Smart enough to listen to me?"

Her eyes met his across the small room.

Joseph spoke softly: "A long time ago I bought a little cafe in Cherbourg. It's almost paid for now. It needs a touch of the feminine. One could be independent there. Never hear an order again—"

"Be your serving girl in Cherbourg?" Celestine said sarcastically.

"My wife—" Joseph said.

There was silence in the small room.

"And we could leave now," Celestine whispered.

"Give me a day."

"A day," Celestine said. "One day."

"Done."

He touched her then, only a small stroking movement that brushed her cheek. She almost drew away but his eyes held her. He said softly: "I knew that day at the station. My wife . . ."

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Hinds for Hands

The fourteenth of July was a holiday: The Day of Freedom. It was a holiday everywhere but at Lanlaire's. Mrs. Lanlaire never admitted that the Revolution had taken place. But in the village, it was the finest day of the year. The streets were lit and booths were set up in the cobblestoned gutters. A carousel twirled, flinging music into the still summer air.

It was there that Celestine waited for Joseph. She wandered from booth to booth with Louise, almost carried away by the laughter of the Fair, caught up in the gay swirling spirits, forgetting everything—Joseph had said to meet her back in the Garden at eleven. She hardly knew what time it was when she found herself back on the road to the Lanlaires' again.

She turned down the path between the Lanlaires and the Maugers. And it was then she saw Joseph. For a moment she almost thought he had come from the Maugers'. But maybe it was the wine. He came toward her silently. And when he touched her his fingers were like ice.

"Celestine . . ." he said.

She looked at him a little tipsily and she poked her finger at his nose: "Joseph . . . funny Joseph . . . always so serious."

"We leave for Cherbourg tonight."

"Fine. Let's go."

"No. After dinner. We must serve dinner first."

"I don't want to go back to them."

"We must."

"I want to go to Cherbourg . . ."

"Tonight. I swear it. I have the money."

"Enough for fare? For both of us?"

"More. Much more. Twenty five thousand francs . . ."

"Twenty five thousand francs?"

And suddenly it was as if a cold wind had blown over her. She stared at him. "Where did you get it?"

"What does it matter? I have it . . ."

"Where did you get it?"

And suddenly she saw again in her mind how she had first seen him: Almost as if he had come from Mauger's.

"Mauger . . ." she whispered. "You stole it."

Joseph laughed harshly: "He'll never tell."

"Never tell . . . ?" Celestine gripped his arm. "Where is Mauger?"

Joseph didn't answer.

"You killed him," Celestine said.

Joseph said sharply: "We've got to get back to Lanlaire's. Quick, now. And don't be a fool." As he almost pulled her across the quiet field, he said: "I did it for you, I did it for you . . ."

The great candles burned sombrely in the dining room. Celestine seemed to see them almost through a haze. Mauger's name kept running through her head.

It was with the coffee that Joseph made his announcement.

"Madame," he said; and there was a thin edge of sarcasm to his voice. "I have served you for many years. But I'm sure you will not think it disloyal if I dreamed of some day being my own master. Today I find it possible. I beg to inform Madame that I am leaving her service—"

Mrs. Lanlaire hardly stirred.

"May I," Joseph continued, "also inform you of my coming marriage. Celestine has been kind enough to accept my plea—"

"Liar!"

The voice was like a whip. And then they saw Georges rising from his chair at the end of the table.

"Liar!" he said again.

"You may ask Celestine," Joseph said smoothly.

He turned to her.

She stared from one to the other. "It's true," she whispered.

"True?" Georges said mockingly. "You love him?"

"Yes . . ."

"Kiss him, then!" Georges said savagely. "You love him, you say. Let me see you kiss the man you love!"

She saw Joseph coming to her. And for the second time she ran from a room. She hardly felt her tears until a hand wiped them from her eyes, lifted her chin, forced her to look up at a pale thin face and the brown tousled hair.

"Celestine . . ."

"Leave me alone."

"You can't marry him."

"Why?" she said bitterly. "Do you still think that I have my cap set for you?"

"I'm sorry for what I said in the room that night. I was angry at my mother. Not you . . ."

"You told me you never wanted to see me again."

"I lied. Forgive me . . ."

She swayed, feeling the pulses beat in her head, seeing again the image of Mauger racing through the channels of her mind. "It's too late, Georges. It's too late now. I must go with Joseph . . ."

"The woman is right," a voice said.

They turned together and they saw Joseph standing there. Georges started slowly toward him.

"Get out, Joseph," he said.

"I warn you," Joseph said coldly. "You come to me at your own risk—"

Georges didn't stop. She heard the sharp sting of blows, heard Joseph's voice cut like a whip: "I'll kill you . . ."

She ran toward them.

"Joseph, don't! Don't touch him!"

"Are you coming?"

"Yes . . ." she said.

Without looking back she left the room. She heard Georges' labored breathing, heard him try to rise, and fail . . .

The rest of it was a nightmare. Joseph had a carriage waiting in the courtyard. He pushed her on to it. There were two trunks lashed to the seat beside them. The fevered sway of the carriage jolted open the lid of one of the trunks. Inside, like a hidden sun, she caught the glint of silver.

"Where did you get it, Joseph?"

"Lanlaire's," he said harshly. "They owe me something for the years of service."

The hourses swung sharply at the road curve. It was all she could do to hang on.

The village loomed ahead. Down the small road, a band came marching, playing their gay tunes, carrying torches to light the night. The Fourteenth of July. Joseph cursed, pulled at the reins. The crowd swirled around them.

They were drunk on wine and gaiety and laughter. Joseph cursed and lashed out with the whip. Then suddenly they were free of the crowd again and Joseph was saying: "The fools . . . the fools . . ."

They were at full gallop once more when Joseph saw that the trunks were loose. They were swaying at the edge of the carriage, threatening to fall to the road. The reins fell from his hands. He lunged to save the trunks.

"Joseph!" Celestine screamed.

But it was too late. He was struggling with the trunks and he never saw the turn in the road. Then the trunks tumbled from their perch and he was carried with them. She heard his scream, cut short, suddenly silent. And then there was only the beat of the horses' hooves, like pelting hail on the cobblestones.

She never knew how she stopped the carriage. Suddenly she saw a slight, frail figure coming toward her through the dark.

"Georges . . ."

"Celestine!"

And she knew then that the dark night would soon be over; the dark night and the nightmare. She knew then that never again, in all the days to come, would she ever be frightened or lonely or cruel. No matter what came, she was home . . .

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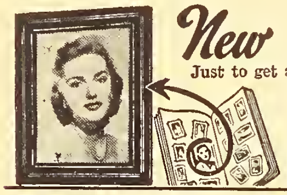

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BOGEY GIRL

(*Continued from page 39*)

has studied seamanship and navigation at every opportunity; Betty has been learning the jobs of deck hand, cabin boy, and cook. On their cabin cruiser, the Bogarts usually rolled out around eight in the morning, and Bogey went topside to check the weather and other mysterious nautical details. Betty would make up the bunks, dust the cabin, and prepare breakfast. She learned to make good coffee at once; later she learned to scramble eggs, and fry bacon. Sometimes, bridelike, she had trouble.

One morning she had fried thick lamb chops in a skillet without a pouring spout. She wanted to save the grease, so transferred it from the large skillet to a smaller skillet boasting a spout. Bogey watched this operation with a dubious eye.

Next, the amateur chef started to pour the blisteringly hot oil from the little skillet into an empty coffee can; in her haste, she dumped the entire contents in a miniature Niagara that cascaded over her thumb. Yelling like a trapped banshee, she managed to set down skillet and coffee can before she turned on a dance that the Hopis are going to copyright for their next Snake festival.

Her thumb peeled, layer after layer, for a month, and indications are that a faint pink scar will be permanent.

Bogey laid down several rules for careful kitchen conduct: Hot fats were to be poured only into receptacles placed on tables—not held in hand. Fats were to be decanted only after cooling had taken place. His solicitude was great, which probably explains his saying unhappily, "Carelessness, Charlie. Carelessness."

pride goeth . . .

Came then the day, several weeks later, when the Bogarts returned to the dock after a fast automobile trip for supplies. When the last item was stowed aboard, the skipper returned to the car, checked for forgotten merchandise, found that all was shipshape, and locked the car.

Ten fast seconds later he realized that he had locked the ignition keys inside. Mr. B. carried on a fast monologue that might have given innocent passersby the impression that Bogey was a minister describing the more lurid results of riotous living. Mrs. Bogart said nothing.

After his conversational block-busting, Bogey located a telephone from which he called a locksmith. Somewhat later, he was once again in full command of his car. At which time he looked at his girl with the guileless face and observed, "It's a good thing *you* didn't do that, or I would really have given you hell!"

The Bogarts looked at one another and burst into shouts of laughter.

When Betty and Bogey aren't on their boat, they eagle away their lives in a dream house perched on the top of a Hollywood hill. Finding the house in the first place was a minor miracle; they had been looking everywhere when a friend said one night, "I just heard about a house owned by people who are moving to South America. Thought you might be interested, so I got all the information."

Betty drove up the next morning, and the papers were signed a few days later. The house is built in layers. On the top floor, entered from the spiral street that arises like a flagpole from Sunset Boulevard, is the dining room, kitchen, and quarters for May, the world's best cook. She's been with Bogey for ten years.

On the lower floor, reached by a bride's processional dream of a stairway, is the living room, the game room, a terrace from which eighty percent of Southern California is visible on a clear day, and a guest room and bath.

The bedrock floor, down another flight of stairs from the living room, is occupied by two master bedrooms and baths, and the quarters of Fred, an Anglo-African who has been with the Bogarts for over a year and for whose services half of Hollywood would gladly commit mayhem.

Fred, born and reared in London, was referred to as a Jamaican in a Hollywood column and said to Bogey, "If I'm to be mentioned at all, it would seem that I might be *properly* designated."

His habitual use of the address form "milady" to Lauren and "milord" to an amazed Mr. Bogart, is the result of his service in British coroneted households.

After an evening out with friends, the Bogarts arrived one night, used their latchkey instead of ringing, and found Fred in the game room, struggling mightily in an attempt to play—by ear—a popular song. They had been standing in the doorway, through two uncertain choruses, before Fred became aware of them. Leaping up, he said regretfully, "Good evening, milord and lady. I have been dusting the piano without harmonious success."

This house is the first in which Lauren has lived: she grew up in New York apartments, vowing that when she became a home-owner, she was going to have a fireplace in every room. She didn't quite make it, but both the living room and the game room boast fireplaces.

The game room was originally furnished with a bleached mahogany spinet, a fireplace whose red brick had been painted yellow, and a bamboo bar with matching stools. The Bogarts promptly sold the bar and stools, installed matching right-angle red chairs, and had the yellow paint scraped off the fireplace. Betty scouted around Los Angeles stores until she found beige crash figured in red; she had drapes made of this material. She also found a handsome lamp, the base of which is a deep red stallion head, and the shade a fluted cylinder of straw cloth.

bathing beauty . . .

When showing guests through their house, the Bogarts throw open a door leading off the game room, and the astounded eye is smacked by a complete tile bath the dazzling blue of an angel's eye. All the usual equipment is present, but the installation that amazes everyone is a Roman bath five feet deep, about three feet wide, and eight feet long, complete with chromium ladder.

The Bogarts keep it drained, fearing for the safety of some presaturated guest. However, this fascinating affair provides the Bogarts with a permanent topic of conversation. "If Warner's had let *me* make 'Arsenic And Old Lace,'" opined Bogey, "it would have been a swell place for the bodies."

One of the most charming things about the game room is that, above the piano, Betty has placed a series of framed pictures of herself and Bogey. Some are shots that were made immediately after their wedding on Louis Bromfield's farm; there is an autographed picture of Mr. Bromfield, and there are two pictures of Bogey painted by his mother. On the opposite wall there is an etching of Bogey as "Duke" in "The Petrified Forest."

Hanging from one of the wall bracket lights is a doll made of driftwood, raffia, shells and imagination; Lauren fell in love with it at The Beachcomber's one night, so Bogey bought it for her.

Ordinarily, however, her gifts come in packages simply because she is like a kid on Christmas morning about a package—any package. Bogey, like most men, loathes shopping; his idea of proper procedure is

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to see an object in a shop window, walk in, say, "I want that," pay for it and walk out. Lately, he has been having anything he buys for Betty done up in style.

Two months before Lauren's birthday, Bogey ordered a chrysoberyl clip to match her ring. Two weeks before Lauren's birthday, the jeweler called Bogey to say that the clip was ready. "I'll be right over," said Mr. Bogart, being the type who is never in a rush about anything.

That night he strolled into the house with the right hand pocket of his jacket bulging importantly. "Hello," he said, giving the word a reading that was worth an Academy Award.

"You've got my birthday present," diagnosed his wife. "Let's open it."

"Nothing doing. I just brought it home because it was ready, but I'm going to put it away until the proper day," said Bogey. In full view of Betty, he strolled to his bureau and dropped the parcel into the bottom drawer. "There it stays until your birthday."

"Give me just a little hint—is it something to wear?" inquired Lauren. "Is it gold? Or is it perfume? Is it. . . ."

beguiling betty . . .

Ten minutes later Betty was wearing her birthday present, and Bogey was giving her the details about what he had said to the jeweler, and what the jeweler had said to him; how long the work had required and how much the stone weighed.

Lauren's latest gift from her husband didn't come in a velvet box from Beverly Hills, but in a cage from Ohio. His name is Harvey and his ears have been cropped. Don't jump to the conclusion that an accident has befallen Frank Fay's invisible six-foot rabbit, because the Bogart Harvey is a boxer puppy six months old. Seen from the front he looks as if he'd been eating out of a coal scuttle, and seen from the rear he looks as if he'd backed into a snowdrift, but he has the disposition of a candy bar: Sweet and sticky.

If Betty Bogart's first enthusiasm is opening packages, her second is preparing gifts for others to open. Bogey is not an easy person for whom to select a gift. He wears two rings and a watch; owns a tie-clip that he has never worn; refuses to wear an identification bracelet; likes old ties, relaxed tweeds, non-matching sport jackets. Clearly not a candidate for extensive package-opening.

Yet, for Christmas, Lauren bought him a robe, pajamas, a fountain pen, inscribed matches for use on the boat, and—for laughs—a gold toothpick to be worn on his watch chain. Bogey went all over town afterward, inspiring hilarious laughter by his deadpan praise of the gift.

One of the first things Lauren learned about her husband was that any of his "dese and doses" on the screen were purely theater and were not to be confused with the man himself. "He's one of the best informed men I've ever met," is the invariable comment of those who spend an evening with the Bogarts.

The Bogarts are currently enthusiastic about "The Brick Foxhole" by Richard Brooks, and "The Life of Enrico Caruso" by the singer's wife. They spend many of their evenings in town, reading together and interrupting the reading to discuss a paragraph or an idea. In talking about these quiet evenings at home, Betty told a friend, "When I was tearing around, having dates, I used to squirm if a silence fell between me and the boy I was with. I began to feel stupid and dull and embarrassed. Sometimes, when I thought about being married, I thought it must be awful to run out of things to say, and then to sit there with that same person, night after night, even when you were talked out."

Drawing a deep breath and smiling toward a picture of Bogey, she went on, "But everything is so different when you're married. Bogey and I can sit together for hours without exchanging a word, yet there's no feeling of strain. There's only a wonderful companionship and a sense of completeness."

The actress, Lauren Bacall, has taken a terrible beating from the critics for her work in "Confidential Agent." In all fairness, it should be pointed out that the script was bad, and that it was only the director's second picture. Although no one likes to take a drubbing, Betty Bogart—as a private individual rather than a professional personality—has refused to allow it to make her miserable. Not long ago she told friends, "If I never make another picture, I won't really care. I have everything a girl could want anyhow."

While the Powells and the Bogarts were agreeing on the transfer of ownership of "The Santana," they had dinner together on several occasions. One night June and Betty were gabbing like mad about the best little linen shops in which to pick up oversize sheets, where one could buy good wool blankets, how long it required to have towels monogrammed—in short, girlie talk.

Dick Powell and Bogey exchanged glances and winked. "Look at them," grinned Bogey, "talking like housewives over their tall glasses of cold milk."

Bubbled June, "Isn't it wonderful to be married?"

Betty Bogart is a woman of few words. All she said was, "It is," but the look she gave her husband obviously closed the sentence with an exclamation point.

DENNIS MORGAN

(*Continued from page 35*)

and let-downs, fiascos and lucky breaks of Hollywood, where he finally faced the greatest job of keeping busy yet—until he clinched his chance.

Back in the last century, the engineer of the pioneer Soo Line train dropped Dennis Morgan's maternal great grandfather, O. D. Van Dusen, off beside a lonely stretch of track and puffed on around the bend. Around O. D. was nothing but dark pines, a rushing river, wild animals and Indians. But Grandpa Van Dusen was hunting a site to start a lumber mill and he built one, to found the town of Prentice, named after his partner. His granddaughter, Grace, married the son of another lumber pioneer who left the cozy coastal comfort of Providence, Rhode Island, to go West and make his stake. Her bridegroom's name was Frank Morner, and he was of pure Swedish descent. The Van Dusens were Dutch. In American terms, the blood heritage of Dennis Morgan is pure pioneer. But it was pioneer refined by education.

Grandfather Morner was the first superintendent of schools in South Price County, and he possessed a stubborn Yankee faith in learning. He sent his boy, Frank, to Chicago to Morgan Park Academy and then on to Whalen Academy in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Frank met Grace Van Dusen while she was studying music in nearby Lawrence College at Appleton. He was twenty-five and she nineteen when they married and settled back home in Prentice, where Frank Morner took a job in the bank. Their first child, Kenneth, was in his third year on the bitter cold morning of December 20, 1915, when Doctor William Ellis carried his snow-dusted medical bag inside the warm and quiet Morner house. As he unwound his muffler and rubbed his chilled hands by the glow-

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BRIGHT IDEAS from Hollywood

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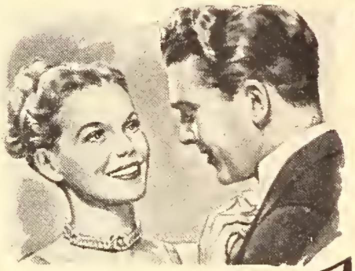
"MASQUERADE IN MEXICO"

grows her own earrings! She had clips designed that hold real flowers; now Dottie shops in the garden every morning to pick her fresh-and-fragrant jewelry for the day.

Another bright idea that Dottie shares with many other movie stars is cleaning her teeth with Calox Tooth Powder. Calox has five different cleansing and polishing ingredients to help remove all kinds of surface stains and bring out all the natural lustre of teeth. "I depend on Calox for daily care," says Dottie.



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ing base burner, Doctor Ellis sighed at the imponderable ways of the Lord.

He was on a double mission. In one room he would soon bring into this world the second child of Grace Morner. In another, he knew, her firstborn lay dying.

The Morners knew it, too. It had been evident for months that they soon would lose Baby Kenneth. They summoned up their Protestant faith to give them strength for the inevitable sadness, prayed that the new child would be a boy to replace the loss, and asked God to grant him the strong spark of life their first boy had lacked.

Doctor Ellis brought the answer to their prayer as Frank Morner paced in the parlor by the crackling stove, chewing an unfilled pipe.

"You've got a fine son, Frank," he said wearily. "I never saw a better baby. Perfectly formed, sound as a dollar. Nine and a half pounds. Everything's all right. Now about Kenneth—" He paused, reflecting that some people who envied a country doctor were plumb crazy.

"Go on."

Kenneth died New Year's Eve, less than a week after Stanley Morner dangled by one foot from his father's strong fist and "let out a yip." The compensations of Providence were never more evident. From the start, the physical ruggedness denied his brother was concentrated in the solid male body of Baby Stanley, named by his dad after a close college chum at Whalen.

He walked at nine months, and talked at eighteen. He crawled around his nursery like a spider, never still a minute. When he could toddle, he was into everything in the house like a nosey puppy to drive his mother mad. He cried seldom but lustily and then only because he was sick. The only trouble he had was gums reluctant to let baby teeth through. They had to be lanced. Later on, he puffed up with the mumps. That's the only sickness Dennis Morgan ever knew as a kid. It was a good thing. The North Wisconsin woods was no place for a weakling.

sportsman . . .

In this boy heaven, Stan, as his folks called him, grew up like a young Indian. He could ski at eight and ice skate earlier, setting off up the creek before the snow fuzzed it, the first kid on the ice every winter. He never fell through the thin crust, because he had a natural outdoors know-how and confidence. He was hardy, too. Once, in first grade, his teacher heard a commotion on the pond near the schoolhouse. Running out, she found Stan gliding across the frozen surface in his bare feet. She hustled him inside, plunked his toes in cold water and chafed them to ward off frostbite. He laughed at the idea. Frost couldn't bite him. "Why did you do it?" she demanded.

"Somebody dared me," said Stan. He added, "And it was fun."

It was fun, too, for young Stan to haul out of his warm bed in the below zero cold of a winter's morning, strap on his skis and make the rounds of his river fur traps in the gray dawn. He trapped for muskrat, mostly, because he had a baby sister by then, Dorothy, and he wanted to catch her a warm coat. He caught enough to do that and ship more off besides, down to St. Louis where they paid him $1.50 a piece for the pelts, fabulous wealth to a woods kid.

Because of his size, strength, outdoor skill and early manliness it was natural that Stan should be the leader of his gang. There were scads of kids his age in Prentice, all country kids, and at home in the woods—his cousin Arnold Morner, the Shigley boys, Sam Louis, Ralph, Gibby and "Twisty" Bloomberg, Bill Branch—dozens more. None of them softies. Prentice didn't breed softies. But somehow, when a crisis came up, it was Stan the kids looked to to take over. Like the time he got his nickname, "Tuff."

They were playing choose-up baseball on a vacant lot when a bigger and older kid, Pete, we'll call him, came up and started to take over. Pete was a husky character, older and a natural bully. He could lick any kid in grade school and often did, just to show the rest who was boss. He didn't stick to kids his size. It was easier to push small fry around. So that's what Pete was doing this day and Stan Morner didn't like it. He walked over to Pete, calm and quiet as always but his eyes cold.

"You want to fight?" He said it like that, short and flat.

Pete started to bristle, but the bristle wilted. He didn't like the ominous way Stan Morner's arms hung with the fists half closed and his mouth straight and tight. Pete was bigger, older, more brawlwise and had a reputation at stake. But that didn't starch his spine enough to face the deadly look he was getting.

"Naw," he said, surprisingly meek all of a sudden. "I don't want to fight." And he sauntered off. Immediately the kids marvelled. "Gee whiz, gosh—jiminy!—Pete never done that before. I guess you're plenty tough, Stan. Ol' 'Tuff' Morner!" And that's how he was named.

Tuff was thirteen that noon when he got home from school and asked his Mother for seventy-five cents.

"What for?" Mrs. Morner wanted to know. They lived comfortably and there was always enough. But nobody threw money around—even six-bits of it—in Prentice.

"Sam and me saw a big muskie in a pool up the river and I need some bait to fish him with."

His Mother waved him away. "That's man's business. Go see your father." Stan raced downtown to the bank and put the bite on Pop Morner. "That's a lot of money," his Dad objected.

"Need a lot of bait," countered Stan. "It's a big fish. We saw him yesterday. I bet he's twenty pounds!" His Dad snorted but produced the three quarters. "All right—but you better catch that whopper!"

"I'll catch him, all right," said Stan.

Before the noon hour was over, he and his chum were hauling the 28-pound muskellunge dangling from a stick down the main street to the bank. Everybody in town knew about that feat.

no angel . . .

But if young Stan was a superior specimen in most ways—he wasn't too good to be true. Nobody ever pinned wings on him, even though he attended Sunday school and wriggled in his pew when the preacher cornered him. The main thing he hated about Sunday school was that his mother made him dress up. Stan's idea of the proper outfit for a regular guy was something in the leather, corduroy, wool or sheepskin line, preferably with patches of red flannel sewed on here and there for woods warnings to hunters. Somehow, even when he was coaxed into party clothes, Stan had to have a touch of the outdoors in his ensemble. His first long pants suit was a rough, tweedy deal in which he made his manly debut at 14 at a chum's birthday party where you danced with girls. Stan wore the suit all right, with shirt, tie and everything, but he insisted on also wearing rubber boots! Clumped around the floor in them all evening, very happily.

There were other ways Stan Morner fell from grace, when his spirits got the best of him. One day he and cousin Arnold were scuffing along the main street when right in front of Red Nelson's restaurant they spied a prize—a discarded package of real cigarettes. They snatched it and made for Grandpa Van Dusen's cow-pasture. Stan had experimented with cornsilk, catalpa beans and leaves before, but this genuine pack with eight real cigarettes left was a devastating temptation. They divvied up, four apiece, and set out to smoke up the whole lot. Two was enough. In a few minutes the blue sky above had turned yellow-green and comets and shooting stars raced around the clouds. Tuff Morner, 12, tried to pull himself to his feet and stumble home, but he couldn't make it. Neither could Arnold. They just lay there rolling their eyes helplessly and groaning until dusk. Then they helped each other home.

One Hallowe'en Tuff Morner was a conspirator in what remains a painful memory of the Prentice school board.

Some older boys did the dirty work—sneaking up the fire escape in the dead of night and sprinkling the stuff over all the chairs and desks, whose varnish it promptly ate away. So technically, you can't call Tuff Morner directly responsible for the fact that the high school closed up tight for two days and was an unholy place to be near for a good month. But after all, Tuff's role, though removed from the scene of operations, was basic. He supplied the Essence of Skunk.

Every calendar red letter day, whether Hallowe'en, Decoration Day, Thanksgiving, Easter or Fourth of July, was a big event in Prentice. It was remote, 200 miles from Minneapolis, the first big town Dennis Morgan ever saw and where he spied his first awe-inspiring street car. And in small lonesome towns a holiday is a holiday; they make a fuss; there isn't much other excitement to spice up the year.

His birthday was December 20 and that was the day the family always trimmed the Christmas tree. Stanley had his presents

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that night after dinner—a separate batch of birthday gifts—that didn't take anything away from the second haul five days later. And one Christmas he found a trombone under the tree. Music was in his blood.

Grace Morner was always singing around the house and she had been studying music at Lawrence College when Stan's father, Frank, met and married her. Her musical ear knew the gift when she heard it, and when her boy began singing the songs she sang and, untutored, making music in his boyish soprano, she knew what to do. She called Miss Nellie Dwyer, the best music teacher in Prentice. Tuff Morner felt a little silly at first but the teacher cleverly coaxed him. Miss Dwyer closed her eyes and listened. When she opened them she dabbed with her kerchief. "He's got a beautiful voice," she said. Stan pawed the rug with his toe, embarrassed. "He ought to be taking piano lessons right now," suggested Nellie Dwyer. "He'll appreciate it so much when he grows up."

So Tuff Morner began learning his finger exercises, scales and chords. He was ten years old and singing was one thing, but the mathematics of a keyboard were another. The lessons started out all right, but half way through Stan would plead, "Let's have a singing lesson," and Miss Dwyer, who couldn't resist that clear young voice, would weaken. She felt a little guilty, sneaking in singing lessons, when piano was her specialty—but—well it was obvious Stanley Morner wasn't ever going to send Paderewski back to Poland. He labored almost three years before he finally quit.

you'll be sorry . . .

One of Dennis Morgan's adult regrets today is that he didn't muddle through with his piano lessons. What he'd give today to accompany his mature voice adequately! He felt Nellie Dwyer was right even then when she said, "You'll regret it later, Stanley." But still he quit. He didn't like to finger any old piano, darn it! He liked to sing. Fortunately, Dennis' own boy, Stanley, Junior, can ripple over the keys. When his dad tunes up at home, Stan, Jr., asks, "What key you want it in, Dad?"

When he was twelve, the "Beethoven Trio" was born. It was Stan Morner's first self-propelled step toward a career, extravagant as the pretentious title sounded. Beethoven was about the best, wasn't he? Okay, nothing but the best for Tuff Morner. His cousin, Phyllis, played the piano in the "trio," Carl Samuelson, another Prentice boy, the violin, and Stan sang. They got to be a regular feature whenever anybody celebrated anything in Prentice. As long as he could use his natural voice, Stan Morner loved every minute of it, even if it meant practice in working up a repertoire. There's only one time on record where he ever missed a singing engagement, no matter how big or dinky, once he got started.

That was one Christmas day, oddly enough, and it involved a matter of the heart. Try and make Tuff Morner sick enough in an ordinary way to miss a chance to sing for an audience. But this was a little different. He had a dog, the best dog he ever had, named Bob. Bob was a collie with a black eye and while collies aren't bred to hunt, ordinarily, Bob could do anything any dog could and some things a human could, too.

This Christmas was especially severe and a heavy blanket of snow covered the ground. When he got up for his presents, Stan noticed that Bob was droopy. Distemper. As the day progressed it got worse and finally he began acting funny. They let him out and off he tore through the snow, running his heart out, and Stan plunging after him. He never caught Bob until he was dead, although he stumbled clear across town and into the open fields, with not enough clothes on. Even that wasn't what made him sick. It was just that Bob, his best friend, was gone, on Christmas of all times. Mrs. Morner had to call up the committee for the Christmas choral and explain. That's the only time Stan ever missed a concert.

About that time something else happened that was to leave a deep impression on Stanley Morner's subconscious mind. He didn't know it at the time. But the night his father's bank burned to the ground a bee began to buzz under his beanie.

In fighting the fire, the hoses soaked half the paper money in Prentice, and Stan's dad, being cashier, carried the sopping greenbacks home to his house. There he spread them out on every bed, sofa and chair in the house to dry.

It was to make Tuff Morner ponder. He approached his dad.

"How do people ever make so much money?" he wanted to know.

His dad smiled. "Oh, lots of ways. Mostly by doing something they're good at—and like. That helps. When you like something you're usually good at it, too."

"What do people like?"

"Oh, all kinds of things. Around here they like the lumber business."

"I don't," said Stan. "I like to sing."

His father went on counting the crinkled greenbacks and the conversation ended. But he wondered what thoughts were going on in his boy's head. It would be years before he found out, or before Stan did either, for that matter.

busy little lad . . .

The trombone added a new interest to the rapidly multiplying operations of Tuff Morner's life. Stan blared away in the attic and backyard until the neighbors almost went out of their minds. But he mastered it at last and joined the Prentice city band, with cousin Arnold. They tooted at all civic occasions and always at the County Fair, down at the county seat, nearby Phillips, Wisconsin. By this time, too, Tuff Morner was deep in high school athletics, the pillar of the Prentice High basketball team, at center, and the catcher on the baseball team. And he still had energy to spare.

At one County Fair, Dennis remembers, he played with the Prentice band all morning, took time off that afternoon to catch the feature ball game between Prentice and Phillips, and was back at his slide trombone that evening to blare away until they shut off the lights at the Fair. That job netted him an even five bucks.

Stanley Morner's multiple interests expanded even more when the family moved to Marshfield. He was 16 then, a huge hulk of a kid. He'd had three years at Prentice High and it seemed more or less like the end of the world when his dad decided to take the job as office manager of a veneer door company at Marshfield.

The house in Marshfield was more modern and citified. But the only way the larger town changed Stan was to plunge him into more activity. He missed the woods so much that every holiday he ran right back, carrying his shotgun or fishing rod (as he still does clear from Hollywood—when he gets the chance) but where he had been a ten dollar whiz at Prentice, Tuff grew into a fifty-dollar sensation at Marshfield's McKinley High. He also grew out of the belligerent tag of his boyhood. "Tuff" vanished and he became strictly Stan. After all, a senior in high school has to have some dignity. And right away Stan Morner laid claim to fame as he never had even at Prentice.

He made every athletic team there was to make, collecting enough "M" sweaters that year to keep his mother's moths happy for years. There was baseball, of course, basketball, and two new big town sports

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Pat on with upward, outward strokes—light-as-feather pats around your eyes where tiny lines show. (See diagram). For extra lubrication, apply a thin film at night. Watch your skin reveal a brighter, smoother freshness that's so ready for make-up—*and* for compliments!

Edna Wallace Hopper **Twin Treatment**

for a lovelier, younger look

Prentice hadn't gone in for much—football and track. He kept up with his singing, under a Mrs. William, made the Glee Club, where he soloed. The period of voice changing suspense had safely passed with Stan Morner. Instead of losing—as some predicted—the clear boyish tenor that all Price County knew, he emerged from the cracking process with a firm, manly young tenor that was better than ever.

He took up dramatics and debating. Stan had appeared in dozens of amateur playlets before, around Prentice, cast mainly because he was handsome and could sing like a thrush. Later, he joined the debating club, but Stan wasn't cut out for an orator. The trouble was he couldn't hold himself in. When he got going on the rostrum he jabbered away so fast the audience and judges got dizzy.

The coach impressed this on Stan and he knew his fault but couldn't stop once he started. He had an idea. First debating contest, he told his adoring sister Dorothy to sit in the front row. "I'll watch you," said Stan, "out of the corner of my eye and if I'm talking too fast, you wink. Then I'll slow down." Dorothy agreed.

When Stan started his speech she started winking and she never stopped. He was rattling off his arguments like a tobacco auctioneer. He saw Dorothy batting her eyelids like a butterfly's wings but he couldn't do a thing about it. The fifteen-minute speech ended in a fast five. Everybody near her felt so sorry for that poor Morner girl with the unfortunate tic, or St. Vitus dance, or whatever it was. As for the Marshfield Debating Team—it lost.

Dorothy Morner was starting Marshfield High about the year Stan was finishing. For a while she couldn't understand why she was so popular with all the girls, Juniors and Seniors who ordinarily scorned freshmen. But the light didn't take long to dawn. "Tell us about Stan," the girls urged. Dorothy could have run a bustling date bureau except for one item: She knew her brother, Stan. He didn't have much time for girls. Never had.

Maybe it had something to do with the first advance Tuff Morner made to one of the fair sex. She was a spunky little moppet in pigtails, in first grade. He was just trying to be friendly and help her home with her books. But she thought he was trying to snitch them. She picked up a big rock and let him have it—right on the noggin. Blood ran down over his eyes and blinded him. To this day Dennis Morgan carries the scar, under his thick curls, of that early adventure in sweet romance.

along came lillian . . .

But truthfully, Tuff Morner never felt one lone pang of romance until one May day, while still living in Prentice, he made a trip down to Marshfield. On the corner by the bank a tall, pretty girl was smiling vivaciously as she sold Buddy poppies to the passing citizens on a War Veteran's benefit day. Her name, which Stan didn't know, was Lillian Vedder, and her father, Dr. Harry Vedder, was Marshfield's leading physician and surgeon. Stan didn't meet her, or even approach to buy a poppy. He just stared awkwardly. But he couldn't get her face out of his mind.

The next summer, when he moved to Marshfield, he took a vacation job in a lumber mill and one day ran a nail into his foot. They sent him over to Dr. Vedder's house, and after he was treated, and limped down the porch steps, Stan thought he saw a lace curtain move. He had no idea why until he saw the girl who'd made his heart pound that spring Poppy Day. She was in his class at McKinley High. She was a senior, too. Her name was Lillian Vedder. Lillian was the first sweetheart Stan Morner ever had—and the only one. She's Mrs. Dennis Morgan, of course, today. She was the reason, back then, that Stanley Morner went to Carroll College.

At graduation, Stan managed the Senior Prom, bought a special pair of orange colored pointed shoes for the occasion, a new tie and sat out every dance he didn't dance with Lillian. He wasn't the valedictorian of the class (although he never flunked a subject in his life), but for only a year's stay at McKinley High, no graduating senior had more honors after his name in the class book—Glee Club, Debating, Football, Basketball, Track, Hi-Y. Maybe it was significant that in the face of all these honors, the verse picked to sum up Stan Morner was this:

> "He ceased, but left so
> Charming on their ear
> His song, that listening
> Still they seemed to hear . . ."

The melody of Stan Morner was what lingered on.

Stan was supposed to go to Lawrence College, in Appleton, Wisconsin, his mother's alma mater. He could have gone to Lawrence College, Wisconsin University or Northwestern on a scholarship. He picked Carroll College in Waukesha. There was only one real reason. Lillian Vedder was going on to Carroll. It was a Presbyterian college and her grandfather was a Presbyterian minister. Stan had teetered between the Baptist and Presbyterian denominations all his young life. But at that point his religion was Lillian. When Carroll offered him a scholarship he took it.

romantic interference . . .

The Morners moved to Park Falls, Wisconsin, that summer after Stan's graduation, where Frank Morner found a better business opportunity. But Stan barely learned the names of the streets before he was down at Waukesha and a Carroll College frosh. The "job" they'd promised to find him, so he could work his way through and play football, turned out to be washing dishes in a Chinese restaurant. Next came a Greek restaurant, same job, same wages, but easier hours. Stan didn't mind the suds, although it seemed he never got through. Lillian and Stan enrolled in the same classes: Shakespearean drama, modern drama, dramatic stage direction, the Workshop. Stan carried on his voice lessons in the music department under Clarence Shephers and of course, he couldn't stop playing football. He made the Varsity at tackle, and all the time Stan Morner was at Carroll the team lost only two games. One particular triumph Dennis remembers with a wickedly reminiscent chuckle was the Lawrence game. That was a pretty lopsided victory for Carroll College that year. Because—well, the running star of the Lawrence eleven was a Marshfield boy and an old beau of Lillian Vedder's who still had hopes. Did he get bottled up that day! Weighing 195 then, Stan Morner was a cork, too, at tackle, when he wanted to be.

Because, by now, young as they were, Stan and Lillian had an "understanding," as they said in those days, instead of "going steady." Stan lived at his Beta Pi Epsilon fraternity house and Lillian stayed at the college girls' dorm. But every spare minute of the day and night they were together somewhere, on or off the Carroll campus.

The first play Lillian and Stan did together at school, "The Goose Hangs High," had a kissing scene, in which another character was supposed to interrupt and throw the lovers into a tizzy. Unfortunately for Lillian and Stan, the part of this intruder fell to a certain guy who loved nothing better than to tease and torment. Throughout rehearsals he arrived on cue every time. But the opening night of "The

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Goose," when Lillian and Stan went into their clinch—well—they kissed and they kissed and finally started looking desperately toward the wings. No intruder arrived. Finally the audience began to clap and whistle and only then, his joke off, did the breaker-upper, with a wink to the house, enter. After the show Stan chased him all around the campus, hell for leather, but he really wasn't as sore as he made out.

top man . . .

So at Carroll College, as at Prentice and Marshfield Highs, Stan Morner was strictly a ball of fire. Stan sang Sundays in church and at funerals, too. He got a fee. He was a professional. The local movie house, the Park Theater, began to feature the golden voiced college tenor, Mr. Stanley Morner, in brief concerts between reels. One yellowed ad Dennis still has announces grandly that there will be "A special musical number, 'The Indian Love Call' featuring Stanley Morner, with unique stage effects." On top of everything else, Stan took time out twice to win the Wisconsin state championship in the Atwater Kent radio singing contests—a nation wide radio talent search back around 1930. At the finals in Milwaukee for the ten midwestern states, Stan stopped off on his way back from Lawrence College where he had just played Carroll's big game in a snowstorm. He sang "Ah, Moon of My Delight" and rejoined the team. On the train one of his teammates started razzing him. "Look who's in the newspaper—old 'Moon' Morner!" He'd won second place for the whole Midwest, right off the cuff like that.

Stan Morner and Lillian Vedder graduated together from Carroll College in 1931. That summer Stan travelled on a Chautauqua tour all through the Midwest states with the Carroll College Glee Club, and Lillian went home to Marshfield. They had marriage definitely in mind by then but there was the small business of making a living. They made plans to wait. Stan would go to Milwaukee and get a job that fall. Lillian accepted an offer to teach school in a small Wisconsin town, Shawano.

In September, Stan packed his clothes and left Park Falls for Milwaukee. He made the rounds of the big lumber companies because didn't he know lumber? In spite of all his singing and acting triumphs, it still didn't occur to Stan Morner that you could make a living that way. With his conservative thinking and his dad's advice, the lumber game seemed to offer the best chance for him to become a solid citizen and marry Lillian.

jazzing up the graveyard . . .

Luckily for a lot of people, including Dennis Morgan (although it didn't seem so then)—there weren't any jobs in Milwaukee even for a guy who knew his stuff like Stan did. There was a blighting thing on called the Great Depression, then wallowing in its lowest ditch. Bewildered, Stan walked one day over to WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal's radio station. He had a friend, Russ Winnie, who was chief announcer there. Right away his Atwater Kent publicity paid off. Russ landed him a solo spot on a musical program for a starter and then offered steady, a staff announcer's job. Stan grabbed it.

For the first six months Stanley Morner worked the graveyard shift at WTMJ. He announced the hotel bands that played nightly dance music. He gave out with the weather reports. He read poetry in between organ recitals. Sometimes he sang a number to fill in.

One day Russ Winnie said, "You're quite an athlete, Stan. Think you can announce sports?" Stan knew all sports and all about them. "Sure," he replied confidently. "Okay," said Russ "Take over the Indianapolis-Milwaukee game this afternoon and make it live."

Stan sent Lillian a wire to listen in that afternoon. He was pretty happy about the break. Sports announcers around Milwaukee got about as famous as the players. It was definitely a break. And down in Shawano, Lillian Vedder rushed from her classes to her radio in time to hear Stan tossing personality around recklessly over the air. Maybe it was too reckless, because in his enthusiasm, Stan was burning up the air waves—and getting himself in a jam about every other minute.

It was one of *those* games, to start with—a wild one—score, 18 to 12. But that was only half the reason Stan Morner got off the beam. He was trying to give it too much red hot pepper.

"There it goes—there it goes!" he'd yell into the mike, "Out of the park for a homer!" Then "N-o-o-o-o-o, the fielder caught it. He's out."

love's not blind . . .

Or "He's sliding, he's sliding—he's safe at home to put Milwaukee out in the lead!" And a few seconds later, "No, that's wrong. The catcher tagged him out." He got the score all balled up, the players' names and positions mixed. He was pretty awful. Even Lillian, who loved him, could tell that.

But Stan learned, even sports announcing. He helped out Russ Winnie around WTMJ for over a year while Lillian taught English at Shawano. But Stan was restless. He wanted to get married. He needed money. There was no radio future for him in Milwaukee worth sticking around for. That he could see. Chicago was the big radio town and the World's Fair was getting started there.

Stan found Chicago rocking and rolling with a boom in the amusement world. The Fair had busted the town wide open. Anybody who could entertain the huge crowds pouring in was set, and once he opened his throat, Stan Morner had no trouble. He landed a job at once singing on the stage of the Chicago Theater. Then the State Lake. The Fair itself. A friend at the State Lake introduced him to Vernon Buck, who led the orchestra in the famous Empire Room at the Palmer House, Chicago's greatest hotel. A good looking, golden voiced, manly guy like Stan Morner couldn't miss. After a week he had a contract in his hand—six weeks (he later stayed forty-eight straight) at one hundred and fifty dollars a week.

Up out of Stan Morner's subconscious all of a sudden popped the scene back in Prentice. His dad counting the water crinkled greenbacks on the bed after the bank burned down. He heard his dad's words,

"When you like something you're usually good at it, too!"

And his own, "I like to sing."

decision . . .

Why, sure! Why not make his living, found his future on what he really liked, what he was good at? Why not sing, and act and entertain? Stan Morner's lingering doubts flew away like dusty moths out of a closet. He raced for the nearest phone and told the operator. "Get me Shawano, Wisconsin, and hurry please!" In a minute the voice he'd missed all these months was on the wire. "Lillian, darling," sputtered Stan Morner, still talking too fast and with no sister to wink him down. "I've got a contract singing at the Empire Room. I'm in the money. Let's get married." But Lillian understood every word he said. And of course she answered "Yes!"

(Dennis Morgan's life story will be concluded in the April issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

Picture of comfort! How can baby help "looking pleasant" in that downy soft cocoon of a North Star? You see, a baby blanket by North Star turns out to be something pretty special — wonderfully fine virgin wools, woven and double napped with the same skill and care lavished on regular sizes. So baby gets an airy-light treasure of a blanket, warm and petal-soft as only virgin wool can be. Wash? Beautifully. Wear? Years and years. Really, just about the most welcome gift ever . . . for *your* baby . . . *any* baby.

IRIS (pictured) is *woven* of fine virgin wools, 42 x 60 inches (that's five feet), in Baby Blue, Baby Pink, White . . . with matching binding on all four sides. Price $9.50.

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BOTH DELIGHTFUL FOOD AND CHARMING GUESTS MAKE "THE PLAYERS," THIRD IN OUR SERIES OF HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANTS, A PLACE TO ENJOY!

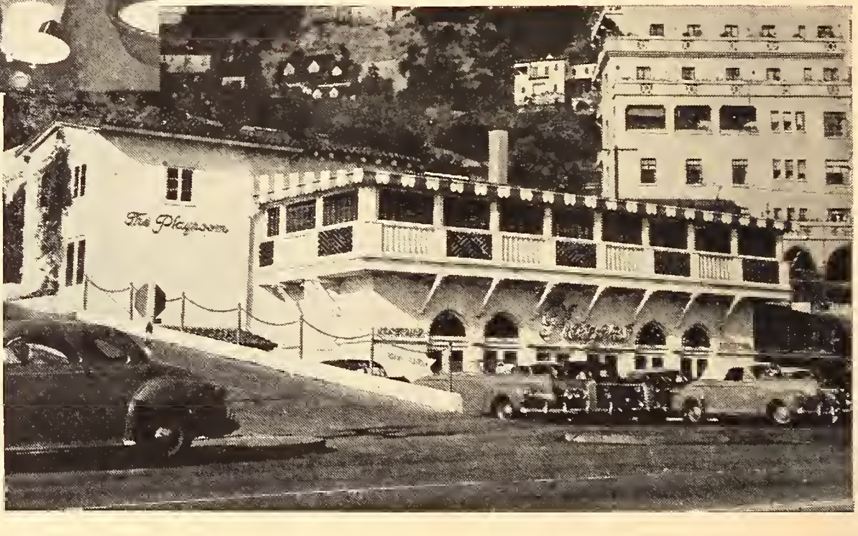
REVIEWING "THE PLAYERS"

■ Director-producer Preston Sturges' restaurant, "The Players," we rate an A production! The scene is a huge old house with many large rooms and an open terrace facing Sunset Boulevard. Off the terrace there is the "Flotilla Room" with walls lined with paintings of sailing ships. (Even bringing all these paintings from his home to the restaurant didn't make a dent in Sturges' collection!)

Then there is the Blue Room with a view of the city's lights at night—to get to this, oddly enough, customers have to pass through the busy kitchen. The Play Room, beside the Blue Room, has a night-clubbish look, a dance floor and a smooth orchestra.

The cast of Hollywood movie characters in whose honor the restaurant was named is a large one. They add definite glamor to the surroundings, autograph its many lampshades and give tourists something to write home about. Mr. Pillet, the manager, says only Katharine Hepburn and Constance Bennett have not

Deanna Durbin, one of the favorite customers, practically lived at "The Players" before her recent marriage!



Through the portals of this charming eating spot pass the darlings of the world's great entertainment industry.

BY NANCY WOOD

eaten at "The Players." Garbo once stayed an unprecedented three hours, due to a blackout! Otherwise, once every week or so you will see Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin and Felix Jackson, Dottie Lamour, Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Hedy Lamarr, Angela Lansbury, Ross Hunter, Bill Eythe, Alan and Sue Ladd, Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Cooper, etc. One time two hundred Hollywood Somebodies congregated there as the guests of a Texas oil millionaire who went mad over Oxtail Parisienne and spent $3,000 getting screen celebrities to feast on it!

The food is excellent, the menu varied, with French phrases sprinkled liberally throughout, and those customers who didn't bone away at their French vocabulary in school have to order by pointing and hoping! Most of the stars haven't any specialty, but prefer to experiment with delicacies offered "à la carte."

Here, with minor changes, are two of "The Players'" best recipes:

ONION SOUP AU GRATIN

3 tablespoons sweet butter
3 medium onions, finely sliced
2 quarts plain consomme or water
2 teaspoons salt or to taste
Dash of pepper
1 cup canned tomatoes, chopped, or tomato juice
6 to 8 slices toasted rolls, buttered
4 tablespoons grated Italian cheese

Melt butter in soup kettle, add sliced onions and cook over very low heat until onions are golden brown. Add consomme or water, salt and pepper and cook 10 or 15 minutes until onions are tender. Add tomatoes. (If consomme is being made by adding 1 beef bouillon cube per cup of water, or 8 cubes in all, add at this point and stir until dissolved.) Place soup in earthenware casserole. Lay buttered toasted roll slices on top, sprinkle with cheese and brown under hot broiler or in oven. Serve very hot. Serves 6 to 8.

LAMB KIDNEYS SAUTE TURBIGO

9 lamb kidneys
⅓ cup butter or fortified margarine
Light sprinkling of salt and pepper
1 cup sliced fresh or canned mushrooms
1 chopped shallot or half small onion, minced
2 or 3 tablespoons sherry or red wine
½ clove garlic
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup canned bouillon or 2 bouillon cubes with 1 cup hot water
6 small pork sausage, optional

Remove skin from kidneys, wash and dry them. Cut each kidney in 2 pieces if small, 4 pieces if large. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan and when hot, add kidneys. Saute, stirring the kidneys quickly in the hot fat for about 5 minutes. (Overcooking makes kidneys tough.) Remove kidneys from pan. Add another tablespoon butter to pan and the sliced mushrooms. Cook slowly over low heat for about 6 minutes. Add chopped shallot or minced onion and wine. Cook slowly a few minutes longer. Make a brown sauce this way: Rub small saucepan with garlic. Melt 2 tablespoons butter and remove from heat while stirring in flour and bouillon or water, which should be added gradually. Replace over heat and cook, stirring constantly until mixture bubbles. (If water and bouillon cubes are used, add bouillon cubes at this point and stir until dissolved.) Combine brown sauce, mushrooms, and kidneys and reheat carefully, but do not let mixture boil. Add more salt and pepper if needed. Add broiled sausages, if desired. Serve with boiled potatoes or vegetables. Serves 3.

Yes—the nation's long-standing order for Fels-Naptha Soap *is* being filled. Cars of this badly-needed, civilian laundry soap are rolling to all parts of the country.

You won't have to 'do with something else' much longer. You won't have to shut your eyes to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Shirts and sheets and towels will come out of the wash the way they should—dazzling white and sweet.

As so many women have learned during recent war-time years—to keep a house and a family *really* clean, there's nothing like good, mild soap and gentle naptha—Fels-Naptha Soap!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

WATCH JOHNNY COY!

(*Continued from page 37*)

long feature dance for "Blue Skies," and when he was through he came back over, puffing a little, to the admiring Johnny. "How'd you like me to give you a step, Johnny?" Fred offered. "Just sort of to wish you luck? It goes like this," he began, slipping into a step—and that's where I tip-toed out.

Even before Fred Astaire clinched the case, I knew Johnny Coy was a comer. They could have changed "Bring on the Girls" to "Bring on Johnny Coy" for my Victory Bonds. The minute Johnny's machine gun taps and ballet bounces got going—who needed any girls? There was something special, too, in his cocky question-mark eyebrows and his springy, spunky personality that matched his magic slippers—and it never wavered for a second through "That's the Spirit" and "Duffy's Tavern."

two-bit alarm . . .

My sales resistance slipped another hitch when fifteen hundred pro dance teachers, headed by Arthur Murray, tagged Jet-propelled Johnny as the top screen tapper of 1945. Fifteen hundred dance masters couldn't be wrong. Came next that sure fire signal when—plunk—Johnny Coy bounced right up in the middle of MODERN SCREEN's Poll. And then, well, I went to a Hollywood party and got to talking with a fellow who's pretty handy with his feet named Gene Kelly. He told me a story.

It was away back when Gene had just come up from Pittsburgh and his home town dancing school to crash the Big City. But Gene wasn't doing much crashing. The Big Noise from the Smoky City, at that point, was barely a squeak, Gene admitted. Making the rounds of the iron-hearted agents, Gene got nowhere fast and was wide open for any kind of a cakes-and-coffee job. One day he tied into an agent, who said the usual, "Sorry, pal." But he had an idea. "Look," he told Kid Kelly, "I've got a hot young Canadian kid on my list. He wants to study more dancing, so why don't you take him on? That's your racket, isn't it, teaching?"

"Sure," said Gene. He likes to teach anyway and he figured he could pick up a few dollars to help out at the Automat, while he chased that break up and down Broadway.

Of course, the Canadian kid was Coy. "What happened then?" I asked Gene.

He chuckled, "Oh, after the first lesson —I quit."

"How come?"

"Very simple," Gene laughed. "I couldn't teach that kid anything. He knew as much as I did! And by the way, Hedda," mused Gene, "that reminds me. I've never collected for that first lesson yet. I think I'll give Johnny Coy a ring!"

That's about the reason that made me hustle my bustle to Paramount for a close-up of the boy Coy. I found Johnny on a big rehearsal stage—tracked him right down in jig-time just by listening to that drum-fire of flying feet. The little cutie he's picked to be his partner in "Ladies' Man," Dorothy Babbs, was trying vainly to keep up with him in the dizzy routine. On the sidelines, Miriam Franklin, the girl who had the same hectic headache in "Duffy's Tavern," was sympathizing. When Dorothy collapsed with an exhausted squeal right in the middle, Miriam mused, "That Coy's a killer. He starts out with soft shoe and winds up like a two-bit alarm!" I saw what she meant. Billy Daniels, Paramount's dance director, grinned. "What am *I* doing here? You can't teach a dancer like that anything, Hedda," he said. They tried it, Billy said, in "Duffy's Tavern," and it ended up with Johnny Coy teaching the dance teacher! "He's a worrier, that one," smiled Billy.

When Johnny Coy was rehearsing his "Johnny Comes Marching Home" dance for "Duffy's Tavern," he got stuck for a certain step that just wouldn't work out. He and Billy tried a dozen or more, but not one was quite right. Billy went home that evening as relaxed as an old shirt; in fact, he had some friends in for an evening of fun. Johnny Coy—well—along about midnight Johnny stopped tossing and turning and sat up in bed like a bee had stung him. "I've got it!" he cried to his four walls. He hopped out of the covers, flung an overcoat over his pajamas and jumped into his jalopy.

Minutes later Billy heard a bang on his door and opened it. In burst Johnny. He'd raced clear from Hollywood to Beverly Hills in his night clothes. He didn't even see the guests. "Billy," he cried, "I've got it! Look," and he whipped off his coat and went into the dance in his pajamas, right in the hall. "How's that?" he asked.

"Fine," agreed Billy. "Absolutely okay."

"I thought so. Thanks," panted Johnny. "G'night"—and he whizzed out the door, raced back to bed and slept like a top!

PASSION FOR FASHION

Golly, how you envy those tall, Bacall-ish gals who look so elegant in the severest sports clothes. Or maybe deep inside you're really the frilly type, but with your hips—in frills you're a frump. Well, relax, sister; your problem's solved! Whether you're tall, short, tubby, or bean-pole-ish—whether you prefer tweeds or tassels—you can find the styles most flattering to your figure in MODERN SCREEN'S *fashion charts, "Sportswear That Flatters" and "Date Dress Data." They're yours on request. Turn to page 22 for details.*

When you meet Johnny Coy in the quivering flesh you can't help vibrating to the high voltage he sparks. He's a ball of fire, a hunk of U-235. That mighty atom business fits him, too, because he's small, about five foot eight, but packing plenty power. He's Scotch (real name's Ogilvie) and you can tell it by the bushy brown brows that curve alertly up over his bright blue eyes and the curly, thick mop of chestnut hair that won't say "Uncle" to any comb or hair-goo made. He's got freckles and a funny frank smile and he talks in a husky, mixed Canada-New York accented voice that's almost as staccato as his tapping toes. But the toes are what Johnny prefers to talk with.

"Jake" the kids called Johnny Ogilvie up in Montreal, where he was born and where, when he was eight years old, a frisky aunt came over from Scotland to visit one time, let down her Glengarry and did the Highland Fling, right in the kitchen. Jake couldn't eat his oatmeal until she taught him how. That did it. He started flinging himself around the house and scaring his six sisters half to death, and to make it more weird, the kid Coy took up bagpipes and skirled and blew while his skirts flew (gosh, that's poetry). The result of all this kind of Celtic carry-in's on was that when he was still in knickers he became a big Highland Fling operator around the Maple Leaf belt, flinging himself around in Montreal, Windsor, Toronto, Ottawa, Lachine and points Canadian and collecting cups like a bus boy at Childs.' You know how many medals and cups (including one ten-gallon gold one) Johnny has lying around his folks place in Montreal today? Over fifteen hundred! And three sets of bagpipes to boot! He's still a solid sender on the squeal bags, but thank goodness he left those at home! I'll take Benny Goodman.

He was only twelve when he took off to New York for the annual Caledonian games, a shindig that's pretty hot stuff if you're a Scot. Johnny could promote all this traveling around because his dad was a conductor on the Canadian Pacific Railway and could wangle passes. The one down to New York was a pass on to show business, the way it turned out. Because Jake wrapped the Highland Fling crown of Canada and the United States, too, right up in his kilties. That triumph persuaded his folks to let him quit high school and go after a career. He studied briefly at home and then at a tender fourteen came back down to New York, stayed with an uncle and aunt and did nothing but dance—eight hours a day for months—with typical Coy concentration. His teacher, Ernest Carlos, smoothed the rough edges and by the time Johnny was fifteen he was busting all the child labor laws of New York State by coming on with the girls at the Frolics Club, upstairs above the old Winter Garden on Broadway, and tapping out a specialty in the floor show. Joe E. Lewis was the emcee there and between shows he used to haul Johnny around to the tables to meet the famous guests—people like Cary Grant, Bea Lillie, Jimmy Durante, Ted Lewis. "Meet my grandchild," Joe would crack.

That Ted Lewis is a sharp-eyed talent picker from away back and all he needed was a quick look at Johnny to get an idea. When he left the Frolics, Johnny was traveling with Ted on his first vaudeville road show. And looking back, Jake Coy thinks it was the best thing that could have happened—even though it almost cost him his neck. He got the starry-eyed illusions about show business knocked—and I do mean knocked—out of him early enough to save a lot of later heartbreaks—and by a guy who's a master at that sort of thing, temperamental Ted.

It happened in Pittsburgh. Johnny had a number he ended by whirling off the stage in one of those spinning-top turns that made me dizzier than usual in "Bring on the Girls." There was supposed to be a man waiting in the wings to catch gyrating Johnny and keep him from slamming into the curtain wire. Well, this time there wasn't. Johnny bumped into the taut wire and bounced back on the stage right on his sofa. It knocked him silly, but what was even worse, Ted Lewis, high hat and all, called him everything he could think of right there before the footlights (and Ted has a vocabulary). Then, also right on stage, he yelled, "You're fired!" And Johnny was, no foolin'.

If that didn't convince Johnny eager that show business was not all a box of bon-bons, other things in his early rambles did. To wit: He landed a job as chorus boy in a new Broadway show called "Keep Off the Grass" with Jimmy Durante (another guest at the Frolics) and Ray Bolger, who can bend his bones around somewhat, too. The customers

(*Continued on page 103*)

Menu Foresight

Dinner may still be hours away, but you know it will be a success — you're having Schlitz. Serving Schlitz to your guests is like bringing out your best linen or silver — it says "Nothing's too good for our friends!"

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OF THE HOPS

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***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**

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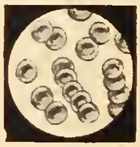
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.

If you look pale and listless—if you seem to be slowing down—a deficiency of the blood may be to blame

So many people look older than their years—colorless, worn, weary. They're only faded photographs of their former selves. Yes, and these people may find the cause is a Borderline Anemia. Women and children especially are subject to Borderline Anemia—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—but many men, too, are its victims!

Your blood—and your blood alone—carries oxygen and releases energy to every organ, every muscle, every fibre. Your blood is your "supply line" of vitality and drive. So if there is a deficiency in your blood—if the red blood cells aren't big enough and strong enough and healthy enough, you just can't hope to feel vigorous, "alive"! Borderline Anemia means that the quality of your blood is below par, that the red blood cells can't do their important job right.

Take Ironized Yeast to Build Up Blood, Energy

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be caused by other conditions. Always be sure to consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you find yourself envying others their youthful vitality and their glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. When all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast Tablets will help you build up your blood and your energy. At all drugstores.

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

Ironized Yeast TABLETS

(*Continued from page 100*)

obeyed the warning—and more. They kept off not only the grass but the mat in front of the box-office window. It closed pronto and Johnny was out on his youthful ear.

He landed a job with Phil Spitalny and toured around for a couple of years with Phil's orchestra. Then in Omaha one night, somebody busted into Phil's dressing room, walked away with $20,000 and assorted valuables. So what should happen to Johnny and the other members of the troupe who happened to be in the vicinity that night—but that the cops should lug them down to the pokey and grill them for five straight days as suspects of the whodunit! Kid Coy began to take a dim view of show business. In a job —out of a job. With Eddie Duchin, with Larry Clinton, with this and that band, night clubs, yep, and honkey-tonk, too.

hoofer's showcase . . .

The point is—Jake Coy went through the mill before he was half grown, but the only time he ever got faint hearted and decided to chuck dancing, it wouldn't work. That happened in Chicago, when he was with piano patting Eddie Duchin. There was a mixture of reasons. A pretty Abbott dancer who worked at the Palmer House with Oh, Johnny, Oh, was one. The war in Europe was another. One night Johnny tossed over show business, bag and baggage. He took a job in a Chicago factory to be near the girl. When that went poof! he hustled home across the border and joined up. Four months with the Canadian First Engineers and they handed him a medical discharge for a hearing deficiency. He borrowed money and left Montreal for New York. That was the only stretch since he was 14 that he wasn't dancing. And it didn't last long.

But on this second trip to the States, Johnny Coy found the going even rougher at first. His folks couldn't send him money when he was in a jam, like before. You couldn't send Canadian cash across the border and Johnny was really on his own. He didn't have any luck with jobs, either, and finally settled for cheap clubs in tank towns around New England. Took $30 a week for his art, too, when he'd never made less than $150. So he got seasoned some more. He got booted out of his cheap Manhattan hotel for two weeks unpaid rent, for instance. He rode all night on poverty circuit busses, ate at Acme lunches and Ma's places, slept in boarding house dumps where he washed and ironed his own clothes and put his pants under the mattress at night.

Then one day a call came from Monte Proser, who runs the famous Copacabana in New York, and happy days were there again for Johnny. He opened with the Copacabana road show at the Book-Cadillac in Detroit. Pretty soon came another call from Monte yanking our boy Coy back to home base at the Copa itself to replace the Berry Brothers in the show. That's when life began the beguine for Jake Coy. He had a Grade-A showcase on Broadway and that's all he needed.

Johnny stayed at the Copacabana for twenty-five weeks. He was a hit from the time he tapped his first toe. All the shahs of show business came and saw and marveled, but it was a gal from Texas who did something about it. Mary Martin had a new musical on the fire, "Dancing In The Streets"—and didn't I tell you that once you see Johnny in action you put "dance" and "Coy" together like ham-and-eggs forever? Everything was Jake as far as Mary was concerned, to put the "Dance" in "Dancing In the Streets."

Three weeks in Boston proved that "Dancing In The Streets" should be saved for Thanksgiving dinner, and even though the whole cast, including Johnny, offered to work for nothing—because they were nuts about Mary—she said "Don't be silly" and that was that. It never saw Broadway. But Weatherford, Texas' pride, was completely Coy-conscious by then, and those Texans certainly believe in action. She called Johnny, who was back in New York and as we say "at liberty." They met for lunch at Twenty-One with Mary's mate, Dick Halliday, a Hollywood story shark. He knew about a jockey part in "Salty O'Rourke," the Alan Ladd picture, that was then getting started. "You're the jockey," said Mary, with that no-back-talk tone of voice, "and when Buddy DeSylva" (who was then Paramount's big boss in Hollywood) "comes to town tomorrow I'm going to tell him so! Once you get to Hollywood," prophesied Martin, "and tap one toe, you're off to the races. Stick around and I will leave you know."

That's how Johnny met his best Hollywood friend and backer-upper, Buddy DeSylva. With all the experience he's had on Broadway and in Hollywood both, Buddy didn't have to look twice to make up his mind, "You're too big for the jockey part," he told Jake, "but let's make a test anyway—just for ducks." It was one of those funny New York screen tests, which always pop up to haunt stars forever after. But Johnny tapped through Gene Kelly's Broadway hit part of "Pal Joey" and it was good enough to send a Paramount contract airmailing along in a few weeks.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One July night Dennis Morgan sang for us at the Red Cross Rec Hall for hospital patients. The heat was terrific, and after his first song he pulled off his coat and unbuttoned his shirt collar. At that point, several GIs called out, "Take it off!" And believe it or not, before a large group of astonished nurses and GIs, he yanked off his shirt and continued singing!

Pvt. L. A. Thompson
Ft. Knox, Kentucky

Paramount loaned him out right after "Bring On the Girls," not having any dancing parts handy then. He went over to Universal to make "That's the Spirit" and "On Stage, Everybody" with Peggy Ryan. There's a studio chief at Universal who's got a personality like a deep freeze and a face as flinty as Dick Tracy's. This chilly character scares all new players into a state of paralysis when they come up on his carpet the first time just by giving them the icy glare and slicing their egos to bits with cutting remarks. Until Johnny came along he'd never been known to crack anything resembling a grin.

The minute Jake Coy walked into his sanctum, Mister Refrigerator went to work "I just saw your test," he snapped.

"Oh," beamed Johnny, turning on the heat. "Did you? How'd you like it?"

"May I say," frosted this fellow, "that the best thing you can do with that is to take it out and burn it!"

"I just did," came back Coy. "I tried to thaw it out after it came back from you—and you know what? The damn thing caught on fire and—Whoosh!"

The human iceberg not only grinned, he actually laughed out loud and he's been a reformed character ever since.

And there's another thing about dancers and Hollywood. They have to sit on opposite ends of the sofa and get warmed up before anything happens. Gene Kelly stuck around M-G-M quite a spell before they did right by him, and of course the report of Fred Astaire's first screen test is a Hollywood classic; I've forgotten the exact words, but it was something like this: "Fred Astaire. Average height, skinny, getting bald. Stage experience. He also dances." Johnny Coy fell under the same hoodoo. He sat around Paramount six months waiting for a look at a camera lens. When one finally came up in "Bring on the Girls," the director, Sidney Lanfield, shook a firm head. He wanted no part of Johnny Coy and it was only Buddy DeSylva's plugging that gave Johnny that chance to show his stuff.

Johnny went at his first Hollywood job as he always had everything. Paramount gave him three months to perfect his numbers, but Johnny had them pat in three weeks. He was so eager to show Buddy DeSylva his routine that he pole vaulted on the piano (like he did in the film) so ambitiously that he sailed clear over it and wrecked an ankle, starting the picture on crutches!

He trains like a fighter when he makes a picture—gives up his cigarettes and pipe and hits the sack with the chickens. He loses eight or ten precious pounds and wears out four pairs of dance slippers before he's satisfied with a feature routine. He's poison to the studio slug-a-beds and more than once he's hammered on the Paramount gates for the night guard before the day man came on. He's got an alarm clock mind which he can set to wake him up at any given hour and he keeps a big blackboard in his bedroom which he chalks up each night with the next day's schedule.

He'll dance anywhere and any time if he's appreciated. The only time I ever caught Jake being half-way Coy was at the Press Photographer's Ball this year.

That was a hay-foot, straw-foot affair and Johnny came in levis and cowboy boots. Jack Benny spotted Jake from his master-of-ceremonies mike and called for a number. I saw Johnny whisper something to Buck Benny and then Jack's reply came booming out from the mike. "Listen, Coy," he said, "don't give me that stuff. High heels, my eye. You can dance in *anything!*" And he could, through a fast "Tea For Two" chorus, as plenty of stars there that night can tell you. But even Jack Benny didn't know what Johnny Coy knew—that with the unfamiliar shoe stilts he might very well have put himself out of action for weeks.

just molly and he . . .

He lives in a tiny Hollywood apartment with his sis, Molly, who came out from Canada to darn his socks and look out for the care and feeding of Johnny. She's inclined to get a little put out when Jake pulls a Coy quirk—such as skipping his dessert and then eating it right before he tucks in. But mostly Jake and Molly stay jolly and it's his hope eventually to bring to Hollywood what unattached members of the family he still has in Montreal. It took two-and-a-half years for his mother to see "Bring on the Girls" in Montreal after he'd been writing her about it, and Jake would like to lighten the suspense.

But mostly it's just a clambake around somebody's house, where, as Johnny grinned to me in Durante's words, "Everybody tries to get into the act!" Those kids run through their specialties for hours on end, whether it's dancing, de-

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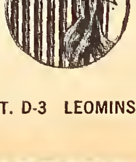

ORDINARY COMB *lets hair strands slip through.*

claiming, patter or pantomime. Once, Johnny got so lost in the party routine that he stayed and stayed. When he came out to his jalopy to drive his date home, it wouldn't start. "Funny," he thought. He hopped out and lifted the hood, and believe it or not, the motor was gone! Whole darned thing. While he was making the floor bounce inside, the motor snatchers had calmly gone about dismantling the heap's insides. And even though that clanky operation had taken place only a few yards from the open window, Coy never heard a tinkle. But no wonder, the way he was massaging those floor boards.

Johnny's dodged Cupid successfully since he came to Hollywood but if he has a warm spot, it's for pretty and talented Ann Blythe, the girl who acted right up to Joan Crawford in "Mildred Pierce." He goes to see her all the time ever since—well, here's the story:

One day Johnny picked up the morning paper to read, to his dismay, about a tragic accident. A rising young Hollywood actress had broken her back. He didn't know the actress, but he knew how he'd feel if that happened to him. He went right down to the florist's and sent flowers and a note, doing his best to relay cheer and courage. He knew the girl wouldn't know him from Adam, but just the same he felt good doing what he did. She sent back a note of thanks and later when she got better, Jake called in person and they've been friends ever since. Since Ann is up and about now and walking again, Johnny's the devoted boy friend. But the point of my story is: Jake Coy didn't look up the girl he admires because she was gorgeous and glamorous. He was spurred by deeper motives—because she was a damsel in distress. It's the kind of thing stars do when they're people, too. And when one acts that way at 24, as Jake Coy did, he's got a good headstart being a real person the res of his days—no matter what flattering o flattening surprises the future packs.

That's why in my little red book Jake's the McCoy. Or maybe you'd say Jake's the Coy. At any rate—Coy's my boy!

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 51*)

but during the shooting of the pictur consumed almost three dozen entire roses petal by petal. Wife Goddard was con cerned for her husband's digestive system and insisted that the rose petals be pu through a scientific analysis. It turned ou to everyone's amazement, that rose petal have more vitamin D than spinach . . . Hur Hatfield changed type from the elegan Dorian Gray to an honest, romantic youn character who gets beautifully maule in a tangle with Francis Lederer. . . Burgess Meredith was in the middle of love scene with his wife when Snoopy, squirrel actor, took a large chunk out o Meredith's ear . . . To complete the serie of catastrophes, Hatfield's mother visite the set wearing a hat with a veil whic caught fire. Quick thinking by Franci Lederer prevented serious burns when th actor made a grab at the flaming top piec and tossed it across the room . . . Hurd favorite scene was the one where, proppe up in bed and swaddled in a full-lengt nightgown of brocaded silk, he is serve champagne by Paulette. During rehearsa Paulette burst into semi-hysterics. "Yo look just like Marlene Dietrich in one o her bedroom scenes!" she howled.

Mfd. Proc. Pat. No. 2,196,815 DIADEM, INC., DEPT. D-3 LEOMINSTER, MASS. *HAIRTAINER Trade Mark Reg. U.S.Pat.Off.

FROM MOTHER, WITH LOVE

(*Continued from page 43*)

the way mother was acting, that it was the Paramount. He said so, pointedly. "Listen, Tootie," he said, "This is just Spring Lake. This isn't Broadway."

"Broadway will come later." Marguerite Haymes sounded very certain. "Now that I know he's got it."

"Oh, for Gosh sake, what's this 'it' you keep talking about?"

His mother smiled suddenly, the gay smile that was so like Dick's. "Nobody in the world can define it, Bob. What it means is that when a performer does his act, there's something inside him that reaches out to people. It's a very special quality, and I believe Dick has it."

A terrific burst of applause came along then, and made Bob stare around in startled surprise. Everybody was yelling and applauding, and Dick, the ham, was taking bows like crazy. "Well," said Bob, "Barnum was right." But the gleam of pride in his eyes gave him away.

His mother patted his shoulder. She understood Bob, just as she understood Dick. The three of them were pals, and a lot closer than most families. She wouldn't have let anyone in the world know how proud she was of that. It was tough, bringing up a couple of sons without a father, and sometimes she'd worried herself silly over it. But now—

Dick was back at the table, breathless. "Hey, Tootie, how did I do?" The words were offhand, the tone intense. Dick knew he'd get an honest answer. He always did.

"You were good, Dick," she said quietly. "Very good."

Dick let out a rebel yell in an only slightly toned-down version, and clapped Bob on the back. "I made it, kid! Toots said I did okay. Hold down the table while I dance with her, will you?"

They danced well together, his arm holding her lightly, as he hummed the tune along with the orchestra.

"Margie . . . you are my inspiration, Margie. . . ." He stopped humming and said in astonishment, "Hey, what goes? You're crying!"

"Not really." She blinked quickly and smiled. "Dick, you wouldn't remember what I do about this song. It happened when you were only two-and-a-half."

music soothes . . .

When Dick was two-and-a-half, Marguerite Haymes and her handsome English husband left their Argentine ranch and came to New York. Little Dick was an easy child to take on a trip. He loved shows of all kinds—movies, vaudeville, anything—and his mother used to take him to them often. One afternoon, Marguerite took him to Loew's State. On the stage, a baritone sang "Margie," and Dick eyed him in solemn wonder. That evening after dinner, Marguerite was washing dishes while her husband dried them. Dick, in his high chair, was "helping" too—drying spoons industriously, and only now and then dropping one. Suddenly he began to sing in his high, childish voice. He sang the first four bars of "Margie" perfectly, every note correct. Dick's parents stared at each other in amazement.

"Well, I'll be damned," his father said. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard it myself."

Marguerite raised a delicate eyebrow, trying to control her bursting maternal pride. "Remember what I said when Richard was born?"

Mr. Haymes chuckled. "Definitely, old girl. You said he was yelling on key. You said 'I have given birth to a singer.' You

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were pretty dramatic about it."

"I may have been dramatic, but I was also right!"

Of course she was right. Now, dancing with Dick fourteen years later, she knew it, as she told him the story.

"'Margie,' huh?" he grinned at her teasingly. "Guess we'll have to make 'Margie' my special song for you, since you're such a sentimental gal."

When Dick was little he may have looked like an angel but he didn't always act like one. Sometimes Marguerite would go upstairs after he'd gone to bed, and find him gnawing on a sandwich which he had snitched from the refrigerator.

"Richard, you know you aren't supposed to do that."

Dick would give her a look of wide-eyed innocence. "I had to get it for the elves, mother."

"For the *what?*

"The elves. The ones that come out of the glass door knob."

She would struggle between laughter and irritation. "You know perfectly well there are no such thing as elves!"

"There are, too. I lie here and look at the door knob and it gets bigger and bigger and pretty soon a whole troop of elves comes out, and you know what? They're always hungry. So I go and get a sandwich. And look! it's all gone."

just a softie . . .

It was always hard for Mrs Haymes to discipline the boys. "I just won't do it," she decided. "I'll send them away to school where they'll have men teachers to discipline them. Then when we're together on vacations, we'll just have fun."

So the boys went to schools in France and schools in Switzerland. Dick became an expert skier and swimmer, and learned to speak French as well as Spanish and English. He was a carefree kid, who didn't take his studies any too seriously. His mother was doing a concert tour of Europe, and every once in a while she would get a plaintive letter from one of his professors complaining of his behavior.

As she read the letter in far-off London, Irish-born, emotional Marguerite choked back a sob of loneliness. They ought all to be together again. They needed each other. And the boys were Americans—they should be together again. And so the Haymes family came home.

"I don't want to go to college, Toots," he told her, after that. "What's the sense of wasting all that time and money when I want to be a singer? How about you teaching me singing, instead? You know you're the best teacher in New York."

"You and your Irish blarney. But I'll teach you everything I can, Dick, if you'll really work."

"I'll work. And here's another thing. I want this to be on a strictly business basis. I'll pay you for the lessons."

Gravely, Marguerite agreed. Of course, she put the money in the bank for Dick, but he didn't know that. He studied piano, too, and wrote some music himself. They went to Hollywood for a while. Dick was eighteen and he organized his own band. It was quite a band. Dave Street was in it, and Buddy Raye, Martha's brother. Dick conducted, and sang. He played in a few western pictures, too, but nobody saw a potential star in him.

His mother decided to go back to New York, where her own career was beckoning. She wanted Dick to go, too. But she knew if she came right out and said for him to go East with her and Bob he just wouldn't do it. So, being a smart woman, she used the indirect approach.

"By the way, Dick," she said with assumed casualness one morning, "Bob and I are leaving for New York Thursday."

"Thursday!" Dick stared at her. "This

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is Monday. When did you decide this?"

"Just now." Marguerite was airy. "You know it never takes me long to make up my mind. Anyway, Bob and I are taking the new Cadillac and driving East."

Dick's howl of protest raised the roof. "You and a thirteen-year-old kid are going to drive East alone? Over my dead body!"

"Be sensible, darling. You like it here, and you loathe New York. There's no reason why you shouldn't stay here by yourself. Bob and I will get on fine."

"*I'll* drive you East," Dick announced with finality. "And no arguments, please."

His mother gave in with sweet reasonableness, and a secret gleam in her eye. "Of course, dear, if you *insist!*"

So they were in New York again. Dick had the promise of a job with Bunny Berigan's band, but you can't live on promises. He went to work as a page boy at Radio City. They were living in Greenwich, Connecticut, and Dick used to drive back and forth to work in his little Plymouth. He hated eating in New York restaurants and even though it was late in the evening when he got through work, he'd head for Greenwich. When he came in the driveway, he would toot his horn. His mother would get the left-overs from dinner out of the refrigerator, and by the time Dick was washed up, a piping hot meal would be ready for him.

"Tootie, you're wonderful," he used to say appreciatively. "You're the most wonderful woman in the world."

"You'll change your mind on that one of these days."

He'd give her a gamin grin. "I wonder what lucky girl will get you for a mother-in-law, Toots?" But he didn't have much time for girls these days. He was too intent on a career, too determined to succeed.

His mother had to go back to the Coast on business that summer. Bob was in camp. Dick stuck around New York through the sweltering summer, living in a furnished room, hoping something would break. One night, his mother called him up and he sounded definitely doleful. She said, "Dick, I want you to come out here. You've stayed in New York long enough."

"Gosh! California! That would be something. When should I come?"

"Right now. Stop at camp and pick up Bob. Go to the kennels and get the dog. How much money will you need? Would a hundred dollars get you here?"

"With bells on."

mother's instinct . . .

She wired him a hundred. That was Tuesday night. Wednesday afternoon, he sent her a telegram saying "Starting now, complete with Bob and dog." It's three thousand miles from New York to Hollywood. Marguerite went away for the weekend to a ranch up in the hills. She planned to go back to Hollywood Monday, but come Sunday p. m. she got a funny feeling. The other guests kidded her unmercifully.

"Listen, are you crazy? Those boys are probably just about getting to Chicago. Dick will wire you from there for more dough, and they'll breeze in some time next week."

"You don't know Dick." Marguerite spoke positively. "When he starts for somewhere, he doesn't fool around."

She went back to Hollywood that night. Five minutes after she got in, the phone rang. An outraged voice said, "Where have you been? And where are these Shelton apartments you're living in? We've driven all over looking for them." It was Dick.

Ten minutes later, the boys came in, tired but very pleased with themselves.

"I'll bet you think we're broke."

"Aren't you?"

"Not exactly." He fished a billfold from his pocket, produced fifty-five dollars,

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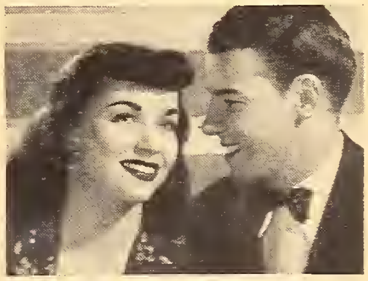

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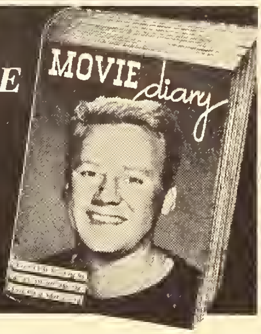

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and laid it casually on the table. "Here's your change, Toots."

"You mean the two of you came all the way from New York on forty-five dollars?" It was incredible.

"Ah, we're smart. The first night we stayed at a hotel, but it was too much trouble. After that, we slept in the car, and stopped at roadside stands for sandwiches. And here we are."

You know that feeling you get when someone you love does something that makes you awfully proud? A sort of choked breathlessness? Marguerite had it then. So many kids would have done things differently. She said, "Look. Take this money and go down and buy yourselves a good beach outfit. Tomorrow we'll go to Santa Monica, so I can show off my sons to my doubting-Thomas friends."

It wasn't so long after this that Dick got his big break. A job singing with Harry James' band. Dick and Harry were friends in the deepest sense, apart from their work. There was a complete confidence in each other's abilities and future. But in the meantime there wasn't much dough. After a while, Dick's mother got a little worried about the situation.

"Dick honey, I know you like Harry a lot, and he's been nice to you, but do you think you're *getting* anywhere?"

Dick eyed her reproachfully. "Listen, Tootie, one of these days Harry'll have the number one band in the country."

"Just the same, I don't think this arrangement is so good."

Dick grinned. "I admit I'm not getting rich. Every time I get paid, Harry borrows the dough back the next day. But I'm learning a lot, and what's dough, anyway?"

Then all of a sudden Dick met a girl. Funny how he knew right away that he wanted to marry this girl. The band was playing the Paramount, and on the same bill were the Samba Sirens from the Copacabana.

"Sirens, huh?" Dick said as he walked into rehearsal the first day. "If there's anything I hate, it's a bunch of dumb dames from a night club." He stared scornfully at the Samba Sirens who were practicing a dance routine. "Get a load of that blonde, second from the end. She isn't even in time with the music. Look at her! Just look. . . ." His voice trailed off, as he kept looking. After that, it was love.

A week before the wedding, Dick said, "You know, honey, I want kids."

"Of course. So do I."

let's make it last . . .

"But those kids have got to have a square deal. No divorce in my family. We're going to get married, and we're going to stay that way. So don't say I didn't warn you."

There have been times since when it looked as if he might be wrong. But if other people mind their business and don't gossip, usually these times blow over.

Dick hates gossip, anyway. It's almost an obsession with him.

Joanne and his mother, who are great friends, will be sitting around talking about hairdos and stuff. Maybe Joanne will say, "I saw so-and-so in the commissary today. I don't like her with her hair parted in the middle, do you?"

Dick, overhearing, protests, "Now do you really care how she wears her hair? The girl's working in a picture, and they probably tell her how to wear it. Anyway, darling, you worry about your hair and let her worry about hers."

Joanne smiles at him. She knows him too well to get mad. "You're right, Dickie. Sorry."

He comes over, then, and rumples her hair. "You're sweet. I love you, or have I mentioned that?"

He's been mentioning it ever since that first day at the Paramount. He's been proving it, too. Like the way he gave up the job with Harry James, because Joanne was expecting a blessed event. He went to work for Benny Goodman for more money, and then left him because the band was going to be on the road at the wrong time. The wrong time being when Joanne went to the hospital to have the baby. Dick just *had* to be around for that, job or no job. It looked like no job for awhile, then Tommy Dorsey offered him a contract, replacing Sinatra. The Dorsey thing turned out to be a series of one-night stands, too. Anyway, on one occasion, Dick called the manager and said, "Sorry, chum, I can dot bake the show today. I'b in bed, and I feel awful."

"Listen, Dick, quit playing games, and get on the job."

"This is do game. This is hell, I tell you." Dick huddled the blankets around his lean form and took time out to sneeze.

"And I tell *you,* if you're not down here at eight o'clock, you're—"

"*Fired,*" Dick finished, and hung up. Then he took three aspirins, and went to sleep. He was strangely happy. Something else would turn up. Something better.

You know what the "something better" turned out to be: A contract with Decca records, a radio show, and then Hollywood. You can't say it's success beyond his wildest dreams, because you don't know how wild the Haymes dreams can get! And let me tell you something else. It's not a bit of a surprise to a pretty blonde woman who has been listening to him sing "Margie" since he was two-and-a-half years old. It's just what she figured on all along, and mothers have a way of being right!

FOR PETE'S SAKE

(*Continued from page 31*)

buy Pete's number for seventy-five cents—"

"But it's not in the book. How does the first person get it?"

"Oh, we have our spies," said the child, and hung up.

Sometimes the bell rings. Sir Sidney discovers four little girls on the doorstep. Could they please have a photograph of Pete? One is a thing so high—Sir Sidney's hand levels off at about four feet. He's frankly incredulous.

"Surely *you're* not interested in men?"

"Of course I am," she assures him earnestly. "Your Pete's my dreamboat—"

After a preview one night they got home at 11—minus Peter, who'd gone off with some friends. A group of youngsters, who'd walked from the theater, waited at the curb, hoping for a glimpse of Pete.

"He won't be in for hours," Lady Lawford told them, "so run home like good children. *I* don't know the man I'd walk twenty yards to see—"

One curly-headed worshipper lifted eyes like a doe's. "But *you're* not fifteen," she breathed. "And *we're* not Pete's mother—"

Sir Sidney eyed his wife gravely. "There," he said, "you have two unanswerable facts—"

Peter's very much at home in America—bats the latest slang around, knows who played sax with Duke Ellington in what year, holds his own and to spare with his ribbing Hollywood pals. Yet, even apart from the accent, you'd never fail to spot Peter as an Englishman—from the touch of ceremony in his manners, an added deference with women and older people, a more formal courtesy. He's the kind of boy who remembers that Nancy Sinatra might be lonely while Frank's away, and asks her out to dinner. But it doesn't have to be Nancy Sinatra—

A girl of 14 lives across the street. Her mother and Peter have exchanged neigh-

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borly calls. At breakfast one morning, Lady Lawford said: "Great excitement in the house opposite. The little girl is about to graduate—"

"When?" Peter asked, and the subject was dropped. But for Miss Fourteen the excitement of graduation day was heightened to the bursting point. Pinned to her shoulder was a beautiful corsage which had come that morning "With best wishes from your neighbor, Peter Lawford."

Lady Lawford's always been the family disciplinarian. Once she overheard a friend putting that good old chestnut to Peter. "Whom do you like best, your father or mother?"

"Well, of course I like daddy best. He never says no—"

Did she change her tactics? Does Gibraltar move? She was quite content to have Peter like his daddy best, and continued to do her duty as she saw it.

The latch key represents one of her rare compromises. When they settled in Hollywood, Peter was 18. Other boys had latch keys, he pointed out.

curfew . . .

"I'm sorry, Peter. Other boys do all sorts of things you weren't brought up to do. At 18, you don't race about the streets till God knows what hour of the morning. Take this latch key of mine, but I expect you to be in by midnight—"

At first the key would slide into the lock at midnight. Then it happened more and more frequently that he'd phone. "Hello, Babes. I'm having a marvelous time. Mind if I don't get home till a bit later?"

Once he arrived with the dawn. Going out for the paper, his mother found him on the mat and got really mad. "Where have you been all night?"

"On the picture," he grinned. "By the time they decided to work through, it was too late to call. I didn't want to wake you up—"

Presently he was sort of forgetting to give the key back, and wondering how long he could get away with it. He even hinted as much—

"Oh well, I was young once myself, believe it or not—"

Peter hugged her. "Mother, you're an astounding woman—"

It's the only "no" Lady Lawford ever reneged on. Once a playmate of Peter's was heard dishing out advice: "Why don't you asked her again? *My* mother says no too, but when the time comes, she gets soft-hearted—"

"You don't know my mother," said Peter darkly. "I've even tried being *sick,* and *that's* no good."

She believed in the Biblical injunction of sparing the rod and spoiling the child. It wasn't easy. It's never easy not to spoil an only child. But it's better for the child. When Peter was impossible—rude to his governess, let's say—it was Mother who meted out punishment, whacked his hand with a ruler. This hurt his dignity more than it hurt his hand, but there was worse to come.

With his passion for the theater, Gala Night at Monte Carlo was heaven to Peter. Every Thursday he was allowed to have dinner with his parents at the Casino, and sit up for the first show. When Mother said, "You can't go to the Gala. You'll stay at home and have soup and custard by yourself," it was like the voice of doom.

In desperation, he'd even appeal to Daddy. "Will you ask Mother if I can go?"

But no matter how Daddy felt about it, he'd back Mother up. "I'm sorry, Peter. When you mother says no, the door is shut—"

Then he'd stand there, looking at her with the eyes of a bloodhound, and she'd think: "I can't bear it. I've got to kiss him and take him along—"

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She never did, though—never even let him suspect any hint of weakening.

"Goodnight, Peter," she'd say. "Pity you didn't care enough about the Gala to behave."

But discipline was one thing, and expression of your individuality quite another. It was his mother who encouraged Peter in his love of acting and wrestled with Sir Sidney to let Peter play the part he was offered in England at the age of seven. And though the performance was a smash hit, Sir Sidney remained unreconciled, hoping the boy would forget the whole business as they spent the next years traveling around the world. But Peter was as likely to forget acting as breathing.

They were on a ship, homeward bound from Australia, when he came hurtling into the stateroom one day. "Daddy, there's a prize for pairs. Let's go in a couple!"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"It's a father-and-son contest, you have to wear costumes, we might win a prize—"

This time Daddy said no. "I can't make a fool of myself, even to please you—"

"Then will *you*, Mother?"

"But you said it was father-and-son—"

"Well, it's mother-and-daughter too, and I can make myself up to look like a girl—"

He was always fooling around with wigs and makeup. In Tahiti he'd insisted on buying a lot of native junk, so they dressed as Tahitian girls, and the waiter who'd served them throughout the voyage failed to recognize Peter. "Where did you get the little girl?" he wanted to know.

They won first prize. As they stepped up to receive it, Peter took matters into his own hands. "Thank you very much but just a moment, sir"—and he whipped off his wig. "I'm not a girl, I'm a boy—"

"You can carry a joke just so far," he explained later. "If you let people think you're *really* a girl, it's no longer a joke—"

To Lady Lawford, religion is a living thing. Without stuffing preachments down the throat of her son, she taught him to think of God as a friend. Every morning they read a chapter of the Bible together—Peter used to call it putting on his armor for the day. And he never missed church without a very good reason.

Though food for the spirit and mind came first, that didn't mean that the body wasn't important. Peter took to sports as naturally as to acting. He was barely old enough to stagger when he appeared on the tennis court where his father was playing and announced, "Je veux jouer—I want to play." Till he was five, incidentally, he spoke only French. Since neither knew a word of English, he and his governess got lost on their first walk in London. Luckily, Peter remembered the name of his father's club in Pall Mall, where they turned up eventually. After that, he had a label tied to his coat till he learned English.

rootin' tootin' shootin' . . .

By the time he turned eight, he was playing tennis with his dad every day. He had to stand on a box when Sir Sidney started teaching him billiards, and his accuracy with a rifle made him unpopular at English fairs. One day he was shooting for China cups—six shots for sixpence. After winning eleven cups on his first two tries, he appeared for a third. The woman flew into a rage. "Get away from 'ere now, I've 'ad enough of you—"

Whatever his prowess, Peter never had a chance to acquire a swelled head. On the mantel of their living room stands a silver cup which he won on the Conte di Savoia. But it's less a symbol of triumph than a warning that pride goeth before a fall.

Deck tennis tournaments had been scheduled aboardship, and Peter wanted to play with the grownups.

"Put your name down if you like," said

"She locks her *Lily Fingers* one in one" —*Shakespeare*

— But fingers like a lily, Willie, don't come from peeling spuds!

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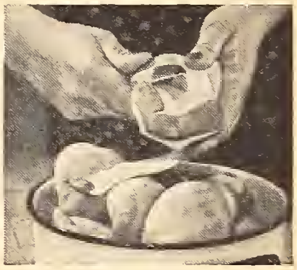

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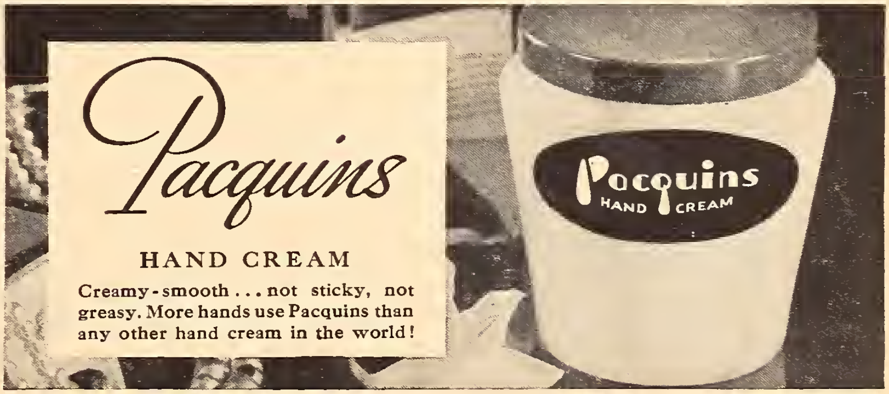

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Dad. "You'll be knocked out in about three minutes but go ahead, it'll do you good—"

To everyone's astonishment, he went straight through to the finals. The opposing finalist was a Prussian, expert and very sure of himself.

"Goodbye, Peter," said Mother. "Here's where you get mashed up and thrown overboard—"

"Well, anyway," he scowled, "I'll give him a run for his money—"

The German beamed at his young opponent, then turned to the audience. "Before I put this young gentleman out of his misery, I should like to demonstrate the intricacies of a certain shot, which is always the winning shot. If you take the quoit thus and do so with it—" Followed a good five minutes of brilliant tossing and twirling and showing off. Then: "Are you ready, young man?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter, and proceeded to win three straight games. The ship went wild, and his parents wouldn't have been parents if they hadn't been secretly tickled. But Mother was a little worried about how all of this might affect Master Peter's ego. When she went down to kiss him goodnight, her speech was all ready.

"You know you *did* have a great advantage over him, Peter. You're 12, and can jump like a flea. At 40, it's not so easy to run—"

"But he's had more experience—"

"That's true. But you know why they made all the fuss, don't you? Not because they loved you particularly, but because the man was so arrogant he made a fool of himself. That's what happens when people brag. Remember that, will you, Peter?"

"I will," said Peter, grinning straight up at her. "But you know something, Mother? I think I'd have beaten him even if he hadn't bragged."

english ethics . . .

Among the English, class differences are more in evidence than with us. But Lady Lawford has an independent mind. She didn't want a child molded to pattern. She felt that the better he understood his fellow men of all kinds and classes, the better off he'd be. That's why Peter never went to an orthodox British school, most of whose boys are drawn from the same social level, but studied with tutors and was allowed to play with any child who came along, provided he was clean.

One of his favorite Monte Carlo playmates was a boy whose father kept a shop on the boulevard. The others called him Crapaud, or Little Frog, and they spent their afternoons rolling trains—a game played with miniature motor cars.

One day Lady Lawford heard Crapaud shrieking his head off. "What's wrong? What have you done to Crapaud?"

"Nothing," said Peter. "It's only that I'm going to search him—"

"But you're not a policeman. You can't search a boy who's a friend of yours—"

"Well, I have a suspicion. And if I have a suspicion, I'd like to verify it."

"What have you lost?"

They all started babbling. They'd all lost everything. There wasn't a single train left to roll. They were so vehement and so sure they'd been wronged, that she finally had to agree to let Peter search.

His suspicions were well founded. He opened Crapaud's voluminous blouse, and out fell the trains. After restoring them to their owners, he pronounced sentence. "It's all right for you to come back tomorrow, Crapaud, but every time before you go home, we will search you." Then he flung a protective arm round his friend's shoulders. "Crapaud doesn't mean it, Mother. It's an illness—"

To his mother, this display of understanding was worth more than a thousand Latin prizes. On the other hand, she was pleased to discover that he didn't carry forbearance to excessive lengths.

They were living in flats in Mayfair. One of the pages—bellhop to you—took an active dislike to Peter. Whenever Peter ran down the corridor, he'd stick out a leg and trip the younger boy up. Peter mentioned it to his mother, who received the news coldly.

"You know I can't stand tale bearing. You're not a baby, Peter. Ask him why he does it, and get out of it your own way—"

One evening the hall porter stopped her as she came in, and asked her to step into the office, he had something to show her. The something was a page, considerably larger and older than Peter, his head bound up and both his knees bandaged.

"Poor boy, what happened to him?"

"This," said the porter with dignity, "is Master Peter's work—"

She could well believe it. Boxing lessons had made Master Peter handy with his fists. He was summoned to the scene. "Peter, I'd like to know what all this is about."

"I warned him, Mother. I told him if he went on tripping me up, I'd beat him so his own mother wouldn't know him. I complained to you once, and you said I was to work it out myself. Well, I worked it out myself—"

"*Did* you trip him up, young man?" she asked.

"Yus. 'E's a narsty little boy—"

"Why don't you like him?"

"'E's got too many gramaphone records—"

"That's silly," said Peter. "When you're off the job, why don't you come in and listen?"

So the boys shook hands, and the Lawfords took their departure. The last word on the subject floated after them down the hall. "Gorblimey!" crooned the victim. "Can *'e* fight!"

today he is a man . . .

All that's behind him now, and so are the days of parental guardianship. With the ceremony of the signet ring and the latch key, he became his own man. "Sane, white and 21, darling," his mother proclaimed, "and out from under my thumb. But I'm still very interested in you as a friend—"

As a friend, she saves dinner for him if he's going to be late, and sews his buttons on. But her main job is done. Peter's free as a bird. No pressures are exerted. Beyond "Did you have a good time?"—no questions are asked. That's a matter of principle and also of enlightened self-interest. She can find no excuse for a snooping parent.

"If there's something you feel you must know, come straight out with it. Otherwise, shut up, and if you shut up, you get told a great deal more. Start probing with what-did-she-say? and what-did-you-say? and your child's going to resent the assault on his privacy. Whether he says so or not, he's bound to feel that it's none of your business. And it isn't—"

Peter, grown up, shows a tendency to turn the tables on his parents. There's a touch of the paternal in his attitude. He calls them Babes or Children, and kisses them on top of the head. Even with his father that's easy, since he tops Sir Sidney's six feet by two inches and a bit. They find this habit both endearing and comical, but control their amusement.

Spotty also comes in for a kiss on the head in greeting or parting. Peter thinks of him less as a dog than as a fourth member of the family. His feeling for animals never had to be cultivated. As a child, he traveled round the world with a cage of canaries. One day, as he set them on a window ledge to give them sunlight, the wind blew a door shut and knocked them

LONGER LOOKING

JET BLACK COLORED

Hair

In 7 DAYS....OR MONEY BACK

(or Black—Dk. Brown, Med. Brown, Light Brown)

If You Crave Longer, More Beautiful Hair, Try This Astounding New Hair Dressing That Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off Colors Hair Glossy Jet Black at the Same Time!

Gloriously long, silky-soft and lustrous hair is the dream of every glamorous woman. If your dull, dry, unruly, brittle and breaking-off hair has caused you unhappiness and embarrassment, don't give up hope for longer-looking, beautiful, JET BLACK hair until you've tried this truly miraculous new system. Nora Lee is an amazing new type hair dressing that colors the hair a smooth, lustrous jet black at the same time it grooms! Entirely different from anything else you've tried, this hair dressing has successfully helped women—and men, too,—to find new happiness and confidence that comes from knowing their hair at last looks its best . . . neat, smooth, glossy black. Nora Lee helps soften harsh ends that keep breaking off because of their brittleness, thus keeping hair short and unlovely. Once this breaking off process is retarded, the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal, HAIR MAY GET LONGER! That's why Nora Lee is so wonderful . . . it not only colors and dresses dull, drab faded hair into smooth, lustrous beauty temporarily . . . but it actually helps your hair and scalp toward a healthier, more normal looking condition. Make this sensational 7-day trial right now. Order your box of Nora Lee and test it for just 7 short days. If, in that time, your hair does not take on new beauty and lustre, does not have a longer appearance, every cent will be refunded! What could be fairer? You have nothing to lose, may gain so much happiness. Mail the coupon now.

2 QUICK, EASY STEPS TO THRILLING LONGER, JET BLACK HAIR BEAUTY

Never worry about tedious fussing or messy preparations with Nora Lee. In just two easy, quick steps, your mirror may show exciting results you never dreamed possible. All you do is rub Nora Lee into your hair and then comb. Before your very eyes your drab, unruly hair will be temporarily transformed into smoother, straighter, longer looking loveliness! Delight in how much easier-to-manage your hair becomes. You have a right to enjoy all the advantages gained from sparkling, lovely hair. Make this easy test and find out if all that your hair needs in order to become more attractive, longer looking is Nora Lee to help prevent dryness, add new lively sheen, and colorful appearance. Take advantage now of this thrilling 7-day trial offer.

Test Nora Lee Today—Just Mail Coupon

Why just dream of having gorgeous, glamorously long hair, sparkling with healthy good looks? Instead, take advantage of this amazing offer and prove to yourself what Nora Lee may do to help your dry, brittle, faded short hair problem. Sleek, colorful, long hair is one of woman's greatest allurements to men, and the envy of all other women. Fill out the trial coupon and mail today. After 7 days you may see hair glory that far excels your fondest hopes and dreams. Be convinced—MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

Send No Money MAIL COUPON TODAY

Don't let bad-looking hair worry you, shame you a minute longer when it is so easy to try to help the condition, perhaps open a whole new life of success and self confidence for yourself. Try Nora Lee. Before you know it, your hair should be so soft and so easy to take care of that you should be able to dress it in all the latest, attractive hair styles that adapt themselves so well to long hair. Order now. Send no money, just the coupon. On arrival pay postman only $1.00 plus federal tax and postage. Then test for seven short days. Your mirror will reveal the thrilling results, and how your friends will admire and exclaim! But, if you aren't delighted with the colorful lustre . . . if you aren't amazed at the ease with which you comb and manage your hair, just return the unused portion of Nora Lee and your money will be refunded in full! So hurry. If you do want lovelier hair . . . mail the coupon right now!

NORA LEE COMPANY, Dept. 600-N
209 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois

7-DAY TRIAL COUPON

NORA LEE COMPANY, Dept. 600-N
209 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

I do want longer, more colorful hair. Rush me amazing Nora Lee in the shade checked below. On arrival I will pay postman $1.00 plus tax and postage. If not delighted in 7 days, I may return for full refund.

☐ Jet Black ☐ Medium Black ☐ Dark Brown
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This active, busy shopper
Is modern as can be,
Relying on Meds' comfort,
Meds' real security!

So convenient, too! Meds internal protection means quick changing, easy disposal and complete freedom from all odor and chafing. A generous supply of Meds can be slipped into your handbag—and no one the wiser! "Next time," do try Meds!

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
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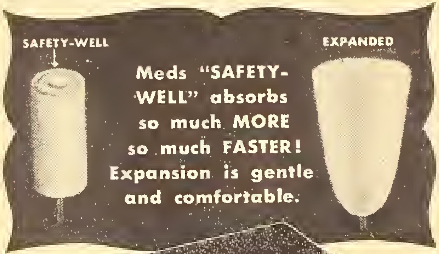

Meds "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much MORE so much FASTER! Expansion is gentle and comfortable.

Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

to the grass below. The birds were unhurt, but the cage was broken, and Peter ran a temperature for a week. The canaries watched over his convalescence. "You're all right, dears," he kept telling them. "You'll have a new house—"

Now there's Spotty, and the neighborhood sparrows to whom he throws crumbs every morning, and a stray cat who follows him in every night and sleeps on his bed. At five the cat wants out. His mother hears Peter at the door. "I'll never have you in my bed again, *never*—"

Next night he's back. "I thought you said you wouldn't have the cat in."

"Oh well, it's cold out—"

surprise package . . .

He loves to surprise them. Sir Sidney had a blue blazer he was very fond of. Just before going off on location for "Lassie," Peter heard Dad say he was sorry the blazer'd gone shabby. So he came home from Canada, hauling a huge bundle—material to make a new blazer for Dad and a suit for Mother.

He makes festive occasions of their birthdays, as they used to make festive occasions of his. On the night before Dad's last birthday, he called Mother in to show her the gifts—a beautiful wallet and a pair of gold cuff links with the Lawford crest. "Shall I give him the wallet in the morning and the cuff links at night?—sort of spread the gravy—?" He was so excited, he could hardly tie the blue ribbons up again.

They dined at Chasen's. There was a huge birthday cake, kindness of Dave Chasen. Seeing the cake, Bill Grady, M-G-M's casting director, sent over a bottle of imported champagne. Peter produced the cuff links—

"We English," Sir Sidney says, "are like turtles. The more we feel, the farther we pull our heads in. I remember swallowing very hard, and saying thank you very much, and feeling wholly inadequate. However, Peter didn't seem to mind—"

At 22, he's not what you'd call a home body. On his rare dateless evenings, he either talks on the phone for hours or says, "Let's go to a picture." After dressing for a big night, he appears for inspection. "How do I look?"

"Awful," says Mother.

She may be kidding, and again she may not. "*Really* awful?" he asks.

"So awful, I can't stand the sight of you." That means he's all right.

If they're still up when he comes in—and they read in bed till all hours—he'll tap at the window in spite of his latch key. "Come and let me in, Mother—" Then he sits at the end of the bed, munching cookies, drinking milk—a quart of milk is just a sip to Peter—telling them who was at the Mocambo or what his friend, Keenan Wynn, said. He doesn't go into long dissertations about the girls he takes out. "She's nice—" or "She dances beautifully—" or "Never again, she's a pain-in-the-neck." He has two pet pains-in-the-neck—showoffs and girls who are superconscious of their careers.

they knew what they wanted . . .

Sometimes all three have been to the same preview, only the Children get home earlier. For one thing, they don't have to inch their way through fans. Peter still finds it hard to believe what he sees. Between pleasure and bewilderment, he looks from parent to parent. "Isn't it wonderful that they like me?"

When he's gone, Lady Lawford turns to her husband. "This is just the way we wanted him, isn't it?"

The English are like turtles. Sir Sidney's head goes way in but, before it disappears, the smile on his face is a nice thing to see.

Now We Both Have Lovely *Blonde Hair!*

Since Using This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny golden curls are gloriously lovely. That's why Blondex, the special shampoo that helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair, is so popular. Blondex makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes dingy, dust film that makes hair dark. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair new lustrous highlights. Safe for children. At 10c, drug or dept. stores.

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Applies easily, dries quickly. Lasts for days.

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That Modern Screen readers may enjoy the thrill of knowing this lovely fragrance, we have prepared a "Get Acquainted" package, prepaid to you for only 25c. This package not sold in any store. Mail coupon now for yourself and friends.

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LINNEA PERFUMES, INC.
200 W. Ohio St., Dept. 203, Chicago 10, Ill.

SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN

(*Continued from page 41*)

squirming infant to the mother, John fell into conversation and discovered that the girl had been unable to get reservations, so was planning to remain on deck all night with her two cubs. It was midsummer, so the weather was warm, but the dampness of any body of water at night isn't recommended by physicians for maintaining high health in children.

Stepping outside, John explained to his pal that he had given up their bunk. "Sorry that I didn't have time to ask you if it was okay, but I knew that you'd agree with me in thinking those kids couldn't sleep on deck," he said.

So he and his friend absorbed the dew, sunk low in their coat collars, until the sun came up.

This bit of bygone history tells something very real and enlightening about John Hodiak; it shows him to be unselfish, certainly, and even more gallant than Sir Walter who merely gave up a cloak.

Everyone in Hollywood knows that John is devoted to his parents, his brothers and his sister (who is really his cousin, Mary, but who was adopted by his parents when she was a small child). But few people know much about these parents.

First of all—they have a delicious sense of humor. In John's current picture, "The Dark Corner," he is required to wear a makeup department black eye. Ordinarily he wears no makeup at all, so one evening —in his rush to get out to the home he bought for his parents in the San Fernando Valley—he failed to remove the shiner.

Mrs. Hodiak, beaming at her son when he entered, abruptly changed expression. Pushing a cry back with the palm of her hand, she finally managed to say, "Oh, Johnny, what happened?"

John kept a straight face. "Nothing that can be helped," he said severely. "I don't want to talk about it."

"You fought with someone," surmised his distressed mother. "It must hurt you. Please let me put something on your poor eye. My poor Johnny."

John couldn't keep up the pretense; he began to grin and confessed the hoax. Said his mother, "Now—we can have fun with your father. I will go in the other room and tell him confidentially that something is wrong with you, but you will not tell me. Then we will see what your father does."

who hit my boy? . . .

His mother slipped into the living room, busied herself long enough to give her husband the proper impression of suppressed secrecy, and then murmured, when he demanded to know what was going on in his own house, "Something is wrong with Johnny. I think he has been in a big fight, but he won't tell me. See what you can find out, Papa."

Mr. Hodiak came charging into the kitchen, peered at his son, and roared, "Who did this to you? And what did you do to him? Did you see a doctor?"

It was too much for John. He laughed. Thereafter, the affair gave rise to a series of gentle family jokes.

Another of John's rare practical jokes had a somewhat more noisy reception when he was working with Lucille Ball in "Time For Two." For several weeks, the company worked with a group of dummies. At first, the cast found themselves backing into the manikins and apologizing; they found themselves attempting to greet the dummies in the morning, and refer to them during conversation with a living actor. Finally everyone had become so ac-

WHY CAN'T MARRIAGE BE LIKE THE MOVIES?

The movies usually wind up with a happy ending. But Bill and Joan *couldn't* seem to patch up their troubles. She didn't realize that their fights were *her* fault! She thought she *knew* about feminine hygiene. She didn't know, though, that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! Later, at her doctor's, she learned the truth when he warned, "Never be a *careless* wife." He recommended that she always use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching.

Like a movie romance come true—that's how their marriage is now! Joan blesses her doctor for that advice . . . uses "Lysol" in the douche always. How right the doctor was when he said " 'Lysol' is a proved *germ-killer*. It cleanses *thoroughly* yet gently." Just follow directions—see how well "Lysol" works! It's far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. So easy to use, economical, too. Try it for feminine hygiene.

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of *every* woman. So, douche *thoroughly* with *correct* "Lysol" solution . . . always! **Powerful cleanser**—"Lysol's" great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic**—"Lysol" douching solution is *non-irritating*, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; *deodorizes*. **More women** use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene than any other method. (*For* **FREE** *feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*)

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For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant always!

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Now, Tim Says I'm a Raving Beauty

Yet only a few weeks ago I thought I couldn't hold him!" Writes Betty Wilson, formerly of Des Moines and now a Hollywood Studio Receptionist.

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The next 21 Days may prove to be the most important days of your life. Happiness can then be yours as you achieve Top to Toe Beauty, Alluring Body Contours, Radiating Make-Up, Charm, Poise, and a Glamorous Personality. All this can be attained right in your own home, in your spare moments. Not by just reading a book . . . but by Daily, Step by Step, Home Course Instruction, Personalized to your very own Problems. You acquire the basis for a Lasting Beauty . . . for Today and the Years ahead. The wonder of it all, is not only the improvement in your appearance but the reflection of your assured Self-Confidence.

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YOU SAVE C.O.D. COSTS AND POSTAGE IF YOU ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

customed to their silent partners that even a human being, immobile on the set for a few minutes, was likely to be used as an extemporaneous hat stand.

One sequence in the picture required Lucille Ball to slither into a darkened room, looking warily over her shoulder the while, and snatch a book from the hands of one of the dummies. This particular scene had been rehearsed at great length because much of the dramatic action of the picture hinged upon a proper projection of the plot elements in that sequence. Finally, the perfect take was achieved, but the director did not tell Lucille. "We'll do it just once more—for luck," he said.

Meanwhile, John had been decked out in a costume identical with that of the dummy, and had taken the dummy's place. As Lucille tip-toed into the room and reached for the book, John extended a muscular hand and gripped her arm. Lucille almost screamed the sound stage down.

dream house . . .

John's purchase of a valley home for his family was a dream-come-true. The lot is 180 by 153 feet; constructed on this generous lot is a six room house and a triple garage in which there is also a room that was once the previous owner's office. It is so complete that John plans to turn it into an apartment for his younger brother when he comes home from Okinawa.

On the grounds are nine walnut trees and a small grove of lemon, grapefruit, orange and apricot trees. Papa Hodiak has built a chicken run and the chickens provide the Hodiaks and their neighbors with three dozen eggs a week.

Mr. Hodiak still isn't convinced that the famed California climate is serious about all the sunshine. On both Christmas and New Year's Day, he sat on the porch in his shirt sleeves for an hour or so, reading his paper. Occasionally he would squint at the flawless sky and observe to John, "We'll get a storm pretty quick, I think."

As far as the Hodiaks are concerned, John's success is no more than loving parents would naturally expect of a dutiful son. His status as a celebrity doesn't mean a thing around the house; they think it is nice that he is working at a job he enjoys and that pays well. However, he might as well be an oil man or a broker or a railroad executive for all the glamor his parents see in John's profession.

With Mary, the situation is different. She is as much a picture fan as John is. In the family they tell a story about the only time John was ever punished. Seems that his teacher notified the Hodiaks that John had been missing from school for eighty-five out of the one hundred and twenty-five days in the spring session.

When charged with this heinous crime, John explained that he had only been attending the movies. It was his habit to peddle tinfoil or other bits of scrap in order to get admission money, then to sit through six and eight and ten shows. Douglas Fairbanks was his hero. After having seen twenty or thirty showings of the same Fairbanks picture, John would put on quite a show himself leaping fences and swinging from balconies.

But, to go back to the school skipping; when John's father learned the truth, he gave John the beating of his young life. It was the first corporal punishment ever to be meted out in the Hodiak family and it left all members of the younger generation in a state of apprehensive awe.

Mary Hodiak hadn't forgotten the incident when, years later, she joined John in California. "After you were punished that time, for spending months in picture shows," she reminisced, smiling, "I didn't think you'd ever again be much interested in movies."

Answered John, "After I recovered from

Too Strong!

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a youngster feeling worse than before!

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A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!

The Happy Medium!

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IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

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SHOULD baby suffer the discomfort of chafing, diaper rash or dry eczema, just apply soothing, medicated Resinol to relieve fiery itching and smarting. For several generations many mothers have relied on this gentle, quick-acting ointment for baby's skin comfort. Let *their* experience guide *you*. At all druggists.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

the embarrassment and the sensation of having squatted on a hot stove, I decided that an actor had to suffer."

On the day of Mary's arrival in Hollywood, John took her to Romanoff's for luncheon. They saw Orson Welles in the patio, and Mary had barely caught her breath after she and John were shown to their table, before she identified Gail Patrick at a nearby table, and Joan Bennett across the aisle. George Jessel, 20th Century producer, joined the Hodiaks for a few minutes conversation, then—after luncheon—Mary spotted Edward G. Robinson in the patio at the table just vacated by Mr. Welles. It was a great day.

During the period when the family was growing up in Detroit, the children used to complain about being crowded, but now that they have all the land the average family could use—they are still crowded. In the ranch house (to which they will add a new wing as soon as building materials are available) are living the senior Hodiaks, Mary, John's sister Ann and her husband, and their son.

John was also a member in good standing until he finally found an apartment. Reason for needing the apartment was that the drive to and from the valley each day took up too much time from John's already crowded life. At first he was promised a spot in one of Fred MacMurray's buildings, then Red Skelton came home from the Army and had absolutely no place to stay, so John resigned in Red's favor. John *knew* where he could get shelter, which gave him an advantage over the I-Dood-It boy.

A few weeks later, Lloyd Nolan had the staggering experience of being notified by a tenant that the tenant was quitting Southern California in favor of New York, so he turned the apartment over to John.

There was only one catch in this blissful state of affairs: The apartment was unfurnished, and there just isn't any furniture in Los Angeles. John's friends rose to the occasion. One family, planning to store its patio furniture, turned the white wrought-iron equipment over to John instead, so his dining room is done in early barbecue period.

Another group of friends supplied a box spring and a mattress, which had to be set on the floor, as there was no footed frame to hold them. A wag promptly patronized a local second-hand store to the extent of a rocking chair, early packing crate style, and one of those Roaring Twenties wicker lamps which a latter day trick-up artist had painted white.

As soon as John has some time free from a current program that has him pencilled in every day of a 54-day shooting schedule, he intends to go shopping. Don't get the impression that one day or one week will enable John to equip his new apartment with any degree of completeness, because John is the sort of shopper who starts out with the finest intentions in the world, and winds up with his arms full of presents—for other people.

art collector . . .

One afternoon, John was told that he wouldn't be needed for three hours. In passing an antique shop on La Cienega, he had noticed some handsome dry point etchings, so he hied himself there. The etchings proved to be all that he had suspected so—after critical delay—he bought two. (Incidentally, Van Johnson is also an etching collector, boasting one superb specimen of Lionel Barrymore's work.)

For weeks, he gloated inwardly over his purchase. He fancied walls on which they would some day hang, and indulged in a little amateur interior decorating, using the etchings as focal points. Then a friend of his happened to mention the fact that this friend's fondest dream was to own a pair

ARE IGNORANCE AND FALSE MODESTY

Wrecking Your Marriage?

Every wife should know these
Intimate Physical Facts!

There comes a time in many married women's lives when their husbands start showing an insufferable *indifference*. And yet the wife often has no one but herself to blame. False modesty has kept her from consulting her Doctor. Or she very foolishly has followed *old-fashioned* and *wrong* advice of friends.

Too many married women still do not realize how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and *marriage happiness*. And what's more important—they may not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

No other type liquid antiseptic tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No well-informed woman would think of using weak, homemade solutions of salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues.

ZONITE positively contains no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury; no creosote. ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. Despite its great strength—you can use it as directed as often as you wish without risk of injury.

Zonite principle discovered by famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE *immediately* kills *every reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

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FOR NEWER
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For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. S-36, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

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5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, clean, fragrant.

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On sale at good Drug and Department Stores

of Willard Nash etchings.

So John, the gentleman who can't resist the impulse to indulge in a gracious gesture, gave his precious etchings to this friend for Christmas. Said the friend in thanks, "Gosh! GOSH! Look, John, any time you need to have somebody murdered—just call on me."

Another of John's traits that endears him to his friends is his habit of letter writing. John loves to write notes. Sunday is the day set aside for oddments of correspondence, and John is known to have settled himself before a desk at one p. m. and to have arisen from same five hours later—with one letter to his credit.

His problem is that he thinks of one way to tell an anecdote, then—fast on the heels of the first idea—he thinks of another. And so it goes.

To get a letter, composed with such care, is a thing that happens to most readers once in a lifetime. The average note is a rare scribble of spontaneous combustion; John's letters emit a steady warmth. One friend has saved every note ever ended with the Hodiak signature and re-reads his letters on occasion—a gratifying experience. Even if they consist of one brief page each!

HINTS FOR HAPPY FACES

(Continued from page 76)

make makeup appear blotchy.

Begin low on the neck and powder upward over your face, leaving the nose for the last. Use a soft makeup brush to dust off any extra powder. And, to save yourself from that "lost-in-a-blizzard" effect, be sure to get every excess particle off eyebrows, lashes and the hairline.

For a long time girls in the movies have been using more than one shade of powder on their faces. It may sound a bit complicated, but a little practice is all that's needed. The effects can be really worth working for. A darker shade "sinks" a too prominent or not-so-good line, plane or feature, and a lighter (but still skin-matching) shade emphasizes a delicately modeled brow, nose or chin line and "brings out" a feature that is particularly beautiful. Of course, the two shades of powder must vary only slightly and their edges must be blended carefully so that there is no perceptible line of demarcation.

But to really have your complexion a-bloom with that joyous Hollywood beauty, the skin you powder must be smooth, fine grained and velvety. It's for this very reason that you'll find such a wide array of facial creams on cosmetic counters. No matter what your skin type, there is a special cream for you. Everyone needs a cleansing cream. It helps remove makeup so that your soap-and-water scrubbing can do an unhampered job of pore-deep cleansing. An emollient cream, gently patted on and allowed to remain for about twenty minutes, helps stave off dryness and flakiness. Then there are bleach creams to tone down your freckles and medicated creams to stave off blackheads and "blossoms." Find the cream that does right by your skin and use it regularly. That way you'll also find that you are co-operating very happily with your beauty-making face powder!

* * *

Stop gnawing on your fingernails! You don't have to worry any more if you have beauty problems about complexion, hair-do or figure . . . for I'll be glad to supply the answers. Just send your queries, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York.

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ALL GOD'S CHILLUN . . .

(*Continued from page* 49)

eerie glow. In its light, a dozen white-clad figures moved about. One of them tilted a bottle to his lips and drank. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve, looked at the cross and laughed harshly. "That ought to scare the niggers and wops and sheenies," he said loudly.

Frank heard the words, and something seemed to ignite inside him. Rage slid through him, and he took a tighter grasp on the heavy stick he was carrying.

"Let's go, gang!" he yelled.

They went, and the Klan was caught completely by surprise. They fought back, of course, but their superior numbers weren't enough to offset the grim rage of their attackers. Frank himself went straight for the man he had heard speak. The man saw him coming, a thin furious-eyed demon, and raised his bottle as a weapon. Frank slammed it with his stick and it broke in the air, showering them both with bits of glass. He struck again and this time there was a resounding "thwack!" as the stick hit the man's head. Around him there were yells and profanity and the sound of other blows. Then Frank caught the gleam of metal.

"Scram, fellows," he yelled. "They're gonna start shooting!"

A shot followed his words, but the gang were already running for cover. In about three seconds flat, no one was in sight but a bewildered and furious group of Klansmen, wondering what had hit them.

Frank brought his mind back to the present, away from all the other incidents that had made him feel the way he felt today. He stepped forward, and the noise of applause stopped as if someone had closed a door.

"I'm glad to be here," he said. His voice was low but it reached to every corner of the enormous room. "I'm especially glad to be in Gary because it's really a great American city. It's tops in its war record, and I know you're proud of that. You should be. But if you're not careful, kids, you're going to mess all that up. You see, the thing you're doing now is an un-American thing. It's picking on a minority, and that's like a big guy picking a fight with a little shrimp that doesn't have a chance. See what I mean?"

His gaze flashed around the audience, and some of the kids wriggled uncomfortably. "Besides, you're going about this the wrong way. Go back to school first, and settle the issue afterward."

just stooges . . .

There was a murmur through the audience like wind through a field of wheat. But Frank wasn't through. "You don't know what this thing is all about," he told them. "Maybe you've never stopped to figure it out. Or maybe calling people names like 'nigger' and 'kike' is just a game to you. But let me tell you this, straight and solid. There are people back of you who *have* figured it out, and they're using you kids for stooges."

He went into details then. Details of the way this issue had been stirred up and used as a political football. The kids sat there spellbound, but backstage all hell broke loose. One of the town officials dashed up to George Evans, Frank's manager, who was standing in the wings.

"Is he crazy?" he yelled. "He can't say those things!"

"He *is* saying them," George told him. "And what's more, he can prove them. Look, you asked Frank to come here and talk to the kids, didn't you?"

"Well-uh-yes, of course. But I thought

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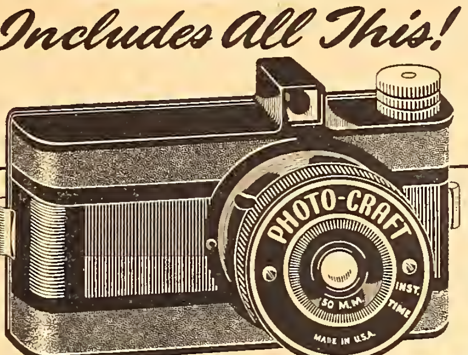

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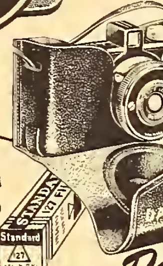

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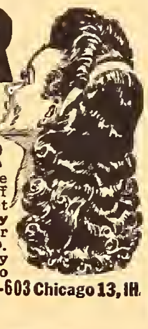

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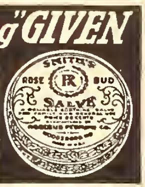

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he'd just sing a couple of songs and tell them to go back to school."

"And you'd be the big shot who settled the strike. Sure. But when Frank agrees to do a job, he does it thoroughly."

"We'll sue him," the big shot said threateningly. "The whole town will sue him."

"I doubt it." George turned back toward the stage. Frank was still talking, his voice deep with feeling. "So, because we're all Americans, no matter what color our skin is or what church we go to, let's say the oath of allegiance together."

He began it, and gradually they joined in until the rumble of young voices became as one voice. Then the orchestra struck up the Star Spangled Banner. Frank led the singing, and as he looked at the serious faces before him, he wondered if he had made them see even a little of what was going to be so vitally important in the years to come. How could kids like these grow up happily in a world where people said "I won't stay in the room with a black man," or "I'll have nothing to do with her. She's Jewish."

Jewish. The word always brought Mrs. Goldman to his mind. He could see her now, bending over the big kitchen stove. Boy, that kitchen had been something! When Frank came home from school in the afternoon, he would often find no one at home and the larder empty. His stomach would be empty, too, but he knew what to do about it. He would streak out of the house and around the corner to Mrs. Goldman's. He would ring the bell expectantly. When she came to the door, puffing a little because she was so heavy and it was an effort for her to move around, there he would be.

"Hello, Mrs. Goldman." His eyes were eager and enormous in his thin face.

"Why, if it isn't Frankie! Come right in." She would lead the way to the kitchen, and there would be those wonderful smells. She'd say tactfully, "I was just going to have a bite to eat. Maybe you're hungry after all that hard work in school. Yes?"

Definitely yes. Frank ate at the Goldman's almost as much as he did at home. If he cut a finger, he ran to Mrs. Goldman to bind it up. Many's the time she saved him from a licking, too. One day she gave him a little gold scroll, with writing on it in Hebrew.

"You would like it, Frankie? I don't know, if you would want people to see you have it, though. They might think you were a Jewish boy." Her dark, sad eyes peered at him uncertainly.

Frankie didn't say anything but "Thanks." Then he went and got a card and hung the scroll on it, around his neck. The next day a boy looked at it and jeered. "You're no Yid. What're you wearin' a Yid thing for?"

"It belongs to a friend of mine. A *good* friend!"

"Aw, no Yid's any good!"

man of action . . .

Black rage swelled in Frank's heart. This wise guy was saying Mrs. Goldman was no good. Frank brought a punch from way back in the hills, and connected. The wise guy crashed to the ground. After that, nobody made any cracks about Yids when Frank was around.

There have been plenty of times when his friendship for those not of his own race has put Frank in embarrassing positions. Positions, that is that might have embarrassed some people—they've never bothered Frank. Maybe he goes to a restaurant with Coke and Moke who were on the bill with him at the Paramount. Coke and Moke happen to have black skins, Frank doesn't. Is that any reason they shouldn't eat at the same restaurant? Frank doesn't think so, and if the restaurant proprietor does, Frank leaves.

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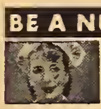

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Part of this attitude, of course, stems directly from Frank's great love of people. He's got a big, warm heart and he's a friend to anybody that needs a friend. Take Dick Stabile, for instance. You know how, before Dick went in the Coast Guard, he had a big band that was doing fine. When he came out he had nothing at all. So, as is apt to be the way on Broadway, no one remembered him. Oh, they'd say, "Hi, Dick, how's the boy?" but then they'd hurry off in the other direction. One day Dick dropped into the office of a well known booking agent. He didn't get much of a tumble from either the agent or the Broadway characters who kept buzzing in and out. Until the door opened, and a skinny guy in a loud sports jacket came in. Everyone rushed to greet him.

lifesaver . . .

But Frank wasn't listening. He'd spotted Dick in the corner, and he walked right over and pounded him on the back. "So you're back in circulation, kid. Gosh, it's great to see you around again. What are you going to do?"

Dick shrugged. "I don't know, Frank. It's sort of tough trying to get started again."

"Shouldn't be tough for a guy with your talent. How would you like to get a band together and play the Wedgewood Room, hey?"

"Are you kidding?"

"Nohow. I'm booked in there, and I can sell 'em on you. Want it?"

For a minute Dick couldn't speak. He couldn't even swallow the crazy lump that was in his throat.

"Listen, Frank, if you'll do that for me, I'll. . . ." He stopped. What *could* you do to repay a guy who starts you living all over again?

Frank said brusquely, "Forget it, bud. Skip the thanks." He has a positive psychosis about being thanked for things. *Hates* it. "I'll fix it up and let you know. Good luck."

So when Frank opened at the Waldorf, Dick Stabile opened, too. Maybe that's why in all the kidding that went on during the show between Frank and the band, there was that warm undercurrent of friendship. It made you feel good, just listening. Frank kidded with the audience the same way, there in the Wedgewood Room. He achieved the same gay camaraderie with the white tie and tails crowd that he did with the bobby sox brigade at the Paramount. During the first show, he grinned at them cheerfully and remarked into the mike, "Well, Hoboken's come to visit Park Avenue again."

When the Wedgewood Room engagement was nearing its end, Frank said to Dick, "What you going to do next, boy?"

"I wouldn't know, Frank. I've had a couple of offers, but they didn't amount to much."

"I always thought I'd make a good agent. Maybe this is a fine time to find out."

The first thing Dick knew, Frank had the band booked into the Copacabana, which is very nice booking indeed. Frank has so much confidence in people that he gives them confidence in themselves. Like Buddy Rich. Frank ran into him one night at the Four Hundred Club, and Buddy happened to mention that he wished he had his own band.

Frank nodded understandingly. "I know how you feel. I remember how it was when I was singing with bands— I used to get a yen to be on my own. Why don't you try it out, Buddy? I'll back you."

So Buddy's going to have his own band, and Frank is helping both financially and with advice. He loves doing it. The more he can do for other people, the happier it makes him. There are a couple of guys

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you never heard of who can testify to that. But one of them you are going to hear of. He's a young composer, and Frank is so convinced he's good that he has arranged to make recordings of all his music for a special album. And when someone says "Frank, you just don't have *time* for these things," Frank says, "Listen, bud, you've got the accent in the wrong place. I've always got time for *these* things. This guy is writing real American music. The kind they'll be playing when you and I are dead. Anything I can do to help is a pleasure."

The other guy is a young soldier who was always a fan of Frank's. He was badly wounded and will never walk again. The hospital got in touch with Frank, and said they knew he was awfully busy, but some of the boy's buddies had offered to carry him downtown if Frank would see him. Would he? Darned right he would! The kid was carried in, and he looked a little pale and he didn't have any legs, but there was an awed grin of happiness on his face.

pleased to meetcha . . .

"Gee, Frank, it's great to see you. I really get a bang out of this."

"Me, too. It's swell to meet somebody with as much guts as you have."

"Listen, I'm lucky." The boy's smile was wholehearted. "I'm doing all right."

"Sure you are. What you gonna do when you get out of the hospital, kid? Got something lined up, hey?"

Two parallel lines of worry etched themselves on the pale forehead. "Something'll turn up," he said gruffly.

Frank put an arm around his shoulders. "Maybe we'll see to it that it does. How would you like a little store out in Jersey somewhere that you could run without getting around much?"

The boy's eyes widened. His mouth worked. "How would I—" He couldn't go on. You could see that this anxiety had been gnawing at his mind, haunting every hour of the day. "Frank, what do you mean?"

"I mean this. I think maybe some friends of mine and myself could stage a little benefit performance. When we get through we might have enough dough to fix up that store deal."

Well, when they got through they had seven thousand dollars. No, I'm not kidding. They really did. And when that lad gets out of the hospital, he'll have his store. But if you mention the incident to Frank, he'll probably cut your throat.

With all these demands on his time and on his voice, it's no wonder that he developed laryngitis while he was at the Paramount. Five shows a day at the theater, his new radio program, special benefits, speeches, the Wedgewood Room—well, you get the idea. He's not twins, he's just one guy, and there's a limit to the amount he can do. But there's no limit to Frank's heart. It's the biggest in the world and that's why he won't give up these "extra" things. It's also the reason why, when the condition of his throat prevented his opening at the Wedgewood Room, they got Danny Kaye to open for him.

"I wouldn't have done it for anyone else," Danny admits. "I had things I was supposed to do that night. But I love that skinny little character!"

Oh, Frank gets appreciation. Look at all the awards he's been presented with in the last year! There was the Carnegie Hall Award from the Common Council for American Unity. And the Philadelphia Award for work in cementing group relationships. And the Front Page Award for his work in racial tolerance. This last one was presented to him at Madison Square Garden. A lot of celebrities appeared on the program that night, but when it came his turn to perform, he made

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a brief, sincere little speech accepting the award, and then sang "The House I Live In." Sang it with an emotion that crept right into your heart.

Speaking of songs, of course Frank's favorite these days is "Nancy With The Laughing Face." It's published by his own music firm which has several other hits to its credit, including "Saturday Night" and "There's No You." "Nancy" is something special, though. Just like the little five-year-old for whom it's named.

That Sinatra family has more fun! And from simple, everyday things. Teaching the two Nancys to swim, for instance. Having barbecue parties in the backyard. Then there was the time they decided to get one of those lurid, cliff-jumping serial movies, and show one chapter each Saturday night. It was a fine idea, only when they'd shown chapter one and left the heroine dangling by her thumbs, Frank yelled "I can't stand it! I gotta see what happens to that babe!" Everybody else felt the same way, so they ended by showing the whole ten installments that same night, and didn't finish till four in the morning.

He's a kid about things like that, but in other ways Frank has matured a lot in the last year. He isn't just a singer anymore—if you could ever refer to "The Voice" as "just a singer." He's a man with a serious purpose in life. He thinks the kids understand why he makes these speeches and does his best to get the issue of racial tolerance before the public.

"I'm just trying to use what influence I have in the right direction," he says honestly. "The next few years are going to see a lot of changes. We want them to be the right kind."

The fans are with him. You should have been at the Paramount for his closing performance last fall. It was really a thing. I don't believe anyone who was there will ever forget it. Frank was pretty tired, because the last month had been tough. But he came out on the stage at midnight, ready to put everything he had into that last show. The house was absolutely jam-packed. The minute Frank appeared, there was a stir at the back, and twenty pretty little girls in tan dresses with red buttons, came marching down the aisle. They were carrying a tremendous wreath of carnations and lettered on it in roses were the words "Frankie, we love you."

he's our boy . . .

Frank stood there staring, for once taken completely off guard. Before he could do anything but gulp, the whole audience rose and began to sing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." Then they sang a little parody someone had written on "You'll Never Know." It told, quite simply, how the fans felt about Frank. It said, among other things, "While you're gone, we'll carry on, thinking of you, doing as you would want us to." That got Frank. He looked down at them and couldn't speak because there was a lump in his throat as big as the moon. It gave a guy a strange, sort of scary feeling to realize that they meant those words. When he did speak, his voice wasn't his own at all. He said "I can't tell you the way I feel. I can't tell you how grateful I am for the way you've helped in the things I really care about. Keep it that way, kids. Keep on being good Americans till I come back." He stopped a moment and all the things he couldn't say were in his eyes. Then he spoke softly. "God bless you all."

About two tons of confetti came down from the balconies, and the audience began "Auld Lang Syne." Everyone was crying a little, because the solemnity of the moment did that to you. As four thousand voices rose in the old, sweet strains, Frank whispered again, "God bless you all. And God bless America."

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PORTRAIT OF HURD HATFIELD

(Continued from page 54)

Michael Chekhov—yes, the same Chekhov who did such an entrancing job in "Spellbound" that he made you forget even Bergman for a while.

With the Chekhov Players, Hurd had won prestige and experience that no money could buy. Yet, while money was far from being his ultimate goal, it did have its uses. So he'd taken a leave of absence from art for art's sake, and tackled Broadway. Net result: The part of a sandwich man in "The Strings, My Lord, Are False." The strings proved very false indeed, and Hurd crept out from between his boards. His agent talked vaguely about a Saroyan play, but after eight years of being glued to the grindstone, his nose suddenly yearned for far green fields. Some of the good friends he'd made in England now lived in Ojai. He'd go there for a few months.

People told him this was no time to leave New York and he agreed, but logic's never been his long suit. His father wrote from Nova Scotia: "I'll be back next week. Wait till I come—" If anyone could dissuade him, it would be his dad, so the thing was *not* to wait. He boarded a bus and was jolted across country.

The Hatfields are a one-for-all and all-for-one family. In the old days, when something exciting happened, Hurd would get his parents up in the middle of the night, Mother'd trot out to the kitchen to brew coffee, and they'd gab till dawn broke. Since "Dorian" happened, Hurd swears his father's office has gone to pieces. The secretaries spend more time clipping notices than typing. He gets a terrific boot out of their excitement. It's like enjoying everything three times.

He was born in Greenwich Village, but the place he loves best was an old Revolutionary house in Morristown, where they lived for five years.

He got his name from a great uncle, Major-General Rukard Hurd of World War I. Like the man of action he was, great-uncle took time by the fetlock and dispatched a silver tray before the baby was born "to the parents of the future Hurd Hatfield—"

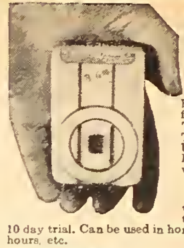
Dad said: "If it has to be Hurd, let's at least tack a William in front, and give him a chance at college." This they did, but somehow the Bill never took.

right combination . . .

He's a mixture of his gay Southern mother, and his quiet, book-loving dad, and the two strains live amicably together within the son. Sometimes he can't get enough of people, sometimes he can't get enough of being alone. Comes a phase when he's got to go dancing every night, and another when the thought of a night-club sickens him. Being an individualist, he indulges both moods. He blames his happiness on his parents, who gave him companionship without trying to possess him and let his imagination roam free.

Dad's forgotten that he once hoped Hurd would be a lawyer like himself. It was just a shy hope that died a-borning. Nothing was ever forced on their only child. But he grew up surrounded by books and music, and to these he took naturally. Mother gave him his first dancing lesson, and he cut his literary milk teeth on Dickens and Stevenson, which he and Dad read aloud to each other. Gradually, he began to concentrate on painting and writing. In evidence, you can still see the mural executed in his senior year on a wall of Lincoln High School.

Suddenly both loves were shoved into



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the background. Entering Columbia at 17, he planned to major in English and take drama courses on the side. Instead of which, the drama took hold of him and wouldn't let him go. He came pretty near flunking his beloved English. You can't sit all night rehearsing and munching sandwiches, and still turn in themes. They were doing "Cymbeline," with Hurd as one of Imogen's brothers. In the spring they put on a performance for professionals at the Amateur Comedy Club.

Two scouts were present—one for the Surrey Players, one for the Chekhov Drama School in England. Both came backstage, asking to see the flabbergasted Hurd. As he got through stammering regrets to the first, a voice behind him spoke. "Theez boy eez Chekhov mahterrrial—"

He turned to face a charming Russian lady, whose name — Daykarhanova — he learned to pronounce later. At the moment his tempest-tossed mind wrapped itself desperately round the name of Chekhov, who'd written "Three Sisters."

"But I thought he was dead," said the student of literature.

"Anton, yes, long before you are born. I speak of Mikhail, the nephew. Would you like to study with heem in England?"

Hurd backed away. "I—don't think I can. I have to finish college first—"

family conclave . . .

They talked a little. She said she'd send him an audition notice in the fall. The Hatfields swigged coffee that night till it was time for Dad to go to the office. It was Dad's opinion that Hurd ought to finish college. Mother wasn't so sure. . . .

So he gave the audition notice a regretful flip, and forgot it till Mother woke him one morning. "Time to get up. You've got to be down there by nine—"

"Down where?"

"At that woman's place—you know I can't pronounce her name. For the audition—"

"But I'm not going—"

"Don't be foolish. It might be a good contact for later on. Come along, I'll go with you—"

She waited in a restaurant, while Hurd presented himself to Madame D., who was more charming than ever. She had faith in him—so much faith indeed that she'd be willing to recommend him without an audition. The dazzled Hurd began to see college go glimmering. To steady himself, he grabbed hold of reality. . . .

"But I can't afford it—"

Then she told him about the American scholarships—one for a boy, one for a girl. If she could get him a scholarship, would he go?

"Will you give me an hour to discuss it with my mother?"

Mother's first reaction was to burst into tears at the prospect of parting with her only child. Then she ordered coffee, while Hurd phoned his dad. Dad didn't think they ought to be hasty about it. But they *had* to be hasty. All right then, if Hurd was set on it, go ahead—

So Hurd called Madame D. He'd like very much to go if she could get him a scholarship. She promised to cable and let him know.

For the next five days he drove himself, his parents and the girl at the office crazy. Every hour on the hour he'd phone. "Have you heard yet?" The girl got pretty impatient, but that didn't stop him. He couldn't pass a phone booth without dropping his nickel in.

By the fifth day his spirits had begun to flag. There'd been time for ten cables, maybe he'd better quit. But here was Radio City and there was a drugstore and he might as well try once more— Yes, the cable had just come. Full tuition and living expenses, but he'd have to pay his

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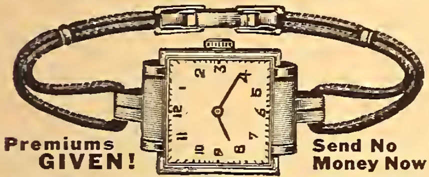

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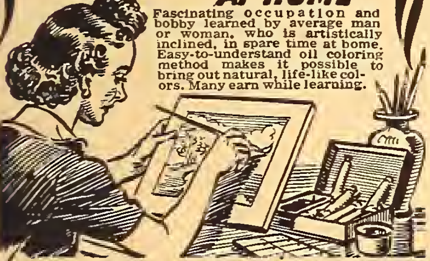

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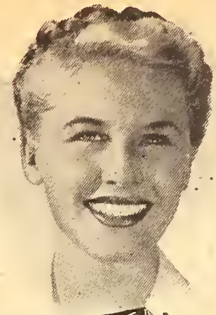

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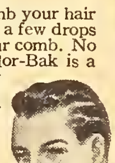

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own fare—as if that mattered!

Fifteen minutes later he was waltzing his mother round the house. "I've got it, I'm going, I'm going, I've got it—" Mother laughed and wept. Dad phoned La Guardia, a friend of his political days, to see if the passport could be hurried up. Within four days, the hope of the Hatfields was waving goodbye from the tourist deck of the Normandie.

Hurd's first glimpse of Chekhov brought a pang of disappointment. This simple, unpretentious little man wasn't his idea of what a great actor should look like. But one session was enough to turn the young skeptic humble. Behind the Russian's quiet exterior glowed a mind of brilliant imaginative power, from which Hurd took fire. Chekhov drew all his vague yearnings together and directed them into a single purposeful channel. It was no picnic. You worked like a mule, and went to bed exhausted. But little by little, you began to see where you were headed. When Chekhov started giving Hurd private lessons, it was like the Medal of Honor to a soldier. Whatever quality he has as an actor today, he owes to his teacher.

With the rumble of war, the school was uprooted and moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut. For three years they toured America. Hurd played Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night," the Duke of Gloucester in "Lear," the Joe Jefferson role in "Cricket on the Hearth." Then he took the leave of absence that landed him in Ojai.

"Don't just *go,*" said Iris when he'd made his appointment with Lewin. *"Do* something for him—"

The obvious thing to do was Dorian Gray. Chekhov had taught them to improvise. Hurd ran through the book, picking likely scenes, sticking yellow slips in to mark the place. With his yellow slips, he presented himself to Lewin.

"Sit down, young man. Tell me about yourself—"

What could he tell? That he'd played old men on the road? And a flop on Broadway?

"Do you mind if I show you first what I've prepared?"

"Go ahead—"

God, get me through this, prayed Hurd, opening the book. Don't let him stop me till I've done a couple of scenes—

carried away . . .

Mr. Lewin made no attempt to stop him. For half an hour he sat there and never said boo, while Hurd did scene after scene, making up words and action as he went along, stopping when he ran down and going on to the next, reaching the end in such an emotional blaze that he hurled the book at an innocent wall where no portrait of Dorian Gray had ever hung. Then he collapsed, sweating.

A funny smile on the other's face convinced him that he'd made a fool of himself. Defensively, he began to bristle.

"Very interesting," said Lewin. "Did someone help you with it?"

Sounded like schooldays. Did someone help you with your theme?

"No!" he snorted.

"Well, I'm just the director. Would you mind doing it again for Pan Berman?"

The bristles rose higher. "I don't think I can. None of it's memorized." Hell, he might as well bluff 'em—he wouldn't get the part anyway. "Besides, I can't hang around. Got to go east to do a Saroyan play." The Saroyan play had opened and died and been buried weeks ago.

"Just a minute. I'll be right back—" Hurd hung on to his hands to keep them from shaking. Lewin reappeared. "Mr. Berman would like to see you—"

The producer eyed him. "Hm. Interesting face for Dorian." Hurd perked up. "Would you run through a couple of those

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scenes for me, if you don't mind?"

Hurd looked at Lewin, and they both grinned. He got up and went through the fool routine again, till Berman said enough. The producer drummed his desk. He stared at the sun-dappled wall beyond his window. Then he turned back to the waiting couple abruptly.

"I understand you live in Ojai, Hurd. Could you move down here where we can reach you more easily? We'd like to test you—"

For not calling his folks that day, Hurd thinks he's entitled to a pair of wings. His overwhelming impulse was to head for a phone, but he squelched it. Nine chances in ten, the thing would still fall through test or no test. Why should they *eat* their hearts out?

This act of restraint paid off. Suppose I'd told them, he shuddered, as he sat in the projection room, watching his first test. This way, they need never know. He'd swear Iris to secrecy, go quietly back to New York, and carry the hideous secret to his grave.

The lights came on. "What do you think?" they asked him.

take it away! . . .

As if they had to ask. Hurd rose. "It looks like a piece of geography, not a face. If I passed someone on the street who looked like that, I'd run for the nearest cop—"

But they laughed and said the test had been badly made and now they'd do another. On the strength of the second, he was signed to "Dragon Seed." Then came a long-term contract and "Dorian Gray." Not till the contract was signed, did he phone home. Mother got on one extension, Dad on the other, all three talked at once, and none knows to this day what any of the others said.

But the climax came later when Hurd went east for Christmas, and stayed on for the opening of "Dorian." He and Mother and Dad were going to the preem together, just the three of them, and they felt the way you'd expect them to feel—thrilled and jittery and scared. Only Mother was frankly so, and Dad tried to cover up. "Nothing to be nervous about," he insisted.

"Then why," asked Mother, "are you trying to stick your studs into your shirt-sleeves?"

That night they sat in the balcony. "How'll we know if they like you?" Mother whispered. "Will they applaud?"

"If they don't boo, we'll call it a pleasant evening—"

They didn't boo. To Hurd, the incredible thing was what happens in the interval before and after a picture. When an usher, trying to hold back the surging customers, said: "This way, Mr. Hatfield," he wondered how she knew him. When a girl linked arms with him and said, "You were wonderful, Hurd," he thought vaguely he must have met her somewhere. Not till she cooed: "Say something in that English voice of yours," did he realize with a thud that this was a fan.

The studio had provided a car and chauffeur for the evening. With the help of the cops, they managed to fight their way in. But the chauffeur's door was blocked. There the three of them sat in their finery, while New York's Finest plucked children off the running boards. The absurdity of it suddenly hit them amidships. They began to howl. This delighted the kids who crowded closer and laughed with them—

"I'm getting claustrophobia," gasped Mother.

"Shall I open the window," asked Dad, "and let 'em in?"

You'll hardly recognize Dorian in the boy who plays the romantic lead opposite Goddard in "Diary of A Chambermaid."

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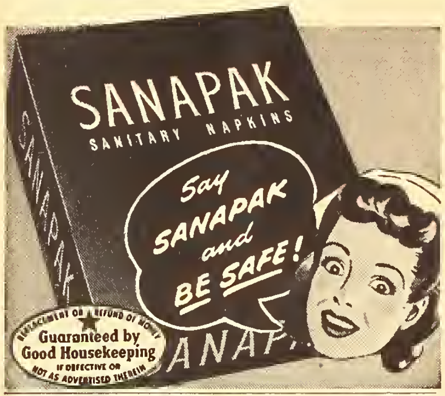
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It's like marble, come to warm and laughing life. Hurd enjoyed playing Dorian. After specializing in character parts for Chekhov, it was nice to romp through twenty-eight wardrobe changes, even though he didn't get a chance to move his face. In "Chambermaid," the face moves too.

Hurd's a rare bird in that he can love the theater without turning his nose up at the movies. It's an insensitive nose, he thinks, which will sniff at a medium that carries such influence, penetrates every wayside village and farm, and makes you a household word with your fellows. Besides, he likes the technique *because* it's different, and enlarges your experience. The ideal would be a couple of pictures a year, with time out for a play.

What he hates is a groove, any groove—the actor's, the banker's, the telephone operator's. There's something in him that can't abide regimentation.

don't fence me in . . .

His ruling passion is freedom of the mind and an allergy for labels. Much as he loves his profession, if it were yanked from under him, he wouldn't sit down by the waters of Babylon and bawl. Life's too full of life. If it denies you here, you can grab it elsewhere, and there's no end to what you can grab—music and people, painting and books and ideas. Every chance he gets, he runs to Ojai where movies are something they sometimes go to at night, and Hurd's a boy they've known for years so they bear with his shortcomings.

These include sins of omission toward people he's fond of. He's always planning to send flowers and remember birthdays, and spends more energy kicking himself for forgetting than it would have taken to remember in the first place. He's invariably late. His Christmas cards arrive in the middle of January. And his letters—like tomorrow, when he's going to write them—don't arrive at all.

In Hollywood, his home is a small apartment, built on top of a house built on top of a mountain. You can't go any higher.

His constant companion is Bronte, a cocker spaniel, named after all three sisters. She trots along to interviews and on sets, the only of his friends who drives with him willingly. In bed, she serves as an electric pad, takes care of his feet first and spends the rest of the night keeping his back warm.

He knocks wood, but only through force of habit. The tie pin he wears in his coat lapel once belonged to his grandfather. He thinks one great advantage of being an actor is that clothes are part of your stock-in-trade, and looks forward to ordering plenty of suits without feeling like a pig. His pet peeves are social climbers and people who call you intelligent because you once read a book. The dish he'd pick for a dessert island is something they make at Ojai with green figs and cream and honey all whipped together.

He has no ideal of feminine beauty, but prefers any face that's alive to a magazine cover, dead-pan expression. After the first few days, you forget how people look. It's the inner quality that counts. He enjoys dancing with Virginia Hunter, but marriage isn't in the cards at the moment. To marry him, a girl would have to be slightly cuckoo. He's the type who might take it into his head to leave for the Orient tomorrow and turn Chinese.

Right now, he's got nothing more exotic in mind than New York, where he's due for personal appearances with "Chambermaid." And where Mother and Dad will be waiting, with the coffee pot on and welcoming arms.

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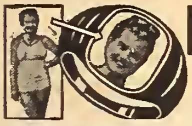

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LOVER MAN

(Continued from page 53)

out of a pretty fair little story by leaping to conclusions. Helmut didn't mind being called a movie fan, because he's one for sure, and besides he thinks pretty darned highly of movie fans. In fact, if it hadn't been for fans he wouldn't have had his name up in those bright Broadway bulbs. He wouldn't be risking his neck taking the picture to send back to his family in Vienna to tag off a fantastic success story that could happen only in America.

Because Helmut Dantine was a refugee fresh off the boat, the first time he'd strolled up Broadway, stopping overnight in New York on his way to relatives in a city called Los Angeles, which he understood was next door to Hollywood.

Back then he had exactly $2.50 in his pants pocket. He spent fifty cents for a meal, a buck for a cheap hotel room, and the other dollar to take in the Radio City Music Hall. The last time he saw Broadway the lights were blacked out by war. Now they flashed and frolicked in a blinding display. This was the night after V-E Day. In a way, it was Helmut Dantine's personal V-E day, too.

This time he wasn't paying his way into a Broadway movie. People were paying their way in to see him. He wasn't climbing a rickety stair to a bare dollar hotel room. He was stopping at the ritzy Gotham, on Fifth Avenue. He was lunching at "Twenty-One" and dining at the Marguery—all expenses paid by the Warner Brothers Studio which sent him there. That was the contrast, but it wasn't the kick for Helmut. The big thrill, being the kind of serious fellow Dantine is, was this:

he's come a long way . . .

In five years, Helmut Dantine, Austrian refugee, fugitive from a concentration camp, was an American of consequence enough to meet the President of the United States and shake his hand. To appear with the Mayor of New York City at a giant "I Am an American Day" rally in Central Park and address 100,000 people on the subject of citizenship. To play a patriotic benefit performance at Madison Square Garden, a place he never dreamed he'd see when, ten years ago, he listened over his Vienna radio to the Max Schmeling-Joe Louis championship prize fight. To be entrusted by the O.W.I. to make radio transcriptions in French, Italian, and German, beaming American messages abroad, messages which his family heard in Vienna, recognized his voice, and sent him the first report on them he'd had for five years.

Those are the things Helmut Dantine could have told that New York policeman when he got pinched for taking a picture of the evidence. And he probably would, too, if he'd had half a chance.

Not long ago Helmut traveled to Washington, D. C., to make an appearance at the Earl Theater with "Escape in the Desert." It was his first look at the nation's capital, and he spent every spare minute on typical tourist's rubberneck tours. He saw Congress in session, visited the Supreme Court, traveled down to Mount Vernon. He had lunch with Senator McKellar, the acting vice-president, and dinner one night with the presidential secretary. Helmut stopped at the Hotel Statler in Washington and after dinner he invited his guest up to his apartment. When he walked in Helmut's room, the secretary said, "This looks familiar. Sure—this is where the boss stayed."

"What!" exclaimed Helmut. "You mean the president stayed *here?*"

The secretary smiled. "Sure," he said,

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Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS

Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

" 'Don't do it, John!' she said. '*Please* don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's *wonderful* to know that every single payday we have *more* money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

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MODERN SCREEN

"he had this room during the election. In fact," he added, pointing to one of the twin beds, "Senator Truman rested right there while he waited to hear he'd been elected vice-president."

Helmut gasped and moved from the bed he'd been using to the one President Truman had slept in. The next day he managed to meet the Chief Executive—and get his autograph. He came back to Hollywood with a sheaf of other autographs, too—Senator McKellar's, Mayor LaGuardia's—just about everybody of importance he met on the tour. That's the kind of a red hot fan Dantine is.

He's sympathetic with all fans everywhere just by nature. But more than that, Helmut realizes that none of these wonderful things could have happened to him if it hadn't been for the magic of Hollywood, and what caused the magic wand to strike in his case was—movie fans. No doubt about it. You can't knock fans to Helmut, not for a minute. They can mob him and maul him and rip him to shreds, and he still smiles happily. They can even tag him on tender spots—like the girl in Philadelphia last summer who caught him coming out of his hotel and thrust a pencil into his hand.

open wide, please . . .

"Where's your autograph pad?" Helmut asked her.

"Oh, I don't want your autograph," said the gal. "Just bite the pencil, please."

Helmut was baffled. "Do *what?*"

"Bite it," giggled the girl. "So I'll have your tooth marks."

"Oh," he chuckled, "I see. You want Dantine's dentine." He bit the pencil.

But it was just such effervescent admirers who made Helmut's own studio, Warner Brothers, sit up and take a serious second look at the handsome youth with the Teutonic accent they found handy to dress up in a Nazi uniform and kill off at the end of all those war pictures.

Only last summer, when Helmut was making his appearance at the Strand, he had a regular crowd who gathered below the window of his dressing room and waited for the light to be turned on. It was on the second floor, the dressing room, so when they yelled and cheered, the shouts might as well have been right indoors. The first time it happened, the theater manager came in and started to close the window. Helmut said "No."

"But doesn't all that noise bother you?" the manager asked.

"Not a bit," Helmut answered. "If they weren't down there—I wouldn't be up here."

One evening when the manager, Harry Mayer, was there, a call came from Hollywood. It was Helmut's big boss at the studio, Jack Warner. Halfway through the conversation with Mayer the crowd down below got going. It sounded like a college pep rally, and Mr. Mayer couldn't keep the noise out of the receiver. Clear back in Hollywood Jack Warner heard the roar.

"Say," he asked. "What in the world's going on there—a riot? What's all that noise? I can't hear a thing!"

Mayer explained. "Oh, it's those crazy fans down below Dantine's window. They swarm and yell like that every night," he sighed.

"H-m-m-m-m," mused Warner's chief. "Is that so?"

When Helmut got back to Hollywood, he was called into Jack Warner's office the first thing.

His boss gave him a long, critical look. "Looks like you did all right back in New York," he said. "If I hadn't heard it I wouldn't have believed it. But—well—I guess you won't be doing anything from now on but romantic parts. I'm convinced."

There's not a star in Hollywood who

reaps such a load of good luck out of every scrimmage he has with his fans like Helmut Dantine. Before he made his first personal appearance tour last summer, Helmut had never had any real, face-to-face contact with the growing army of Dantine devotees. It had all been via the postman, except for some scattered scuffles around Hollywood previews, always kept well under control by the fan-wise Hollywood police. But he'd heard tales about the goings over the stars get when they hit the big East Coast cities. Frankly, he wasn't expecting anything like that to happen to him (if there's one thing Helmut is, it's modest).

First of all, half the pictures he'd been in typed Helmut Dantine as a nasty Nazi of the most virulent type. How could they get any other impression after all those Storm Trooper and German spy parts he's played? That was no program for a popularity poll. Then, almost since the first time Helmut Dantine became a name for the newspapers to hoist in headlines, practically every item about Dangerous Dantine has been—let's face it—a wolf howl. His spirited Hollywood escapades haven't been fated for the Sunday School section—very, very mild though they were, compared to the scrapes of a real lobo, say, like Errol Flynn.

But still more fearful than all this to Helmut was that prospect of entertaining an audience from a stage. He'd never been a master-of-ceremonies. Never been on vaudeville. A lot of little theater plays, sure, but he knew he was no Fred Allen, Jack Benny or Bob Hope. All he'd ever sent direct to an audience was a bow at the end of a play. He was pretty panicky about the prospect, because as he told his studio, "I can't sing. I can't dance. I can't tell funny jokes. And I can't just go out and say, 'Well, here I am!' After all, I'm not Lana Turner!"

They fixed that by teaming Helmut with a veteran funny man, Lew Parker, and a neat eyeful of sex appeal, Andrea King, who'd made a couple of pictures with Helmut: "Shadow of a Lady" and "Hotel Berlin." Making dignified Dantine a wisecracker was a bit of a struggle, but Lew Parker did the best he could and after a little kidding, Helmut went into something more up his alley, a condensed version of Russell Davenport's "My Country."

stage fright . . .

So Helmut was terribly nervous the first time he tried meeting the people under a spotlight. And the jitters are a malady which a Viennese gentleman just isn't allergic to ordinarily. Helmut has the poise of a Greek statue but he actually became speechless as one when he stepped out before his first footlights with all the thousands of eyes burning right at him. He didn't even hear Lew Parker's whispered promptings. It looked like a case of ring down the curtain—and then, like Custer's cavalry, the fans came to the rescue. They beat their mitts, whistled, stomped and roared a welcome that brought more than movie glycerin to Helmut's eyes. And that snapped him out of his scare coma like a shot of adrenalin.

In Helmut Dantine's book, the boosts his fans have handed him have always far outweighed the trouble they've caused. He'll settle for things the way they are any day. Sure, he's sacrificed a few clothes in various mobbings. In Philadelphia, for instance, two valuable, pre-war tweed jackets got "lost in action," snatched right off his torso when he got caught in a jam outside his hotel. Ties—he could start a haberdashery with missing neckwear and handkerchiefs, and once he turned blue in the face when some sweet young soxers grabbed hold of a foulard and practically throttled him.

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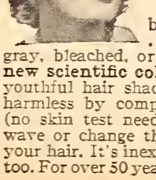

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Somehow, in Helmut's case, the roses always pad the thorns when he tangles with fans. They swiped dozens of handkerchiefs from his coat pocket; but he also got gift boxes of nice linen monogrammed ones from some fans who noticed this pilfery and said in a note, "We'd like to make them up for you." And for every rude bump he got, there were a dozen episodes that touched Helmut over the heart—like the little Negro girl who approached him shyly one day and handed him a merchant marine pin. "It was my daddy's," she explained. "He was lost in action. I want you to have it." Those things can compensate for a dozen mob mussings. But even mobs invariably bring Dantine luck built for a shamrock. He'd never have met Katherine Cornell, if his noisy fans hadn't introduced him.

The first lady of the theater has long been one of Helmut's particular idols and when he played the Strand, just two doors away Cornell and Brian Aherne held forth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Helmut never had the time to take in a Cornell performance and he was far too shy to call at the stage door and introduce himself.

conflict . . .

"The Barretts" curtain went up at eight-thirty and Helmut's appearance started at nine. That half hour interlude was the time his gang picked to stand under his dressing room window and shout for Dantine, and always he raised the window blind and waved hello. After the first night's hullabaloo, he got a note.

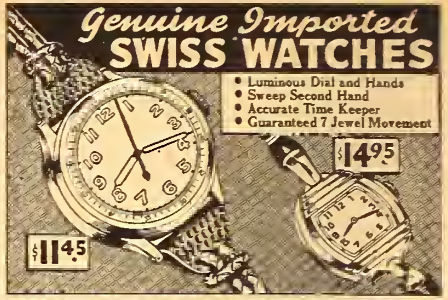
"Dear Mr. Dantine," wrote Katherine Cornell. "I'd appreciate it very much if you wouldn't appear at your dressing room window between 8:30 and 11 when our play goes on. Last night my audience thought V-J Day had arrived when your admirers cheered! My small voice can't compete with such noise. I know if I were their ages, I'd do the same thing myself, however, and I'm very happy for you. Katherine Cornell."

Helmut promptly sent the first lady a box of flowers with an apology and back came another note asking him to tea in her dressing room.

helmut the hermit . . .

But it doesn't happen to him much in Hollywood, as it does whenever he ventures to New York or other big cities. At home, for one thing, Helmut's hard to find. He doesn't live in the movie star district but still camps in his tiny bachelor apartment in a passé Hollywood neighborhood, about the last place in the world you'd hunt a glamor guy today. But even if a smitten sleuth tracks him down, ten to one she won't find Helmut at home at any normal hour. When he's not making a picture he's always busier than a bird dog and harder to pin down than a flea. If he isn't playing an international chess tournament (as he did the other night on the American team versus Russia) over a trans-global telephone, or fencing with his teacher in a private gymnasium, he's racing all over California looking at ranches to raise ten thousand turkeys, like the 840-acre place north of Hollywood he signed up for the other day.

But with all his six-day bicycle rider schedule, sometimes a conniving fan catches up with Helmut. Sometimes, it's Helmut who does the catching, too, because, being such a grateful and warm-hearted character, he is always eager to cooperate when he thinks a fan is a sincere admirer and not just a curiosity kid. That happened a few days ago when six girls who formed a sort of local Hollywood Dantine Admiration Society wrote him a group letter that expressed the most intel-



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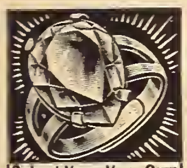

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ligent interest in Helmut and his studio work. Imagine their surprise the next day when the phone rang and it was Helmut Dantine wanting to know if they could come out to Warners', have lunch with him and let him show them around the place and explain all the inner workings.

Of course, a lot of Helmut's female fans take that "wolf" stuff pretty seriously. Some are pretty persistent, too, like the cutie who trailed Helmut for days and found just when he was most unlikely to be hiding out in his bachelor den. One night Helmut burst into his room and almost swooned when he switched on the light. This cutie was curled up in his favorite armchair, making with her very best allure.

"Oh, hel-l-o," she said in a sultry voice.

"How—how did you get here?" Helmut gasped.

the little locksmith . . .

"Oh," murmured the bold tootsie, "that was easy. I made a wax impression of your lock."

Helmut tried to be stern. "Young lady," he said austerely, "don't you know that's a crime?"

The girl batted her big blue eyes. "Is it?" she whispered. "Well, I'm here—and what are you going to do with me?"

"I'm going to take you home!" said Helmut. And he wasn't kidding, although he practically had to carry the bundle out to his car. When he tipped his hat goodnight—always a gentleman—the girl grinned good naturedly. "Oh well," she told Helmut, blowing him a good-night kiss. "At least, I had Helmut Dantine take me home!"

Helmut's good natured about these events. He thinks it's very funny that a Don Juan mantle should have landed on his shoulders. He's really a fairly reluctant wolf, but sometimes he admits he slips. In fact, one of the funniest stories Helmut tells on himself concerns just one of those times.

It was when he was in New York last summer. He was having lunch alone one noon at Twenty-One, when the waiter came over with a billet-doux. Helmut unfolded it. In very feminine and, he thought, very sophisticated handwriting it commanded, "Please come over to the corner table."

Well, Helmut was alone in New York. It was an exciting town. He was in a gay mood. Ah, romance. His Viennese blood got the best of his Hollywood reason. He weakened. "Why not?"

junior miss . . .

So he straightened his tie, fixed his handkerchief, got up, walked across to the corner table and bowed. When he straightened up he almost fell over, but Helmut's gentleman enough to mask his surprise in almost any eventuality concerning ladies.

It seems he had met this lady before. In fact, they'd made a Hollywood picture together, couple of years ago, called "The Pied Piper." Now, she was very, very grande dame and they chatted in the most formal, lah-de-dah manner.

"And where," finally inquired this glamorous creature, "are you staying, Helmut, dear?"

"The Gotham," replied Dantine.

"How nice," exclaimed the lady, lifting a dainty eyebrow charmingly. "I'm right around the corner—at the Sherry, you know. You must give me a ring."

And with that she gathered her bag together, looked to her lipstick and with a mysterious smile glided out of the cafe, trying like mad to make her skirts swish the way she'd seen other seductive ladies—did Miss Peggy Ann Garner, all of thirteen years old!

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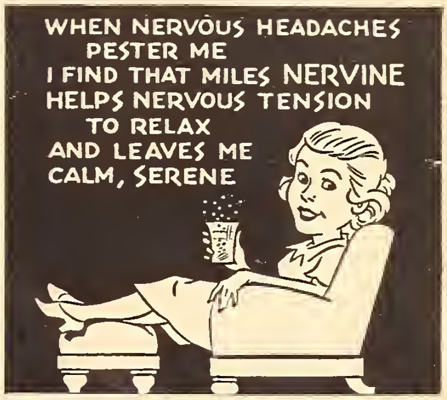
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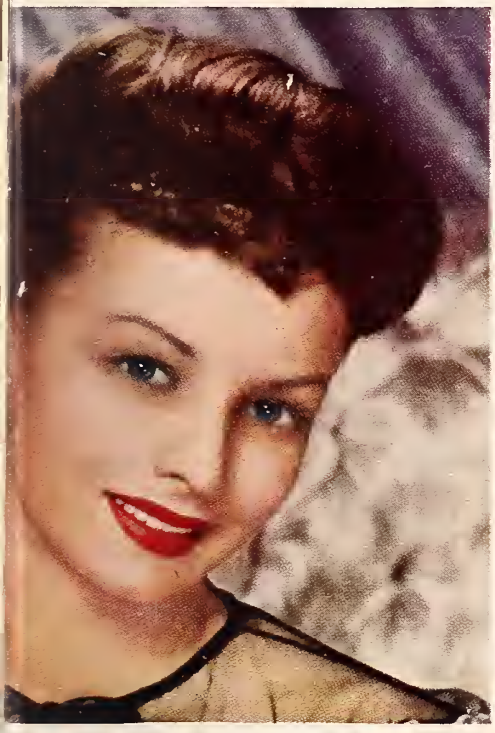

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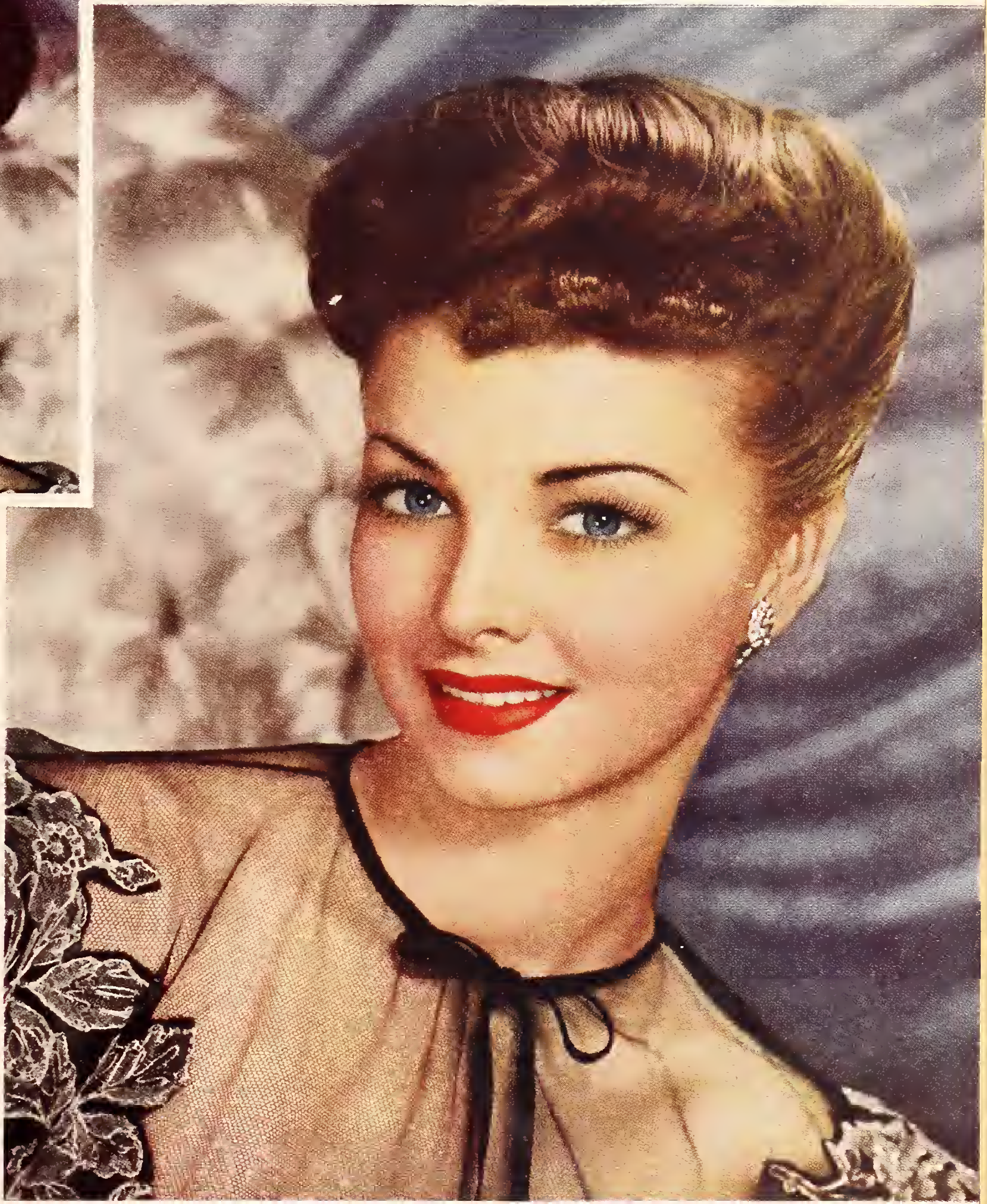

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GIRL: All right. *Laugh* then.

CUPID: *Me?* Excuse it, but to me it's not funny, honey. But it *should* remind you that maybe there'd be real candy and a real suitor if you'd just laugh once in a while. Smile at people! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, my pet, with my dull teeth I couldn't even glimmer! I brush 'em, but—Well . . .

CUPID: Mmmm? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: And what if I have?

CUPID: What if I have, she says! Listen, you marshmallow-minded little idiot! That "pink's" a warning *to see your dentist!* He may find soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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Candy

GIRL: And right away I start glittering like diamonds, huh? People have to wear dark glasses. I get—

CUPID: Quiet, Woman! And listen. A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll be helping yourself to healthier gums, sounder teeth . . . and a prettier smile than you ever wore in your life! Now get started!

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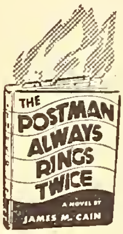
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
A NOVEL BY JAMES M. CAIN

Several years ago, a great novel blazed its way into America's consciousness—James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice". It was dialogue like this that held you: *"I love you, Cora. But love, when you get fear in it, isn't love any more. It's hate!"*

★ ★ ★ ★

At the time, many of us hoped it would be made into a motion picture. But the general opinion was: "Too daring... too shocking..." Remember this scene: *"Tomorrow night, if I come back, there'll be kisses... lovely ones, Frank! Kisses with dreams in them..."*

Recently, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced that it had produced "The Postman Always Rings Twice", starring Lana Turner and John Garfield. And everyone wondered how M-G-M would handle the more audacious scenes, like this one: *"We had all that love out there, that night... and we kissed and sealed it so it would be ours forever!"*

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, we have just seen the picture—and Lana Turner is breathtakingly beautiful as the temptress who is swept away by a love she can't deny. John Garfield, more vital than ever, turns in a masterful performance as the reckless young wanderer who wanted love more than he wanted life.

★ ★ ★ ★

Together, as Cora and Frank, they create one of the most memorable romances ever brought to the screen. And to match this great acting, there is a truly fine supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, Leon Ames, Audrey Totter, and Alan Reed.

★ ★ ★ ★

Congratulations are most certainly in order for Director Tay Garnett, Producer Carey Wilson, and Screenplaymen Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch.

★ ★ ★

Whether the Postman rings once, or the Postman rings twice, M-G-M has certainly rung the bell with this one.

—Leo

modern screen

APRIL, 1946

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"I had to have her love even if I hung for it!"

M-G-M presents one of the year's outstanding films,
based on James M. Cain's daring novel...

LANA
TURNER in
JOHN
GARFIELD

The Postman Always Rings Twice

with
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Screen Play by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch • Based on the Novel by James Cain
Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by CAREY WILSON
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Heartsick over the war, Elizabeth (C. Colbert) bids her son (Dick Long) godspeed.

FANNIE HURST

SELECTS

"TOMORROW IS FOREVER"

■ "Tomorrow Is Forever" has what it takes for box office allure, from the moment the potential customer reads the come-hither advertising in the lobby.

The title is provocative.

The feature players, Claudette Colbert, George Brent and Orson Welles, have pulling power.

The picture, directed by Irving Pichel, is based on a novelette by Gwen Bristow, originally published in the Ladies' Home Journal and chosen by an organization known as the People's Book Club for the novel of the something-or-other.

"Tomorrow Is Forever" is the story of the disappearing man. This one, played by Orson Welles, lived in Baltimore, Maryland, during the period of the first World War. He, John MacDonald (later "Kessler"), is happily married when the picture opens, to Elizabeth, played by the beautiful and fastidious Claudette Colbert.

At the opening of this familiar story in new clothes, and good new clothes they are, too, Elizabeth (Claudette Colbert) MacDonald, and John (Orson Welles) MacDonald, are living happily in the first year of their marriage, in a Baltimore house that is delightfully true to period.

Almost immediately, we find ourselves on the eve of World War I. John MacDonald presents himself in uniform to his adoring young wife, and that is the first she knows of his decision to enlist. In fact, we barely know the young couple ourselves when this decision is likewise handed as a surprise to the audience.

Orson Welles, to whom the possibilities of a many-sided role must have appealed deeply, plays this first scene in the straight role of a young husband. In these early sequences, he is a rather chubby, nice (*Continued on page 8*)

Loveliness

Glowing emblem of a gorgeous girl . . . glorious hallmark of a magnificent musical!

Lovely Songs

"I DIDN'T MEAN A WORD I SAID"

"MOONLIGHT PROPAGANDA"

"DO YOU LOVE ME"

"AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH ON MY MIND"

Maureen O'HARA ★ *Dick* HAYMES ★ *Harry* JAMES

in

DO YOU LOVE ME

in Technicolor!

with

REGINALD GARDINER · RICHARD GAINES · STANLEY PRAGER

and HARRY JAMES' MUSIC MAKERS

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF · *Produced by* GEORGE JESSEL

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Men Do Not Forget

Our Thrilling First Anniversary

"When Dick came home with orchids, I was using the same brand lipstick I wore on our first date . . . Don Juan.

"My lips survived our anniversary because I applied Don Juan Lipstick as directed. If you do that, *your* Don Juan will stay on (and lips stay lovely), when you eat, drink or kiss."

Don Juan Lipstick is smoothly applied and is not drying or smeary. In fashion favored shades. Try Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other smart shades, too.

Don Juan

THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON

Matching powder, rouge & cake make-up — for beauty's sake. Sold in Canada.

fellow with a gleam of things-to-come indicated in the Welles eye.

The husband goes off to the wars, and in the lapse of time, the gleaming young wife, so rightly tailored, so impeccably coiffured, fills in her spare time doing important research work in a local chemical plant.

The son and heir of this great establishment (none other than George Brent playing the role of Larry Hamilton) is considerably smitten with Elizabeth.

Time moves toward Christmas, and the long-awaited telegram finally arrives announcing the return of the husband from the wars. The bride of a year awaits this return with a lovely fervor.

But, alas, the audience does not get the expected reunion. The story has been told with a swift-moving precision which climaxes into genuine shock when the telegram announcing the return of the soldier is followed up by another, announcing his death in battle. It is at this somewhat delayed date that we learn that the soldier's bride is about to become the mother of his child, thus intensifying the tragedy.

After what, in polite society, we call the "decent interval," the young widow, reconciled to a lower plane of ecstasy with a charming and personable man who is willing to accept his role as second-best, (Larry Hamilton) succumbs to his pleading. They are married. From this point on, we see her in far more resplendent environment, surrounded by all of the beautiful settings into which Miss Colbert always fits so well.

There are two sons, one by her first husband and now another by her second. It is a happy family unit. Once more the director has covered his ground with economy and good story telling.

Stunningly the plot shifts to a hospital ward somewhere in Germany. To a row of beds which strike terror to the heart. On each one, lies a soldier wounded in a horrible manner. That is, their faces have been torn away. There they lie, their heads like footballs swathed in gauze, tubes inserted where there should be nose or mouth.

Yes, you are right. One of these faceless casualties is John MacDonald. An Austrian surgeon is beside his bed, begging him to give some clue to his identity so that they may communicate with his family. The horribly maimed soldier, begging the doctor to let him die, refuses.

It is a bitter and moving scene, the surgeon played with deep understanding by John Wengraf.

At its conclusion, it is apparent that John is not going to reveal his identity. Back then, after this grim interlude, we go into the gracious world of the Larry Hamiltons. And what a gracious world! Happy marriage, happy children, luxurious home, all of the accoutrements of good living.

Some fifteen years after his departure the missing man returns. Plastic surgery has restored his face, not feature for feature, but the eyes are still there and to this observer, at least, far too much of the young husband remains to make plausible unrecognized identity.

The soldier returns with a serious limp, a beard, a face into which is written considerable torment. In his custody is a little Austrian girl of about six years (irresistibly played by Natalie Wood), who to all intents and purposes is his daughter. This is where the Orson Welles teeth must have bitten with gusto into his role. Also from now on, the plot and the story interest begin to slip a little.

The first husband returns to his native Baltimore under the name of Dr. Kessler. He also returns with a German accent. He hurries surreptitiously to the house in which he spent his year of married life. It is vacant and boarded over.

From now on, Dr. Kessler's behavior becomes somewhat mystifying, in view of the fact that his one aim seems to be to keep knowledge of his return from his wife. He and the little girl take up residence in a Baltimore apartment. Apparently in the long interval, the returned soldier has become a chemist of no little eminence.

Yes, of course you have it. The learned Herr Doctor, his wife's destiny still unknown to him, although it might seem that the most casual inquiry would have revealed it, becomes affiliated with the chemical works owned by his wife's present husband—Larry Hamilton.

In no time at all, Dr. Kessler and his daughter are frequent visitors at the home of his employer. There is that anticipated moment when he faces his one-time bride without recognition on her part. There is another moment, over which every one of the players must have licked chops, when a woman stands before her two husbands without recognizing one of them. There is also that time-proof, moth-proof situation, where a man faces a son who does not know him.

Now we approach the meaning of the title: "Tomorrow Is Forever." By this time, the son by Elizabeth's first marriage is almost of age. The second World War rumbles more than audibly. History begins to repeat itself. This boy wants to enlist.

In angry, bitter, and determined rebellion, the heart-sick mother refuses to give up a son as she gave up a husband. And standing by, unbeknown to both his son, and the mother of his son, Dr. Kessler watches the conflict with pride in his boy and pity for his one-time wife.

And ultimately it takes a little child to lead them. Dr. Kessler's small girl, who it transpires is not his real daughter, but the child of the Austrian surgeon who saved his life, is accidentally horrified by a shot from a toy gun. Indeed, she is thrown into a convulsion of terror, because the incident brings back to her the scenes of horror she lived through when the Germans killed her parents.

These dreadful scars against the memory of innocent childhood are what awaken Elizabeth to the righteousness of sacrificing once more in behalf of a cleansed and better world. And so with her full consent, her son goes forward into World War II. Tomorrow—not yesterday—her as yet unidentified first husband tells her comfortingly, is Forever. We must look ahead. Yesterday is gone.

The revelation of "Dr. Kessler's" identity occurs on the stoop of the vacant little house where he and his bride had enjoyed their first and only year of married life. She has returned there because of the urge of a deep nostalgia. He for the same reason. They meet.

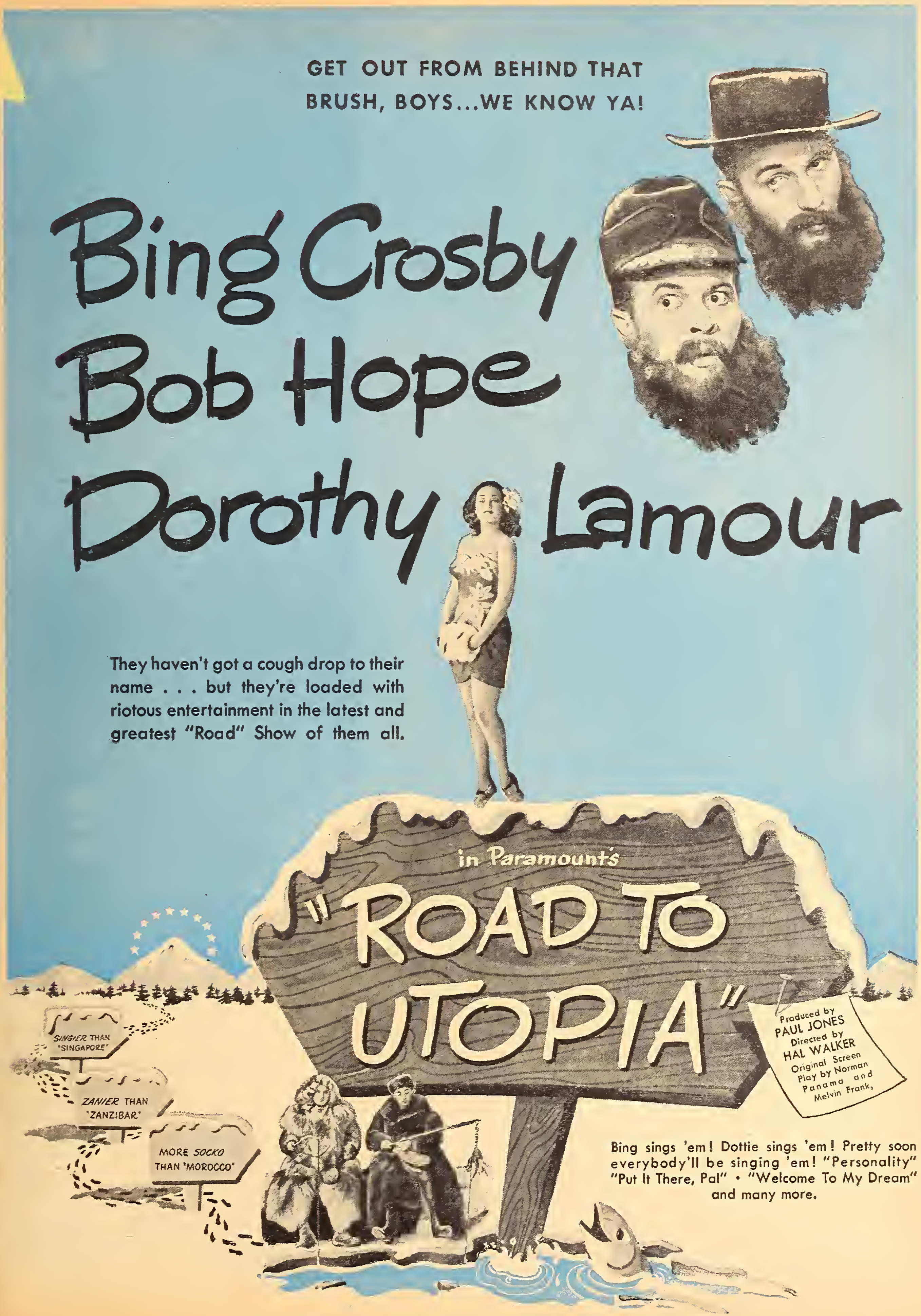
This encounter is managed with restraint and dignity for which both participants should be honored.

The scene points irrevocably and with finality to Dr. Kessler's death which takes place immediately after.

It is an old, old story under a new name: "Tomorrow is Forever."

MAY ISSUE

"The girl with the beautiful profile all over"—that's Esther Williams. And if you'll get to your newsstand bright and early on April 12, you'll see her on our May cover.



GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT
BRUSH, BOYS...WE KNOW YA!

Bing Crosby
Bob Hope
Dorothy Lamour

They haven't got a cough drop to their name . . . but they're loaded with riotous entertainment in the latest and greatest "Road" Show of them all.

in Paramount's

"ROAD TO UTOPIA"

Produced by
PAUL JONES
Directed by
HAL WALKER
Original Screen Play by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank,

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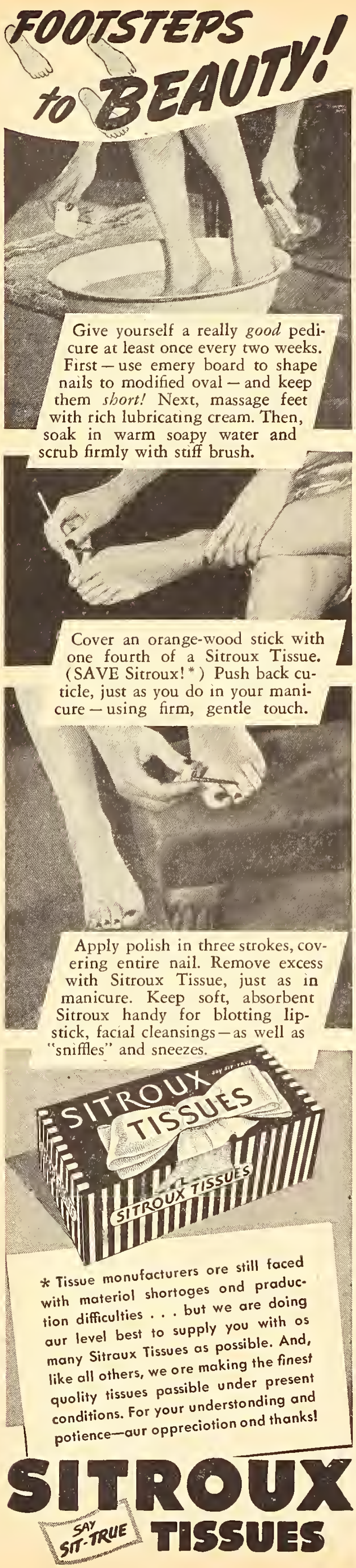

FOOTSTEPS to BEAUTY!

Give yourself a really *good* pedicure at least once every two weeks. First — use emery board to shape nails to modified oval — and keep them *short!* Next, massage feet with rich lubricating cream. Then, soak in warm soapy water and scrub firmly with stiff brush.

Cover an orange-wood stick with one fourth of a Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Push back cuticle, just as you do in your manicure — using firm, gentle touch.

Apply polish in three strokes, covering entire nail. Remove excess with Sitroux Tissue, just as in manicure. Keep soft, absorbent Sitroux handy for blotting lipstick, facial cleansings — as well as "sniffles" and sneezes.

* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

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TISSUES

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

The Ziegfeld Follies

■ Talk about viewing the world through rose-colored glasses! This is one picture you'll go see and come out muttering, "It's impossible, I don't believe it." Because "The Ziegfeld Follies" is a holiday for eyes: No plot, no dialogue, just individual scenes and color, gobs of riotous Technicolor that flows under and over and around you and leaves you breathless with beauty.

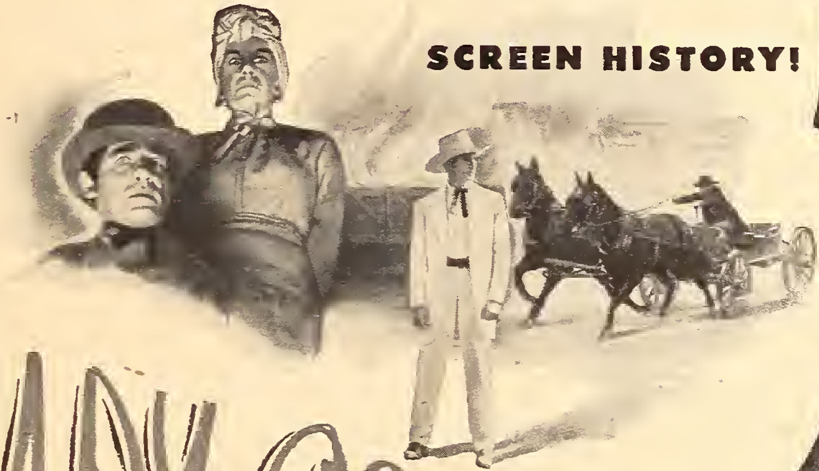
It opens with William Powell, the great Ziegfeld himself, puttering around his palatial suite in heaven, fingering the puppets he has lined up along the walls which represent all his great hits. "Sure I was the greatest showman of them all," he reminisces, "but what a show I could put on today, with all the new personalities that have sprung up since I—moved—up here." And that starts the parade of personalities.

Esther Williams in "A Water Ballet." Fannie Brice rolling her eyes over the winning sweepstake ticket her husband gave away and trying to vamp the landlord into giving it back. M.C. Fred Astaire whirling Lucille Bremer in "This Heart of Mine," a charming routine that tells of the thief who starts out to woo a lovely princess with an eye to her jewels—and ends up by having her steal his heart. Then there's poor little Victor Moore, the befuddled business man, who is caught spitting in the subway and gets hauled off to the clink. Edward Arnold's his lawyer, and every time Victor pleads, "Please, *pay* the officer the two dollars!" he answers, "I refuse. We'll appeal to a higher court." It ends up with Victor ordering his last meal before the execution and Arnold interrupting a golf game to visit the condemned man and reassure him "I won't pay (*Continued on page 12*)

One of the "Follies" skits is "This Heart of Mine," a dance with L. Bremer, F. Astaire.

A kiss like theirs.....

ONCE IN EVERY WOMAN'S LIFETIME—A PICTURE LIKE THIS . . . ONCE IN ALL SCREEN HISTORY!



GARY COOPER

AS 'WHITE HAT,' THE MAGNIFICENT GAMBLER

INGRID BERGMAN

AS HIS CLIO OF NEW ORLEANS

SARATOGA TRUNK

EDNA FERBER'S STORY OF STORIES FROM **WARNERS!**

WITH FLORA ROBSON · HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION · DIRECTED BY SAM WOOD

Screen Play by Casey Robinson
From the Novel by Edna Ferber
Music by Max Steiner

Through Thick and Thin . .

No matter whether your hair's soft and baby-fine or heavy and sleek . . . DeLong Bob Pins will be your tried and true friend. Trust them to keep every shining strand neat and note-worthy.

These wonderful Bob Pins with the Stronger Grip cope with the most stubborn hair because they're made of better quality steel that keeps its gripping ways longer.

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Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

the two dollars—we'll appeal."

It's impossible, of course, to mention all the acts, but there are two standouts we can't resist. One, "Number, Please," has Keenan Wynn a snazzy young man trying to phone Looie, the cigar store man. Keenan is connected with a Chinese laundry, the weather bureau, a Van Johnson swooner session and Oopa of South Africa (Keenan makes up the name on the spur of the moment, and darned if the call isn't put through!). He never does get to talk to Looie, but that phone receiver he ends up munching sure looks delicious. . . .

For sheer hysteria, catch Judy Garland's "An Interview." She's superb. About two platoons of eager young reporters present themselves at the great actress's apartment for a comment on her newest picture. They kneel, lower their eyes, fold their hands across their breasts—and a hanky the size of a football field edged in ostrich plumes flutters over their heads. "Darlings, how pre-cious," she gurgles, "how, how, but how *really,* y'know—" She writhes, flutters and coos "You may rise," then mournfully admits, "I don't always want to be tragic, enact my Oscar-winning magic. I'm sick of the dregs, I wanna show my legs!" And she does, too! But it's all for naught, turns out her next movie's about Madame Kromotov, the inventor of the safety pin.

The two masters of the dance, Gene Kelly and Fred (Again) Astaire, turn up in "The Babbit and the Bromide" and do they keep each other stepping! Lena Horne comes in with a sultry down-Harlem number, "Love," and Red Skelton is convulsing as the literal-minded announcer for a liquor concern in "When Television Comes." Kathryn Grayson ties up the whole Technicolossus as she sings "Beauty." On a purple mountain.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought the two-word title six years ago, and spent three years preparing the picture's sets, routines and stars. 500 pieces of writing were read before the final 23 skits, songs and dances were selected. . . .Forty-five sets were built in true Ziegfeld tradition, including revolving pillars, merry-go-rounds with live white horses, a 100-foot waterfall of iridescent bubbles, and an all-paper set studded with jewels. . . .Seventy-five seamstresses worked twenty-four hours a day to whip up such costumes as a skirt of 2000 ermine tails, a coat of fourteen white foxes, a dress with hundreds of pink ostrich feathers. . . . For 18 months the studio trained a group of picked beauties to show the chic and poise characteristic of the famous Ziegfeld Girls. . . .The set for the Fred Astaire-Lucille Bremer dance boasts a chandelier of one hundred tiny white birds, each carrying a lighted candle. The 18-foot figures on this set were modeled by hand and individually sculptured.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

You probably saw the pictures LIFE and MODERN SCREEN ran from this of John Garfield and Lana Turner in *that* white bathing suit. After those pictures, a review of the movie is a waste of time. Wild horses couldn't keep you away.

Anyway, here are a few added details. Cora Smith (Lana Turner) has been living contentedly enough with her husband, Nick (Cecil Kellaway), until Frank (John Garfield) comes along. Sure, Nick's older than she is, and not a romantic type. But he owns a nice little restaurant and gas station, and he's a good guy. Nuts about Cora, of course, as who wouldn't be? Frank is a drifter. He goes from one job to another, sees the country, never worries about the future. He stops off at the lunchroom because Nick has a sign out, "Man Wanted," and the location happens to appeal to him. It appeals to him a lot more after he gets a load of Cora in white shorts and halter.

It doesn't take long for Frank and Cora to find that they are supremely necessary to each other. Nor much longer for them to decide that Nick is in the way. Maybe it's Cora's idea, maybe Frank's. It doesn't matter. What matters is that Nick has to die. The statistics tell you that people always are being killed by falls in the bathtub. So why not Nick? They arrange the details carefully. Cora has a sandbag to hit him on the back of the head. It will be very simple. . . .

The fact that it turns out not too simple at all is due partly to a motorcycle cop who happens along at the wrong time, and partly to a cat. Anyway, Nick doesn't die. Not quite. And now the District Attorney (Leon Ames) has his eye on Frank and Cora. Frank leaves. But he can't stay away from Cora, and when he comes back the situation is hotter than ever. They decide to try again, this time with an automobile accident. So at last Nick dies.

Fate has curious ways of punishing evildoers. You'll come out of "The Postman" shivering a little.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

With the role of Cora, Lana Turner gets her first really meaty role to prove her acting ability. She was so pleased with the part that things on the set went even smoother than usual. . . . Screen actors are so accustomed to upsets that a smoothly running picture often creates a tension, and sensing this, director Tay Garnett cooked up a gag with his cameraman. The lenser promptly shoved Garnett, fully clothed, into a swimming pool on the set. . . . The same day, Lana strained her wrist during a swimming scene. She said little about it and had it taped by a doctor that night. When she found the next day that she was required to wear a short-sleeved dress, she did the scene leaning against a doorway with the taped arm behind the door frame. . . . John Garfield spent his free time on the set taking sketching lessons from Bill Mauldin, while Lana studied Spanish and Portuguese in preparation for her trip to South America.

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN

Describe an atom bomb. Go ahead—one with red hair. You can't? Then how can we talk about that kid from Brooklyn, Danny Kaye? Because this picture's all Danny; bouncing, wheezing, unbelievably hysterical Danny who's a milkman who can't sell milk. A Romeo who doesn't recognize his Juliet until she accepts a proposal he never makes!

Burleigh Sullivan (Danny Kaye) is the lowest point man with the Sunflower Dairies. That means that unless his sales pick up, both he and Agnes are going to be out of a job, and with Agnes in a "delicate condition," that would be serious indeed. Agnes, you see, is Burleigh's horse, and when she suddenly decides to lie down in the middle of the gutter, milk wagon and all, and won't talk to him, Burleigh knows that she needs a doctor—now. But where to get one? Suddenly, a window opens, and this blonde babe calls, "Here, use my phone." And that's how Burleigh meets Polly (Virginia Mayo). But his meeting with Speed MacFarlane (Steve Cochran) doesn't have such happy overtones. Because Burleigh accidentally knocks Speed out while trying to protect his sister Susie (Vera Ellen) from this mug's advances—and Speed is the Middleweight Champion of the World!

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See savages with leopard claws prey on fellow humans!

Meet their beautiful but deadly priestess, fiend in the flesh!

Thrill to weird and terrifying rites never before witnessed!

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'

"TARZAN and the Leopard Woman"

STARRING

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER **BRENDA JOYCE**

JOHNNY SHEFFIELD with **ACQUANETTA**

Produced by
SOL LESSER • Associate Producer and Director
KURT NEUMANN

Original Story and Screen Play by CARROLL YOUNG
Based Upon the Characters Created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

When the Champ's manager gets wind of what happened, he starts tearing his hair, and when he sees *who* made it happen, he starts tearing at Burleigh. Then he calms down. How's this for an idea? Why not build up this milksop into a contender for the title? Easiest thing in the world, just arrange a few crooked fights by having "Tiger" Sullivan's opponents hit the canvas and when the big bout, The Fighting Milkman versus Speed MacFarlane, arrives, he, Gabby Sloan (Walter Abel), will place a neat fortune on Speed to win and presto—buckets of dough.

Life not only can be but is beautiful for a while as Burleigh rolls in money and headlines and sister Susie falls in love with Speed. The only hitch is that the Tiger doesn't know that his fights have been fixed and the whole thing goes to his head. He gets brass bands to announce him at parties, tiger striped boxing shorts and a ten thousand dollar ring for Polly, who promptly heaves it right back into his bewildered face with a "You're not the man I loved. Now you're a great big show-off. And not only that—you're a killer!"

Of course the breakup saddens Burleigh, but that "you're a killer" routine kind of pleases him. Until Susie comes running with a bit of news she's just overheard: All those fights have been fixed and Speed's out to murder him tonight, tonight being the night of the big championship bout at Madison Square Garden.

No point in reminding you that Danny Kaye is far too valuable to get murdered in "The Kid From Brooklyn." But just watching him yelling "Foul!" every time Speed even looks at him, then trying to hide in front of the referee, under the canvas or behind the ring ropes is murder in itself. You'll die laughing. Which only proves that death, too, can be beautiful . . . —*Sam. Goldwyn*

P. S.

"The Kid From Brooklyn" took more than five months to film, and contained many scenes requiring hundreds of extras. Added up, the total expenditures make it one of the most expensive comedies ever produced. . . . Over forty sets were constructed, the largest of which was a sports arena on the order of Madison Square Garden, which completely filled the studio's largest sound stage with 44,000 square feet of floor space. The set was the scene of the one-round championship fight between Danny Kaye and Steve Cochran, which took more than two weeks to photograph with an audience of 2000 extras. . . . A replica of the old Third Avenue L in New York was constructed within the Garden set for Vera-Ellen's dance of "The Old Fashioned Number." . . . In the field of unfettered imagination there was a fantastic dairy set, where beautified cows relaxed in satin and plush stalls on an imitation marble floor. Silk curtains and sculptured figurines decorated each stall. The prop man's topper for the picture was the call to supply each bovine with a set of three-inch eyelashes. . . .Danny Kaye's "Pavlova Number," an impudent satire on the ballet, is one of his most famous routines. It was written by his wife, Sylvia Fine, and Max Liebman. . . . The 1946 class of the Goldwyn Girls appears in the dairy scene, wherein the famous Goldwyn beauties milk the cows. Playing the matron of the dairy is Kay Thompson, famous in Hollywood as the only woman arranger of American music, in her camera debut.

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS

Without reservations can mean many things. Like trying to bum a ride on a Westbound streamliner without a ticket—or going after a man with no holds barred because, darn it, he's your kind of fella.

But, of course, Kit Madden (Claudette Colbert) would never dream of such unladylike behavior. Kit's an attractive thirty'ish with bangs, good legs and very, very strong convictions about how the world should be run. So strong, in fact, that she's written a book about it, "Here Is Tomorrow." And now she's on her way to Hollywood to make it into a movie script, but only because her producer promised that Cary Grant would play Mark Winston, its hero. She's nicely settled in her super de luxe compartment when a telegram comes, "Cary Grant cannot accept role due to conflicting commitments. Will inaugurate search bigger than Scarlett O'Hara." That throws her, she won't do it. They promised her Cary Grant, she wants Cary Grant, she insists on—

Suddenly two Marines pop up in front of her. They're staring at the ceiling and making like she's not there. "Hey, some beetle, huh Rusty?" "Yeah, man, a beetle to end all beetles, Dink." Rusty (John Wayne) is 6′2″, with brown wavy hair, a drawl, a slow, heart-mauling grin and a ridiculous resemblance to Mark Winston. Dink (Don DeFore) is his sidekick, always ready for a laugh and a fight for the dear old Marine Corps, the corps with which they have just won the war. Straight off, Rusty proves to Kit that "Here Is Tomorrow" was written by a character who knew nothing about men chasing women—and vice versa. He buys her a drink, and she sends a wire to Hollywood, "Found unknown to play Mark Winston. Stop Must change love angle in book."

They get off in Chicago to change trains and Kit evades her studio representative in order to tag along with the boys. She

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needs Rusty for her movie, and anyhow, what's a beetle, she'd like to know.

They land in a small town, exhausted and broke, and Kit signs a check with her real name. (All this time she's been "Kitty Klotch" to the boys. "Klotch is a Lithuanian name, very old Lithuanian.") The townspeople go into hysterics, *the* Christopher Madden in their li'l ol' town?—then heave her into the hoosegow when the Hollywood papers release a prepared statement that Kit Madden is in *their* li'l ol' town. The boys have bailed her out and warned her about signing famous names to worthless checks when Kit's producer arrives and proves her identity. Rusty turns on his heel and goes off to sulk in the Marine Base at San Diego. After that it's up to Dink to play Cupid by remote control.—*RKO*

P. S.

Between scenes of the picture, John Wayne played chess with the cast and crew. He vanquished all comers, except his stand-in who vanquished him! For a scene with John and Claudette on a haystack, prop men sprayed the straw with a scented solution to protect the stars from hayfever. . . . One set for the picture covered two whole sound stages at RKO—including a highway, rolling hills, haystack, moon, and twinkling stars. . . . Claudette thought somebody was playing a trick on her when her pin-striped grey wool skirt began to give her electric charges! However, it was just weather conditions that made the skirt static. She had to grin and bear it—with a slight flinch now and then. . . . When John Wayne and Claudette Colbert had to eat quantities of Spanish food for a scene, Wayne persuaded Mervyn LeRoy to import Chef Jesus Econides from Tiajuana, Mexico to whip up a delicious repast. From tortillas to huevos, the cast enjoyed their magnificent South-of-the-Border meal.

THE VIRGINIAN

Back in the genteel days of 1885, women were either ladies or *females*, and woe betide the girl who tried to cut away from the rigid pattern that was "good enough for me, and for your grandmother, too."

But Molly Wood (Barbara Britton) can't see things that way. She wants more out of life than social teas or languid croquet games on the plantation, so she sets off for Wyoming. Maybe there she'll find adventure, even if only as a schoolmarm. She doesn't have long to wait because two days later her train is halted by a herd of cattle swarming over the tracks, and the dashing Virginian (Joel McCrea) gallops into view. She's agreeably petrified when he casually warns the train engineer, "Stampede these cattle with your whistle and I'll shoot you right out of your little window." But what promised to be a free-for-all turns out to be a grand reunion when the Virginian spots his best friend, Steve (Sonny Tufts), breezy, careless, and gallant to the teeth. So gallant, in fact, that when the train finally pulls into Medicine Bow, it is Steve who introduces himself to the wide-eyed girl and escorts her to the hotel. But Medicine Bow is feeling sick today. Trampas (Brian Donlevy) and his henchmen are in town and everybody knows what will happen if the outlaw and the Virginian tangle.

Molly and her protector are merrily leading the square dance at the open house her hosts are holding in her honor, when the sound of stampeding cattle is heard. Rushing off, the Virginian calls on the Sheriff for help in pursuing the rustlers, only to find that he too, is in league with Trampas and his men. So now it's up to the Virginian. He forms a posse, tracks the

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by Marge
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outlaws to their camp—and discovers that Steve is one of Trampas' men.

The next morning he orders Steve and two of the others hanged. Riding home, reading the note Steve left him, "So long. I couldn't have spoke to you without playing the baby," he is shot in the back by Trampas, who had escaped the man hunt.

Molly is all tenderness as she nurses the Virginian back to health, but when she discovers that it was he who was responsible for having his best friend "lynched," she is horrified and prepares to return to Vermont. But on the way home, she realizes that she loves the Virginian all the more because of his strong sense of honor and returns, weeping, to the wounded man.

On his wedding day, the Virginian runs into Trampas, who snarls, "Get out of town now—yellow belly." "Too bad you had to say that, Trampas," answers the bridegroom softly. There is a split second silence, then the two men whirl, and shoot. Trampas sags forward with a bullet through his head, a bullet the Virginian fired with Steve's favorite gun. All wrongs righted, Molly and the Virginian head for the open West.—*Para.*

P. S.

Written in 1885 by Owen Wister, the American classic was filmed for the first time in 1914 with Dustin Farnum in the title role. Again in 1929, "The Virginian" was produced by Paramount with Gary Cooper as the hero, and now the same studio has made the well-loved story in Technicolor. . . . The time-proof qualities of the tale were proven when it was decided to eliminate the famous line, "When you say that, smile," and pressure from fans restored it to the script. . . . Although a great part of the film was to be shot outdoors, production was deliberately set for the winter months, when California blooms its greenest under the rains. Four weeks were spent on location before the production started filming the cattle stampede and a few other incidents not included in the novel.

BAD BASCOMB

Without a doubt, Wallace Beery is one of the bravest men in Hollywood today. He'd have to be to play opposite that notorious little scene stealer, Margaret O'Brien. And he's such a bad man, too.

Zeb Bascomb (Wallace Beery) and his gang have been terrorizing the entire West with bank robberies, cattle stampedes and murder. Not that Zeb holds with murder particularly, but his partner, Bert Yancy (J. Carrol Naish), figures that dead men are less apt to give information on the gang's activities to any Federal agents lurking about, especially John Fulton (Donald Curtis), who's a mite too persistent for comfort. Jimmy (Marshall Thompson), is another Bascomb man. Jimmy wants to break away, but Zeb says he promised Jim's father, who died a glorious death in a skirmish with the law, that he'd take care of the boy, and the only way he can do that is to have him under his eye and teach him the tricks of the trade, isn't it?

But Jimmy is wounded after they raid the Timber City Bank and the only way the gang can escape detection is to join up with a band of Mormons on their way to Utah with a large cache of gold for the hospital they are to build there. Zeb automatically becomes "Brother Ezekial," pious as all get-out and humble, but when, in accordance with Mormon custom, he is assigned to do all the heavy work for an unattached woman, Widow Abbey Hanks (Marjorie Main), his new meekness slips a notch. His friendship with her grand-

The proudest thing I can claim is that I am from Abilene
—— GEN DWIGHT D EISENHOWER

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RANDOLPH SCOTT and ANN DVORAK with
EDGAR BUCHANAN and RHONDA FLEMING
A JULES LEVEY PRODUCTION· Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN

Associate Producer
HERBERT J. BIBERMAN

Released thru
United Artists

From the best-selling novel "Trail Town," by Ernest Haycox, author of "Stagecoach."

ARE
Your Hands

Haunting as Music?

Rough, raspy hands are as outdated as a 1912 gramaphone. Use SOFSKIN CREME to soften your skin and smooth away roughness. SOFSKIN is so good for your hands many beauticians prefer it. Make it part of your daily grooming schedule for hands, wrists, elbows and ankles, too. See how thrillingly soft and white your skin can be.

In the Black and Gold jars—
35¢ 60¢ $1.00 sizes*
**Plus tax*
Ask for the free Sofskin demonstration at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter

SOFSKIN CREME
for lovely hands and skin

SOFSKIN COMPANY FINDLAY, OHIO

daughter, Emmy (Margaret O'Brien), however, helps ease the sting of Abbey's shrewish tongue.

Zeb and Yancy are busy planning on how to steal the hospital funds when Agent Fulton catches up with the caravan to ask if anyone's seen Bad Bascomb. He's completely put off the scent by "Brother Ezekial's" false information and rides back.

The bandits are all set to escape with the gold when little Emmy, who by now is madly in love with "Grandma's fella," is flung from her wagon during a river crossing and is nearly drowned. Zeb rescues her, and because only his presence can give her the will to fight off the pneumonia she's contracted, he decides to postpone the theft. But Yancy is not so easily put off. He kills the leader of the caravan and escapes with the loot. Zeb goes after him and retrieves the money, but when he returns, he finds that Yancy has incited the ordinarily peaceful Indians to attack the Mormon camp.

The leader of the caravan now by common consent, Zeb feels it his duty to break through the Indian lines for help even though he knows that when he reaches the Fort, the Federals will be there. Just as the Indians are closing in, Zeb returns with a rescuing regiment at his heels—and John Fulton not far behind.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Because the picture was filmed straight through the Christmas holidays, the cast and crew had to squeeze in their shopping in off hours. Maggie O'Brien found it difficult to whisk unnoticed through the crowds and was often followed by gawking admirers. One day as she was buying a gift for her mother, and completely surrounded by fans, she said to her aunt, "Now, how do you suppose I can keep this present a secret from mother when all these people know about it?" . . . Frances Gifford howled for quiet on the set the day she received a telephone call from her husband. He was calling from Rome, Italy. . . . Driving home from the studio one day, Marjorie Main had car trouble. The wind blew up the top of her convertible and the only person nearby to help put it back in place was a woman watering her lawn. Marjorie mentioned her trouble in finding a housekeeper, whereupon her new friend offered her services.

PERILOUS HOLIDAY

Before the war, pictures about international crooks and lovely lady tourists and Secret Service agents were always located on the Riviera. Now it's Mexico City which harbors these assorted characters. There, where the sun is hot and the tequila hotter, Pat Nevil (Pat O'Brien) meets a couple of gorgeous babes. They are Agnes (Ruth Warrick) and Audrey (Audrey Long) and they represent, respectively, duty and pleasure. At least that's the way it begins. Pat picks Audrey up in a bar, where he has been assigned by the U. S. Treasury to keep an eye on Agnes. He hasn't seen Agnes when he gets the assignment and gloomily expects a large bosomed female with three chins. When Agnes turns out to be a smooth, chic young woman who knows all the answers, he drinks a silent toast to his guardian angel.

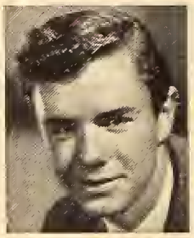
About this time, Pat's other girl friend, Audrey, rings in momma and frequent mention of wedding bells. They can't, Audrey insists, Go On This Way. Pat agrees perfectly. He thinks they can't go on *any* way, and had better say goodbye, which is not what Audrey had in mind. She suspects Agnes of having something

(*Continued on page 22*)

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet



Hi:

Right down to business with an introduction to newcomer MARSHALL THOMPSON, who enchanted you with his performance as Snake Gardner in "They Were Expendable," and Jimmy in "Twice Blessed." He was born James M. Thompson in Peoria, Ill., on Nov. 27, 1926. Is 6'1", 155 lbs. has blond hair and blue eyes, and is unmarried. Next pix are "Star From Heaven" and "Bad Bascomb." Studio: M-G-M.

Another teen-ager going places is 18-year-old CONRAD JANIS, young star of "Snafu." He was born in New York City Feb. 18. Is 5'10½"; has brown eyes and hair, and was recruited from the stage. Write to him at Columbia Pictures. Has no special gal.

FRANK LATTIMORE won your hearts as Irving in "The Dolly Sisters." He is 6' tall, 170 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is unmarried and is a recent ex-GI. Most recent pic is "Shock." His mail goes to 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California.

You loved EILEEN BARTON when she sang with Frankie, and now she's on her own program on NBC, Sat. mornings. She is 19, 5' 2" tall, has red hair and brown eyes. Address her at NBC, N.Y.C. She'll be in pix soon.

"Young Man With a Horn" is what they call LEONARD SUES, and that, incidentally, is his next pix. He was born in El Paso, Texas and is 5' 8" tall and weighs 147 lbs. Is currently featured on the Eddie Cantor show. His other films include "Heat's On," "Strike Up The Band," and "Men of Boystown." NBC, Hollywood, Calif., is the best address.

Don't forget now. If you want to see more of these young people in MODERN SCREEN, vote for them on the Free Offer coupon. For info, direct your letters, and SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPES, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Oh and you'll have to forgive us for that typographical error we made last month. Danny Morton, whom you know as Bugs Kelly in "Crime, Inc," was born in 1918. 'Fraid we advanced his age 6 years. Sorry.

Ever yours—
Bev.

"I tried to be good — always!"

Benedict Bogeaus

presents

PAULETTE GODDARD

in

"Diary of a Chambermaid"

also starring

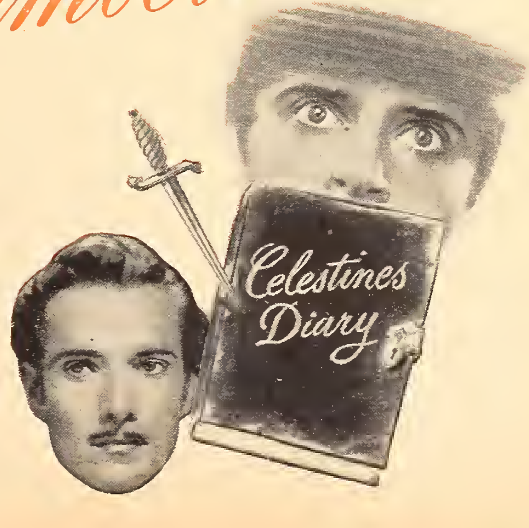
BURGESS **MEREDITH** · HURD **HATFIELD**

FRANCIS **LEDERER**

with JUDITH ANDERSON · FLORENCE BATES · IRENE RYAN and

REGINALD **OWEN**

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and BURGESS MEREDITH
Directed by JEAN RENOIR · Adapted from the novel by Octave Mirbeau
And the play by Andre Heuse, Andre De Lorde and Thielly Nores
Screenplay by Burgess Meredith · RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



Sweet and Hot

by LEONARD FEATHER

■ So suddenly it's almost Spring, and you feel like helping old ladies across the street, racing with the moon, and buying a million new records. Well, control yourself. Compromise. Start in more modestly, say with the records of the month. My choices this time are Duke Ellington's "Black, Brown and Beige" music for the best hot jazz, and Johnny Mercer's "Personality" for the best popular. More about these later. You'll notice, when you get to your clip-and-carry-to-the-music-store list at the end of the article, that I've made a slight change. The third category (after Popular, and Hot Jazz) no longer consists of albums, but rather of music from the movies. I've listed movies with good music in them and, after the movie titles, I've listed the tunes, numbers, the artists and the recording companies. From now on, when there's an especially good album, you'll find it either in the Popular or the Hot Jazz column, since after all, an album has to be one kind of music or the other—only a little more of it.

Now that I've run that into the ground, I'd like to take time out to brag a little. For, recently, I got my dream band together and put on an all-star record session for Victor. A number of the fellows were winners of the Esquire 1946 poll, and a lot of people came down just for kicks, and to do me a favor. I got Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong on the same record for the first time in history. Other terrific people involved were Red Norvo, Johnny Hodges, etc. They did some of my own tunes for a Showpiece Album (two twelve-inch records) and it'll be out in April. I'll tell you more about it then.

By the way, I wish you'd all been to MODERN SCREEN's party at the Zanzibar. You'd have rubbed noses with Jo Stafford, Jimmy Dorsey, Harry Babbitt—loads of musical celebrities. It was a lot of fun. And now go to *(Continued on page 90)*

The Cafe Zanzibar's leopard spots captured musicians as well as fans at Modern Screen's gay Fan Club Association party. Leonard Feather shared coffee and cake—and shop talk—with singer Jack Smith.

Leonard Feather sips coffee, beams at his choices for All-American Band: Billy Strayhorn behind the glasses and the keyboard, Duke Ellington of the casual collar, and trumpet-toting Louis Armstrong.

There NEVER was a woman like *Gilda!*

"I was true to one man once, and look what happened..."

"I didn't think I'd be true to a man again as long as I lived..."

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rita HAYWORTH

as

Gilda

with

Glenn FORD

GEORGE MACREADY • JOSEPH CALLEIA

Screenplay by Marion Parsonnet

Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP • *Directed by* CHARLES VIDOR

Great as is her powerful dramatic portrayal—great, too, is this dancing Hayworth—singing "Put the Blame on Mame"!

to do with this, which is perfectly right. Pat hasn't figured Agnes out. She's a smart reporter who may or may not be on the level, and if she is, why does the Treasury want her watched? Agnes, meanwhile, is having her doubts as to where Pat fits into things. He says he's a gigolo, and for all she knows, he may not be kidding.

One evening when they're doing the town together, they meet an old acquaintance of Agnes'—Doctor Lilly (Alan Hale). The doctor is fat and benevolent looking, but his benevolence goes no deeper than that of a department store Santa Claus. He has a trigger man named Louis to discourage questions about his past. But Pat asks some anyway, and from then on he's unpopular with the doctor. The stabbing of a taxi driver, the antics of an amiable drunk named George, and little Audrey who just laughed and laughed, bring things to a climax.—*Col.*

P. S.

"Perilous Holiday" is based on the serial story of the same name which ran in a national magazine. Its author, Lt. Col. Robert Carson, won an Academy Award years ago for his script, "A Star is Born." . . . Because the picture has a Mexican locale, producer Phil Ryan sent camera crews to Mexico to make location footage, and his art director went along to visit hotels, night clubs and scenic points which were duplicated in the film. When a member of Mexico's Department of the Interior visited the set, he was so impressed by the authenticity of the scene that he invited Ryan to have the world premiere of the picture in Mexico City. . . .With "Perilous Holiday," Pat O'Brien celebrated his 100th motion picture. His camera debut was made in the famous film, "The Front Page."

YOUNG WIDOW

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." And if you think that's corny, you're probably right, but it's also true. Ask anyone who has ever been really in love, and no matter how much heartbreak may have resulted, they're glad it happened.

A love that's lost. A husband killed in action. A young widow left to find her uncertain way back to happiness. That's the theme of the picture that brings Jane Russell to the screen. Jane is quite a girl and you'll like the way she handles the part of Joan Kenmore, whose husband was shot down over Berlin. After his death, Joan wanders, lost, from one place to another. She no longer has any interest in her newspaper job. She hasn't, in fact, any interest in anything, and living is just a gesture. She comes back to New York finally, because that's where she and Barry lived together. Every street corner is a reminder of him. Every bus is a bus they rode on together. A tune whistled in the night can tear her heart to pieces.

When a guy named Jim (Louis Hayward) turns up, Joan is aloof. As far as she's concerned, he's just another lieutenant in the Air Force. At first he's just wolfing. Later, when he gets to know Joan better, he falls really in love. But Joan just looks through him and smiles politely. Because she's remembering Barry. . . .

There are a lot of pleasant people in "Young Widow." And a lot of amusing dialogue. But the basic situation is whether Jim can make Joan forget Barry. I think the ending may surprise you.—*U.A.*

P. S.

In view of Jane Russell's reputation as a pin-up girl and the star of the unseen "The Outlaw," audiences will be surprised at her acting ability. It should be no surprise, as Jane is the daughter of a Broadway actress, studied dramatics before she made "The Outlaw," and put in four years between pictures with Florence Enright, noted dramatic coach. The role is highly dramatic, and relies mostly on acting and not on anatomy. . . . Four years to the day after she filmed her last shot for the unreleased "The Outlaw," Jane made her first scene for her second picture, "Young Widow."

MURDER IN THE MUSIC HALL

Here's murder to music. Here's ballet on skates. Here, in fact, is a chiller-diller with the chill coming from ice as well as fright. It is garnished by such pretties as Vera Hruba Ralston, Helen Walker, Nancy Kelly and Ann Rutherford. Not so pretty but just as effective, are William Marshall and Bill Gargan.

There is, it seems, an ice revue playing at the Music Hall. Its star, Lila (Vera Hruba Ralston), gets a note during the performance which sends her, terrified but curious, to the penthouse on top of the building. There she finds Carl (Edward Norris) who has been in jail for five years. He accuses her of having had a part in the murder which landed him there. Half an hour later, the police find Carl dead. Lila knows she didn't kill him but how can she prove it? Several of the girls in the show know that she went to meet Carl. They all knew him before he went to jail. Gracie (Ann Rutherford), the talkative understudy will probably blurt something out, even if Millicent and Diane keep quiet. Don (William Marshall), Lila's best beau, thinks the thing to do is for them to find out who did the murder and then confront the police with their evidence.

the Lips he chooses are Irresistible

And you, too, can have thrilling warm lips radiantly alive with Irresistible—the lipstick that brings glorious color to your lips and breathtaking moments to your heart. **WHIP-TEXT** to stay on longer yet be smooth-spreading, non-drying. Your most becoming shade with matching rouge and face powder available at all 5 & 10¢ stores.

Add a touch of Irresistible Perfume
it's wicked — it's wonderful

Now FINER THAN EVER
IN NEW METAL SWIVEL CASE

Lipstick by Irresistible

The trouble is the evidence seems to lead in so many different directions. A note by the body leads to Rita Morgan (Nancy Kelly), wife of a Broadway columnist. She is identified as a girl from Carl's past, and her husband is found to have known Carl was blackmailing her. Then there is the blind man who was seen going toward Carl's apartment. And the girl whose identity no one is sure of.

The police, meanwhile, are not just sitting around reading The Police Gazette, or whatever policemen read. They, too, have found evidence that leads in many directions, and one is toward Lila. But in the end the clue that points out the murderer is a song, played by a dead man.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Vera Hruba Ralston did her ice skating scenes during Hollywood's warmest spell in years. After changing from light cottons to her ice skating costume, she huddled in a fur coat between scenes. The temperature on the set was 30 degrees. . . . Bill Marshall was signed to a contract after his tests had been run for hundreds of studio stenographers and secretaries. They sighed and swooned sufficiently to put the brass hats in a dotted-line mood. . . . The feminine quintet featured in the film run the gamut of hair. Vera Hruba Ralston is a golden blonde, Helen Walker an ash blonde, Nancy Kelly has dark auburn hair, Julie Bishop is a flaming redhead and Ann Rutherford contributes blue-black tresses. . . . All owners of 16 mm. projectors, the girls discovered they were all having the same trouble getting 16 mm. film to run. They decided to form a film pool, and whenever one girl gets a print, she shares it with the others. . . . Bill Marshall shaved every morning in company with his small son, Michael. Mike had just started to walk, was so fascinated by the shaving procedure that he insisted on having his own face lathered while pop made with the razor on his own beard.

DEVOTION

This is the story of the Bronte sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne. And of their brother, Bramwell, who has such an extraordinary influence on their lives.

Back of the Haworth vicarage stretch the Yorkshire moors, wild and lonely and terrifying "Wuthering Heights." They don't terrify Emily Bronte (Ida Lupino), who somehow feels that they are a part of the dream world she lives in. She doesn't mind having people laugh at *her*, she's used to that. But she couldn't bear it if they laughed at "Wuthering Heights." So it is especially strange that she takes the new curate, Mr. Nicholls (Paul Henreid), with her.

Charlotte and Anne and Bramwell are all away when Emily becomes friendly with Mr. Nicholls. For weeks they roam the moors together. Then Charlotte (Olivia De Havilland) comes back, and with one glance takes Nicholls away from Emily. She doesn't even try to do it, for at this point she is not impressed with the curate. She is too worried about Bramwell (Arthur Kennedy), who drinks too much, to be impressed with anyone.

Charlotte and Emily go off to Brussels to school, where Charlotte has a brief, ambiguous affair with a school master. When they come back they find Bramwell dying. He reads Emily's secret love for Nicholls in her face, and reads, too, the signs of the malady which is to end her life. Charlotte and Emily publish books at the same time. Charlotte's "Jane Eyre" meets with tremendous public acclaim. "Wuthering Heights" is popular only with the critics. But in them both is the strange, inexplicable charm of the Bronte sisters.—*War.*

Hips aren't your big problem, Honey!

YOU CAN TAKE your hips right off your mind, Angel. For no one finds fault with your *figure!*

But you'd be smart to exercise a little more care about personal charm. Being streamlined, you know, won't protect you against *underarm odor*. Or lessen the offense when others find you guilty.

So keep right on trusting your bath—for *past* perspiration. But put your trust in dependable Mum to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you fresh and free from underarm odor all day or evening. Helps you stay nice to be near.

Mum is gentle—is harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. So why take chances with your charm when you can be *sure* with Mum? Ask for a jar of it today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

FREE CHARTS SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE

New CHART THIS MONTH

YOU CAN BE CHARMING!—Says Jean Kinkead—Charm is the way you look, walk, talk, think, dress, act, behave toward others. It's the difference between being the belle-of-the-ball and Alice Sit-By-The-Fire. Anyone can have it for a small investment of patience, time and effort. This chart explains how YOU can have it. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .... ☐

FOR FANS

SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)—Completely revised to include all the latest data on the lives, loves, hobbies, new pix, little known facts about the stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope...... ☐

MUSIC-MAKERS—1945-'46—by Harry James (5c)—Be in the know! The Trumpet King tells ALL in this 15-page super guide to the lives, loves, records, movies, radio shows of your favorite recording stars. Send 5c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope..... ☐

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Brand-new, re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for all your favorites—Frank Sinatra, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Alan Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION. Also, how to write good fan letters. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .... ☐

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and their movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see box on page 18 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR ROMANCE

✓ **HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead**—Be dated, re-dated, but never superannuated! The secret of making the right kind of impression on the nice boys you know. Hold-your-man tactics that WORK! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer........ ☐

✓ **BE A BETTER DANCER!—By Arthur Murray**—Easy to follow directions on all the turns and tricks that will make you a honey on the dance floor. Plus dance floor etiquette—what to wear, how to be popular with the stags. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer... ☐

✓ **PLEASE BEHAVE!** Easy etiquette for sailing through any social situation without awkward, embarrassing moments. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer............. ☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cagey to be "hard to get?" Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer all your vital heart-problems in a personal letter. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

✓ **SKIN CARE FOR TEENS**—Teen beauty depends on care, diet, grooming. Here's a chart that tells you all about skin care, facials, PROBLEM skin. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer .... ☐

✓ **HAIR DO'S AND DON'TS FOR TEEN-AGERS**—This is the last word on hair glamor! It's got everything—hair-grooming directions, charts for facial types, new hair style ideas! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.. ☐

✓ **DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—New-as-tomorrow ideas about dressing for dates. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer............. ☐

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✓ **ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—It's accessories that make your outfit! How to glamor-up your clothes with those little touches that mean everything! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer ☐

FOR HOME SWEET HOME

✓ **DESSERTS FRANKIE LOVES**—by Nancy Sinatra—Here are recipes for making Frankie's Favorite Lemon Pie, Apples Delicious, Sigh-Guy Gingerbread, and many more that are high on the Sinatra Dessert Parade. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer............. ☐

MAKE YOUR HOME MORE ATTRACTIVE—Tired of looking at the same old four walls, year-in, year-out? A paint brush, some old orange crates, a saw, and a little imagination will transform your home into a thing of beauty at penny-cost. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .... ☐

FOR CAREER

HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT JOB—Career Chart No. 1—Select the job that's right for you—on the basis of your hobbies, natural abilities, personal desires. Private secretary, model, nurse, interior decorator, statistician—whatever your choice—here's how to decide whether you'd fit in. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressd envelope (See Career Chart No. 2) .... ☐

JOBS AND HOW TO GET THEM—Career Chart No. 2—Once you decide which job is for you, you'll want to know how to go about getting it. Here's the straight low-down on scores of career jobs—how to be interviewed, salaries to be expected, even your chances of marrying the boss. The same envelope that brings you Career Chart No. 1 will take care of this one, too, if you check here.................... ☐

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c)—Send in a sample of your, or your GI's handwriting in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he really feels. Send 10c for each analysis, and enclose a stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope. For Handwriting Analysis only, ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO: MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN .... ☐

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(10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year..........

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Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y

No self-addressed envelope required.

Special THREE-IN-ONE OFFE

Save postage by taking advantage of ou special THREE-IN-ONE offer. Send us ON LARGE, self-addressed envelope with 6c postage on it for ANY THREE of the checked (✓ charts on this page. Send TWO large envelopes (6c in stamps on each) for any six of th checked (✓) charts, and THREE large envelopes (6c postage each) for the entire serie of nine.

Write to: Service Dept., Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. *Don't forget your zone number*

George Raft . . . in trouble up to his gun-hilt . . . with Ava Gardner's beauty only stirring up more . . . in the picture that proves it takes a woman to make a good guy out of an all-wrong man!

NERO FILMS presents

GEORGE RAFT

in

"WHISTLE STOP"

with

AVA GARDNER
VICTOR McLAGLEN
TOM CONWAY

Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN, Author of "ANNA LUCASTA"
From the Novel by MARITTA M. WOLFF
PRODUCED BY SEYMOUR NEBENZAL · DIRECTED BY LEONIDE MOGUY
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Add a bright note to your picture

—with "Make-up" for Your hair

Three Minutes to Glamour . . . that's all the time it takes to give your hair gleaming highlights and a flattering effect that complements your own coloring. For with modern hair "make-up", that most subtle of beauty aids, it's so easy to achieve real loveliness with a completely natural look!

After Your Next Shampoo, just do this, dissolve a package of Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of soap film vanishes! Your hair gleams with dancing highlights and new color.

The 12 Smart Shades of Marchand's Rinse offer you a variety of interesting color effects, no matter what shade your hair may be. You can highlight your natural hair shade . . . accentuate its color . . . blend little gray streaks . . . or even tone-down the harsh-looking effects that may follow over-dyeing or over-bleaching!

Absolutely Harmless, Too . . . that's Marchand's wonderful *Make-Up* Hair Rinse. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and does so much more for your hair.

Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

CO-ED

How do you rate as a date? Here's your chance to be a quiz kid, with questions and answers to give you the lowdown on that fascinating person: YOU!

■ Everything in the world is going to start growing again any week now. Everything from those crocuses in your back yard to that tree over in Brooklyn. And we've been wondering where you stand in the deal. If you've been taking your cod liver oil and stuff, you've probably got all the inches you need, but are you growing up inside where it really counts? How about your ideas, your approach to things like your family and men, your capacity for taking responsibility? Can you stand up to a pretty big disappointment, grin when the joke's on you? Or are you the gal with the quivery chin, the one who's just too young? Give yourself this quiz to find out exactly how grown-up you are—and no cheating now! If it turns out that you're a bit of a bay-bee, then get in the swing with Spring, and start growing up!

1. Your big brother imports a smooth older guy for the weekend, asks you to dig up a 4.0 senior for him. You'll do yourself the most good if you (a) invite some drip who'll make you look terrific by comparison, (b) pretend you can't get anyone so that he'll have to ask you, (c) line up some super dream dust.

2. A strictly hubba-hubba lad asks you for a date. He's a wonderful guy, but notoriously jet-propelled when it comes to woo. To guarantee a return engagement, you should (a) pitch it hard with him in your nice dark living-room, (b) keep his mind off the subject via stimulating chit chat all evening and a good night hamburger come eleven, (c) slap his face at the very first pass.

3. You've never had a date and are petrified of men. The best way to cope with man-shyness is to (a) steer clear of them for another little while and pray that it wears off, (b) take your courage in your two hot hands and make a desperate play for almost anybody you can get to look at you, (c) practise (*Continued on page 102*)

JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

The boy I go steady with will be eighteen next month. Mother says I shouldn't give him a present, as he's never given me one. What is your opinion and can you give me any suggestions? H. A., Brooklyn, New York.

We think it's kind of nice to remember birthdays, as long as the gift isn't embarrassingly elaborate or in poor taste. How about flattering him to death with his first pipe? Or one of those elegant jazz year books, for just a buck; or maybe a subscription to his pet magazine. Steer clear of too personal gifts, and don't spend more than a dollar or two and we think you'll please everyone, including your mom.

My guy is a returned veteran. He is nineteen and had one year of high school to go when he enlisted. He is anxious to go back and graduate, but I—having waited two long years for him—want to get married. Don't you think I'm right? J. J., Elmira, N. Y. (*Continued on page 92*)

PR-R-RESTO! CHANGO! KARO!

3 SIMPLE TRICKS IN 1

"Step right up, Ladies . . .

Just the small part of a dollar brings you this magic ingredient – Karo Syrup. Then, from one simple recipe, learn the trick of making 3 luscious desserts.

No fuss, no bother! This is magic, remember—you can't possibly miss.

Amaze your family . . . mystify one and all! The 3 smooth little tricks below will make you a dessert wizard . . . in no time!"

the KARO KID

THE RECIPE

ALMOND BAVARIAN PIE FILLING

- ¾ cup Karo Syrup, Blue Label
- 3 egg yolks
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon almond extract
- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- 2 tablespoons water
- 3 egg whites
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup chopped almonds
- 1 cup heavy cream or evaporated milk, whipped

Heat Karo to boiling. Beat egg yolks with rotary beater in top of double boiler; add Karo slowly, beating constantly. Place over boiling water and cook about 5 minutes, beating constantly until mixture slightly thickens. Remove from heat; add flavoring. Add gelatin, softened in water about 5 minutes. Stir until dissolved. Beat egg whites with salt until mixture stands in peaks. Fold in Karo mixture. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in whipped cream and nuts. Pour into 9-inch crumb pie shell. Chill.

Trick No. 1

CRUMB PIE SHELL

Roll 30 vanilla wafers with rolling pin to make crumbs (1 cup). Add 3 tablespoons softened butter or margarine to crumbs; blend thoroughly. Spread this mixture evenly in 9-inch pie pan, covering bottom and sides; pat down firmly with finger tips. Cut 10 vanilla wafers in half and place, cut side down, around pie plate to form a scalloped edge.

Trick No. 2

MARASCHINO BAVARIAN

Prepare as for Almond Bavarian Pie Filling, omitting almond extract and chopped almonds. Fold in ½ cup chopped, drained, maraschino cherries with whipped cream, and increase vanilla to 1 teaspoon. Chill. When slightly thickened, pile lightly into sherbet glasses. Chill. Makes 8 servings.

Trick No. 3

FROZEN ALMOND BAVARIAN

Prepare as for Almond Bavarian Pie Filling, omitting the gelatin and water. After folding in the chopped nuts and whipped cream, pour into refrigerator freezing tray. Set cold control for fast freezing and freeze until firm, about 1 hour. Set control back to normal until ready to serve. Makes 8 servings.

© Corn Products Sales Co.

Just One Cake of Camay—and your Skin will be Softer, Smoother!

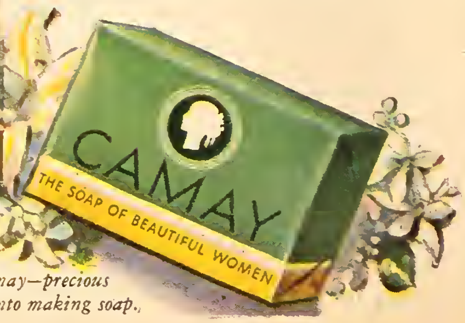
A skin that's lovelier, softer, breathtakingly smoother—it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So renounce all careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—gained a fresher, clearer-looking complexion.

MRS. ALAN FRANCIS KEITH
—the former Jean Luke of Cleveland, Ohio
Bridal portrait painted by Bolegard

THE STORY OF THE KEITHS

Rhythm and Romance for Jean and Alan—as they traced the exotic pattern of the rhumba. Between dances, Alan couldn't keep his eyes off Jean's complexion—so smooth "and most divinely fair." She credits its softer texture to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—says, "The very *first* cake of Camay helped awaken the sleeping beauty of my skin."

Honeymooning at Niagara—and the Maid of the Mist never sailed with a lovelier bride. "I'm going to help my skin stay smooth and radiant," says Jean. "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For a fresher bloom in your skin get Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation.* Follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.



Please use every bit of Camay—precious materials still go into making soap.

To our Readers...

■ First it was Parsons. Then Hopper. This issue, famous Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan writes his first radio column for us (page 56). All we need now is Winchell, and we'd have so much lowdown, you readers wouldn't be able to stand up straight!

What I like best about Ed is his dog. It's a jet black toy poodle, bigger than Mickey Mouse and smaller than Nibbles, Elizabeth Taylor's pet chipmunk. Bojangles is the name, and a fiercer, more intrepid hound you've never seen. As you come through the door, he growls deep down in his chest and stalks you implacably with blood in his eye. If you are brave like me, you ignore him and sit down. Next thing you know, if he finally decides he likes your smell (I must smell like a stewed rabbit), he's in your lap licking your face to the bone.

Ed is friendly, too. But busy. Poor fellow spends half his life in a bathrobe pounding a typewriter and the other half in a stiff shirt chatting with a microphone. Without a doubt, he's the most sought after master of ceremonies in the country. When he isn't m. c'ing some big event like the Harvest Moon Ball or the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Party (watch for it in our next issue), he's guest-starring on some friend's radio program. People say he sleeps once in awhile, but people can't prove it!

Before I blow you all a kiss and say goodbye for another month, I think you should know that Ed is going on the air for MODERN SCREEN over the American Broadcasting Company network, March 16, 2 p. m., EST. He'll be presenting our first radio award of the month to Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera. Listen in. It'll be your way of meeting Ed. And you wouldn't want to meet a nicer guy!

Al Delacorte

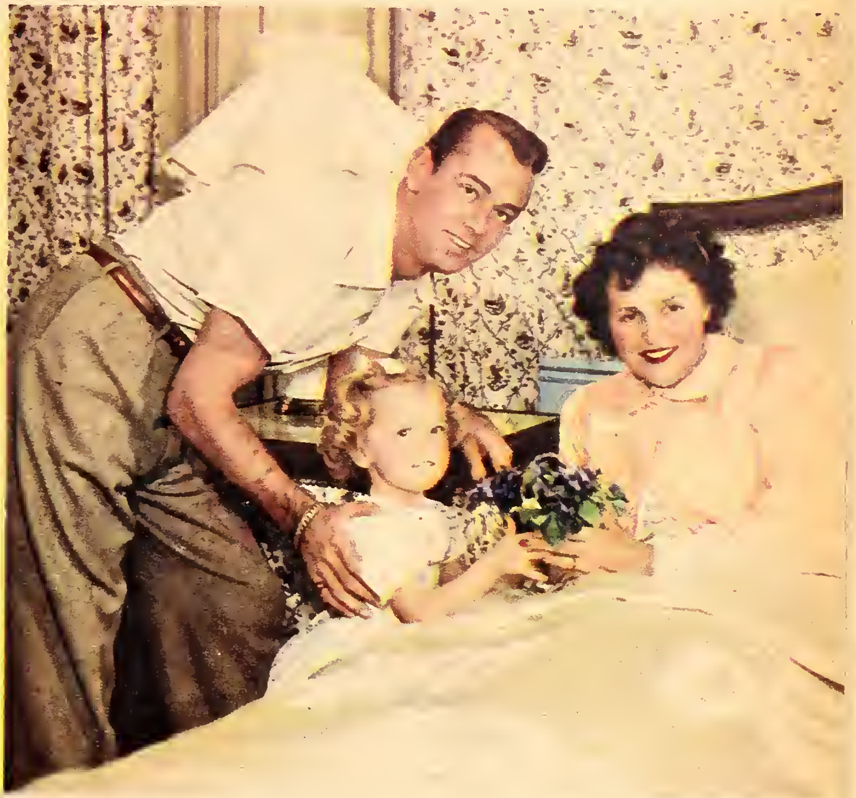
Deep conclave between Ed Sullivan and Nat Reiff, who, with Shirley Frohlich, helped Ed m.c. our Fan Club Assn. party. Read all about it in our next issue!

dream boss...

"Whatta boss!" Betty Jordan beams. Especially on learning that A.'s radio acting on "Salty O'Rourke" netted $2,000,000 in War Bond admissions

• • • SO YOU'RE A SECRETARY? AND YOU DREAM OF TAKING DICTATION FROM—OH, SAY ALAN LADD? WELL, THESE GIRLS DO!

By Jack Wade



2. Alana had been kept away from Sue for fear of catching the flu also, so it was quite an occasion when the baby was finally allowed to see her convalescing mother. To celebrate, she scooted outside, picked a bouquet!

1. It was the nurse's day off, Sue was sick in bed, and both the secretaries were busy. So Alan pitched in, spent entire day caring for Alana, groaned, "Woman's work is never done!"

■ One night last summer a pretty girl named Betty Jordan sat at a ringside table at Ciro's in Hollywood and happily pinched herself to make sure she wasn't deep in a dream.

That afternoon her boss had strolled into the room where she was working on his business affairs and casually inquired, "What are you doing tonight, Betty?"

"Why, I haven't any plans," she'd answered.

"Then how about going out to dinner with Sue and me?"

Betty wondered, after he left, if the boss knew it was her birthday, and if so, how he could guess that this year she was particularly lonely. Her Marine flyer husband wouldn't be coming back, although the war was over, because he had gone down fighting in the Pacific. She doubted if the boss could know all these things, because she'd only worked there a month. But she knew she was wrong, the minute the headwaiter at Ciro's poured champagne, and Carmen Cavallero himself, her very favorite pianist, played "Happy Birthday" especially for her.

That's when Betty dabbed at her eyes and pinched

dream boss...

3. After Sue went to sleep, Alan took time out, but Alana landed on his lap: "Read to me, daddy!" Baby had exciting Xmas. She's three now, very observant, and couldn't wait while Alan unwrapped her many gifts.

4. A goodnight kiss from Alana to her doll, and a deep sigh from Alan no one in particular. He still has to undress, bathe, and put to bed h *real* doll. Making movies (like "Blue Dahlia") is easier, he decide

5. Alana loves her bath, especially when it's a bubble bath, with daddy to fluff up the suds. Lucky girl: Her father's bought 20 newsreels and is assembling a movie history of World War II for his daughter's education.

6. All clean and shining, Alana (with pop's help) dons an old-fashioned nightie . . . and so to bed! As soon as building can be started, the Ladds will live on new 25-acre ranch, complete with swimming pool and a barn.

her arm—to find herself, a small town girl from Pennsylvania, the honor guest at a Ciro's party, sitting with Alan and Sue Ladd, meeting all their famous friends. That's when, too, Betty decided being Alan Ladd's private secretary was going to be a swell job.

She's been there almost a year now and Betty Jordan has never had occasion since to change that opinion. Nor has Diane Craigle, with three years' service stripes at the Ladds'. Together, that pair teams up to solve the peck of problems, private and professional, that swarm around a successful Hollywood star like bees around honey. They say no man is a hero to his valet, but that certainly doesn't work with secretaries—at least not with Alan Ladd's secretaries. They think he's wonderful—and that goes for Sue and Baby Alana and the whole household.

They wouldn't trade jobs with anybody in Hollywood. Alan and Sue have the happy habit of taking everyone who works for them right into the family, for one thing, and luckily it's a family that is not bothered with boredom.

"The wonderful thing about working for the Ladds," Diane and Betty chorus, "is that you never can tell what comes next. Anything can happen—and it usually does!"

Alan wants Sue with him constantly, so very often she is unable to take care of things as she would like to, so the details fall on Diane and Betty. Life is not just a basket of bills paid, letters typed, memos noted and contracts filed for Betty and Diane. Officially, they work in the big playroom back of Alan and Sue's Los Feliz home, but they're both around and all over the main house all the day and sometimes nights, too, when a Sue-and-Alan expedition gets going. And try and get those girls to go home at the end of a working day once they've mixed up in a Ladd family project! Like the time Alan and Sue set out for their Northern motor tour last fall.

That night Betty had promised her roommate at the Studio Club, where she lives, to come home early and go out to dinner and a show. At quitting time she phoned to say she'd be a little late. At six o'clock she said she hoped to get away soon. At seven, Betty called up and faced the awful truth; she'd have to call it off; there was too much happening around the mad Ladd house.

The telephones were ringing like a five alarm fire, with (*Continued on page 107*)

By Abigail Putnam

■ On Thursday morning (the housekeeper's day off) it occurred to Mrs. R. E. Powell, co-owner and operator of a delightful home in Brentwood, that it would be ever so married and matronly to prepare dinner for herself, her husband, and a choice guest.

She puzzled over the menu and buzzed around like Oscar of the Ritz.

With everything in the oven, she ran a finger down the cook book page. "The book says I have 40 minutes for a shower," she mumbled to herself. Being fast and efficient in such matters, she was out, toweled, dressed and lipsticked in twenty minutes.

Having run back and forth between bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen, she was complacent in the knowledge that all was going well.

At which point she heard geyser sounds from the bathtub. Rushing in, she arrived in time to find the water level rising rapidly in the tub instead of trickling away, and from the outlet came a gusher. Horrified, June stood transfixed. "My rug!" she squealed and leaped to rescue it. Having hung it on the line, she returned to find about an inch of water covering most of the bathroom floor.

It was Dick's rehearsal day at the broadcast, so June charged to the telephone and called the radio station. The only available line to Dick's studio was busy.

Back went his distraught wife to the bathroom to note that the waters were again rising. She shot to the telephone and called a friend.

"I'm being drowned. I mean my bathroom is. What shall I do?" gasped June.

"Call the plumber," said the friend.

"D'ya know the number?" June started to inquire, then she heard another suspicious sound. Hanging up, she raced to the maid's bath-

Who can resist an invitation to Louella Parsons'? Not even the Powells, who've been honeymooning up till now! When our MODERN SCREEN spies heard the news, they grabbed their hats and cameras, raced to L.'s to record for history . . . and *you!*

In Louella's bedroom, J. confides this is her first venture into the outside world. First two days in new house, Powells asked guests to remove shoes à la Chinese before entering bedroom or her dressing room, so's not to soil white string carpeting!

the little woman

THE PLUMBING ERUPTED, THE DINNER BURNED, AND THE DOG MISBEHAVED. BUT WAS MRS. RICHARD POWELL FLUSTERED? YOU BET SHE WAS!

A hot scoop scorched the wires in Louella's office, and J. unashamedly listened in. L. knows Dick from years back, when both worked on "Hollywood Hotel" radio program.

Teletype machine fascinated June, so Louella explained what made it tick, allowed June to send message. When J. was sick in bed with cold recently, Dick amazed her by entering room playing trumpet. Repeated act with sax, clarinet, till J. yelled "Enough!"

room. The waters were rising!

This was too much for June. She got the radio station on the phone. "I've got to talk to my husband!"

The operator was sympathetic—but firm. No artist was to be disturbed while on the air.

"But it's only rehearsal today," explained June. "Really it is."

"My report from the studio is that they are on the air," said the operator, and that was that.

To make a long story short, the dear good plumber arrived, rolled up his trousers and stopped the flood.

And, yes—the food! June charged to the kitchen and yanked out the steak and the potatoes. Everything looked just fine.

But when it came to the eating—that was another story. Dick couldn't have cut the steak with all the tools in the plumber's kit.

"We have a lovely dessert," June said in a choked little voice.

After two bites, Dick gazed at the little woman in utmost admiration. "What peaches!" he said. "Simply delicious. And this cake is absolutely out of this world."

"The peaches are canned, and I bought the cake," said June, bursting into shrieks of laughter which were joined by Dick and the dinner guest.

Well, that's marriage for you. The good and the bad. The bitter tragedies. And the beautiful, unforgettable moments.

Like last Christmas, for instance, June's chief gift from Dick is one of the loveliest of sentimental mementos. As you probably know, Dick designed June's wedding ring of gold, a star sapphire, and diamonds. Using the same design with three sapphires of larger size, Dick ordered a matching bracelet to place under the Christmas tree.

And then there was Heathcliff. Heathcliff is a cocker spaniel, strawberry blonde of coloring, and violently affectionate of disposition.

June set to work at once to teach him tricks, using dog biscuits as persuaders. It required nearly a week to teach Heathcliff to sit down on command. Another week to teach him to lie down. His understanding of the order, "Roll over" and the even more important "Go to bed" absorbed hours of June's energy. Finally, however, Heathcliff behaved beautifully. So his mistress (*Continued on page 126*)

Gabfest concerned party at the Atwater Kents gang would attend next night. J.'s wearing Howard Greer designed dress Dick birthday-presented her with. D. chirped, "I don't care what color it is—so long as it's blue!"

Between two women dangles cocker spaniel Jimmy, whose cousin Heathclif belongs to the Powells. June named her pup thusly so she could hang out windo howl "Heathcliff!" and scare neighbors into "Wuthering Heights" state of suspense

uello's a "saver," hoards stars' letters from 'way back. Dane Clark (who popped in to hello) looks over a collection of autographs with the Powells that would turn fans a-green with envy. Dick's newest pic is "Cornered," June's, "Sailor Takes A Wife."

the little woman

k congratulates June, who just beat him at backgammon, with no coach-
by Louella, either! J.'s ring and bracelet, courtesy of Santa C. and Richard
Dick had bracelet made to match engagement ring; J. was thrilled!

Kissing Louella goodnight gave the Powells ideas, so-o-o! Dick's used to seeing June in sweater 'n' skirt, thinks she's "elegant" all dressed up!

Their Hearts are Young and Gay

"MOST GIRLS TALK TOO MUCH," SAYS GUY MADISON. "ALWAYS TRYING TO IMPRESS A GUY! BUT GAIL RUSSELL—M-M-M-H!"

By Cynthia Miller

A grand evening at Henry Willson's (left) with Diana Lynn, Guy Madison, Gail Russell—and Harry James on a record! Gail's very friendly with Guy, but there's also Peter Lawford and Billy De Wolfe in the running!

Guy helped Henry play host, made special egg coffee for guests. Guy's headed for stardom in "Till The End Of Time," with Dorothy McGuire, though it's only his second picture since bit role in "Since You Went Away."

Girls did a retouch job while Guy kibitzed. Diana's having tough time coaxing her mom to let her accept Loren Tinda ring. Introduced Henry to Loren, who've become best of frienc

■ Guy Madison get into a black tie and stiff shirt? Not for his own mother—on Mother's Day! But tonight was different. Tonight he was stepping out with Gail Russell. So there he stood, an unhappy hunk of man, in front of the mirror, tormenting the black ribbon, while under his shirt the perspiration ran like ice down his chest.

"Henry!" he yelled. "Henry!"

Henry, of course, was Henry Willson, a chap of 32, who is assistant to the president of Selznick's Vanguard Pictures. Every MODERN SCREEN reader knows all about how Henry discovered Guy at a broadcast. Since then they've grown close as brothers, and the finest foursome in town consists of Henry Willson and Diana Lynn—and Guy Madison and Gail Russell.

The way Gail and Guy met originally makes a cute story. Luther Lester, drama coach at Paramount, and Gail were emerging from Paramount one night, as Guy and Henry arrived. Introductions were made and acknowledged formally, then Luther and Henry got to chatting. Gail and Guy said nothing.

The foursome returned to Luther's office, where Guy was to be coached. Guy and Gail smiled at each other, and Guy said, "Hi!"

"Hello," said Gail.

"I saw you in 'The Uninvited' (*Continued on page 114*)

"and so they were

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

"Jeanne Crain, age, 20, occupation, actress." Paul fills out the application for a marriage license in Los Angeles on December 28th, a few days before the ceremony. It's the first *altar-ation* for both.

Lucky Paul Brooks! He's doing what servicemen in the South Pacific sighed about when they voted Jeanne Crain as the girl they'd most like to come home to . . . only Paul got there first!

Jeanne returned from her honeymoon for retakes on new pi
"Centennial Summer," to find a surprise visitor: Lon McC
lister. Hearty congratulations show Lon's no sore lose

married...”

THEY MET AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE—FUN.
THEY MET AT A CROWDED MARKET—FATE. AND SO
THEY WERE MARRIED—FOREVER 'N' EVER,
SAYS JEANNE CRAIN BRINKMAN

Comfortable, and so-o-o romantic, as Paul Brooks (né Brinkman) carries his bride over the threshold. The handsome groom's often mistaken for Errol Flynn; when a group of fans rushed him outside a theater one night, Paul obligingly autographed with Errol's name!

■ It was four-thirty in the morning of the last day of 1945, when Jeanne Crain turned off the lights in the guest room in the San Fernando Valley home of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Kester, where she had been staying ever since her misunderstanding with her mother.

Hanging in the closet was her lovely white suit and in a hat bag on the dresser was a huge white felt hat. How incredible that these clothes she had bought on a casual shopping tour should develop into her wedding wardrobe! Tomorrow, thought Jeanne, as she snuggled under the blankets, she would be Mrs. Paul Brinkman.

"Try to sleep, darling," Paul had said when he had kissed her goodbye several hours earlier. "Don't think. Just rest. Everything will turn out all right."

But she had so much to think about! From her bed she could see the gradual reddening of the sky in promise of a brilliant dawn, and about that brightening she remembered a line from some treasured book, "Happy the bride the sun shines on." So she was to be a bride in sunshine!

The sun had been shining the first time she had ever seen Paul—that she remembered clearly. The Kesters had called Jeanne one Saturday to say, "We're having a Sunday morning brunch at noon tomorrow. Bring your current dove and join us, won't you? We've invited an amusing crowd that we think you'll enjoy."

So Jeanne, after consulting her mother, had called a boy and tendered the invitation. Like all well-reared girls, Jeanne's social life was carefully regulated; she was not allowed to telephone boys except under specific circumstances approved by her mother. Even when 20th Century-Fox was giving some sort of an affair and wanted to make a professional appearance date for Jeanne, Mrs. Crain was consulted before any action was taken. Jeanne was seventeen at this time, sweet, untouched by

(*Continued on page 94*)

FOR A WHILE IT WAS ALL MIXED UP—WANTING TO SING AND THE NEW BABY AND LILLIAN EASING THE TIGHT SPOTS. THEN CAME THE BREAK. NOW EVERYTHING'S ROSY, THANK YOU. (LIFE STORY, CONCLUDED)

dennis morgan

The Morgans sure aren't night owls, but the day Dennis signed a brand new 7-year contract with Warners', he blew Lillian to a high time at Ciro's. Denny wouldn't sign, however, before studio execs promised, "No more musicals!"

■ Stan Morner and Lillian Vedder were married on a balmy Indian Summer evening at Lillian's home in Marshfield. Half the town was there to watch the high school romance blossom in Doctor Vedder's garden, along with pals from Prentice and a sprinkling of Morner and Van Dusen relatives. Lillian was lovely in white and Stan was tall and trim, perspiring a little in dark blue coat and creamy white flannel trousers. It wasn't the summer heat that made his brow bead up, but the shakes that seize almost every groom, helped along by a narrow escape from stark tragedy. Because up until minutes before he walked down the aisle, Bridegroom Stan didn't have any pants to wear at his wedding.

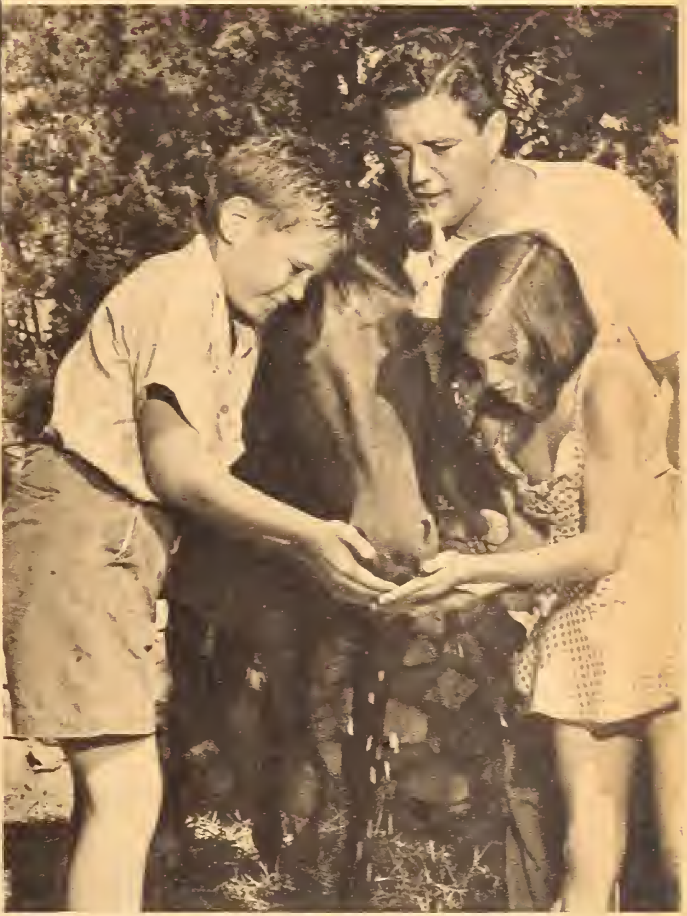
He'd stopped in Milwaukee on the way to enlist his good friend, Bob DeHaven, as best man. Together, they'd ordered the ice cream color pants for the garden wedding. Bob was to wear his and bring Stan's when he came down the fateful day. But as the crowd gathered for the ceremony, Stan Morner paced up and down in Doctor Vedder's room, hair slicked, tie knotted, shirt dangling above his shorts. No wonder his bare knees trembled with the whips and jingles. The agony ended a few minutes before the nuptial deadline when Bob finally rolled up with the necessary trousers. Stan slipped into the pants and they raced to the starting line, on time but shaky.

Another minor crisis developed when Lillian's sister, Jeanette, sitting at the piano to play the Wedding March, saw a Wisconsin wind snatch the music off her rack and whisk it clear over the fence and down the block the minute the preacher signalled "ready." She couldn't play without music; she had to sing the Mendelssohn.

(Continued on page 116)

Just before going on the Screen Guild Broadcast with Bruce Cabot, Dennis received word that his old Alma Mater, Carroll College, had conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts—the first award of its history!

BY
KIRTLEY
BASKETTE



Stan, Jr., and Kris, California born and bred, take naturally to the outdoor life—even though it's Dad who's the Wisconsin woodsman. Dennis' next pic is "Two Guys From Milwaukee" with Jack Carson.

The Morgan ranch has started specializing in breeding prize-winning fruits. Only problem now is keeping Stan from shinning up the trees after the whoppers!

JOHNNIE JOHNSTON SANG IN BEER JOINTS ALL NIGHT;
DOROTHY WORKED DAYS. SO THEY MET FOR BREAKFAST—
AND HOARSE AS HE WAS, SHE UNDERSTOOD WHEN HE
CROAKED, "WILL YOU MARRY ME?"

BY JEAN KINKEAD

Oh, Johnnie!

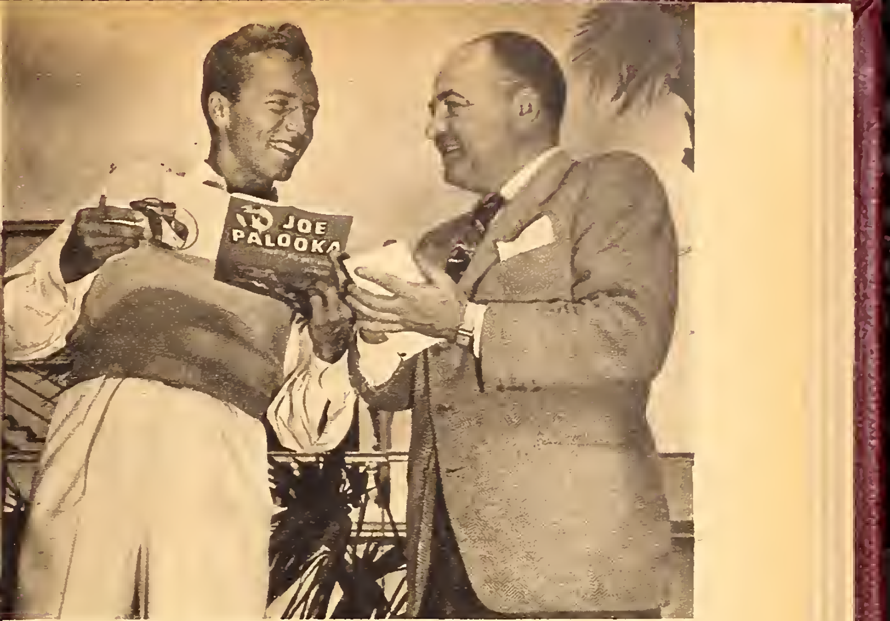
■ Right off the bat the youngsters in Kansas City got on to it that the "new kid" was different. He was only four when he moved in from St. Louis, but he had an air, a swagger that set him apart. Even the big six and seven-year-olds noticed him. "Grousy, grousy new kid," they'd shout at him from their tricycles, but they'd always stop a minute and say, "What's your name?"

"Johnnie Clifford Johnston," he'd reply, and get on with the business of making mud pies or chasing squirrels. When he felt chatty he'd hurl the bombshell at them. The startling bit of information that was responsible for the swagger. "My mom and pop are champion bowlers." In the circles in which he traveled that was more impressive than having your parents in Congress, and in almost no time he was a local figure.

It was pretty darn wonderful having a mother who *did* something, but now and then a guy wished she were just a plain old everyday mom who was always around. It made you feel a little empty sometimes to come home and yell "Mom!" and then remember that Mom was downtown practicing for the next match. One big thing it did for Johnnie, though, was to put him on his own when he was very, very young. Aged ten, he was making his own decisions, making his own

(Continued on page 103)

Vacationing in Florida, Johnnie "rested" by sailing, fishing, swimming, golfing, and even got in a few sets of tennis at the Roney Plaza courts. His excuse? "I had to get in shape for my opening at the Copacabana!"



Ham Fisher, cartoonist-creator of fightin' Joe Palooka, gets some inside-dope on boxing from Johnnie Johnston, ex-amateur ring champ. Weighing 125 pounds at the time, Johnnie lost only 3 bouts out of 39!

In order to celebrate the invite to audition for NBC in '37, Johnnie startled his pals by splurging $60 of his $90 bankroll for a set of golf clubs! He and Benny Goodman are golf inseparables.

Kibitzer criticized Johnnie's gin rummy technique, teased him about that lock-over-the-forehead coiffure. Item: J. climbed trees for a drink of cocoanut milk! He's gay at night clubs, but no hard likker!

Johnnie spreads it on thick while lunching with Joe Pasternak. Time was when he worked for a doughnut company for 50c a day and two meals, consisting of coffee and—yep!—sinkers.

Oh, Johnnie!

plans. And making them well. You see, along about then he decided to go on the stage.

It happened like this. North East Junior High gave a colossal something called a "Jamboree" which had everything. Tumbling, a minstrel show, singing, dancing. There were fourteen acts and Johnnie was in eleven of them. He played a guitar, did a buck-and-wing, was end man—"Anthracite," by name—in the minstrel show, and sang "Singin' in the Rain" in a yellow slicker and big sou'wester hat. To be applauded eleven different times in one evening was really something. It went to his head. He was reeling with it. Going home with mom after the show, he exploded.

"Oh boy, the minute I get out of Junior High I'm going on the stage." Mom smiled at him in the dark and didn't say anything. It was a bright, dream-hung moment in a little boy's life. There'd be time enough to crusade for education tomorrow. Or the day after.

Of course Johnnie didn't go on the stage for years and years. He had a dozen jobs before he became a singer. When he was thirteen he was hustling pool. He was a long, lean kid, and when he slicked down his blond hair and stuck a cigarette in his mouth, he looked about seventeen, and it was nobody's business that the cigarette was only a Cubeb—made of herbs.

Job Number Two came when he was in high school. Ukuleles came in then, and Westport High had a uke club of which Johnnie was president (*Continued on page 103*)

Using his finger to beat out the rhythms, Johnnie checks musical score at rehearsal with Dave Tyler and pianist before his night club engagement. Chorus girls ganged up, but stood by, fascinated, when J. vocalized.

"Hold that smile!" Joseph Zoppler, famed portrait painter, sketches Johnnie under the palms before finishing the job in oils. Sitting while someone else sketches is a far cry from Johnnie's sign painting days!

Eager Beaver...

■ *(We wanted a real, on-the-scene report on Don Taylor, so naturally, we went right to the source: His home town! All the way to Freeport, Pa., went one of our editors, to get you this first-hand account of Don's life from his mother and father.*—THE EDITORS.)

With all the excitement, nobody would have been in the least surprised if a voice suddenly rang out with, "Lights, action, camera!" That's how unbelievable it all was. MODERN SCREEN was throwing its big, stupendous, colossal Poll Party and if Harry Truman had been available at the time, he probably would have been there, too. Everybody else was. Hostess Louella Parsons kep ducking out from behind the mounds o heaped turkeys and hams to greet Pete Lawford and Rosalind Russell and Va Johnson, and you couldn't tie Mik Romanoff down. He'd provided th decorations, he'd thought up thos carved ice figures and darned if he wa

"Learn a trade, son," Mr. Taylor preached. So Don studied law and sold subscriptions and even fell in love. But it wouldn't work, it couldn't dull the stardust • by Miriam Alberta Ghidalia

At 6, Don was tow-headed, all boy, with most of his time spent in refusing to tend baby sister Janet and tearing his clothes fence climbing. He had a passion for trick hats—said they helped him play actor!

Penn State College social affairs always featured the "We Three" troupe. Don was a one-man version of the "First Nighter," Doris Disney sang, Leon Robinowitz "killed 'em" with impersonations.

As a kid, Don was sure his dad's position on the Penn. School Board would make him "teacher's pet." It didn't, though—Mom Taylor kept getting notes from school complaining of her "wild Indian."

going to pass up this perfectly wonderful chance to kiss every female hand in Hollywood! When he finally got around to Phyl Taylor, he was sagging a little.

"Fine wife you've got there, Don," he announced, "pretty girl."

Phyl whooped. "He knows us! Darling, we are (*Continued on page 79*)

blithe spirit

SO-O-O GROWN UP, THAT LIZ TAYLOR, WITH A FUR COAT, 'N' EVEN MAKEUP—TILL SHE FORGETS, AND ROMPS ON THE FLOOR WITH TWEEDLES, HER DOG.

■ Elizabeth tucked her autograph book into her new muff. "Do you think Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. will give me his autograph, mummy? I'd rather have it than *anything!*"

"I think he will, dear, if you ask him nicely." Pretty Mrs. Taylor smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm.

"Doing a broadcast from the White House is about the most wonderful thing that could happen to a girl, isn't it? Oh, honestly, I'm so thrilled I could die!"

"Well, don't die till you come back. Hurry up now, the car's waiting. Are you ready?"

Elizabeth danced to the door, clutching her white muff dramatically to her breast. Her grey eyes with their black velvet smudge of lashes blazed excitement.

The car which was waiting for them had Cornelia Otis Skinner in it, and Elizabeth promptly bagged her autograph. As soon as they got to the White House, she added Mrs. Truman's signature to her collection. When tall, handsome F.D.R., Jr. strode into the room, Elizabeth reached for her book again. But it was just time for the broadcast to begin, and there was a mad flurry of activity. Elizabeth was definitely jittery until she saw that Mrs. Truman was, too, which had a curiously calming effect. The broadcast went off smoothly, and then the newsreel men took over. Elizabeth left her bag and muff with her mother while she posed for the camera with Mrs. Truman and the others. Every few minutes she took a deep breath to ease the aching excitement in her chest. It was all so unbelievable, that she should be standing by the President's wife and the late President's son.

Right at that moment, the man in charge said politely, "Mr. (*Continued on page 98*)

Liz dotes on radio plays, comics, interviews, Garson. Was furious because rain made her miss daily ride on King Charles, the horse Metro gave her. No matter—she beat Shirley Johns at ping pong!

by Virginia Wilson

Watch MARK STEVENS!

by HEDDA HOPPER

■ "How do you do, Miss Hopper," said Mark Stevens, tossing me a level glance: "Where's the Gruen watch?"

Well, now, really! I gasped. I knew long ago that if I didn't watch out I'd soon be about the most popular gal in Hollywood, and not because I'm the cutest kid in town, either. When you go around doping winners for MODERN SCREEN's Star-of-the-Month, and handing out beautiful Gruen wrist watches to boot—well, it's hard to miss. You're welcome in the best society. You're everybody's pal. Yes, indeed.

But I'd never had anyone come right out with the irresistible secret of my allure—not so soon, so quick, so brutally frank.

"Listen here, (*Continued on page 72*)

"Let's pool our change in a piggy bank," suggested Mark to Mrs. S. So after four months they opened it for a splurge—and found $1.15! They'd each been cribbing from it!

HE'S THE RUGGED ROMEO WITH THE SMOOTH APPROACH—HEDDA HOPPER'S CHOICE FOR STAR-OF-THE-MONTH

Mark chortled, "A Gruen Watch, just what I wanted!" when Hedda Hopper presented him his award as Star-of-the-Month. Poor Mr. S. hates makeup, wore down from 175 to 155 lbs. on "From This Day Forward" arguing the point . . .

I'm a Crosby Fan!

by Leo McCarey

Director of "Bells of St. Mary's"

NO MAN'S A HERO TO HIS VALET,

AND NO STAR'S A HERO TO HIS DIRECTOR, IN HOLLYWOOD.

BUT WHEN THE STAR'S NAME IS BING CROSBY, WELL . . . !

■ I'll make a confession. I make my living directing pictures; but underneath I'm a frustrated song writer. I'd rather have been one Irving Berlin or Jerome Kern than six Leo McCareys. That's life. You always want to be something you aren't. And I wasn't. At least not for Bing Crosby I wasn't. I'd wrestle around with lyrics, scribbling "moon" and "June" and "love" and "stars above" until I came up with something I thought was really pretty hot. Then I'd take them to my baritone beau-ideal, Bing.

"How about singing this?" I'd ask. He'd look it over, hum a few notes. "Okay," he'd say. "Maybe I can run it in tonight."

But he never could. I'd pay cover charge and drink all the Prohibition ginger ale at the Grove waiting for Bing to croon a masterpiece of mine and make me famous. But no. I'd hear "I Surrender Dear," "If I Could Be With You," "Mississippi Mud." I don't think Bing thought so much of me as a songwriter. Some people are that way. My wife, for instance. She's heard all my songs, because all my friends get (*Continued on page 128*)

Leo McCarey's a favorite golf partner of Bing's—even if he does beat the crooner. He owns stacks of Crosby records, secretly imitates "boo-boo-boo" style in his shower! (Bing's next: "Blue Skies.")

Bing battled with his radio sponsors when he felt he needed a rest. He's due for competition on the air from within the ranks: One of his older sons will have his own radio show — if papa consents!

ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING . . .

■ I never thought, honestly, that I'd make the Metropolitan Opera! Even though I've often played golf with Crosby and know Sinatra, Como, Johnnie Johnston and Andy Russell intimately, the Metropolitan Opera had eluded my wildest dreams. You can believe, too, that if ever anyone had suggested to Edward Johnson, general director of the Metropolitan Opera, that he permit a New York columnist to participate in a Saturday matinee of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," even the wonderful suavity of the "Met" boss could not have been maintained. You can picture Mr. Johnson summoning Barnaba, chief of police in "La Gioconda," and directing him to toss me into the Grand Canal, main waterway of Venice.

Radio Editor Sullivan with the Met.'s Edward Johnson.

However, the impossible has come to pass and on one wall of the Metropolitan Opera Guild there hangs visible proof that Sullivan achieved the Metropolitan Opera during the March 16th, 1946 performance of "La Gioconda." The plaque which hangs on the Guild wall is lettered:

THE MODERN SCREEN RADIO AWARD
presented by Ed Sullivan
to
EDWARD JOHNSON
in recognition of the splendid cultural services
rendered by his Metropolitan Opera broadcasts.

In selecting Mr. Johnson and the Metropolitan Opera for the first monthly award of a series which will honor those who have contributed greatly to radio, MODERN SCREEN was very conscious that here was a man, and an organization, deserving of the loftiest recognition. Above and beyond the broadcasts themselves, Americans owe to Mr. Johnson sincere appreciation for breaking down the operatic barriers which had been maintained against young American singers. Perhaps his decision to open the Metropolitan roster to all singers stemmed from Johnson's own experience. When he trained for the Opera under Caruso's teacher, Vincenzo Lombardi, the young Canadian tenor was advised to bill himself as Eduardo Di Giovanni. From 1912, his debut at Padua, until 1919, when he returned as an acknowledged tenor star, Johnson sang under the name of Di Giovanni.

In his eleventh year as general director of the "Met," Mr. Johnson must derive deep satisfaction from a roster that includes such names as Rise Stevens, James Melton, Nadine Connor, Patrice Munsel, Eleanor Steber, Lucille Browning, Robert Merrill, Mimi Benzell, Richard Tucker, Dorothy Kirsten, Frances Greer, Helen Traubel, Maxine Stellman and so many others whose splendid dreams came true only because of his sympathetic understanding.

I'm delighted that this first award should go to Edward Johnson. My pledge is that these monthly awards will be on the same high level, even though I grant you that men of the professional stature of Edward Johnson are not to be found on every Crosley-Hooper rating.

I'd like to hear from you MODERN SCREEN readers. When something, or somebody in radio impresses you as having done something that warrants national acclaim, drop me a memo here at MODERN SCREEN. Your suggestion will be weighed carefully. Perhaps you'll call attention to someone who might escape this roving eye, and I'll appreciate your cooperation.

Of Mice, Men and Sponsors

Artie Auerbach, whose dialect jingle of "A pickle in the middle, with the mustard on top" added another comedy plus to the Jack Benny program, used to heckle me in my vaudeville act. . . In the Detroit Fox Theater, once, Auerbach was carried into audience view on the enormous orchestra elevator. It had seats for 60 musicians, but Artie came up on it alone. . . When Parks Johnson and his "Vox Pop" program fades temporarily from the airwaves April 22, happiest will be Parks. After 14 years of broadcasting, the veteran will be able to vacation all summer at Wimberly, Texas (unhappiest, however, will be Sullivan. Each summer, Parks and Warren Hull have used me as a pinch-hitter) . . . Steve Hannegan, when he took over the Jack Benny publicity chores, was amazed at Jack's nervousness. Recently, when Steve came back from the Coast, I was sitting at the Stork Club with him and Ann Sheridan. "How's Jack?" I asked. "Wonderful."

(*Continued on page 127*)

HER RING—three handsome diamonds set with severe beauty in platinum

She's Engaged!

Cornelia's complexion is soft, clear—eyes, blue-violet—hair, burnished brown

Cornelia V. Clapp

charming young daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Clapp
"Apple Meadow," Bedford, N. Y.,
is to be the bride of
Lt. (j.g.) James R. Neal, Jr., U.S.M.S.

She's lovely! SHE USES Pond's!

BOOKS FOR SAILORS—At the Seamen's Institute, Cornelia helps collect books to send out to the Merchant Marine. A friendly service as important in peacetime as in wartime. Cornelia is also a delightful hostess at a well-known and popular officers' club in New York. It was there she met her lieutenant fiancé.

"When Bob comes home from sea he's going to be a lawyer, and we hope to live in Virginia," Cornelia says.

Cornelia has a lovely air of exquisite grooming. And, like so many engaged girls, her complexion is "Pond's-cared-for."

"I'm awfully choosey about using a *very good* cream," she says. "Pond's is absolutely perfect for me—so *cleansing* and *soft*."

She *smooths* Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She *rinses* with a second coat of Pond's, making quick circles around her face. Tissues off. "I cream *twice*—for *extra* softness and *extra* clean-ness," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Cornelia's way *every* morning, *every* night—for in-between freshening-ups, too. It's no accident more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* luxury size jar today!

You'll love a big, luxury jar!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

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Princess Guy de Polignac
Mrs. Alister McCormick
Viscountess Milton

louella parsons' Good news

JEANNE CRAIN'S MOM ISN'T MAD ANY MORE; VAN'S MENDING AS WELL AS BREAKING HEARTS; LADDIE CAME HOME

If Susanna Foster's heart was broken and she carried a torch when Turhan Bey fell in love with Lana Turner—she is having mighty sweet revenge.

I happen to know that Susanna WAS very much in love with the Turkish Delight and that they had even gone so far as to discuss marriage plans when Lana came into his life.

At first, the little Foster girl was miserably unhappy. It was around that time that she first started discussing leaving the screen for an operatic career—an idea she has now put into effect—but NOT because she is still grieving for Turhan!

With his romance with Lana an affair of the dim, dear past—Turhan has been wooing Susanna with all the old fire and ardor.

Three times he has driven up to her home at Carmel to beg her to let bygones be bygones. On one occasion, his mother (who never approved of his romance with Lana) went with him. Mama always liked Susanna.

But the lady says it is all over, finished and definitely through. The real big interest in her life right now is the five sabbatical years she is taking off from her Universal contract to study for the Metropolitan Opera. Movies, Turhan and love are all behind her now while the blonde songbird concentrates all her attention on her singing career. And her heart is all patched up.

• • •

I say it is good, good, good that Universal is bringing Deanna Durbin back to the screen as her old sweet self in her first picture after the birth of her baby, in "Josephine." I never thought Deanna was the type to go sophisticated. Did you? Leave the wisecracks and the brittleness to actresses like Barbara Stanwyck. Deanna was our baby songbird and we loved her that way.

(Continued on page 60)

Fan club prexy Carol Whelchel still can't believe it—being invited to Louella Parsons' with LOP awarding her M.S.'s semi-annual Fan Club Assoc. Trophy Cup. Who's the club for? Dane Clark, but natch. . . .

Canada's ski slides provided the T. Powers (at "Leave Her To Heaven" premiere), with some much-needed relaxation. Ty and Annabella spent his first week out of service at a tourist camp 150 miles from H'wood.

T. W. M. E. B. *

Painted from life by Andrew Loomis

***The World's Most Exciting Brunette**

JANE RUSSELL

So thrillingly alive — she couldn't live without love! So breathlessly beautiful — she couldn't escape from men! So tensely dramatic you'll always remember her — and this great new hit!

Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG

★Young Widow★

Starring

JANE RUSSELL
LOUIS HAYWARD

with FAITH DOMERGUE • KENT TAYLOR
MARIE WILSON • CONNIE GILCHRIST
and
PENNY SINGLETON

Directed by Edwin L. Marin *Released thru United Artists*

Lee Garmes, A.S.C. Director of Photography
Screenplay by Richard Macaulay and
Margaret Buell Wilder
Additional Dialogue by
Ruth Nordli

Good news

never been to Phoenix—and she and Dick were going to a dude ranch. You would have thought he was taking her to Cairo or to a Palace in Persia, she was that excited.

"Will I ride?" she kept asking him, "will we take hikes? Isn't it wonderful? We're going away together—oh, I'm so happy!" And all that isn't an "act" on the part of little Junie, either. She was genuinely happy to be going away with Dick and to be going to Arizona for the first time.

She was wearing a brand new Howard Greer dress. "My Pappy gave me six of these," she said—Pappy being Dick, of course. I noticed she wore little pumps with buckles and gloves.

June said, "I'll never again give any of these commentators a chance to criticize me for going around in slacks and bandanas."

Dick grinned and said, "You look good to me, honey, no matter what you wear." That's the way it is with the Powells.

But I think June is sensible to get a little clothes conscious. Stars should always look their best at all times, on all occasions.

• • •

This month I want to have a little talk with you about something that is happening with frequency in our movietown—and must be happening elsewhere, judging (*Continued on page 66*)

Academy Award nominee Milland guested on the Screen Guild Show with Jane Wyman—and a beard. Seems he needs a stubble for Para.'s "California," and Ray believes in growing his own.

That $40,000 platina fox coat C. Colbert (here with producer Frank Ross) graces was from the "Tomorrow Is Forever" wardrobe. But Claudette was so sensational, studio gifted her with it.

"Adventure" makes Greer's ninth film to open at N.Y.'s Music Hall, but now that ex-sea dog Richard Ney is home, wifie plans to do fewer pix per year. If possible, she'll co-star with Dick. For luck?

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ke. Rich in lanolin. Solitair guards your skin against
. too. Takes only seconds to apply. No need for loose
. Try it—you modern in gabardine! $1, 60¢, 25¢.

nal Gabardine suit by Anthony Blotta

leading skin specialists say, "Solitair won't clog pores!"

Solitair cake make-up

Contains Lanolin

Good news

At Beverly Hills Hotel, Sonny Tufts tells wife Barbara what he did on hospital tour: "I sang—not good, but loud." Sonny lost 16 lbs. last year when his hand got infected, went down to mere 203!

She huffed, she puffed, and Ginger R. Briggs blew out all 3 candles of third anniversary cake at Ciro's with her own personal pride of the Marines, Jack B.

Shortly before leaving for So. America, Lana Turner attended a premiere with Bob Hutton. When her plane landed in S. A., 5,000 ardent fans were on hand to greet Lana—police couldn't hold 'em back!

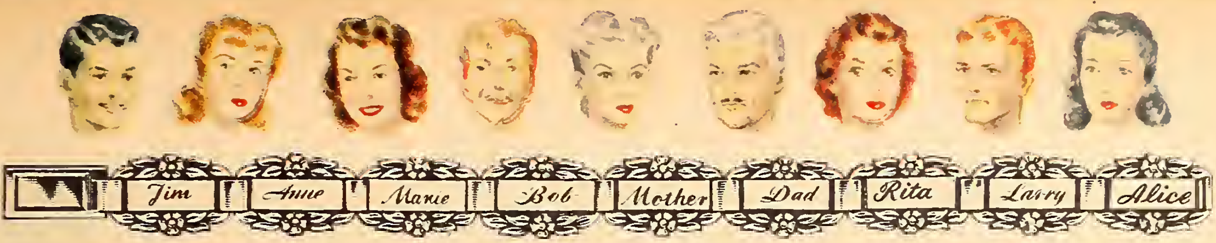
from letters from unhappy daughters I have been receiving.

It is the old, old problem of mothers disapproving of the engagements and marriages of teen-age daughters.

Believe me, there was much excitement over the mother-daughter-fiance fracas just before Jeanne Crain's marriage to Paul Brooks. Now Jeanne is saying that it was never as serious as the gossips and the newspapers made out. But I think that even Jeanne cannot deny that there were many stormy scenes and tears when she told her mother she was marrying Paul.

Mrs. Crain had refused him permission to their home. One night, he came pounding on the door. Jeanne rushed out into the night and later eloped with the good looking boy who looks so much like Errol Flynn that he could pass for his double.

Well, accusations and recriminations flew thick and fast for a few days. Mrs. Crain sobbed *(Continued on page 68)*



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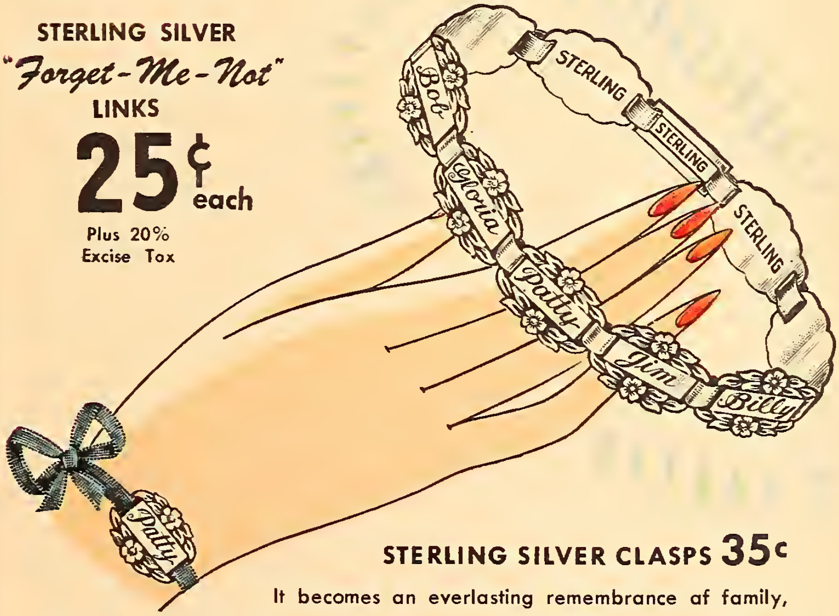

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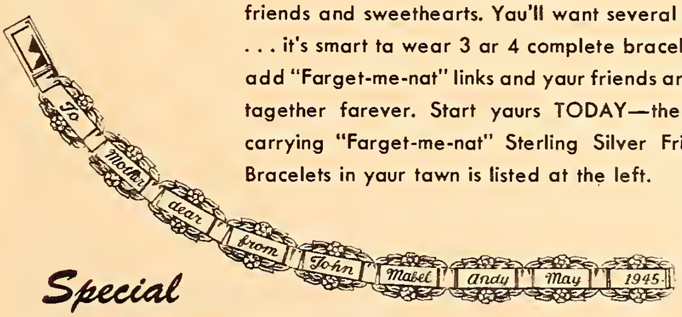

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that she had not even been invited to her daughter's wedding. Jeanne's little sister almost had a breakdown crying. "—and Jeanne said she would never be married unless I was her bridesmaid!" Now things seem to be patched up—but this is not the only tangle of Cupid with Mammas in Hollywood.

Mrs. Haver was deeply upset when she thought her cute, blonde trick of a daughter, June, was falling in love with Victor Mature and might marry him.

Diana Lynn's mother disapproves of all her beaux who threaten to become serious. "Diana is much too young to think of marrying anyone," her mother says.

What a wise woman Gertrude Temple was when her curly-headed little 17-year-old Shirley came to her and said, "Mother, I am in love and want to be married." Of course, Mrs. Temple knew that John Agar was a fine boy. But when she realized that Shirley was deeply and sincerely in love she said to me, "Shirley brought a great deal of happiness to other people when she was a little girl on the screen. Now that little girl is growing up—and she is entitled to happiness of her own."

I say, of course, if there are any real objections to a suitor—that is something else again. But don't object to Love on the grounds of youth. Mother frequently knows best, as the old saying goes—but not always!

• • •

Never in your life have you seen a bedroom set like the "boodwah" David Niven and Loretta Young are working on in "The Perfect Marriage."

When I dropped over to visit the popular David (just returned to the movies after five years in the British Army) and Loretta, I found them having tea—Loretta arrayed in a nightgown(!) and David in a knockout of a lounging robe.

Of course, that is what they are wearing in the scenes before the cameras and not what they might have chosen for the tea hour.

"Do women stars really just wear nightgowns as sheer as they look on the screen—and with all those men around?" is a popular query I receive from my readers.

Since Loretta was wearing one, I'll let her tell you about it:

"Believe me, Louella, and you can tell the fans—we're just as fully clothed in these nightgowns as we would be in an evening gown. Usually they are made of satin, and lined, and getting that very sheer effect is just a little trick of the cameraman's which he gets with the right lighting," she laughed.

So, now you know.

CHUCKLES OF THE MONTH:

Gene Tierney's remark: "My husband and I have our spats. But I give in a little, he gives in a lot—so we remain very happy."

The cagey maneuver of one of our best known actors who had a terrific crush on a certain girl. He gave her fur coats and jewelry. Then when the spark was no longer there, he suggested she let him have all the gifts for an insurance estimate. You guessed it—she never saw them again!

Lana Turner's request to M-G-M that her South American tour be "absolutely without fanfare and minus interviews!" Oh, Lana—hubba, hubba, hubba and a yuk-yuk! (Now you know!)

* * *

Guy Madison and Gail Russell are maaad for each other (at this writing!) Maybe it means marriage—and then again, maybe it's just a little fond affection. Anyway, Guy's boss, David Selznick, isn't any too happy about the romance. He has nothing against Gail—but he thinks Guy should get a couple of hit pictures to his credit before he says "I do."

* * *

Richard Jaeckel, Dick to you, got leave from the Merchant Marine to take three months off to make a movie while his boat was in drydock in Long Beach harbor.

The picture his studio had lined up for him was "Margie" with Jeanne Crain. I say "was" because Dick read the script, put his foot down and bowed out of it. That might sound temperamental from a young actor who has been off the screen so long, and who had but one screen appearance to his credit, "Guadalcanal Diary," before he entered the service, but Dick's side of the argument is this: The part calls for him to play a typical rah-rah high school boy in a raccoon coat with nothing on his mind but his next date.

"That stuff's just not for me," says Dick, "I've grown up in the Merchant Marine. The guys would sure rib me ragged if I played such a part."

* * *

Ann Blythe, the glamorous "daughter" who was so good being bad in "Mildred Pierce" is completely recovered from the serious accident of some six months ago when she broke her back.

She'll be starred in Mark Hellinger's first Universal movie, "A Swell Guy," with one of our top name romantic actors playing opposite her.

Incidentally, I heard a very nice thing about Ann. All the time she was ill she corresponded regularly with Susan Peters, our other little invalid who's been making such a brave try at a comeback.

I still think Susan could return to the screen in just the right story. "The King's General," a very exciting book, has a heroine who is confined to a wheel chair. How about that for Susan, M-G-M?

* * *

I thought I would go crazy denying all the telephone calls and rumors that Bing Crosby was dead!

The happy truth is—Bing was in the East taking his first real holiday and vacation in years. His brother Everett wired me, "Bing's fine! I'm the one who is wilting—trying to keep up with him."

And now we come to the end of another chapter—I won't be seeing you until next month. But once again I want to thank all of you who have been writing me—and I do mean ALL.

Pond's *Make-up Pat*

"Water-Colors"
Pond's new Make-up Pat washes gorgeously smooth, natural color over your face.

"Camouflages"
Make-up Pat hides little blemishes, freckles. Gives your skin a young, "poreless" finish.

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No more shiny nose! Make-up Pat gives a velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and *lasts!*

"Gives my skin a fresh smooth look!"

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT joins other beautiful society leaders in praising Pond's new Make-up Pat.

IT PROTECTS *your skin from wind and weather. Wear Pond's Make-up Pat every day! 39¢, plus tax.*

Pond's double-formula discovery gives *clearer blonde shades* . . . *richer brunette shades*

Pond's Make-up Pat is the *only* cake make-up we know of that's made with a *double* formula!

A *featherweight formula* makes the blonde shades go on clearer, softer—never "masky."

A richer formula gives Pond's brunette shades a richer, rosier glow—never "stagey."

Apply Make-up Pat sparingly with a damp-to-wet sponge or cotton. While moist, blend evenly with your fingertips.

"Make-up Pat gives such a fresh, all-over-smooth look to my skin!" Mrs. Roosevelt says. Try Pond's new Make-up Pat *today*. We believe you'll like it better than any make-up you've ever tried.

TIPS FOR FINGERTIPS! HERE ARE NOTES FROM HOLLYWOOD
ON HOW TO KEEP THEM COLORFUL AND GLEAMING.
HELP YOUR HANDS TO SOME FOUR-STAR GLAMOR.

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

Beauty Hand-outs!

■ The Beauty Department has something for you. Hold out both hands . . . we're going to cram 'em full of beauty! Let's begin by striking a colorful note. We'll do away with fingertip monotony by remembering that there's a particular nail polish to team with every wardrobe color from that cherry jumper to chartreuse suit.

F'rinstance, there's a lilting, singing "fire fly" scarlet, so grand with pastels and prints. Or, could be that you want a strong, serene, true red to team with a clear green? Then by all means consider "flare red." Check off "red plum" to highlight mauves, violets and purples. Not planned to transcend red, but to supplement it for special occasions, there is "tortoise shell," a burnished, dramatic russet. And "proud pink" will do you proud when worn with Spring Navy blue!

Get the idea? Let your fingertips share in your glamor. Don't keep 'em in the background by dabbing on the same red over a period of weeks. Have

Anne Jeffreys, who is so pretty in RKO's "Step by Step," never skips a step in her manicure routine! Here she smooths on hand lotion and finishes a neat job of polish application.

repertoire as wide as Sinatra's. After ll, he doesn't sing the same tune over nd over again, does he?

The best way to give your digits the ɔice of variety is to practice the "quick ·ick" technique. For lasting fingertip llure, apply one durable base coat, two ɔats of polish. When time is short, or hen you want to match a special polish ɔ a special outfit, apply one base coat nd *one* coat of polish.

In the last few years some of us feıales have fallen into the rather lazy abit of quickly swishing on polish and ɔvering the entire nail. The results are retty and I've nothing against that ractice. But here again we can do with bit of variety. First, of course, there this business of sheathing the entire ail. But for a different finger makeup ɔu might try leaving your half moons xposed. A third variation for your ılored and business-like moods is to ave *both* moons and tips exposed.

With fingertips so colorful, they are ɔund to attract the public's eye . . . so ɛep them pretty with a regular weekly manicure. Begin the procedure by arranging the "fixings" on a nearby table so you won't have to dash up, half way through, to retrieve the polish or cuticle-remover you've forgotten. Then turn on the radio to your favorite program and devote fifteen cozy minutes to the business at hand!

For a clean start, remove old enamel with oily polish remover. Shape your nails with an emery board or a fine grained metal file. A gentle oval is the most becoming outline. Scrub your dainty digits with a brush and a fluff of warm suds.

Remove cuticle, using a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in a special cuticle remover. Or you might try using the wonderful fountain-pen shaped gadget that holds a supply of oily cuticle remover and has a "nib" that neatly disciplines wayward cuticles.

Before going to work with your polish brush, apply a colorless base coat to smooth out any bumps and to provide a strong mooring ground for the coloring. Now, one or two coats of polish, as you will, and finish with one of those grand "toppers" that speeds drying time.

When polish has dried, pamper your glorified fingers with hand lotion or cream. In fact, don't reserve this beauty treatment for manicure time. Make it a daily practice. The results will show in smooth, soft, unchapped hands. Use lotion beforehand when you're about to embark upon any messy chores. And keep a bottle of lotion on tap to be used every time your hands have been in water, whether you've been washing dishes, stockings . . . or you!

* * * *

All set now? Fine! But just in case you're wondering about polish brands or manicure items, or even about the beautification of face, figure or top-knot, remember that Carol Carter is here to help you. For a prompt reply send your problem, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to: Carol Carter, Dept. B., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

How to REMOVE DANDRUFF completely

ITCH'S DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO is ie *only* shampoo made whose guarantee to move dandruff with the first application as the backing of one of the world's largest surance firms. Enjoy lustrous, dandruff-ee hair! Ask for an economical bottle of itch's at your drug counter, or have pro-ssional applications at your beauty shop.

fter and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep ur hair shining and manageable by using a few ops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day. Fitch's eal Hair Tonic is not sticky or greasy yet it gives ur hair that well-groomed look.

1

APPLY FITCH'S to the hair and scalp before water is added. Massage well, so shampoo reaches each part of scalp.

2

ADD WATER gradually, removing the cleansing lather as it forms. Then continue to add water until no more lather forms.

3

RINSE THOROUGHLY with clear water. Since Fitch's is completely soluble, no after-rinse is required. Set hair and dry.

4

FINISHED HAIRSTYLE is soft and lovely. No trace of dandruff or dull soap film left to cloud its natural, sparkling highlights.

LISTEN TO "FITCH BANDWAGON"

Hear vivacious **Cass Daley** and the swoon-tunes by the nation's leading dance bands on the Fitch Bandwagon every Sunday over NBC network at 7:30 p. m EST.

Fitch's

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"...I'll never let you go!"

Life's most precious moments—will you make the most of them? Make your Happiness *last?*

That means taking care of your loveliness today . . . tomorrow . . . and tomorrow! It means keeping the hands he loves *smooth* and *fresh* and *soft—always!*

"Soft, smooth hands"—how easy that really is—thanks to Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream! The wonderful lanolin-enriched lotion that works *so quickly* to help protect and soothe your hands—and doesn't feel sticky! Just take *half a minute* with Hinds whenever your hands have been at work—or in water. They'll look and feel lovelier . . . smoother . . . *summer-soft*—the whole year round! (Wonderful, too, for rough elbows, knees and chapped skin!) At toilet goods counters . . . 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1.

Hinds

Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

makes hands feel softer in half a minute

WATCH MARK STEVENS!

(*Continued from page 53*)

young man," I began to boil, "suppose you keep your shirt on . . ." Then I saw this tall guy with the crinkly, ginger-colored hair and the dark brown eyes crack a charming, disarming grin, and I melted. I found I had the Gruen watch in my hand, and was forking it over. Mark Stevens looked at it, turned it around admiringly, latched it on his wrist and patted it

"Just what I've been wanting," he grinned. Then he looked reflective for a second and sighed. "You know what?" he said. "I was just thinking. It's funny. I wouldn't sell this watch today for ten times its price—but a couple of years ago, I'd have chased right off to Uncle Benny's and hocked it for whatever I could get!"

Maybe I was chugging my jaloppy out over Cahuenga Pass toward Warner Brothers studio that morning when Mark was jerking his thumb at a stream of whizzing drivers who never gave him a tumble. Could be. Maybe, if I'd been the seventh daughter of a seventh son or something, I'd have slammed on the brakes and said, "Hop in, for a ride to fame."

the hard way . . .

But it doesn't work that way. Mark hiked the whole six miles from Hollywood. He'd spent his last two bits getting up that far from Long Beach, where he was sleeping on the sands and eating hamburgers. He was headed for a test at Warners'. He was late but they shot it. He wore an old suit of Humphrey Bogart's that pinched him in the shoulders and split up the back The wind ruffed his wavy hair around like a Hottentot's and he was too self-consciou to comb it in front of the camera crew But somehow he got a stock contract an he hung around a while, doing nothing good, getting nowhere. Then he was fired Washed up in one easy lesson. A Hollywood discard, like a hundred others, bille for oblivion. Just a couple of years ago.

Sometimes I'm tempted to sit down an write my Congressman. "Please, can't yo pass a law making more months out of th year?" It's like this—new stars are popping up around Hollywood like corn ove hot coals. The pressure's terrific. What a gal to do with Dreamboaty Dates wit Fate everywhere she looks? I could pic a peck of Star-of-the-Month prospec every week and not be far off the bubbl Then how come it's Mark Stevens? We you want a capsule scenario of "The Winning of Hopper's Topper?" Okay . . .

First, Mark has proved he's a swe actor, parlaying a small part in "Withi These Walls" right into a co-starring le with Joan Fontaine in "From This D Forward," filling acting shoes designed f Jimmy Stewart or Hank Fonda there. Th I went to a premiere, "Leave Her Heaven," at the Carthay Circle a fe weeks ago. I watched Ty Power, just ba from the wars, walk down Peacock La with Annabella—and I heard the cro roar. Next came Mark Stevens and h pretty wife, Annelle, and the bleache busted just as wide open. Hmmm . . . He clicked with the fans. Then I talk to Darryl Zanuck, Steve's boss at Twe tieth Century-Fox. He said: "Hed Mark Stevens tops my new star list '46." Then I checked the fan mail—wo Over to RKO next, and a producer te me a story. Says Bill Pereira:

"I wanted Mark opposite Joan Fonta in 'From This Day Forward.' Anot executive wanted an actor with a bet reputation, a bigger name. We got stu born, bucked horns. So we made a b gain: Run off both tests of both act give no names. Invite 24 studio secretaries. Let their verdict be final."

"And . . .?" I asked.

"We did," grinned Bill. "The vote: twenty-four to nothing—in favor of Mark, of course!"

Then I went into a huddle with myself—and you should huddle with Hopper. I've a Hollywood memory like an elephant and the minute I looked at Mark Stevens, names ran across my mind like ticker tape. Lew Ayres, yep, looks like him. Dana Andrews, too. A touch of Alan Ladd. Lots of Tim Holt's looks and charm. Errol Flynn. Even David Niven, if you look close. Those boys were stars. But I think the final clincher on the case was this: Mark Stevens is so typically untypical of Hollywood fortune—if I make myself clear. He's the kid who did it when it wasn't done—crashing the town cold, friendless, unafraid—getting his breaks in preposterous fashions (like those secretary votes), doing all the wrong things and coming out right. Getting in jams, sassing producers, walking off sets, getting married when he was out of a job. Making the grade and keeping his spunk and independence.

fireworks . . .

Mark Stevens should have been born on the Fourth of July. He's a walking Declaration of Independence, and that's something—even in Hollywood, where you see all kinds of things ambling along.

You can tell it the minute you spot his square-cut jaw. It's a good-looking face Steve wears, but on the cocky, belligerent side. He's almost a real redhead; as a kid, you just know he had copper freckles. Talks with a quiet, even voice with no apology-for-living in it. Maybe Mark packs a slightly cynical demeanor—well, he's been batted around a lot. Ever see a redhead without a temper, anyway?

Some time ago, while making "From This Day Forward," Mark, his producer and director came out of lunch at Lucey's Restaurant, right around the corner from RKO. A picture-snatcher was grabbing shots of stars because that's a great Paramount-RKO lunch hangout. The RKO big shots knew the bulb-boy. Mark didn't, and vice versa. They told the cameraman: "Here's a picture for you. Mark Stevens. He's playing opposite Joan Fontaine in her new picture. Better grab a shot."

But the lens clicker was not impressed. In fact, he was pretty rude.

"Nuts to him," he barked. "I don't give a damn. Wait'll he gets famous and then maybe I'll shoot him. Right now, I don't want to waste film." All this right to Mark's face. It turned pale. He stepped up to the photographer.

"I'll remember you," said Steve, icily. "You'll *never* take a picture of me, Bud! So don't ever try it!" The photographer's jaw dropped like a ripe apple. He'd been jostling actors around rudely for years and nobody'd called him. What made Mark sore was not the go-by but the rudeness. He's sensitive, and he's flash-tempered, and he's proud. That's a recipe for perpetual hot water, sure, almost anywhere, and particularly in Hollywood, but if you've got the stuff behind it, you'll get by. Look at Errol Flynn, Peck's Bad Boy, if Hollywood ever saw one, but he can write his own ticket.

Errol's a friend of Steve's, by the way. Because it was at Warner's that Mark first ran into the frustrations of Hollywood, which was something like an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. The result—comets, shooting stars and loud explosions most of the time. Errol still chuckles about two times that tickled his own wicked funnybone. Once, when Mark, just a measly bit player, actually stopped production on Errol's picture, "Objective Burma," by walking off the set, and an-

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh.

Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.

Background for Beauty

Crisp, snowy curtains dress up a room just as a freshly laundered jabot adds chic to your favorite suit. Dainty organdies, marquisettes, voiles and rayons take on new freshness and beauty when they are Linit-laundered.

Linit restores the original finish to all household and personal washables. It penetrates fabrics evenly and smoothly. Linit helps shed dirt and dust, keeps things clean longer. Linit is simple to mix, easy to use.

Sunny says: On every Linit package you'll find complete directions for starching sheets, shirts, table linens, lingerie ...and all washable fabrics.

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LINIT *adds the "finishing touch".*

LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

other time when Errol had a party at his house and injudiciously invited Mark. Before the evening was over this unknown kid had told all the grand moguls of Hollywood off, right to their faces. Yet he was so unknown at the time that half of them don't even remember him now—in fact, instead of pasting him on their blacklists, some of them are the very ones who are boosting Stevens to stardom today!

During that first Hollywood contract, Mark managed to keep his copper head bloody but unbowed. It's too scrappy a saga to handle without boxing gloves but here are some samples: His first "part" turned out to be a mere tails and white tie atmosphere dress job. "I'm no extra, I'm an actor," said Mark to the director. He took off the tail coat, hung it on the wall and walked home. Next time they sent him on location in a picture. "Where's my dressing room?" asked Mark. "Oh," said the assistant director, "just put your clothes on over there behind the wagons, with the extras." "Not me," replied Steve. He walked off again. Again, the studio gateman barred him roughly from entering the studio one day when he was on call. "Okay, Bud," said Mark. He went home. Mark got tired of a nasty assistant director "hey, you-ing" him around. He popped him. That did it. He got fired—but was Mark Stevens through? Not on your life. Darryl Zanuck snapped up his contract like a trout snaps up a fly.

Steve's real name is Richard Stevens and he's mostly canny Scotch-English. He's a Cleveland, Ohio boy by birth, and his Dad was an American flyer in the last war, who couldn't settle down to family responsibilities after the fighting was over. So his Mother took Mark over to Folkestone, England, when he was three, to live with her parents. When they died, she came to live with her sister in Montreal, Canada, and that's where Mark grew up.

Only he didn't grow very fast and probably, he thinks, that's what made him such a problem child. You'd never believe it today, when you size up Mark's six foot, lean-muscled 165-pound body, but he was a peewee—only 5′-2″ when he was sixteen. Result: He knocked himself out proving size wasn't important, like a lot of short orders have been doing, ever since Napoleon. Football, basketball, tennis, hockey—at King School, Argyle and Westmount Highs in Montreal. Mark was a mighty atom. He even played some pro hockey, and he trained for the Canadian Olympic Diving Team, until the high springboard betrayed him on a two-and-a-half gainor and he smacked his back so hard that years later it kept him out of the Army. He sailed off the big 180-foot Côte des Neiges jump on skis—and busted his collar bone. He got to be a boxing whiz in the ring and tied into a champ who beat his ears in.

masquerade . . .

What Mark wanted he could always get—like athletic applause—and an illegal look at the movies. That's what I said—illegal; because about that time in Canada there had been four disastrous theater fires which killed hundreds of children, so a law was passed prohibiting all moppets under sixteen from passing the ticket taker. Mark fixed that. He stole a pair of his mother's high heeled shoes and rose up in the world so he could pass at the box office. He was movie mad, as far back as he can remember, and he saw everything that came to town.

Of course, from what Mark admits, it was some sort of a small miracle that he ever got through school at all before his beard turned white. Because, what he didn't want, Steve promptly gave the back of his hand to—as he does today. He didn't ike lessons, for instance, and he has a erfect record of getting booted out of very school he attended, public or private. Mark sort of regrets this sorry academic ecord now, mainly because he realizes what a headache he must have been to is fond mother and doting stepdad. Mrs. Stevens remarried when Mark was twelve. She couldn't have picked a nicer father for Mark. James Cooke has helped his stepson out of many a pickle and always backed him to the hilt.

what's he got? . . .

Henry Hathaway, one of the best directors in our town, thinks a lot of Mark Stevens. Henry's a rugged man's director and a tough audience and he's directed the best of them. So when I heard he'd tossed a birthday party for Mark, lent him his car when Mark's was laid up and palled around on the set between scenes, I knew Mark Stevens had something. Henry Hathaway isn't won easily. I gave him a jingle right on the set of "The Dark Corner." "What's Mark Stevens got that rings the bell?" I asked.

"That's easy, Hedda," came back Henry. "He's got depth, assurance, authority. He knows what it's all about. He's been around. He's not acting in the dark, like a drama school dope."

What sent Mark off on a flock of tangents was that old Yankee independence streak he was born with. He disagreed with his Mom that the best place to be was in his stepdad's plant, although he took a good crack at that first, and worked in every department in the place, from eight-to-five for six months. But after hours he strayed from the fold. He could sing like a thrush, so in no time at all he was nosing his way inside Montreal's night clubs, like the Edgewater Inn and the Norgate, taking a turn with the band and handing out patter at the mike between numbers. He snagged another after-hour job with the Corona Barn Players of Montreal. Right away Mark qualified for leads, even though half the time the Corona crew played in beer halls, where rowdy customers heaved empty bottles when they didn't like the show. Mark drew fifteen dollars a week and his share of the bottles. But he ducked most of them.

He couldn't dodge that stubborn streak of his, though. And when the glittery lures of a show business life beckoned him away from his factory desk, and there were complaints, Steve struck out on his own. The baits that hooked him were leads in a repertory stock company, the Atterbury Players, which held out a glamorous tour around Canadian cities like Winnipeg, Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec. And after a heady sip of acting in Canadian Broadcasting Company radio thrillers, such as "Miss Trent's Children" and the "Canada Comes On" show, Mark thought Happy Days were here for keeps. He was only seventeen and the world was his oyster. So he plopped right into the stew, abandoning the advice of his parents. When the pot ran dry Steve was far too independent to come crying back home.

He sold punchboards—until the cops got after the company. He pumped gas in a garage until a customer bawled him out. He collected bills for a hardware store, but when the boss didn't pay off, Steve knocked down enough shelves of glassware to get even. He drove midget racing cars. He peddled haberdashery until he had a scrap with the manager. He drove trucks, jerked sodas, ran a general store in a country town. He studied commercial art (painting's still his hobby), and painted window signs. He tied up with a miracle stocking wash that kept ladies' hose from running. Only the miracle dip ate the hose right to pieces, and he almost got killed by angry house-

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. . . of the rosebud skin! Capture her look of pink-toned perfection, of bewitch-and-bewilder beauty—with Woodbury Film-Finish FLESH! Luscious, petal-soft pink—*so color-full*—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. Pretty in the box . . . AND . . . color-true on your skin! Compare its velvet texture—more flattering than the powder you're wearing. And Woodbury color *stays-fresh* . . . its *cling* masks tiny flaws for hours. Choose from 8 Star-excitement shades.

Pretty **S**mooth! Before powdering, fluff on WOODBURY CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Make-up c-l-i-n-g-s!

LOVE-ly LANA is the Woodbury FLESH type!

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP... *all 3 for $1**

1. Big $1 box of Woodbury Film-Finish Powder
2. Star-styled lipstick—your *just-right* shade
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Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.

Woodbury new film-finish Powder

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The Countess de Petiteville

Bearer of a historic 1000-year-old Norman name, the Countess de Petiteville is active in the French Red Cross and in the cultural life of Paris. She has a fine, cameo type of beauty, with dazzling white skin. "The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives my skin a clearer, brighter look," she says. "Makes it feel smoother!"

1-Minute Mask
"my most exciting beauty discovery!"

The Countess says: "The Mask refreshes my skin, gives it a more wide-awake look!"

Make your skin look lovelier—in one minute!

Follow the Countess de Petiteville's beauty lead! Mask your face—all but eyes—with luxurious Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action. It has the power to loosen and dissolve bits of chapped, curling skin and dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off the Mask. Off comes loosened debris, too!

Your "re-styled" complexion looks so much clearer and fresher . . . feels so much softer! And all in just one minute!

"A quick, light powder base, too!"
"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream another way, too—as a powder base. It goes on so smoothly—holds powder so well!" says the Countess.

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

wives. He walked floors in a department store, peddled electric razors door-to-door. He sang in waterfront cafes.

All along, Mark Stevens kept his red topknot belligerently blazing. His radio experience in Akron, Ohio, is typical of the chip he packs around on his shoulder, which falls off very easily.

This time in Akron, Ohio, Mark came up with a job as turntable boy on station WAKR. He was an announcer inside of a month, an engineer next, a writer and a producer in a few more weeks. He worked fourteen hours a day, hopping around like grease on a griddle, and before that job was over there wasn't anything you could tell Steve about radio stations. He opened the joint up at six a.m., and he closed it at midnight, running the turntable, control board, the mixing machine, anouncing news when the news was full of tongue twisters like "Sevastopol" and "Veliki-Luki." Mark thinks the tuner-inners must have had some bewildering programs the first week the station engineer went to war. His boss was an imperious guy who told him: "If you can't handle the job—you're through."

So Mark handled it, although half the time he mixed up Charlie McCarthy with Mister Anthony and had Bing Crosby singing in soap operas. But when he finally learned his stuff (and he can take a radio station apart and put it together blindfolded now), terrible-tempered Steve discovered that the bone-breaker job he was doing for $35 a week had paid $125 for the chap who was there before him and who did half his work. That did it. He quit cold, with a "Kindly go to heck!", walked over to the rival station WJW, and went right to work. Nobody has yet discovered a way to fool Mark Stevens for long, or push him around.

WJW lifted Steve right up to a top announcer, handed him the national programs, put him covering elections and special events, and finally gave him a man-in-the-street broadcast show of his own. He made decent dough at last and radio was a rosy future. But even with his marathon working hours Mark had found himself running off up to Cleveland, thirty-five minutes away on the interurban, and trying out for leads at the Cleveland Playhouse—winning them, too. That acting bug was still stinging away. One morning he rolled out of bed and quit, walked to the depot and bought a ticket to California—just like that.

pop pitches in . . .

It took him three tries to get past Chicago, but he finally made it. The third time, on a thousand dollars his ever pitching stepdad advanced him, he rolled all the way to the Coast. He still had most of the thousand when he arrived, and that turned out to be a big mistake. The sun and the stars and the glamor got Mark. But that's one thing in his favor today. He got "going Hollywood" out of his system early—and when it hurt least.

Anyway, he forgot what he came to Hollywood for, temporarily, and he got around to tackling just one studio all that time. An agent took a chance and got him an interview with the casting director of a minor lot.

The exec took one look at Mark and turned to the agent. "Are you kidding?" he said, and then to Mark, "My advice to you, Bud, is to go on back home."

"Thank you very much," said Mark. "I will." And he turned on his heel and departed. The agent shrugged, "Why don't you forget this whole idea?"

"Okay," said Mark. But he didn't mean it. He just acts that way when he's hurt. He visited Nat Goldstone, another agent he'd known from back East ramblings, and Nat said he'd see what he could do

While he was seeing, Mark turned beachcomber. For two months he slept on the sands down around Belmont Shores, getting by the best he could. He had just two bits cash when his headquarters (the corner drug store), reported Nat Goldstone wanted to see him.

That's when Mark walked those six miles over the Pass to Warners. And because his thumb wasn't working, that hike made him late for the test. The Humphrey Bogart suit with the pinched-in back and short sleeves didn't help. Nor the wild hair he was too self-conscious to comb. Nor the fact that the makeup they smeared on him made him look like a zombie, nor Mark's camera greenness—he'd never looked into one before. But you've got to hand it to the Warner Brothers—they've got sharp eyes for talent. In a couple of days, Nat Goldstone called Mark at his drug store office.

"It's a contract if you want it," he said. "$100 a week." That sounded like all the money in the mint to Mark.

"Shall I take it?" he asked.

"Well," said Nat, "I've got Metro and Twentieth Century interested, too. If you can wait."

postage stamp purse . . .

"How can I wait?" asked Mark. "I've got three cents."

Being Mark Stevens, that's probably one good reason why he had a battle royal all the year-and-a-half he was on the Warner payroll. The contract took him off he beach and made him beholden. Ask your favorite psychologist about that, not ne. But the record is clear: All that ime Mark and his bosses didn't see eye to eye on a single issue and it's certainly true that his dinky bit jobs in "Objective, Burma," "God Is My Co-Pilot" and "Pride of the Marines" got him nowhere very ast. I'll take that back—and so, I think, will Mark. One, "Objective, Burma," was a very, very lucky role.

Because while he was having his scuffles on that set, he met another bit player, and his character happened to be in a Warner office one day when Annelle Hayes, a pretty Texas University co-ed, whom he'd met, was waiting and glancing around the wall at the contract players' portraits, to pass away the time. She had been brought out from the Austin campus by a talent scout for a test. Her eyes rested on Mark Stevens' handsome, cocky face and she observed, "I'll bet he's nice."

"I'm working on the set with that guy," said the master fixer. "Like to meet him?"

"Well . . ." said Annelle.

I'm afraid it was a case of love at first ight. Although at first, Annelle confesses, she sized up Mark as a pure Hollywood playboy and a wolf with a line a mile long. But love has X-ray eyes and Annelle soon saw through the crusty shell of cockiness hard knocks had draped Mark with. As for Mark, how could anybody resist the dainty little Texas doll that Annelle is, with her pretty, heart-shaped face and winning Dixie ways? He didn't long. They let the housing shortage stall their plans for a while, but finally Mark, typically, took no sass from Cupid. Even though Annelle had to keep on staying at the Studio Club and he bunking around with his friends; they tied the knot. Funny thing, too, the number 13's their lucky matrimonial charm. Mark's a 13-birthday boy, so's Annelle. They were wed on a 13th and spent their honeymoon in a motel—of all places—in cabin 13! Typically Steve, too, he picked the hungry spell right after Warners had given him the heave-ho, to take a wife. "Being out of a job," Steve explained to Annelle, "I can't afford to court you. So let's get married."

Their lucky number paid off again the

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

You may have heard the saying "we are what we eat." How true that is of our babies! For the quality and purity of the food we give our babies has much to do with the kind of men and women they will become! Mrs Dan Gerber

Time to eat, I hope!

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SHELVING

very next month when Darryl Zanuck put Mark on his team at Twentieth Century-Fox. And it came through on another thirteenth when they moved into their first home as Mister and Missus—the cute little hillside guest house that looks right down on Pickfair, which used to house a perfect Hollywood romance, that of Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks.

I doubt if Doug and Mary, in their honeymoon hey-days, had a cozier nest than Steve and Annelle, or "Baby," as he's likely to call her, have found to start their bride-and-groom days. Mark took me up to meet his wife the day I saw him. Mark's twenty-seven now and Annelle's twenty-one and he treats her like a china doll. When I asked about his hobbies, Steve grinned and said, "Well, I still like to fool around with watercolors and oils, but my real hobby's Annelle."

the big boss . . .

That old declaration of independence doesn't work around his pretty wife, either, and Mark doesn't want it to. For the first time in his life he's being bossed—and he loves it. Annelle doles him out two dollars a day to toss recklessly around, because she discovered money had a way of leaking out of his pockets. She's his business manager, too, and signs the checks. Annelle's given up any acting ambitions for the present to pitch full time as Mrs. Stevens, cook Mark's favorite food, steak and asparagus with Hollandaise (when she can find the makings), coax him out of chain-smoking cigarettes, and let Steve beat her at gin rummy to keep him happy.

Mark manages to keep lean and tough working out with the bar bells in Easton's gym, now and then, although he can eat potatoes and cake all night and not put on an ounce. That old diving back injury, which kept him out of the Army, still haunts him enough to keep him away from what he likes—tennis and golf, but these days he wouldn't have time anyway. The way parts are popping at 20th-Fox, Mark Stevens should be twins. Sometimes he and Annelle get away for an evening's talk or bridge session with their friends, the Cornel Wildes, Zach Scotts, Cesar Romero or the Vincent Prices. But most of the time they're parked right by their own hearth, where Mark finds it an added attraction to be married to an actress.

Because, one of Mark's biggest problems to date has been to shake the clipped Canadian-English accent he grew up with, and he's been practicing out loud on Annelle in the evenings. He thinks it's sort of funny that the minute he got his diction right in the groove, up popped the part of an ex-jailbird in "Within These Walls," followed by a factory toughie in "From This Day Forward" and then a slangy detective in "The Dark Corner."

back where he started . . .

So now that he's talking out of the side of his mouth, what happens? Why, Darryl Zanuck's decided to star Mark Stevens in "32 Rue Madeleine," a war underground thriller. And where will it be shot? Why, right back in Mark's adopted country, Canada. But that's Hollywood for you. And confoozin' as it all is, Mark really doesn't mind a bit.

It's been three years since he's seen his mother, and that's a long time. Especially when you've got the sweetest girl in the world for a wife, who's long overdue to meet the folks.

But when the picture's made and the visit's over, all I can say is—Canada had better give Mark Stevens back. If they don't, from the way things look, a million fans will spring to arms and Hollywood will declare war, atom or no atom.

EAGER BEAVER

(*Continued from page 49*)

ractically Celebrities!"

"He only knows us because he saw the uest list," Don sighed.

Jimmy Stewart passed by, clustered with blondes.

"Umm, what I wouldn't do to meet *him*," rowed Phyl. "My, what a uniform does or a man."

"But he's not in his uniform," her husband pointed out.

"No matter," she glowed, "a man like hat doesn't *need* a uniform."

Jimmy passed again, his eyes overbright.

"Hello, Mr. Stewart," Don piped from his orner, "I'm from Pittsburgh, too."

No answer.

"So we're Names? Hah!" Don snorted.

"Never mind, honey," his wife comforted, "after three years in the Army, you can't xpect a man to notice every little thing."

Don threw her a bitter look.

After a while he got desperate. "Hello, Mr. Stewart," he squeaked, "I'm from Pittsburgh, too." Then, "I'm from PITTSBURGH." Then, "I'm from Pittsburgh."

No soap, Jimmy wasn't playing old home week. Three years in a war and he should now from Pittsburgh?

Not that Don had really expected any ecognition. They'd never been introduced and probably Jim hadn't even seen "Winged Victory," Don's only movie appearance. But he couldn't help remembering that day long ago, when he and his kid sister, Janet, had spent long minutes with their noses pressed flat against a tore window, worshipping at the Oscar Mr. Stewart, Senior, kept on display there.

"You know what?" he'd muttered, yanking Janet up Main Street, "I'm gonna get me one of those some day."

"One of what?"

"An Oscar. That's Jimmy Stewart's Oscar. Jim got it for being the best actor of the year."

"Well, why shouldn't he have? He's old enough. Anyway, you'll never get a Oscar 'cause you'll never be a actor. Daddy told Mom. I heard 'em."

"Yup, he sure is old enough. And I heard 'em, too."

What a crazy world it was. Here a fellow wanted to be an actor, wanted to be such a good actor that some day he'd win an Oscar—and his folks had to go and queer the whole thing.

"learn a trade" . . .

David Edwin Taylor never believed in the proud parent routine. You had children and taught them right from wrong. After that God bless them and when they made their bed they had to lie in it. Only thing, first they had to *have* a bed. Ever since Don was old enough to understand, his Dad tried to drum it into him. "Learn a trade, son, any trade. Carpenter, school teacher, book binder. Then go ahead with a career. That way you'll always have something to fall back on if things shouldn't—work out."

At first it made fine sense to Don. "Sure. Yeah, sure, Dad." Then, as he realized he wanted to act, "But Dad, that takes time. And I don't have time. I can't wait."

Don never could wait. Couldn't wait long enough after breakfast to brush his hair for school, couldn't wait till he could date girls instead of pulling their pigtails, couldn't wait till he found The Girl. Don's the boy who'd handed out three Sigma Nu frat pins to three different coeds one term, and then had to put an ad in the college paper: Would the wearers please step forward? He couldn't remember who had 'em! It wasn't that he hadn't liked the girls, he just never had a head for details.

Not that there was anything he'd ever really wanted that he couldn't get. Except maybe that once, that long-ago once when he was about seven. The baby fat all gone and the bones at his throat showing young and tender under the rumpled pajamas, his eyes crackle-bright with excitement. It was Christmas morning and he'd been a good boy and maybe, oh, Our Father which art in heaven make it a bike, oh make it a bike. With red wheels.

They stood at the head of the stairs, Don quivering with excitement, Janet all red and bleary-eyed, her moon face still dopey with sleep. Hypnotized, they crept down, the big tree twinkling unbelievable red and green and silver magic at them. Mom and Dad were down already, waiting near the packages that were big enough for a sweater, a doll, a train, but not very big. Not *that* big—

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, God bless you, Don. God bless you Janet," they called to one another. They kissed and tore open packages and kissed again.

"Well, son," asked Mr. Taylor. "Santa been good to you?"

"I s'pose so," Don quavered, his big toe busy poking the green excelsior grass under the tree. "I mean, yes thank you,

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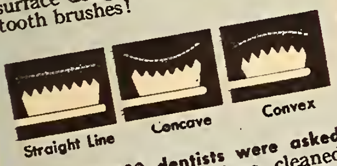

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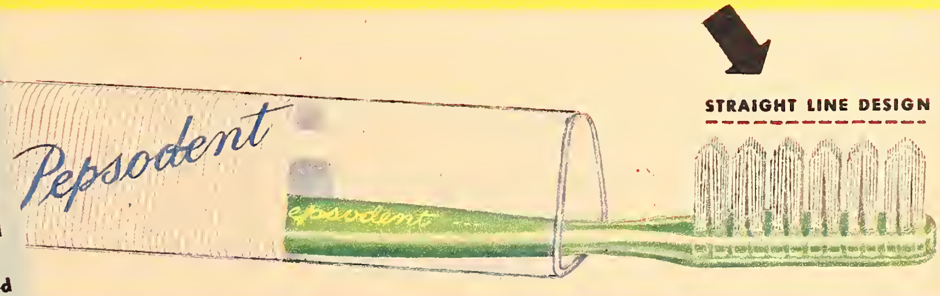

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Dad. I—I guess I'll go up now . . ."

As he turned to go, he spotted his mother in a far corner of the room. Funny. Funny place for Mom to be standing. Looked almost as though she were hiding—"Mom! Dad! Mom-Dad-golly-oh-golly—a *bike!*"

Pennsylvania had solid ice for six weeks that winter and everybody said the Taylors were crazy, letting the boy go biking on solid ice. But the Taylors couldn't help it—Don couldn't wait.

He didn't even like the idea of having to sweat it out for nearly a year waiting for that baby sister.

"Aw, why you wanna go and mess up the place with a baby?" he quavered. "Cries and makes things dirty. Aren't I good enough, Mom?"

"Good enough?" Jesse Taylor cried, catching him up in her arms. "Why son, you're the finest ever," she crooned. "But you're five now, too old for me to baby."

But it still nagged at him. Maybe it was that fog he was lurching around in ever since the news of the baby, maybe it was just plain bad luck, but six weeks before Janet was born he fell and broke his wrist. Then got bit by a dog. And finally capped the climax by knocking all his front teeth out on the porch railing the same day his hand caught in the washing machine.

woman hater . . .

Not that he was a bad boy—but just a boy, with too much energy to prevent his heart from running away with his head. Maybe that was the trouble, he needed affection and because in his code, men couldn't be softies, he didn't dare show it.

He found a kitten once, rolling and leaping over on its back, scampering after a fluttering leaf. He decided kittens only rolled and leaped on their backs when they were hungry, so he bought a cone with his last nickel and forced the poor animal to lick up the whole gob of ice cream.

"My, but that was mean of you, Don," Mom scolded. "You probably killed that poor beast with your thoughtlessness. You know animals can't eat frozen things!"

"But ice cream's only very, very cold milk. And she was *hungry*."

"A flame's only very, very hot air but I don't let you play with it, do I?"

His lower lip was starting to quiver and he didn't like the idea. "Well, I don't care, so there! Ol' dirty, ol' silly cat!" he cried and ran off to his room. Everybody expected him to be wise and grown up but as soon as he tried doing something on his own, "Donald, you're mean."

That was why this new baby idea scared him. No matter what Mom said, bet she'd pay lots more attention to it and he'd be out in the cold more than ever. "Donald, don't wake the baby. Donald, fetch some milk, Donald this, Donald that. . . ."

When Janet finally did get born, he was amazed. This was no threat, this was a—a pink nothing. Just a bunch of waving arms and legs. Woman-like, as Janet grew older, the more he snubbed her, the more she went out of her mind trying to please him. He heckled her during homework, tied her clothes in knots, made fun of her looks and buried her favorite dolls. But if there was an apple to be snitched or an alibi provided, Janet was always in there pitching. And man-like, Don accepted these favors as his due. But the one time she did turn the tables by kicking him in the slats for knocking down her sand castle, he was joyously flabbergasted.

"He's a growing boy," Jesse Taylor used to say defensively, as she'd fill Don's plate for the third time. And Don always cleaned it up, for didn't he need all his strength? He sold magazine subscriptions. He had a garbage route twice a week that paid 25 cents an afternoon. And twice a week he'd buy 25 cents worth of crullers and tootsie rolls and stow them under the bed "for an emergency." He had an orchestra with four other kids that charged a penny a performance. He even went into the promotional field by staking out a Tom Thumb golf course on the family back yard. That netted Don a penny a round and Mr. Taylor a bill for $86 at the end of the "season" for reseeding the torn up lawns. Of course Don had to sit through an hour-long lecture on the family equivalent of One World but privately, Mr. Taylor rubbed his chin ruefully and grinned. "Glad it happened," he chuckled, "shows the boy has gumption."

But the night Don nearly froze to death, that "gumption" crack lost some of its flavor for the Taylors. He'd gone off camping with another boy. Nothing unusual about that. He often went off 10 or 15 miles away from home, set up camp, and spent the afternoon swimming and roasting wienies. Six o'clock came, seven, eight, nine and then it was midnight. Gradually, Mr. Taylor's loud whistling faded away, Mrs. Taylor stopped darning the sock she'd been mending ever since dinner.

"Something's happened to the boy," she said quietly.

"Nonsense, Mother."

"Go and look for him, Edwin. We'll train him to be self-reliant when it's daylight . . ."

those wonderful girls . . .

So Mr. Taylor hopped in the car and went off cruising in search of his son. He found the boy tramping along the State Highway, his lips blue with cold, dragging the remains of the tent with one hand, his exhausted pal with the other. What had happened? Oh, nothing much. The tent had blown down, no cars came through because of a new detour sign, they were hopelessly lost and you know what, dad? It's swell to see you. But with that incident, Don had seen just about the last of his little boyhood. Because he hit his Girls, Girls, Oh Those Wonderful Girls stage comparatively early. Tall, loose-jointed, with an easy grin and grace, he was a tantalizing date: A wisecracking gallant. Up to the time of Betty, however, he'd just been speed crazy.

There wasn't a jaloppy in the neighborhood whose insides he didn't know intimately. The way some people have a green thumb with growing things, Don had a tinker's heart—motors purred for him. But as he grew older, dating got to be fun. Until Betty, wonderful, sympathetic Betty, queered the game.

He was a frosh at Penn State that semester and having a wonderful time; basketball, band, school paper, little theater, an all-round man. The news seeped through that the Jennerstown Little Theater (where he finally did act in the summers of '41 and '42) was holding auditions. No point in asking Mom to let him play hookey, she'd only say, "Ask your father, Don." And he knew Dad's theme song by heart, "We're Scotch Presbyterian, Donald. Solid. Level headed. Learn a trade." So Don hopped the 10:40 to New York. At dinner some feline female friend of Mother's was cooing, "Don's looking so *well*, dear. I saw him at Pennsylvania Station today. I didn't know that Penn State gave mid-week vacations . . ."

Dad didn't speak to him for a week and Mother, who didn't believe in precipitating crises until she was prepared for them, strung along. Betty was his only weeping post. It was all quite tragic, in a poetic way, she pointed out, if you looked at it properly—. Then Betty's mother took to phoning. Don's mother took to wondering. What was this? Was Don being given the rush act? She pointed it out to Don. He got the idea. "Thanks for the tip, honey. Anyhow, it just occurred to me that I want a wife who'll

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depend on *me*. Betty's a brick but I'd probably die of acute lovin' in a week."

But all Betty did was make him matrimony-shy. He still liked girls. Only thing, now he plunked them in the same category as his auto buggies. Swell if they were trim and smooth with a slim chassis and good lines. But nothing built to last a lifetime. Not yet.

By now Don was getting to be a big man on the campus. He was still sticking pretty close to his pre-legal curriculum (*"Learn a trade, son, learn a trade . . ."*) but more and more he found himself yearning towards the theater. Some nights he'd get to his dorm bone tired from waiting on tables in the frat mess hall, but he'd just rest quietly for a moment and then, almost without knowing it, find himself dragging over to the Little Theater. And when the head of the Drama Department yanked him out of a song-and-dance sketch to play the anguished Mio in the big production of "Winterset," it was like God slipping him a one-way ticket to heaven.

When Don and Leon Rabinovitz and Doris Disney announced that they'd teamed up and become the "We Three" acting group, the campus rocked. The tall, fidgety redhead, square, emotional Leon and the delicate Doris acting together? Ridiculous! So the kids gave up the drah-ma idea and became a vaudeville team, sort of a First Nighter company with songs and snappy sayings thrown in. Don used the most props. Carted along a bagful of trick hats and did impersonations to fit. The only time he ever hit a snag was when he came on with his Dotty Lamour number. Nobody thought he should've used a trick hat.

Commencement Day the two Taylor men attended a Father-Son luncheon. Mr. Taylor remembers it very vividly; the long rows of white draped tables, the tinkle of ice in glasses, the steady drone of man talk, with here and there a big boom laugh echoing against the clatter. And he remembers how quiet they were, he and his son, every time a hearty father guffawed, "Well, it's about time we old ones started preparing for a back seat! Suppose your young fella is taking over your engineering business, eh, Taylor?" He couldn't snub the man so he'd wince and answer gently, "No, no we're not quite sure, Sir." And carefully trace a crazy pattern on the cloth with his thumb nail.

They were starting to take pictures out on the front lawn and Don was standing tall and straight beside him, the wind whipping at his black gown, the sun making blue-crinkled slits of his eyes.

"Well, Don, are you still set on going ahead with this Hollywood notion?"

"I'm afraid so, Dad. But—"

"Yes?"

"But I'll always do the best job I know. I'll always be honest with myself, like you taught me. But get off my back, Dad."

"I'm sorry, Don," his father answered, turning to the cameras. "I'm sorry for us. I'm sorrier for me—I've just lost a son."

It wasn't a question of being selfish or thoughtless, Don just couldn't wait.

"At least stay with us until you're inducted," his mother pleaded.

"But that's no good, Mom. Whatever acting I do before I hit the Army will be that much gained. And I know I *will* act. The Epstein brothers saw me at State. They promised me a job in Hollywood."

"Promises! You know better than that. And your father's had so little of you. He's getting older, Don, he needs you."

"Golly, Mom, don't make me feel more of a heel than I do already. The Epsteins are State alumna, they'll come through. And as to Dad, well, I'll be no good hanging around. The heart's gone out of it."

The family took him down to the station. Very casual, very subdued. The train was just pulling in, its smoke billowing against the towering grey-faced mountains, when Don gave a start.

"Mom, Dad, wish me luck," he cried. "All of a sudden I'm scared. I feel I'm never going to see these hills again. Please—wish me luck!"

Gently, his father shook hands and walked off. But he wouldn't say goodbye.

That was in June, 1942. Four months later Don signed a contract with M-G-M. And four months after that he was a GI and Pinky in "Winged Victory" and very wild in love. Right off, he went for her, the lead in the show. She was so high with a wriggly bunny nose and that haunting voice that's half shrill child and half Bergman. Sure he went for her, but what was this about Phyl being the daughter of writer Stephen Morehouse Avery with three or four carloads of junior deb glamor trailing behind her? Could be she was a Blue Book jerk.

They met under a dripping stage door one night, Phyl still with her makeup on, Don shivering without his overcoat.

"Silly thing, that," she remarked casually. "You can die, you know."

"Who can't!" he retorted.

"I mean walking off without a coat." And then as the little alcove started bulging with kid fans, "I love 'em, don't you?"

"Uh-huh. Gonna have 32 of 'em."

"My sentiments exactly," she agreed. And then eyeing him judiciously, "But if I were you I'd throw out all the ones that didn't have red hair."

After that there was nothing else they could do. They *had* to fall in love.

They handed him the telegram after the second act, thrust it in his hand as he came offstage weak and spent from the terrific emotional scene he'd just finished. "Mother desperately ill. Come at once."

They had to bounce an A-priority manufacturer to do it, but he caught the plane at Akron. After a while, it got all mixed up. The steady roar of the engines, the cramped hardness of his soapbox seat, the little nag that kept pulsing behind his eyeballs, "Will I make it in time? Will I get there to see her—?" He didn't want to put ideas in God's head, he couldn't finish, "—to see her *alive?*"

It was nearly two in the morning when they got in. As the plane quivered to a stop, vaguely Don could make out his father's figure in the grey mist, his shoulders unbelievably sagging, his head bent. He leaped down the steps. "How is she, Dad?" he called, his voice thin with worry, "How's Mom?"

Slowly, his father looked up, patted the boy's arm. "It's touch and go, son," he said carefully. "We don't know how long we'll have her with us."

Don cleared his throat. His lips were dry. "I prayed all the way in, Dad. I prayed so hard my heart hurts."

Jess Taylor didn't know Don was home for almost three weeks. She'd been too doped up to know anything at all. Everything had happened so quickly. She'd been shopping when her heel caught on a small stone and pitched her forward. When they got her to the hospital, the doctor said a fractured leg. Days later it was a blood clot, a blood clot that they couldn't dissolve and was traveling dangerously near her heart. She lay in the hospital for 80 days. The family blessed every one of those days. Mother was in the hospital, Mother was in the hospital and alive. . . .

Now that it's over, they can almost joke about it, about the way Janet, who's 20 now and so gently pretty, snapped out of her worry to tear into her brother.

"Lock up your room, Don," she blazed. "Lock it up and let the mice take over!"

"What did I do?"

"You listen to me. God knows I didn't mind leaving college when Mom got sick—but I will *not* pick up four sweaters, three pairs of pants, a box full of old hats from the 'We Three' days and two chewed baseballs for a nit-wit! Tell me," she implored, "*how* do your baseballs get chewed?"

JAN CLAYTON, M-G-M's lovely singing star of Broadway's great hit, "Show Boat," wears an enchanting town cotton by Margot. We call it a town cotton because it is tailored with all the loving care that goes into your best wool suit, because it has the new and very flattering full cuffed sleeve, because it is precision tailored of Vanetta striped pique. Wear it as Jan does, spiked with bright red, or for more subtle contrast, try yellow or bright pink. The bag, convertible from shoulder-strap to over-arm is by Dofon.

* * *

To find out where to buy this dress, as well as the other fashions in **MODERN SCREEN's** fashion pages, write to: **Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.**

"I get hungry. And lay off those hats. I may need 'em some day for a living. Better than eating baseballs . . ."

"Eat the bats for all I care, but I will not —Oh, Nelly, lookit the time! Gotta go!"

Sometimes the nurses couldn't stand it, having Don around all day. He'd sidle into Mom's room with a big grin in case she was up and could see him. If she was he'd tiptoe over, his bones creaking from trying not to make any noise.

"How's the gal?" he'd whisper, bending low over the bed, "perking up for that movie contract, lady?"

With an effort she'd open her eyes, stare at him dully. "Don. How nice—" Then fall back asleep, smiling a little.

Gently, Don would ease himself into the big chair, his arms dangling over the sides, his head thrown back, his eyes squeezed so tight shut the lashes looked black against the fair skin.

"Go home, boy," the nurse would say, nudging him awake. "Go home and brush your hair, you look awful."

So he'd go home and brush his hair. But he'd still look awful.

Once Mr. Taylor was jolted awake by a thumping and a sawing from the kitchen. He flipped on the lights—five o'clock—and padded downstairs. There was Don surrounded by a gnawed salami and two empty milk bottles, busily carpentering a half finished end table.

"You're up early, Don."

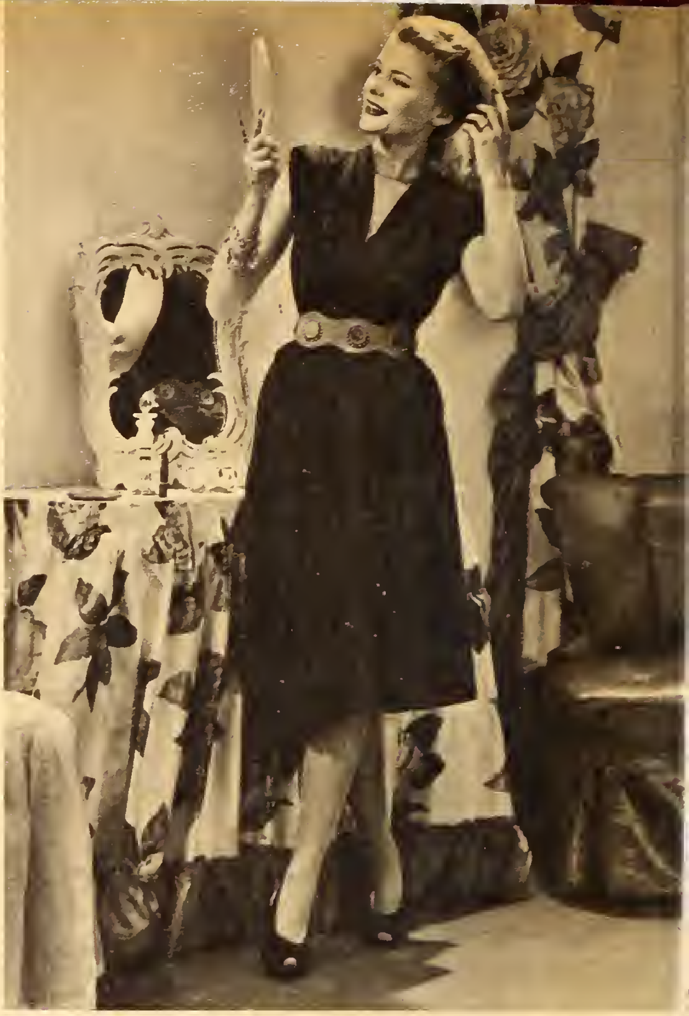
"Uh-uh, gonna get to bed late. Haven't turned in yet. Coffee?"

And as the morning sky slowly lightened, the two men sat down face to face across the cluttered table, sipping coffee and marveling at how time heals as well as hurts.

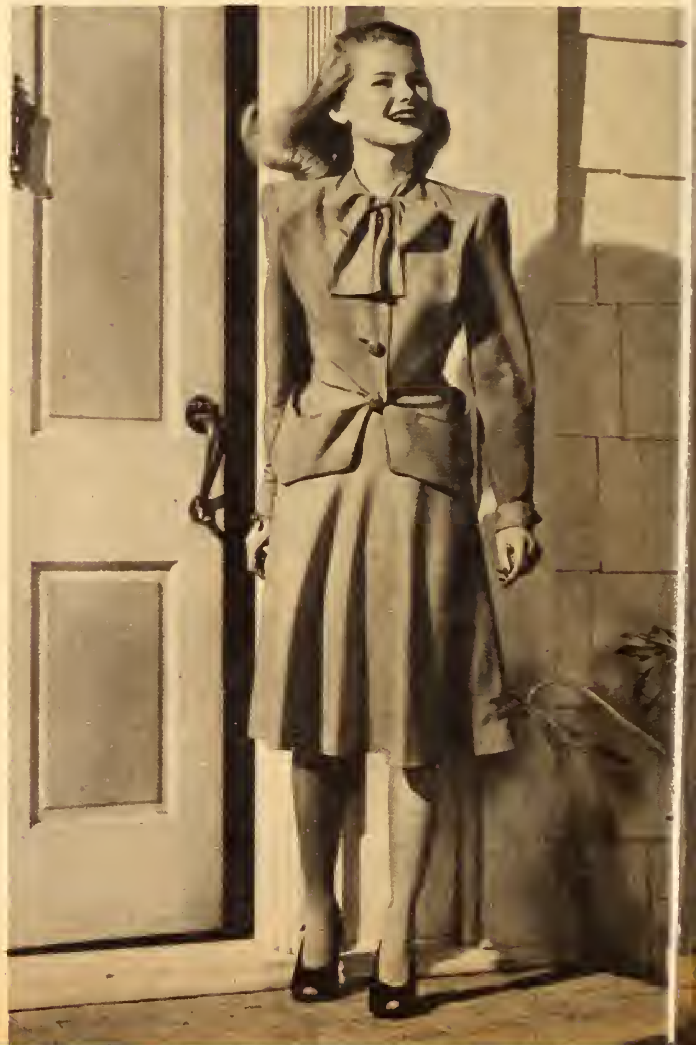
There are two *Mister* Taylors now. Don, Jr.'s, out of the Army, tickled that his old civvies span across the shoulders, dying to get back into harness. Phyl was in a show while he was in service and her letters gave him such a yen for Broadway he's dying to do a play before Metro hauls him back to finish that contract. But whatever he decides to do he'll do in a hurry. Don can't wait. Can't even wait out the year for the first of those 32 little Taylors. Hasn't changed a bit. Except maybe for one thing. He won't throw out the ones that haven't red hair.

Modern Screen
Fashions

See, two new members of that versatile nylon family! A dress of Nyleen and a suit of Nyponge made by Junior League Frocks. Wear them forever!



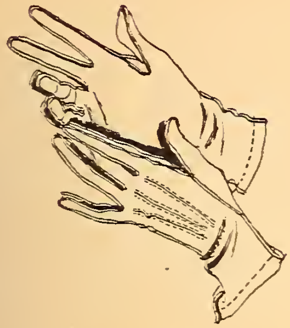
Nylons are News!



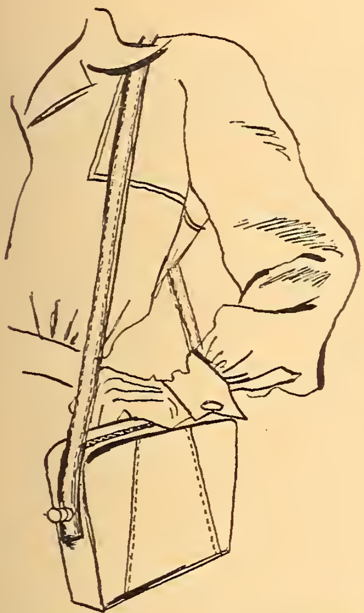
ABOVE: Nyleen makes this love of a cap sleeved dress, with its full skirt, deep pockets, fabulous gold-studded calfskin belt, to make your waist tiny. And come Summer, you'll love its airy coolness!

BELOW: Nyponge is the name of this new shantung-like fabric, glamorous is the word for this softly tailored two-piece suit. Its pannier pockets, bow neckline and flared skirt are just the Last Word!

FOR YOUR SUIT



YOUR GLOVES—beautiful finger-free ones, American-made capeskin by Daniel Hays. Available in brown or tan. Price: $4.00.



YOUR BAG—by Dofan, transforms from over-your-arm to over-your-shoulder with a quick flick of your finger. Price: About $13.00.

YOUR SCARF—is a provocative taffeta "Flirtation Plaid" by Glentex. Crisp and pert, it adds spice to new spring suits. Price: $3.00.

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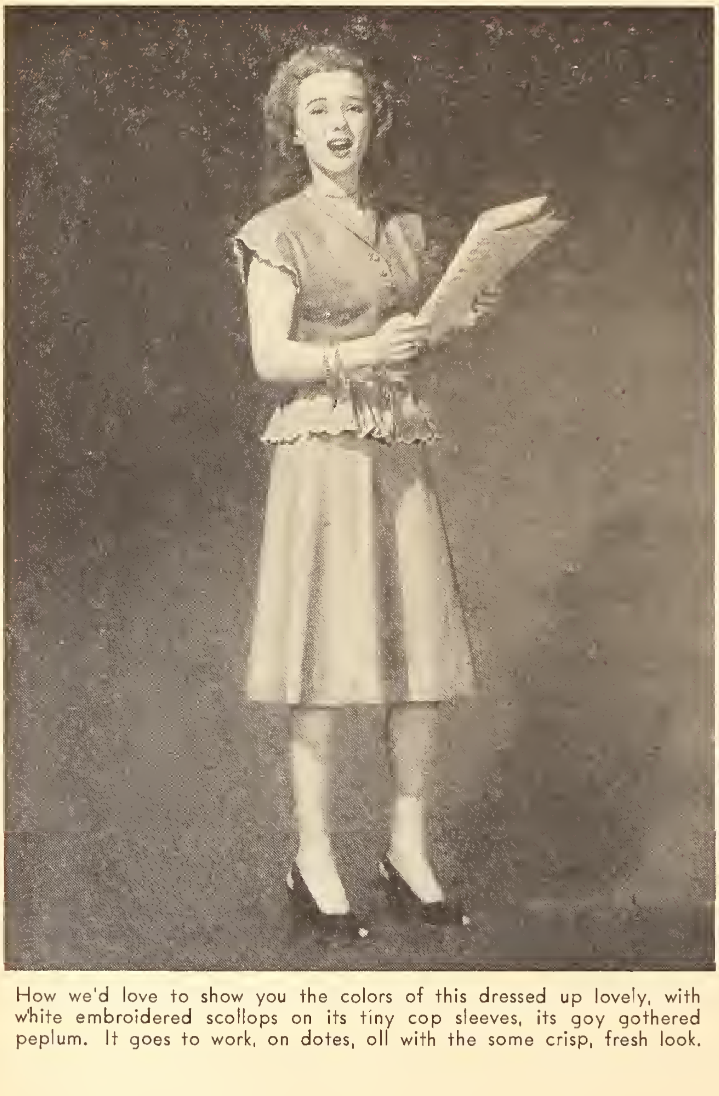
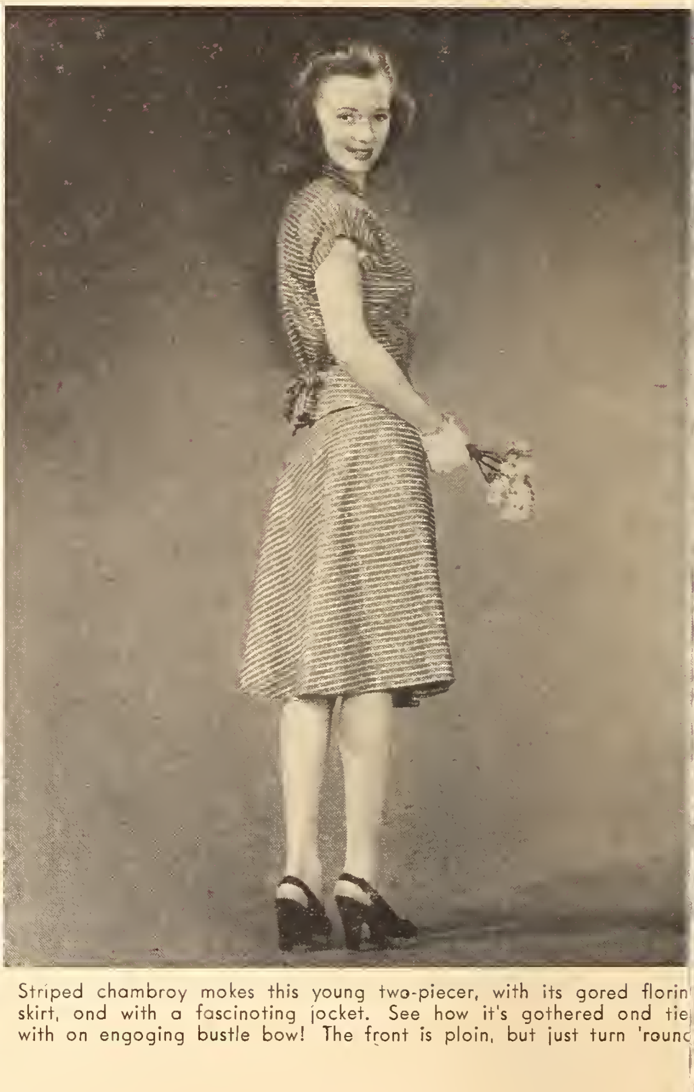
BY THE MAKERS OF Stardust FASHION-WEAR

the COTTON STORY IN TWO PARTS

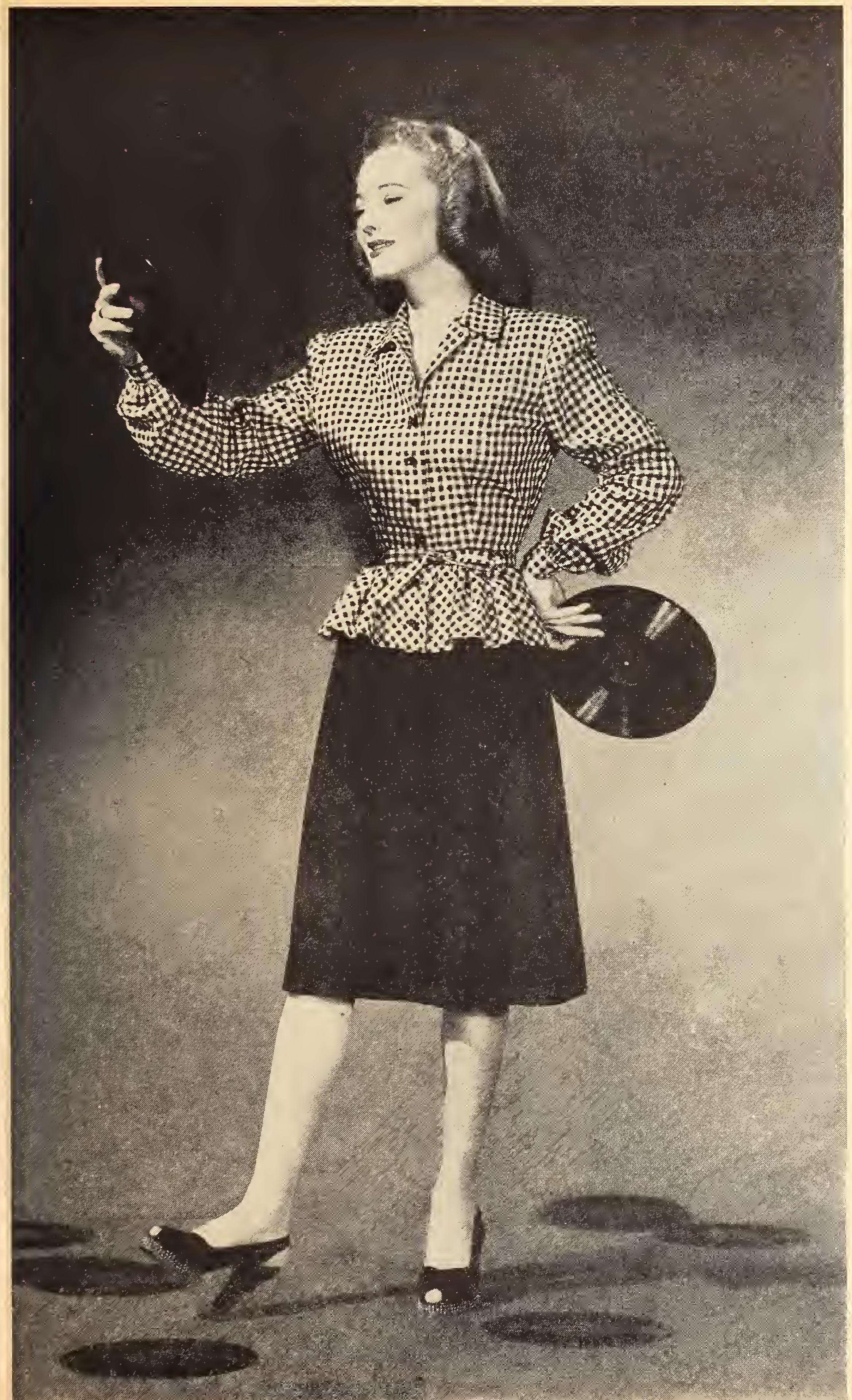
Cottons go to town! These are new feminine two-piecers, fashioned with a knowing touch, dressed up, fascinating! Made by Margot, they are worn by Jan Clayton, lovely star of "Show Boat."



How we'd love to show you the colors of this dressed up lovely, with white embroidered scallops on its tiny cap sleeves, its gay gathered peplum. It goes to work, on dates, all with the same crisp, fresh look.



Striped chambray makes this young two-piecer, with its gored flarin skirt, and with a fascinating jacket. See how it's gathered and tie with an engaging bustle bow! The front is plain, but just turn 'round



Black nailheads scattered on that black and white checked gingham give a party-dress look. Note the very full gathered peplum. It's cute!

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Dept. MG
CINCINNATI 2, O.

Waist-

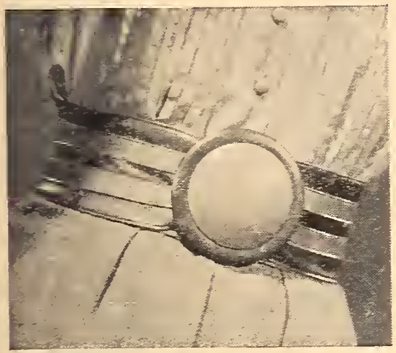
1. If your waistline is tiny, flatter it with this belt of lush red and navy capeskin by Criterion. It is called "Spotlight," and that's just what it will do to your waist in a basic dress or a navy suit. Spotlight also the enormous round buckle, cause it's news! Try bright red gloves, if you're wearing navy. Price: About $4.00.

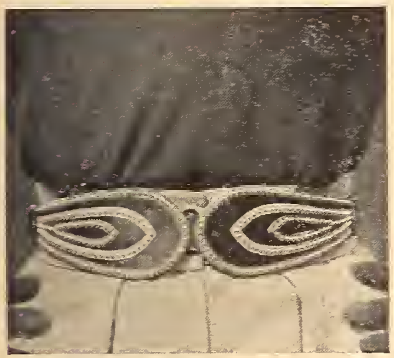
2. Your waist is up in lights in this gorgeous "Mazda" belt by Criterion. Artfully curved rows of nailheads blaze on brightly colored strips of capeskin, set on the contrasting color of the belt. Its tapered corselet shape gives that very new whittled waist look. Looks best with a neutral outfit. Price: Just under $11.00.

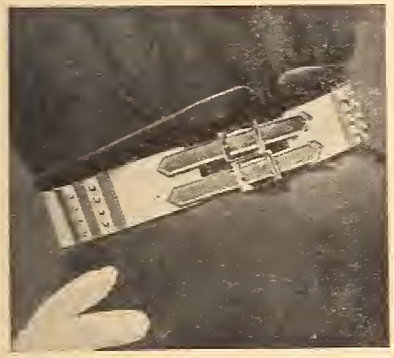
3. This double buckle swagger belt is a steal from the polo-playing set! Made by Criterion of natural saddle leather with bright strips of color, it's the perfect finishing touch to all your sport clothes, from your play suits to your handsomest blouses and skirts. Try it on that shirt-collared chic gabardine suit. Its price: About $5.00.

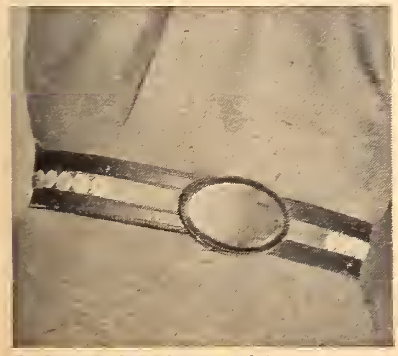
4. The buttons off Pop's shirt march around your waist in this newest belt designed by Criterion. The buttons are set against a colorful faille band between two strips of contrast colored capeskin. Wear it on that simple shirtwaist dress with mannish buttons, or with your plain and lovely white blouses. Its price: About $7.00.

whittlers


1. Spotlight a tiny waist


2. Waistline up in lights


3. From the polo-playing set


4. Buttons 'round your waist

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is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

Made by
SELZNICK *in* TECHNICOLOR

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 20*)

work on what we've got lined up here.

BEST POPULAR

DAY BY DAY—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby (Decca), Jo Stafford (Capitol), Monica Lewis (Signature)—Monica Lewis, who recorded this with the newly expanded Signature Record Company, is a pretty little redhead. She once sang with Goodman, but she's better known for the Chesterfield show on which she worked with Johnnie Johnston. She's now one of Signature's big stars.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?—Johnny Desmond (Victor)—Here's the first post-war swoon singer to get a terrific buildup—they're calling him the ex-GI Sinatra. Johnny was a big favorite in Paris, where he was a sergeant singing in Glenn Miller's Army Air Forces band. He's twenty-five years old, very good looking, has black hair. Before he went into the army, he sang with Bob Crosby and Gene Krupa. This is his first solo record, and it was made while he was playing his first solo engagement—at New York's Strand Theater. As a result of which he started recording at 11 p.m., didn't get through until three-thirty. So you thought those wispy threads of sound meant romance, huh? Don't be silly, the kid was tired.

BEST HOT JAZZ

BLACK, BROWN & BEIGE—Duke Ellington (Victor)—Whether you consider this hot jazz or not is unimportant. The important thing is that it's wonderful music, and the most ambitious thing Duke has ever done. Originally fifty minutes long, it was cut down to its most important parts, and you can now have the heart and soul of it on two twelve-inch records. Most people think "Black, Brown & Beige" was unveiled for the very first time at Carnegie Hall, but actually it had a much less formal debut—at Rye High School, Rye, N. Y. The story is this. Dr. J. T. H. Mize, then Principal of Rye, was a terrific jazz fan (he's currently writing a book on jazz) and he invited Duke down to school to play his new work. I went too (they gave us a wonderful dinner) and Duke played for the students, and got suggestions and comment. As a result of these, he made some changes in the music before giving the Carnegie concert.

By the way fans, there's a book out called "Duke Ellington" by Barry Ulanov, editor of Metronome, and it's swell.

HEY! BA-BA-RE-BOP—Lionel Hampton (Decca)—The title of this number is queer, I'll admit. It's really nothing but a little blues riff, only everybody sings it a different way, and everybody takes credit for composing it. Helen Humes started the whole thing off on a Philo record. Her version of the riff goes Be-Baba-Luba. Lionel uses this Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop in his rendition, which is hot, and he takes the vocal himself. On the West Coast, the phrase is E-Bob-O-Le-Bob, and it's such a craze out there that a certain band has taken to calling itself the Boboli Bans.

BLUE SKIES—Andre Previn (Sunset)—The other side of this is "Good Enough to Keep," and the title might very well apply to Andre Previn, the new sensation on the West Coast. He's sixteen years old, a French refugee who's only been in this country two or three years. He hardly ever heard any jazz before he came over here, in spite of which he now plays like a combination King Cole-Art Tatum. On this Sunset platter, Andre's ably abetted by Dave Barbour, the guitarist who's featured on several radio shows, such as "Blondie." He's also Peggy Lee's husband, which is rather nice too.

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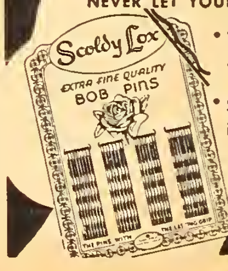

- The pins with a lasting grip
- Smooth finish inside and out

IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN—Shorty Sherock (Signature)—The band that recorded this wasn't really Shorty's at all. Record was made in January, 1945, when Shorty was trumpet player with Horace Heidt, and in my first column for MODERN SCREEN, almost a year ago, I wrote about getting this session together while I was in Hollywood. I teamed Shorty with six men from the Harry James band at that time. "Talk of the Town" is by Corky Corcoran, young tenor sax man who's leaving Harry to form a band of his own.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

THE ROAD TO UTOPIA—"Welcome to My Dream" is the number that was born along the latest "Road." Bing himself's done it for Decca, Dinah Shore for Victor and Jack Leonard for Majestic. Jack Leonard's another ex-GI. He was the first big name band singer to be drafted, 'way back when he was singing with Tommy Dorsey. Dinah Shore's waxing of this same "Welcome to My Dream' may be her last Victor release; she's already signed with Columbia.

THE STORK CLUB—This picture introduced "Love Me," and Andy Russell (who did it in the movie) has recorded it for Capitol, while Frances Wayne does the vocal with Woody Herman and the boys for Columbia. By the time you read this, however, Frances won't be with Woody any more. She's going out on her own. Neal Hefti, Frances' husband—who used to play trumpet with Woody—left the band early in January to join Joe Marsala.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

DAY BY DAY—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby (Decca), Jo Stafford (Capitol), Monica Lewis (Signature)
DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?—Johnny Desmond (Victor)
I DON'T WANT TO DO IT ALONE—Kay Kyser (Columbia)
I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING—Woody Herman (Columbia), Hot Lips Page (Melrose)
MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL—The Andrews Sisters (Decca)
OH! WHAT IT SEEMED TO BE—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
PERSONALITY—Johnny Mercer (Capitol)
PROVE IT BY THE THINGS YOU DO—Bing Crosby—Mel Torme (Decca), Erskine Hawkins (Victor)
SLOWLY—Kay Kyser (Columbia), Dick Haymes (Decca)
WAVE TO ME MY LADY—Elton Britt (Victor), George Paxton (Majestic)
WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN—Les Brown (Columbia)

BEST HOT JAZZ

JOHNNY BOTHWELL—I'll Remember April (Signature)
DUKE ELLINGTON—Black, Brown & Beige (Victor)
LIONEL HAMPTON—Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop (Decca)
ERSKINE HAWKINS—Holiday For Swing (Victor)
JOE MARSALA—East of the Sun (Musicraft)
ANDRE PREVIN—Blue Skies (Sunset)
ARTIE SHAW'S GRAMERCY 5—Misterioso (Victor)
SHORTY SHEROCK—It's The Talk of the Town (Signature)
BOBBY SHERWOOD—Cotton Tail (Capitol)
WILLIE SMITH—September In The Rain (Keynote)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO—"Walter Winchell Rhumba" by Xavier Cugat (Columbia)
STATE FAIR—Album of Six songs from "State Fair"—Dick Haymes (Decca)
TARS AND SPARS—"I'm Glad I Waited For You"—Frankie Carle (Columbia)
THE DOLLY SISTERS—"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"—Harry James (Columbia)
THE ROAD TO UTOPIA—"Welcome To My Dream"—Dinah Shore (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Jack Leonard (Majestic)
THE STORK CLUB—"Love Me"—Andy Russell (Capitol), Woody Herman-Frances Wayne (Columbia)
CHARLES LAUGHTON—Moby Dick (Decca)
THOMAS MITCHELL—Treasure Island (Decca)

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is one of the stars of
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CO-ED LETTER BOX

(Continued from page 26)

Gosh, J.J., you're going to hate us for this, but we're on your guy's side this time. Granted you've had a long pull, we think you're taking a very short view of the question. Just skim through a "help wanted" column and count the jobs that say "high school graduate." There are quite a few, you'll notice, and the salary offered is invariably higher than that offered to non-grads. The question you should ask yourself is this: "Do I want to be a potential tycoon in 1947, or a perpetual office boy in 1946? We're pretty sure you know the right answer.

What preparations can I be making toward getting a summer job? D. A., Harrisburg, Pa.

You can be thinking over the possibilities—department store work, baby-minding, tutoring, office work—and then dream up a really good letter stating your qualifications which you'll send out. Nine out of ten jobs are landed through well-written letters of application.

Is it all right to invite a boy over to your house if he has never dated you? "Jonesy," South Dennis, Mass.

Yes, if you do it ever so casually. S'pose you're walking home from school, or brewing up a stew in Chem lab (the two of you, we mean, natch), toss the invitation lightly and see how it hits him. If he pounces, make the time and day on the spot. If he hedges, for gosh sakes, don't pin him down. You know what to say, don't you? "I've got a gorgeous new Ellington," or "Ever eat a really terrific Dagwood sandwich?" It's easy!

I adore my best friend's brother. Would it be awful if I took her into my confidence and got her to plug me to him? N. M. Stamford, Conn.

On the contrary, it would be a very sharp maneuver. Get her to give you hints about what he likes and doesn't like and have her relay on comments abou you so that you can mend your ways or give him more in the same vein.

I am a mother of two girls, fifteen and sixteen. They both have lots of dates, and in my opinion stay out much too late When I step on them they tell me I'm obsolete. What would you consider a reasonable curfew? M. W., St. Louis, Mo

Curfew times differ so in various localities that we hate to issue an ultimatum However, for occasional school night stay-outs ten-thirty should be the deadline Fridays and Saturdays, we'd say eleven-thirty to twelve, depending on how late your local movie gets out. And for very fancy fun—proms and holiday parties, one o'clock should be late enough.

* * *

Lots of you scan this column month after month waiting for someone to ask your question. Shame on you, lazy bones Why not speak for yourself? Put you question in writing while you think of it and a red-hot solution will be on its way to you. Write to: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y*

FREE OFFER!

Maybe you readers never figured before just how important you are to MODERN SCREEN. Why, Editors Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen would no sooner think of making up the magazine without consulting you than they'd forget to water Gregory, their pet grapefruit plant. And just to prove it, we're giving away absolutely FREE the May, June, July AND August issues of MODERN SCREEN to the first 500 of you who fill in the Questionnaire below and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY. And that means *this very minute* because free subscriptions to MS go faster than griddle cakes (with syrup)!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Dream Boss (The Ladds) .... ☐
The Little Woman (June Allyson) .. ☐
Their Hearts Are Young and Gay (Guy Madison) .... ☐
"And So They Were Married" (Jeanne Crain) .... ☐
Dennis Morgan's Life Story (Concluded) .... ☐
Oh, Johnnie! (Johnston) .... ☐
I'm a Crosby Fan! by Leo McCarey . ☐
Blithe Spirit (Elizabeth Taylor) .... ☐
Eager Beaver (Don Taylor) .... ☐
Watch Mark Stevens! by Hedda Hopper .... ☐
Ed Sullivan Speaking .... ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ...... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..............................

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3,

in order of preference...

My name is..

My address is................City........... Zone..... State........

I am.........................years old.

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this Beauty Care

FIGHT WASTE—Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

——Lux Girls are Lovelier!

"AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED..."

(*Continued from page 41*)

the world, a beautiful dreamer of beautiful dreams.

This Sunday morning she slipped into a gold linen slack suit, ran a comb through her extravagantly beautiful hair, added a faint touch of lipstick . . . and went out to meet Destiny who—at the moment when Jeanne was readying herself for the party—was shaving in the Brinkman family bathroom and had just nicked his chin. Destiny, in this case, was named Paul.

falling in love . . .

He also had another date. When Mrs. Kester, who is called Bobby by her friends, introduced the foursome, none of them caught the names of the others. Jeanne looked at Paul and thought, "Good looking." Paul looked at Jeanne and uttered, under his breath, the 1943 equivalent of "Hubba, hubba, hubba."

There were so many people at the party that no conversation, other than the politely mumbled acknowledgment of introductions, took place between Miss Crain and the man she now refers to occasionally as "Mister B."

After breakfast, the Kesters showed a series of 16 mm. movies, and then the party broke up, so that was that.

Not for several months did Paul and Jeanne see one another again. One afternoon, Jeanne and her mother were driving down Sunset Boulevard and stopped for a red light. Up alongside them drew a sleek convertible with Mr. Brinkman at the wheel; he looked at Jeanne, remembered that Sunday morning, but couldn't remember her name for his very life. His memory tore his brain into excelsior in search of that missing gem—meanwhile he gave her the big eye.

Jeanne looked away, demurely. She remembered him, too, but she would have sold pencils at Hollywood and Vine before she would have admitted it. The two cars moved away from the signal, hub cap to hub cap, with Mr. Brinkman doing his best to look like an old friend of the family, and Jeanne hoping that the amenities could be satisfied in some way.

No use. Traffic honked and swirled to separate the two cars. The resourceful Mr. Brinkman memorized the license number, drove to the nearest Motor Vehicle Department station and tried to talk the boys with the badges out of the name, address and telephone number of the registered owner of Jeanne's car. The boys were understanding—sympathetic even—but unmoved. "No," they said firmly.

But Cupid, though lazy and absent-minded, never gives up a project entirely as long as he is getting mental cooperation from the two persons most closely involved. He decided on a prank.

He arranged for Paul and Jeanne to go to the Farmer's Market for luncheon on the same day. The Farmer's Market is a vast bazaar covering several acres on the northeast corner of Third and Fairfax in western Los Angeles, where one can buy everything from a pair of diamond earrings to a package of mothballs or a talking Mynah bird. It swarms with people from dawn until closing time at six, and the chances against one person seeing another he knows is something that would interest Lloyd's of London.

Jeanne was standing at the pie concession when an ingratiating masculine voice said, "I beg your pardon for not recalling your name, but I met you one Sunday at the Kesters. I saw you on Sunset Boulevard a while back, and did my best to flirt with you, but you didn't recognize me. In case you don't remember me, either, I'm Paul Brinkman."

"And I'm Jeanne Crain," said the girl who wouldn't admit that she had any recollection of the Sunset Boulevard episode. "Won't you join us? My mother and I have a table near the china shop."

Their first formal date occurred on New Year's Eve, 1943, when Paul escorted Jeanne to Tex Feldman's Watch Party. Jeanne, so excited she could scarcely breathe, wore a white frock over a hoop skirt with the bodice and skirt decorations embroidered in gold.

auld lang syne . . .

At midnight everyone sang "Auld Lang Syne." Paul linked his arm through Jeanne's so that she could have the first sip from his glass of champagne, just as she had the first from his. And then, quite solemnly, Paul leaned down and kissed Jeanne.

"Happy New Year," he murmured afterward. "Happy 1944."

It was a wonderful year. Paul started to teach Jeanne to play tennis, but she was so busy making pictures that she didn't

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have much time to perfect that back stroke. On weekends, however, they could drive down to Laguna—one of the loveliest resort towns on the Pacific Coast—to swim. One night they strolled into Victor Hugo's romantic restaurant in Laguna, and, as they passed between the tables on the way to the spot selected for them by the head waiter—Jeanne could hear the sibilant comment race through the room. "There goes Errol Flynn. There goes Errol Flynn."

She thought rebelliously, "No. He doesn't look like Mr. Flynn."

He doesn't. Paul is much younger than Mr. Flynn, of course, and his coloring is much darker. Tall as Paul is, he is not quite as tall as the Blitzkrieg Boatman, nor is his frame as matured.

misunderstanding . . .

During this period there was only one misunderstanding. Wynn Rocamora was giving a party for Louella Parsons, to which Jeanne and Paul were invited. Paul had been hunting, but had promised to call for her around seven.

At seven-thirty, she repaired her lipstick. At eight, she re-combed her hair. At eight-thirty she began to stand at the window—discreetly out of sight, of course —and scan the street for passing cars. At nine she gave up, removed her party dress with her blithe anticipations, and went to bed with dire resentment and a book.

In the meantime, Paul's car had flat-tired him to the extent of an hour's tardiness. He had called Jeanne as soon as he could reach a telephone, but received no answer—simply the usual ringing sound which is a sound effect and nothing more. (The Crains didn't discover until late the following afternoon that their telephone was out of order.)

Thinking that Jeanne had gone to the party with other friends when he failed to arrive on time to escort her, Paul scorched to the house, bathed, shaved, hopped into dinner clothes and went to the affair. He asked several people if they had seen Jeanne. Said some helpful soul, "Yes, she was here about thirty minutes ago. I think she left with someone—can't remember who it was."

If Jeanne, lying disconsolately at home, was smarting with the hurt of her first experience at being stood up, Paul was equally disgruntled before what he thought was a brush-off.

When Paul called, after the telephone was restored to service, and said rather shortly, "Sorry I missed you the other night," he was greeted by as crackling a sound as ever came over short wave. "I'll be right over to explain," he cried.

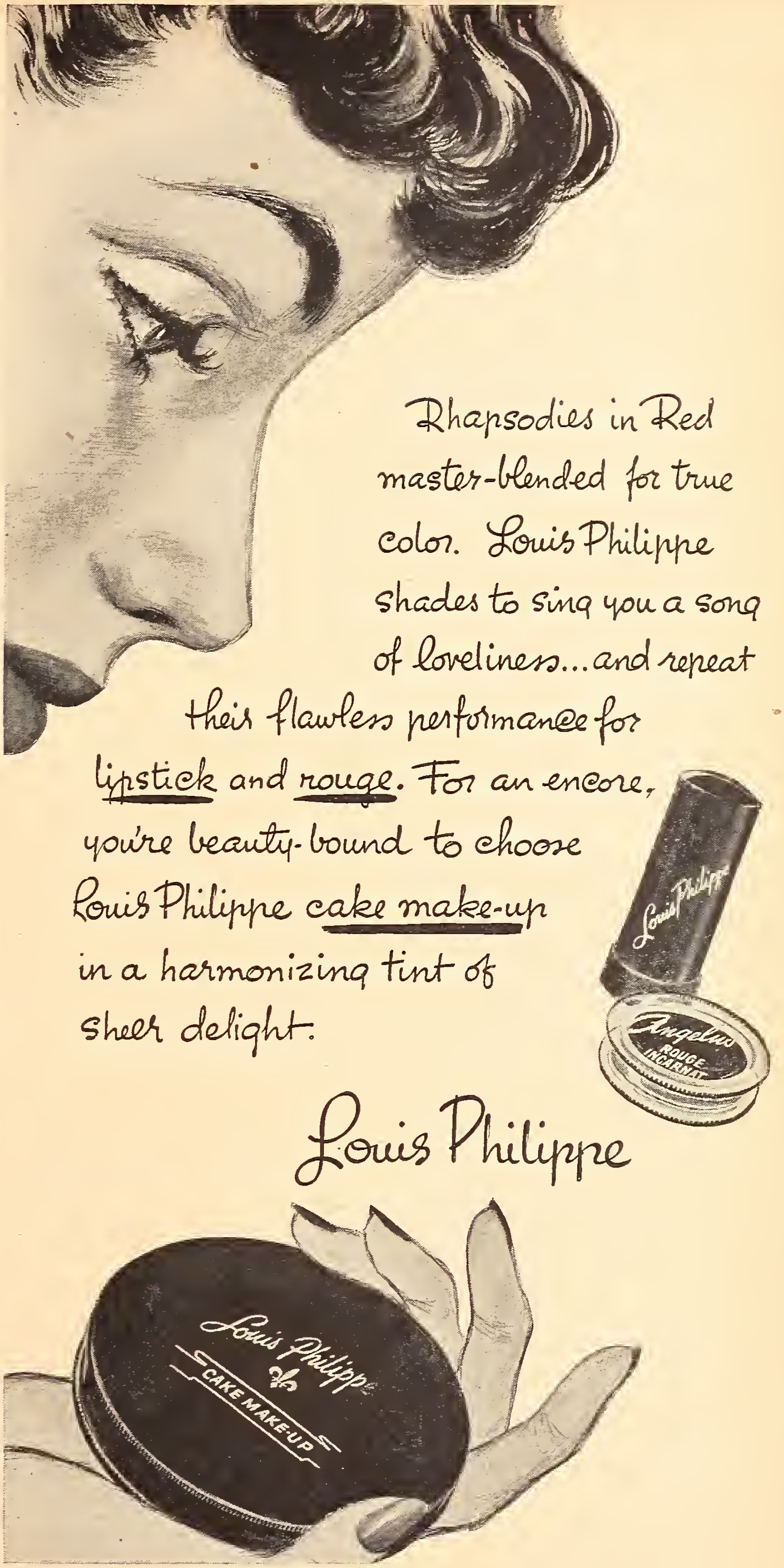
boy gets girl . . .

It was quite a discussion. Jeanne said he should have known that she wouldn't have gone to the party without him, not to speak of *leaving* without him, and Paul wanted to know how he should have guessed that the telephone was out of order. By the time each side had aired its grievances, they were at the beach. It is very difficult to cling to both dignity and anger on a roller coaster. End of argument.

By this time Jeanne and Paul had been seen together enough around town for their friends to grow curious about their romance. It was clear to anyone with eyes that they were in love with one another. Mrs. Crain began to object, not to Paul as a person, but to Jeanne's seeing any one person to the exclusion of all others.

"Go out with other people," Mrs. Crain begged. "Don't become serious. This is one of the loveliest times of your life, and you should live it to the full without thinking of the responsibility of marriage."

Jeanne and her mother have always been very sympathetic to one another's viewpoints, so Jeanne agreed. For four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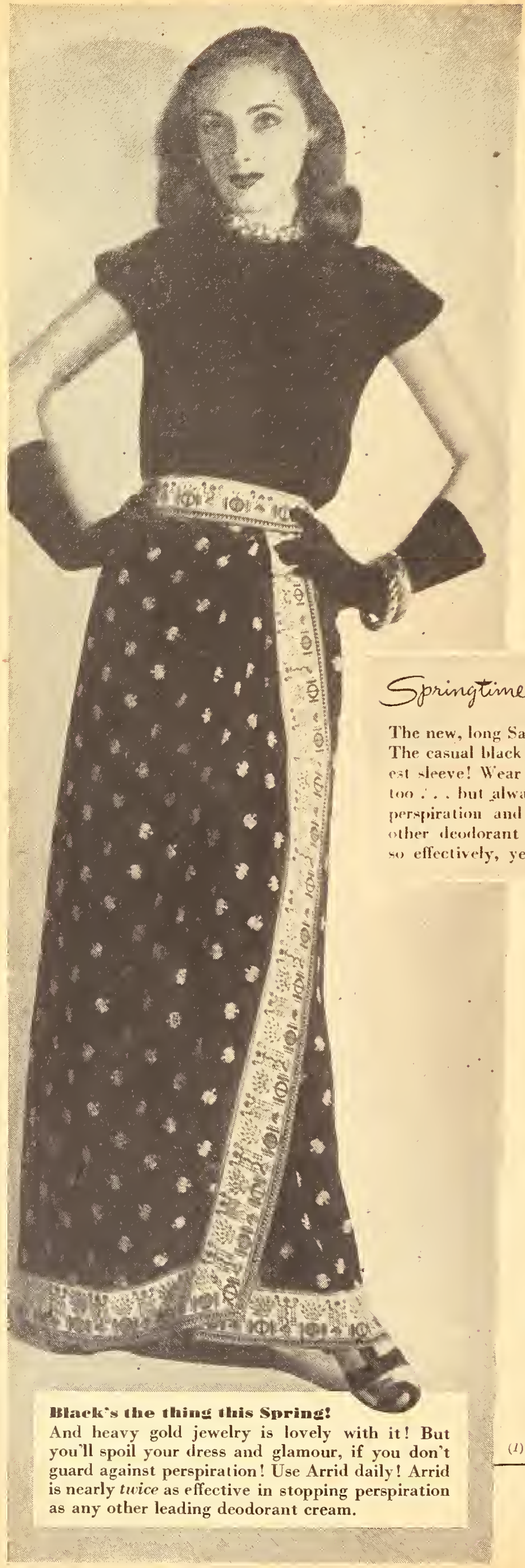

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Black's the thing this Spring!
And heavy gold jewelry is lovely with it! But you'll spoil your dress and glamour, if you don't guard against perspiration! Use Arrid daily! Arrid is nearly *twice* as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.

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(1) *Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.*

Some of the many Stars who use Arrid

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long, aching months, she and Paul did not see one another. Each went out with other friends; each tried to disperse his interest.

Came Christmas Eve, 1945. Jeanne had made a date with Paul, but Mrs. Crain was unhappy over the idea. She said that Christmas Eve was a family holiday, and that she wanted Jeanne at home on that evening. Because both she and Jeanne were tired and overwrought, each said things that they didn't mean and quickly resented, but the misunderstanding ended with Jeanne's going out to San Fernando to the Kesters. Jeanne, Paul and the Kesters discussed the problem.

Before Paul left that night, they decided to be married on the morning of December 29 in Jeanne's parish church. What they had forgotten, in their upset state, was that the wartime dispensation excusing three readings of the banns, had been revoked. A church decision was handed down: They couldn't be married until January 6th.

Frantically, the two devout Catholic communicants went to Bishop McGucken to explain their reasons for seeking a dispensation. And the Bishop, a wise and kindly man, granted their plea. He said they might be married on December 31st.

Actually, they hadn't planned to be married on the second anniversary of their first date—that was a fillip added by Fate.

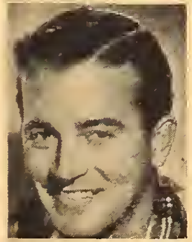
So these were the things of which Jeanne Crain thought as the minutes slipped by and became the dawn of her wedding day. Without having slept a wink, she slipped out of bed at six, shivering, and began to get dressed.

She donned the suit and the white hat, and went downstairs when she heard Paul park in the driveway. His expression, as he kissed her good morning, was mysteriously triumphant. From one pocket he produced a jeweler's box. Jeanne lifted the velvet lid and gasped: It was the most beautiful wedding ring she had ever seen: A design of interwoven orange blossoms studded with diamonds and baguette rubies. "I thought it would be a wedding-engagement ring combination," he said.

By this time, everything had begun to happen. Jeanne moved in a roseate daze to the church where a nuptial mass was celebrated by the Reverend Eugene Ivancovich, S.J. As she made the responses of the service and the ring was slipped on her finger, her chin brushed the orchids of the corsage Paul had brought her.

Afterward, after the last triumphant chord from the organ, and just before the photographer's flash bulbs began to pop, Paul said to his wife, "Say, here's something you might like to have!" and slipped a platinum ring on which was set a huge square-cut diamond onto Jeanne's finger. This was incredible . . . dreamy . . . all part of a blissful unreality. "I want to telephone Mother," she murmured.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I am a sailor, and while on leave managed to get to Hollywood, where I sneaked into a studio. Wandering around, I was stopped by a guard who asked me if I was one of the sailors working on a nearby set. Thinking fast, I said yes, and that's how I got in to the set where John Payne was playing a sailor role. "Say," he said to me, "how do you keep that hat on the back of your head?" "Search me," I replied, "but I'll fix yours for you." Johnny sure liked it that way, but I had to laugh when the director made him change it to the regulation squared cap for the scene, in spite of Johnny's protests.

Dave Williams, S 1 c
Santa Ana, Calif.

But first they must go to Paul's home so that proper pictures could be taken. Paul wanted to carry his bride over the threshold. The studio wanted those pictures. Meanwhile, a newspaper man had taken it upon himself to call Mrs. Crain and tell her that Jeanne had been married. The news, broken in this way, was difficult for Mrs. Crain to bear—she left the house. And when someone told Jeanne how the news had been relayed, Jeanne broke down and cried desperately.

However, a meeting was arranged the next day at which Mrs. Crain gave her blessing, and currently she is a regular dinner guest at the Brinkmans' borrowed house, a cottage loaned by Huntington Hartford, Paul's great friend.

perfect honeymoon . . .

After the wedding breakfast at the Kester home, Paul and Jeanne hopped into Paul's father's Cadillac and drove to Furnace Creek Inn, a delightful retreat on the Mojave desert. Jeanne, who has never spent even a weekend in Palm Springs had never before had the experience of a long desert vacation, so the five days they honeymooned there were glorious. They went horseback riding, they drove to the top of the six thousand foot mountain that rises towerlike above the Inn, which is below sea level; they spent one whole day exploring old mine shafts.

At the end of five days, the honeymooners had to return to Los Angeles because Jeanne had committed herself to enact a radio version of "Seventh Heaven" with Tyrone Power, one of her favorite people.

While driving anywhere together, the Brinkmans talk about their new house. All during the spring of 1945, Paul and Jeanne examined hill tops—which was the only spot on which either of them wanted to live. They found one magnificent spot, and Paul was about to buy it when he discovered that having the utilities (electricity, water, etc.) installed on the promontory would cost about ten thousand dollars.

Finally Huntington Hartford suggested that they look at some property not far from his own home. Together, they trudged to the spot, turned, and held their breaths out of sheer awe before the grandeur of the scene. Below stretches Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and—in clear weather—the beach towns. And behind the site rise peaks which reveal, through intermittent canyons, the San Fernando Valley beyond. Paul slid his arms around Jeanne's waist and kissed her solemnly. "Here, we will really live," he said.

With curtains drawn against the night, with a fire roaring in the fireplace, with only candles burning in the far corners, the Brinkmans plan to spend a good many evenings listening to music and murmuring in low voices about their plans.

"I've always wanted to go to Africa and make a real safari," Jeanne will say, as she has so often in the past.

"We'll do it as soon as I can train some one to trust with the business for a few months," Paul will promise. "But I also want to take you to Banff and to Lake Louise, to Victoria and Vancouver and Alaska. And to Mexico City, then to South America. We're really going to be busy people."

The title of one of the songs Jeanne sings in "Centennial Summer" is "Two Hearts Are Better Than One." It is a joyous thought with which to begin married life.

JOSEPH COTTEN
is one of the stars of
DUEL in the SUN
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"I like to sit home and knit"

Knit? My Eye!
Bet you'd like to splash around.
So get wise.
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KEEP FRESH! Bathe daily. Then shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body, into every curve and ripple. It leaves you fresh, divinely dainty.

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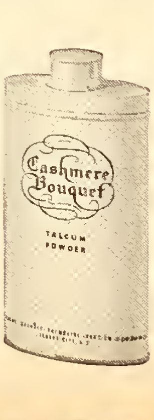

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BLITHE SPIRIT

(Continued from page 51)

Roosevelt, you're in a hurry, aren't you? You can leave now if you like."

The tall young man smiled. "Thanks a lot. Goodbye, everyone." He bowed to Mrs. Truman and started across the room with his long, boyish stride.

Elizabeth stared in utter consternation from his retreating back to the muff on her mother's lap, twenty feet away. Her autograph book! There was Mr. Roosevelt disappearing like a mirage, while she stood posing with Mrs. Truman. Her face mirrored her agonized indecision for thirty seconds, and then Elizabeth moved. Like a small, black-haired streak of lightning, she raced to her mother, grabbed the muff, and tore to the door, calling, "Mr. Roosevelt! Oh, Mr. Roosevelt, *please,* just a minute!"

remember me long . . .

Franklin wrote for so long that Elsa Maxwell, who was standing nearby, said jovially, "Looks to me as if you're writing her a letter, not just an autograph."

He looked up gravely. "I want Elizabeth to remember who I am, and where she was."

The minute Elizabeth got back from her trip East, she tore across the street to Anne's house. Anne is an ideal confidante. She's never catty or envious, and she gets a big kick out of the things that happen to Elizabeth.

"I went to the theater in New York!" Elizabeth announced gleefully. "And I wore my first black dress, and my first long stockings, and my first nail polish!"

"*Colored* nail polish?" Anne demanded incredulously.

"Of course not, silly. I wouldn't be caught dead with colored polish on. It would look ridiculous at my age." If Elizabeth was quoting her mother, she had serenely forgotten it.

Clothes are, at this point, all-important to Elizabeth. Which is pretty funny, because a year or so ago all she wanted in the way of a wardrobe was a pair of blue jeans and a boy's shirt. But by last summer she showed a tendency to linger before dress shop windows, and came Christmas the burning question in her life was *how* she could inveigle her family into getting her a white lambs' wool coat. She tried all the arguments she could think of and got nothing but a monotonous series of "When you're older, dear."

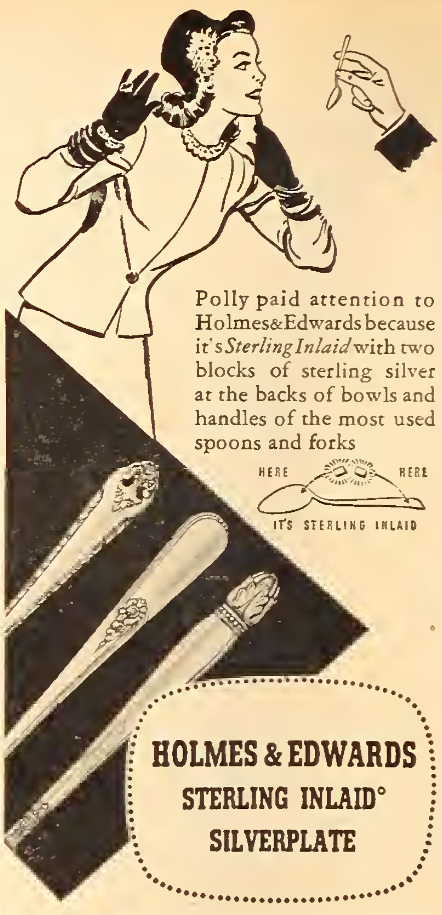
"She means sixteen," Elizabeth confided gloomily to Anne on Christmas Eve. "She always means sixteen when she says that. I knew I wouldn't get it this year. It would be too good to be true."

happiness, inc. . . .

"Maybe they'll give you something just as nice," Anne said. Anne always tried to be comforting. "And anyway, your white blanket coat is very becoming."

The next morning she got up and dashed across the street to Anne's in her woolly housecoat and slippers. She always went there first because the Westmores opened their presents before breakfast, the Taylors afterwards. When she had exclaimed wildly over Anne's heavenly new sweater and the toy panda—promptly named Andy Pandy—the girls went back to breakfast at the Taylors'. There were lots of packages under the tree in the living room. Scarlet and white and green, with bright ribbon bows. It was fun opening them. There were ties and slippers for Dad, and perfume for Mummy, and brushes for Howard, Elizabeth's sixteen-year-old brother. There was the most exciting new grey suit

HOW POLLY PICKED HER PATTERN



Polly paid attention to Holmes&Edwards because it's *Sterling Inlaid* with two blocks of sterling silver at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks

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*the bra with Circular Bias—stitching and bias encircle the cup.

BEAUTY BEGINS WITH PETER PAN

PETER PAN
BRASSIERES • GIRDLES

for Elizabeth, with wide shoulders and a tiny waist way in to here, and a lovely straight skirt.

"I thought it would be pretty with your blanket coat, dear," Mrs. Taylor said.

"Oh, it will. It'll be sweet with it." It would, of course. Only . . .

"Mother, do you think when I'm sixteen I can have a lamb coat?" Elizabeth asked wistfully.

"Gosh, what a single track mind," Howard remarked with masculine disgust. Howard is her adored older brother.

Mrs. Taylor smiled at them both. She turned to her husband. "Oh, we forgot that little brown package, dear. I didn't even get it wrapped. Would you go upstairs for it?" Suddenly Elizabeth's eyes got bigger and bigger. She jumped up and stood there, holding her breath till her chest ached. All the world seemed to be waiting in that moment of Christmas morning. Then suddenly, there was daddy holding—holding a white lamb coat!

Elizabeth shrieked. She ran—not to the coat, but to Mummy, and kissed her, and cried like crazy. Then she rushed to her father, who held the coat helplessly in one hand while his daughter gave him a wild bear hug. "It's too beautiful," she gasped. "Oh, Anne, isn't it *delirious!*"

"I knew about it all along," Anne said smugly. "But I'd promised not to tell."

lady in distress . . .

So—when Elizabeth went to the White House, she had the lamb coat to wear. And when they got to New York, there was the theater, and she was dressed all up in the black velvet dress and the white coat and a corsage. It was her first corsage from a boy named Peter and Elizabeth could hardly believe it. Young Peter, son of Metro's publicist, Dorothy Day, sent it.

She did look lovely when she was ready for the theater. A rosy glow enveloped the dress and coat and corsage, a glow that came from the expression of bliss on her face. She and her mother went downstairs to get a taxi. As they came out to the street, they saw what they had been too busy to notice before. It was *pouring* rain. Elizabeth saw it first and decided to try a rush act.

"There's a taxi, Mummy," she cried. "Let's dash and grab it. We simply must *not* be late for the theater."

But Mrs. Taylor ignored the slim hand tugging at her sleeve. She surveyed the teeming night, and then looked at Elizabeth's ensemble.

"It's too bad, dear," she said, "but you'll have to go upstairs and change your coat. Put on a raincoat."

"A *raincoat!* But, Mummy, I'm wearing a *corsage!* And we're going to the *theater!*"

"I know. In the rain. And we can't afford to ruin your lovely new coat. So go up and change, dear. Here's the key."

Elizabeth departed like Marie Antoinette going to the guillotine. Head high, but heartbroken. It's tough for a mother to stick to her guns in a case like that, but it's also essential, if discipline is to be maintained, and Mrs. Taylor knew it. Elizabeth was back in a short time, with a hopeful look, still wearing the white coat. "You gave me the wrong key, Mummy. And I don't think it's raining as hard now."

But Mrs. Taylor fished in her bag and came up with the right key. "Hurry, darling."

Elizabeth hurried. When she came back, she had the violets pinned to the raincoat. She winked gravely at her mother. "You were perfectly right. It's raining much too hard for a white coat."

That was a typical Elizabethan reaction. She never sulks. She's always gay and enthusiastic, with a vast affection for people. Children adore her on sight. Little Margaret O'Brien and Jackie "Butch" Jenkins are her devoted slaves. Not long ago, the

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DUEL
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studio school gave an informal entertainment. Elizabeth perched on one of the desks to watch. Butch promptly came over and wriggled up on the desk beside her. Margaret came shyly across the room and pulled up a chair by the desk, but that was still too far away—Butch was *much* closer.

He had grabbed Elizabeth's hand and was playing with the bangle on her bracelet in a proprietory manner. He smiled triumphantly at Margaret, who looked wistfully unhappy. Elizabeth saw it, and moving back a little on the desk, held out her hands in an inviting gesture. Instantly, Margaret was up, and into her lap. The three of them sat there in cherubic contentment throughout the evening.

nibbles and twinkles . . .

Elizabeth has a passion for animals that has had one curious consequence, besides getting her the role in "National Velvet." She has a chipmunk named "Nibbles," and she has written a book about him which is to be published in the spring. The book came about, believe it or not, because of Louella Parson's party for MODERN SCREEN. Elizabeth was excited about that party for weeks ahead of time. She and Anne had endless telephone conversations about it, which drove their respective families mad. The party, when it came at last, was sheer delight. Elizabeth met so many stars it made her dizzy, and they were all as charming to her as if she had been grown-up. She also met Albert Delacorte, MODERN SCREEN's young executive editor, and confided to Anne next day that he was "too handsome for words. I simply drooled when I saw him." She met Van Johnson, who is in a photo-finish at the moment with Gene Kelly, as her favorite male star. So with all this excitement, it was only natural that the next week when she was asked to write a theme at school, she wrote it about the party. Then she handed it over to the teacher and forgot about it. But the teacher telephoned Mrs. Taylor.

"You know, Elizabeth has a surprising amount of literary talent," she said seriously. "I thought so when I read the theme she wrote about her horse. Now with this story of the party, I'm sure of it."

When Elizabeth came in from bicycling with Anne and Carol, her mother said, "I hear you wrote a theme about the party."

"I did. You know, Mummy, I love to write. Sometime I'd like to write a book, if I had anything to write about."

"Why don't you try it? Write about things you know."

"But what *do* I know? Horses and dogs and chipmunks . . ." Elizabeth paused. "Nibbles. I'll write a story about him."

She not only wrote it, she illustrated it, too. The illustrations have caused almost as much favorable comment as the writing. She's been drawing for years, anyway. For instance, one morning her mother was getting dressed while Elizabeth and her dog, Twinkles, played around the room.

"I ought to draw some pictures of Twinkles for my book," Elizabeth said idly.

"Yes, dear, why don't you?" her mother said absently, and went into the bathroom to brush her teeth. When she came out, Elizabeth was lying on her stomach on the bed, slim tanned legs in the air, her head bent over a piece of drawing paper. "Which of these do you like better?" she inquired.

Mrs. Taylor peered over her shoulder in amazement. "These" were two beautifully executed sketches of Twinkles. He looked as if he was actually in motion, cavorting about the room, tail up and the devil in his eye, as usual. "When did you do those?"

"Just now. While you were in the bathroom. I have to work fast to get Twinkles."

Fast! Mrs. Taylor opened her mouth and then closed it again. It would never do to let the child see how impressed she was. But Elizabeth preserves her balance and her sense of humor without any trouble. One day her mother was quoting from the publisher's letter about the book. "He said Elizabeth's prose style was extraordinary. It was so well-formed, so round, so . . ."

"Firm, so fully packed," said her irrepressible daughter, giggling, and went off into a libelous imitation of the Lucky Strike auctioneer.

One reason Elizabeth and Anne get on so well together is because they laugh like mad at the same things. They agree about almost everything, anyway, and haven't had a quarrel since three years ago. Elizabeth recalls that last one vividly, however. Elizabeth had been given a fancy winter outfit of corduroy slacks, a crimson ski sweater, and a fur cap with crimson yarn woven into two braids which dangled to her shoulders. Of course it was summer, and the thermometer was in the eighties, but Elizabeth just *had* to show off her new possessions. She got on her Flexees scooter, ("We were just *infants*, practically, then," she explains) whizzed down the sidewalk, red woven braids flying in the hot summer breeze. She passed Anne's house without a glance, then turned around at the next corner and sailed past it again. The third time Anne stuck her head out of a window.

"I never saw anything sillier," she announced to the world in a high, angry voice. "A fur cap with wool braids in this terrible heat! Some *children* just aren't old enough to have any sense!"

The next day, she met Anne on the street. With the sudden, unaccountable vagary of childhood, they both said, "Hello" amiably, and in two minutes were consuming forbidden sodas together at the corner drug store.

Anne and Carol are rather interested in boys. Elizabeth likes boys, but she regards them with a friendly detachment. Howard's friends fill the house all the while, and Elizabeth thinks that when she does get around to dating boys, it will be handy having a brother two years older. Meantime, she is completely unself-conscious with them. She keeps a critical eye on Howard's girls, too.

"They're such kids," she tells her mother. "They just aren't smart. If they were, they'd know boys aren't interested in girls that rush them, and call them up all the time"

advice to the loveless . . .

So next time the girl called up, Elizabeth answered. "Look," she said firmly. "you aren't going to get anywhere with Howar this way. I know him better than anyone I know why he liked you in the first place and doesn't like you now. Do you?"

There was a perplexed negative fro the other end. "Well," Elizabeth explaine helpfully, "he liked you because he though you were sort of shy, and that's the typ he goes for. If I were you, I'd get sh again—fast. I'm telling you this for you own good."

"Miss E. Taylor. Advice to the lovelorn, said Howard, who had come in during thi conversation. But he had to admit tha her analysis of the situation was correc if somewhat blunt.

Here's an odd item about Elizabeth tha no one has ever been able to figure ou Ever since she was a little girl, people hav thought she should be called Virginia. Th director on "National Velvet" called he Virginia all the while. Elizabeth, who like her own name fine, wouldn't answer. Prett soon the whole company was saying "Hell Virginia," and the director tried to get he to consult a numerologist.

"If your name was Virginia, it woul help your career," he assured her. Eliza beth just smiled politely and went being Elizabeth. Her career, from whe we're sitting, seems to be doing all righ

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and see how beautiful you can be

LIONEL BARRYMORE
is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

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CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

technique on your pop, your big sister's beau, the nice joe who brings the groceries, then—when you've gained some confidence—try them on the kids at school.

4. You've been stood up and your pride is shattered. Build it up again by (a) giving the lug heck in front of a considerable group, (b) demanding no explanation, but accepting any that's given casually and with dignity, and very coolly refusing further dates with him, (c) cutting him dead next time you see him and blackening his name all over town.

5. Your dad won't let you smoke, and all the girls you know call you a sissy because you don't. Best thing for you to do is (a) smoke on the q.t.—on account of what your pop doesn't know won't hurt him, (b) steer strictly clear of the gals who do, (c) explain to your dad that you don't plan to overdo it, but that you would like to take a puff here and there without a guilty conscience, and ask him to place you on trial.

6. Mom has to cut your allowance because finances are a bit strained at home; you'll make out best financially if (a) you get a part-time job and take care of your own cokes and movies, (b) you screech and whine about all the things the other kids have that you can't afford, (c) you simply resign yourself to being poor and shun fun.

7. There's a new gal at school. Cute and smiling and obviously fun. But her religion is different from the gang's, so all the kids snub her. You'd do well to (a) slap her on the back and show her that *you're* no snob, (b) in an unobtrusive way take her under your wing and give her a chance to show the kids what a peach she is, (c) follow the crowd, 'cause if you step out of line they may drop you.

8. Your church is planning a party. Volunteers are needed to plan the food, decorations, etc. You (a) sit back and let George do it, (b) volunteer like crazy and then find yourself so swamped with obligations you accomplish nothing, (c) pick out one thing you can do well and make a bang-up job of it.

Answers: 1. c, 2. b, 3. c, 4. b, 5. c, 6. *a*, 7. b, 8. c.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While visiting in California some months ago, I stopped at one of Beverly Hills' leading shops and happened to notice a lovely lady looking over some clothes. A flustered and evidently new salesgirl was trying very hard to please her glamorous customer, and in her anxiety, she caught the fabric of a dress on a hanger and tore it. The head of the department came rushing over, but before she could say a word, the customer said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, how clumsy of me," and there wasn't a thing the woman in charge could say or do to the poor salesgirl. This gracious gesture was made by none other than Irene Dunne.

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St. Louis, Missouri

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OH JOHNNY!

(*Continued from page 47*)

He'd sit in the center of a gang of kids and swoon 'em with "I'm The Medicine Man for the Blues."

"Lookit, Big John, you're hot," they'd say to him, and he began to think, "Gee, I am." So he advertised that he'd give uke lessons for fifty cents a week. "I could squeeze four lessons in every afternoon," he figured, "and eight on Saturdays." And he practically needed a slide rule to compute his earnings. The way it worked out, however, only two pupils showed up. One was a lady. A nice, jolly, middle-aged lady who wanted to learn "The Poet and the Peasant."

Johnnie gulped hard. "It's not exactly uke material," he said. "Would you consider 'Aloha' or 'Little Brown Jug'?"

"I would not," she said, removing her hat and grabbing the uke. "What do I do first?" Business was business, so Johnnie showed her how. The other pupil was a man who wanted to learn to play for relaxation. Both students were rather slow, so Johnnie pulled down a dollar a week for quite a while, and don't think he didn't need it.

making ends meet . . .

He was just beginning to think about girls, and everyone knows what an expense *they* are. Take Johnnie's first date, for example. He had one hard earned buck to spend, and as he'd mapped out the evening, it was going to be ample. Thirty-five cents each for the movies, leaving thirty cents for food. If she ordered a fifteen-cent soda, he'd order one, too. If she ordered a twenty-cent sundae, he'd have a ten-cent coke. A buck would do the evening up brown, and Johnnie ushered the gal into the soda joint feeling good. They sat down and studied the menu.

"How about a black and white?" Johnnie said, lighting a Cubeb.

She puckered her brow. "Mmm—I don't think so." She read the menu from cover to cover and then grinned at him. "Let's shoot the works," she said archly. "How about a couple of jumbo banana splits?"

Everything went black for a minute. Jumbo splits at thirty cents per. Oh no!

"I'm not having a thing," Johnnie said, when he could speak. "Training rules." And he sat there and watched her gorge, liking her less and less every minute. She was the smoothest redhead in the sophomore class, but she was poison to Johnston from that night forward.

Boxing on the Heart of America team was an eventual source of income. There wasn't very much of Johnnie when he was in his teens—he only weighed 125 pounds—but what there was could really fight. Of course, being an amateur fighter, he received no money for his wins, but now and then on special occasions he'd get a gold watch. He kept the first one, but subsequent ones he sold in order to finance his dates and his wardrobe. Clothes-wise, he was really a sharpie. Had lots of bell-bottom pants that were skin tight at the knees. The exact reverse of zoot trousers. The jackets had long, long lapels and built up shoulders. And his white shirts all had black and white checked cuffs, which were considered the absolute ticket in 1932.

Sometimes his mother used to wonder about his clothes. "Do they *all* dress like that, dear?" she'd ask him. Johnnie would be outraged.

"Heck, no," he'd answer. "Most of 'em have no flash."

He finished high school in 1932 and immediately hopped a freight for Holly-

ANDREA KING, STARRING IN WARNER BROTHERS "SHADOW OF A WOMAN"

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wood where he got a job in the Universal Studios restaurant. There were a lot of jobs after that. He was mess boy on a ship that went around the world; came home and was a doughnut salesman for a while, then a match salesman. All of the jobs were just sort of to kill time. None of them were for keeps. And he'd reached the stage where more than anything on earth he wanted a job that he could give his heart to. Finally he made up his mind that he'd save a little money and buy a really good uke and get a singing job.

He liked to draw, and he'd studied commercial art in school, so he went into business painting signs. It was slow going. A sign here, a sign there. He earned barely enough to keep eating; never had anything left over to put toward the uke. And then came a windfall of thirty signs. Thirty nice, short, easy signs for ten dollars. All they were to say was, "Milkshakes, 15 cents." Johnnie was like one inspired. He did them brilliantly. In bright red paint with curleycues. In green with a row of exclamation points. In lush brown with a picture of a milkshake. He worked on them for twenty-four hours without rest and then went down to the drugstore with them.

too much of a good time . . .

"Mr. Jackson," he said, "I've got them all done." He couldn't wait to see his expression when he saw those signs. Mr. Jackson thumbed through them, his face growing gradually apoplectic. Finally, he turned on Johnnie.

"I said 'Milkshakes, 15 cents,'" he boomed. "Curleycues I didn't specify. Geegaws I don't want." He pushed his angry face close to Johnnie's. "Stick to the facts. 'Milkshakes, 15 cents.'"

So Johnnie went home and did them over with black ink in plain block letters. It took him about an hour, and he got his ten bucks. It was his last piece of art work because he bought the ukulele on the spot and went to work as a stroller—that is, a singer of ballads who goes from beer joint to beer joint playing for tips.

Along about that time, he met Dorothy Marubio, the sweet-faced gal who has been Mrs. Johnston for nine years. It was a queer sort of courtship because Johnnie worked all night, and Dottie worked all day. What's more, she had a very heavy suitor, an ex-Notre Dame football star, who did *not* work nights, except at wooing Dorothy. A lesser guy than Big John would have figured that he didn't have a chance. Johnnie didn't figure that way. He'd tear over to her house about eight o'clock in the morning, heavy-eyed and sandpaper-voiced from a night of singing, and he'd turn on the charm over a cup of coffee. And then one day he got completely fed up with the set-up.

They were having breakfast in a drugstore downtown, and he turned to her. "Look, it doesn't have to be like this. A couple of hectic seconds a day." He made himself talk slowly, matter of factly. They both prided themselves on their matter of factness. "We could get married, couldn't we?"

Dot's hand holding the cup of coffee shook a little. She knew that they were a pair of hard-boiled guys, not two silly kids, so why the heck did she feel like bawling? "Sure we could," she said unsteadily. "Couldn't we?"

He looked at her a minute, as if she'd just handed him the moon with a ribbon around it. "Yeah," he whispered, for all the world like one of those sentimental gents. "You bet we could."

They were married, and how they got along on a handful of dollars a week no one will ever know. But they were young and in love, and being poor was fun. Also they both knew it was only temporary.

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Dot discovered it first—that Johnnie was terrific, that some day he'd be big time, and she made him believe in himself as he'd never been able to before. The funny part of it was that Dot was right. The stuff was there. Within a few months Art Kassel signed Johnnie on as singer-guitarist and band boy, and that was the beginning of the Success Story.

Came a session with Roger Pryor's band, came radio, came Hollywood. His sinuses drove him West in 1940, but once he got there he knew it was for him, sinuses or not. They had a darling house and a horse and a couple of dogs, and in 1942 they had Julie, their lovely little girl. Johnnie worked regularly, and two of the songs he introduced in the movies became smasheroos. "I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby," and "That Old Black Magic." They weren't millionaires, the Johnstons, but there was chicken every Sunday, and life was pretty lush after all the thin years. Johnnie used to say to Dot:

"Could a guy want any more than this? You and the kid and a dog with a red beard" (Skippy *did* have a red beard, and more personality than most people) "and good friends and the best golf clubs money can buy?" And she used to come right back at him, quick as a flash, "We're lucky guys, J. J."

Their best friends were a mixture of professional and nonprofessional people: Martha Tilton, Johnny Mercer, Alice Faye and Phil Harris, Marilyn Maxwell. Then there was Chet Bell with whom Johnnie had gone to school and Arnold Gillespie, a cartoonist at Metro. All of them swell people. Dot and Alice would talk babies on the phone for hours at a time. Johnnie and Chet would compare gardening technique. In the evening they'd have dinner at each other's houses, play charades, gang around the piano and sing. It was a good, sane, solid way of life, but Dot and Johnnie never got settled or stuffy. They did giddy things like playing golf in the rain and taking trips to Santa Barbara on horseback. Things like teaching little Julie to make the razzberry noise when they sang "Der Fuehrer's Face."

Johnnie taught her that when she was six months old. "Come on, honey," he'd say, leaning over her play pen. "We (razzberry noise) and (razzberry noise) right in the Fuehrer's face." He kept at it till his face got red and his eyes were popping, but he got nothing but the deadpan from her nibs. Exhausted and crushed, he gave it up as a bad job.

"She can't seem to get it," he complained to Dorothy, his tone of voice implying near-imbecility.

"She's not old enough, goon," Dot told him. "She's only six months old, you know."

And then Johnnie put the Spike Jones record on the vic and sat down in a chair to listen. When it came to the razzberry part, Julie, unprompted, chimed in from her play pen as plain as anything.

famous first words . . .

"Did you hear that?" yelled Johnnie. "Hear what Julie said?" It went down in her baby book, "First word, six months old—razzberry." And no subsequent feats were ever quite as thrilling.

In 1944, Johnnie decided to trek East again. It was obvious that all really good singing movie roles were going to Bing—and rightly so, he knew—so he pulled up stakes and went to New York with nothing in view but a guest stint on the Society of Lower Basin Street program. When that was over, they signed him for nine weeks, but other than that he was unemployed. There were no further radio bids, no nothing. Then one night a friend took him to dinner at the Hurricane, and it turned out to be Celebrity Night. They asked Johnnie

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to sing, and he did, and next morning there were a dozen phone calls. In quick succession he signed for personal appearances at the Capitol Theater, a singing spot at the Copacabana, a new Chesterfield radio series. He brought Julie and Dot in from the Coast and they resumed their life together in a New York apartment.

There were wonderful things to see—Central Park and the Zoo for Julie; the marvelous shops, the theaters for Dot; the bands, the top-notch entertainers for Johnnie. It was fun and stimulating, but after eight months of it they are ready to go West again. Really thrilled to go, because Big John has a fat new contract with Metro now, and the Success Story is getting bigger and better. The principal characters in it are pretty much the same. Better dressed, perhaps. Better fed. But still two smiling, unspoiled kids who've had the world on a string all along, so what's all the noise about? The third character has changed from a wee baby to a bright-faced pixie with taffy-colored pigtails. A laughing little girl who wears shiny patent leather Mary Jane shoes and stiff starched pinafores. She can put jig-saw puzzles together and count to twenty. She can also sing "Frère Jacques" and the "Trolley Song" and "Accentuate the Positive," and her pop thinks she's good. And now there's a little brother—John Dennis—for Julie to play with.

She has a fabulous collection of toys; gifts from a doting pa and many presents from Johnnie's fans. There's a tremendous rocking horse (which Julie has recently discovered is a rocking lamb—not a horse at all), a couple of life-size dolls, games, books, toy animals.

Johnnie is awfully fond of the fans; they've done so many touching things. Like visiting him at the hospital every day when he had appendicitis. And bringing him gifts on the slightest provocation—a pair of silk pajamas, a lovely blue sweater, a brief case with his name on it. They are sweet, well-behaved kids for the most part, and only now and then do they cause any real disturbance. Like the time when Johnnie was sick from over-work. He just barely got through the Chesterfield show, and Bill Brennan was helping him out to a cab. The fans mobbed him, stuck fountain pens in his eye, clung to the running board of his car. There were eleven cops on hand that night, and the youngsters knocked them over as if they were matchsticks. It wasn't a very nice exhibition. Johnnie was pretty ashamed of his kids. But it doesn't happen often. They are usually so darn nice.

As one of them put it, "We don't want to embarrass or offend him. He's too swell—as a singer and as a guy."

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Lay that raincoat down, babe, lay that raincoat down—'cause it's raining pennies from heaven this month—500 pennies, in fact. And just to be nice about it, we're putting those 500 coppers into a $5 check for your convenience, to be sent to YOU, if we accept your "I Saw It Happen." What's an "I Saw It Happen"? Why natch, it's just the simple story of what happened when you bumped into a movie star. (Hint: You stand a better chance if your tale is brief, clear, and interestingly written!) So sit you down, write it up, and send it off to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

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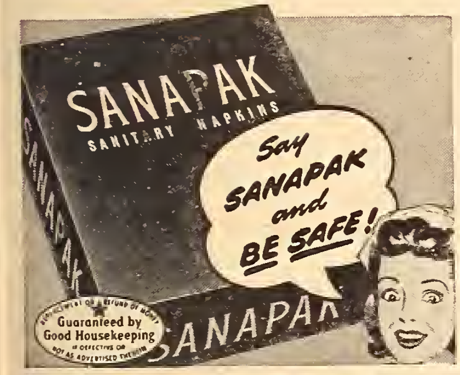

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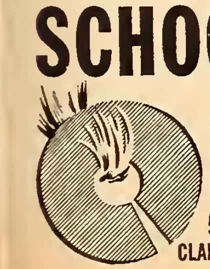

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DREAM BOSS

(*Continued from page 33*)

friends telling Sue and Alan goodbye, and vice versa. Upstairs, Alan and Sue were tossing this and that into their bags and then discovering they'd forgotten something else. So Betty raced downtown to rescue the lost items. Then Alana lost "Sandy" her favorite handkerchief, and started to cry; up whizzed Betty to the nursery to tell her a story and calm her down. Flashed next a terrible realization in Sue's mind—the radio contract Alan had signed had to go back to NBC before eight o'clock. Betty rushed down with it. She helped pack. She jotted down last minute instructions. Betty helped Sue brew coffee to keep them all fortified. It went on like that. Then Laddie got a bright idea, as it grew later and later. He peeked out the front window and saw a silvery moon bathing the terrace.

"We're getting a late start anyway," he said. "Look, Sue, let's start out about one o'clock and drive by moonlight!" Sue thought that was a romantic idea, so Betty helped make sandwiches before they started packing the back end of the car. She helped lug out travel items for that, and with it all safely stowed in, started to wave them goodbye, a little wobbly, at one o'clock in the moonlight. Then Alan switched on the headlights—and no lights. He'd packed the rear end so full the wiring was crushed. Out came all the bags and the pliers and Alan crawled inside the car while Betty held the flashlight.

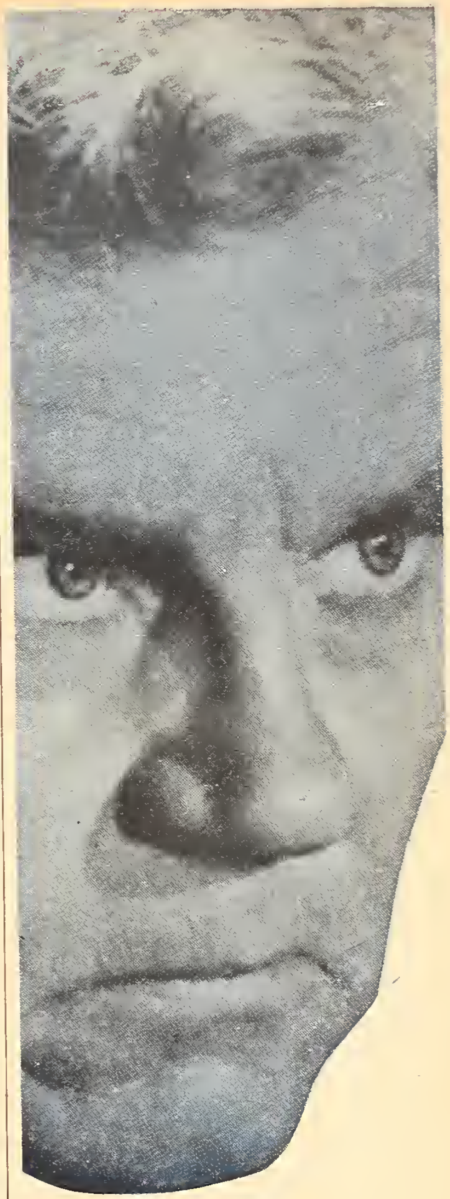
frantic family . . .

Around two a. m., the Ladds finally rolled off on their moonlight excursion. Only Alan got dozy before they'd passed the San Fernando Valley, so they pulled into Joel McCrea's ranch and went to sleep. But Secretary Betty didn't know that, of course. She finally dragged into the Studio Club around three and tumbled across her bed in a state of exhaustion—happy exhaustion, though, because she'd loved every minute of the excitement.

That's just a sample—but after pitching into a few family frantics like that you can see where a star's private secretary becomes more than a mere business girl—and fast. By now, Betty Jordan—who got her job through an employment agency, and didn't even know whom she'd be working for until she walked in, met Sue and discovered she was Alan Ladd's wife—entrenched firmly in the Ladds' affections. In fact, it's hard to see how the place would tick along without Betty and Diane. They rally to all the daily dramas—like the time Betty was there alone and the lady down the street called to report, "There's a man dragging your boxer dog, Jezebel, into his car. I think he's stealing her." She tore down the street in time to claim Jezzie, scare off the kidnapper and avert a Ladd family tragedy.

They're in on family surprises and secrets even before Alan and Sue are, more often than not. Like Alan's last birthday present, when Sue completed the gold locket which has an engraved still picture from every film Laddie's made. And the Christmas gift charm for his cigarette case, the tiny jeweled "Calcutta" airplane which brings it up to date. It's a cinch Alan didn't know about those until he got them with "Happy Birthday" and "Merry Christmas." But Betty and Diane did. They picked 'em for Sue and checked on the jeweler's progress for weeks.

Last December Sue and Alan were away from Hollywood right before holiday time on their tour of army hospitals in the Midwest. It's always an absorbing junket for



WALTER HUSTON
is one of the stars of
DUEL in the SUN
Made by
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HERBERT MARSHALL
is one of the stars of
DUEL in the SUN
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that pair once they get going on a GI entertainment tour, and besides, this time, they made Camp Joseph T. Robinson and the Army Navy General Hospital in Arkansas and Alan went over to Hot Springs, his old home town, and tried to track down missing relatives he knew he must have in those parts. So they stayed away longer than they'd planned and the terrible realization suddenly smote them both that they would be smack up against Christmas by the time they got back to Hollywood. So they wired Betty, "Can you pick up gifts Sue chose before leaving and start wrapping them, as Alan wants to stay at the hospitals till the day before Christmas?"

Betty wired back, "Love to," and by the time she rolled over to the Glendale station with Diane, Alana and the nurse, Jezebel, the pup and other Ladd menage mainstays, to meet Sue and Alan, all the presents were wrapped with seals, stickers n'everything. Of course, she had made a couple of mistakes. Like the pedal-pusher she tagged for a grown up gal friend of Sue's with a baby name, and the perfume she'd wrapped for a female moppet with a very adult sounding title. Alan and Sue, I might add, were not ungrateful.

to betty, with love . . .

Because the Christmas present they gave Betty was a two-week vacation to fly back to her home town, Easton, Pennsylvania and visit the folks. And when, just two days before her trip, Betty's plane reservations got cancelled and the dream blew up—well, Alan spent a whole day chasing down everybody he knew even remotely connected with an airline or train and turning on every calorie of heat, so that Betty left for home right on schedule, Christmas rush or no. Some boss? You can't knock him to Betty. And a girl like Miss Jordan, who gets mixed up in all the daily glamorous goings on of a star's home base doesn't necessarily wear rose-colored glasses.

Betty and Diane laugh at Alan when he comes out to greet them in the mornings when his eyes are still half closed with sleep and he can only scowl good naturedly, "What's good about it?" when they chirp a cheery "Good Morning!"

They are well used to the sight of Ladd scuffing along in a pair of mud-caked garden shoes which even the Salvation Army would refuse to rehabilitate. They know what he looks like when he hasn't shaved, when his favorite pants, the tattered blue denims (that Sue has tried unsuccessfully dozens of times to bury) adorn his lower half with nothing but tan skin top-side. They know his weakness for the weirdest combinations anyone could think up—like the yacht skipper's cap he likes to wear over his Cheyenne frontier pants and cowboy boots! And they have been bystanders in several household crises where their star boss didn't exactly loom bright and shining in a hero's role.

There was the time, for instance, when Alan almost flooded the family out of house and home. That night Betty stayed on for dinner with Sue and Alan and during the course of the meal Sue injudiciously mentioned that a leaky faucet in the upstairs bathroom was driving her slowly mad.

"I'll fix it after dinner," stated Laddie.

"Hadn't you better call a plumber?" Sue suggested.

"Of course not," snorted Alan. "Very simple job. Besides, plumbers are busy these days. No sense in calling one in when I know exactly what to do."

So, after dinner, Alan dug out hammers and wrenches and things and soon great clanking and banging sounds resounded through the place in fearful fashion while Sue and Betty sat downstairs and chewed their nails. Finally, the nervous gals heard him clumping down the basement stairs.

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"Where are you going, dear?" ventured Sue timidly.

"To turn the water off, of course," echoed up the stairs. But next minute there were ominous gurglings and splashings from all directions and a miniature Johnstown Flood started sweeping over the house. Instead of turning the water off, the guy had turned it full on!

Sometimes, naturally, Betty and Diane manage to get mixed up in Ladd household dilemmas, whether they mean to or not. You can't be a private secretary and put your foot in the right place every hour of the day, and the last boss in the world to expect that is Alan, who likes everyone around him to stay relaxed and happy, and constantly keeps them kidded that way. If Betty bumps her toe on the flagstone walk, he'll yelp, "That'll cost you five bucks to lay a new sidewalk—remind me to dock your salary." And he's always strolling into the playroom office with a slave driver look and growling, "From now on everybody works Sundays, holidays and every other night," just to start a banter bout. But in three years Diane has never seen Sue or Alan really burned up about anything she's done and that goes for Betty, too, in the year she's been on the Ladd dream job. And both admit there have been a few provocations to ruffle the feelings of any one half way touchy.

By now Betty has learned to keep out of Laddie's way when he's due for a radio broadcast. He races around the house like a madman those days and you're likely to get bowled right over if you block the track. By now, too, Betty knows better than to buy lamb when she markets. She did that the first week she was there and watched Alan turn a funny green and push his plate away at dinner. Now, if Betty markets, she sticks to the steaks he loves and she knows that artichokes and zucchini squash are about the only members of the vegetable family he'll swallow without gagging. She knows he's allergic to studio commissaries, too, and if Sue's busy she whisks over to Paramount with the lunch which Alan likes to heat up on the hot plate in his housekeeping-style dressing room.

a man's treasure . . .

She knows which are Alan's particular treasures in the playroom—the GI statuettes Dixie Crosby gave him when he went into service, the framed athletic medals he won in high school, the wooden duck that Webb, his studio makeup man and pal, carved for him, the lighter a soldier fan overseas made out of a 37-mm shell and sent, the film splicer Bill Demarest gave him for Christmas—so she gives them a wide berth when she buzzes around.

Matter of fact, nobody gets a bigger laugh than boss man Alan when Betty or Diane bang into a slapstick bit of comedy grief going about their unpredictable chores. Once Laura Lee, the special cook Alan and Sue have in for fancy parties, decided she'd prepare some of the food at home. When party time came, Betty and Diane volunteered to bring her and the fancy goodies over, while Alan and Sue got dressed. So they rolled over to Laura Lee's in the Packard, carefully tucked her in the back seat with a scrumptious lemon chiffon pie and a bowl of tomato aspic which had taken her all the afternoon to make. Laura balanced one on top of the other carefully. But on the way home and in a hurry Betty slammed on the brakes at a crossing and—Squoosh!—the prettiest mixture of lemon-tomato-pie-aspic you ever saw flew all over the car and poor Laura Lee's snowy apron. Betty could have dropped right through the floor when she confronted Sue with the mess, but Alan had to go in the next room and roar. They

(*Continued on page* 112)

Stops

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STEAK AND KIDNEY

PIE, YORKSHIRE PUDDING, RAREBIT

AND CRUMPETS

ARE FAVORITE ENGLISH DISHES SERVED AT

HOLLYWOOD'S COCK 'N BULL

By NANCY WOOD

Food WITH AN ENGLISH ACCENT

■ J. Edgar Hoover and his boys always find what they're looking for! In this case, one of America's No. 1 restaurants, The Cock 'n Bull. They have eaten there often and found it just by listening to the comments of satisfied customers.

Eric Blore, famous for his English butler roles, ate at The Cock 'n Bull the day it was opened in 1937 and so headed the long procession of movie stars who have since enjoyed the typically English food served within those dark oak-panelled walls. The decorations, too, are quite English—polished brass lanterns, authentic old prints and etchings, Toby mugs, and autographs of historical celebrities like Robert Browning and an assortment of English kings.

This charming place is owned by screen writer Jack Morgan (Col. Morgan, if you want to be formal). Although born in San Francisco, he was educated at Oxford, which accounts for his special liking for English food. Originally, Morgan planned a tavern with a few snacks, but those tidbits were so good the menu grew and grew until today there's a magnificent buffet table spread with baked turkey, fried chicken, broiled squab, browned potatoes, an out-of-this-world horseradish, vegetables, piles of hot crumpets and, well, just heaps of beautiful food!

Also a bit of all right are the customers. At the bar there's a terrific turnover of Hollywood gossip supplied chiefly by newspaper men and press agents. In the restaurant you may find Joan Crawford enjoying some baked beans, or Jane and Ronnie Reagan starting their meal with Welsh rarebit. Frank Sinatra eats

If tables really do groan when loaded with delicious food, this one has a groan coming! Bill Williams and Barbara Hale are about to feast on some of the best food in the country!

there too—Nancy feeds him a lot of good home cooked food, but his youthful appetite causes him to tour the town in search of tasty tidbits. Prominent out-of-towners include cartoonist Peter Arno, the famous Leopold Stokowski and, as we have already said, J. Edgar Hoover, always accompanied by two of his men.

We're giving you some English recipes as received from The Cock 'n Bull, with only such changes as will make it easier for you to prepare a chef's recipes in your own kitchen.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1 cup flour	1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt	4 eggs, beaten
½ cup beef grease	

Sift flour once. Measure, add salt and sift again. Add milk and well beaten eggs gradually, stirring smooth. Beat mixture vigorously 2 minutes. Place drippings in 10 or 12-inch square pan and heat to bubbling hot before pouring in pudding. Bake in hot oven (500° F.) for 20 minutes. Cut in two-inch squares and serve with roast beef.

NOTE: The average Yorkshire Pudding uses two eggs, if you're keeping an eye on the budget. Some cooks bake it about 35 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400°-425° F.).

WELSH RAREBIT

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
2 cups milk
1 pound American cheese, diced
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
½ cup beer

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Add flour, salt, pepper and dry mustard and stir smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring smooth. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cook 5 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Add diced cheese and stir until melted. (Do not overcook as cheese becomes stringy.) Add Worcestershire sauce and beer and mix thoroughly. Serve immediately on toast or buttered English crumpets. Serves 6.

ENGLISH TRIFLE

1 8-inch layer sponge cake
⅓ cup sherry
¾ to 1 cup raspberry jam
1 recipe custard sauce*
1 cup whipping cream
Maraschino cherries

Cut sponge cake into 1-inch cubes and line serving dish with layer of cubes. Sprinkle with sherry wine. Spread with part of the raspberry jam. Add part of the custard sauce. Repeat this layer of cake, wine, jam and sauce until all ingredients are used up. Cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with maraschino cherries. Serves 6 to 8.

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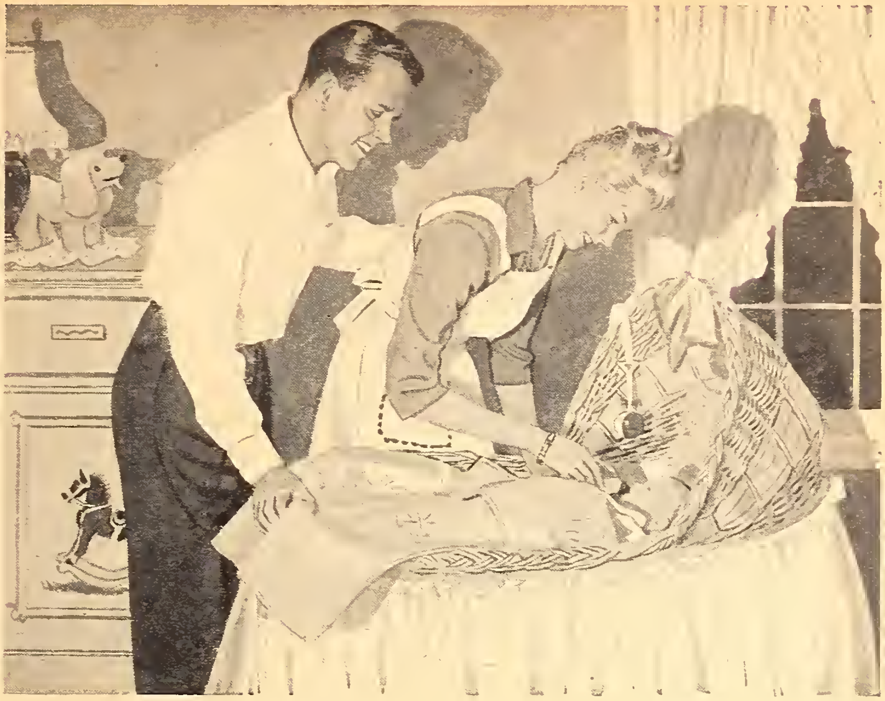
* Custard sauce should be chilled before adding to Trifle. Prepare as follows: Beat 4 egg yolks, ¼ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt together. Add 2 cups milk which have been heated to scalding point in top of double boiler. Return mixture to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until mixture coats metal spoon. (Do not use too high heat or overcook or mixture will curdle—it is done when it reaches sauce consistency). If whipping cream isn't available, beat remaining egg whites until stiff and add ½ cup corn syrup gradually. Add ⅛ teaspoon salt. Top Trifle with beaten egg whites.



Rhapsody in WHITE

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"I didn't realize any soap could be so effective on shirt collars and cuffs." . . .

"There is simply no other soap for doing up baby things." . . .

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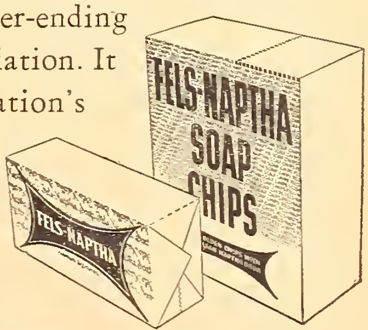

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NOXZEMA

all pitched in in the kitchen and repaired the damage before the guests arrived.

The lone family sore spot at the Ladds—which includes everybody who lives or works there—is the case of the missing automobile keys. In a house where so many people buzz off on something or other at all hours, car keys disappear like magic and always at strategic times. There's the Packard and the Buick and never a key for either one when somebody wants it. Alan finally went grimly down to the locksmith's and had ten different sets of car keys made —but they still disappear.

Next to his baffling burnups at elusive car keys—the only time Betty recalls seeing Alan having an unhappy moment at anything traceable to his secretary staff involved—of all people—Baby Alana. She's at the into-everything-chatterbox stage now (she'll be three in April), smart as a wink and cute as a bug. Alana still has her nurse, Kathleen O'Conner, but on her day off Betty and Diane love to dress her, curl her hair (when they can get her to sit still long enough) and generally fuss over the dainty little doll. And on any other day, with the way Alana is getting around these days, she's likely not to be far away from Betty and Diane.

She's Little Miss Perpetual Motion and Little Miss Echo all in one, at this point—and everybody at the Ladds' is her devoted slave. Alan has a dozen fancy names for her—like "Imogene," "Lillybelle," "Ramona," "Fifi"—and usually calls her a different one each time, although her official nickname by now is "Lonnie." The girls can't resist teaching Lonnie catchlines and jingles because it's so cute to hear her say them.

Well, the other night Sue and Alan entertained some friends they didn't know too intimately, and right in a lull of dinner conversation up piped Alana thus:

"Who threw the overalls into Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"

Everybody roared, but Alan was a little embarrassed. He told her to be quiet, and later that night Sue said he shouldn't have done it. "You'll thwart her developing personality," she argued. Alan said he guessed Sue was right.

fast talk moppet . . .

So they had another dinner party not long after and this time Alana spran a new one, "Anybody here seen Kelly?" she sang out, "Kelly with the jelly belly?" Everybody had to laugh, of course, and even though Alan blushed he kept quiet. So seeing she'd made a hit, Alana came out with another nifty, "Mary had a littl lamb—and the doctor fainted!"

Alan had to stop her then, thwarte personality or not, and the word wen 'round to lay off teaching Alana precocious patter. But even he has to chuckl when he thinks of how funny it was.

Next to Alana and Sue, the Numbe Two love in Alan Ladd's life right now is a hunk of Mother Earth, an idyllic ranch nestled close to the hills in Hidden Valley forty-odd miles north toward Santa Barbara from Hollywood. To show you how fast things can pop in the Ladd household: When Betty and Diane left wor Saturday afternoon, neither they nor Ala or Sue had any idea that a ranch w about to come into the family. When the came to work Monday, Alan said, "If anyone wants me, I've gone to the ranch. and grinned. "What ranch?" they choruse and that was his cue to tell all about i He and Sue had taken a drive Sunday fallen in love with this abandoned Hidden Valley ranch—and bought it in exactly one hour!

But really the back to the soil urge ha been building up with the Ladds' f months. It started, in fact, away bac when Alan was set to make "Californi at Paramount. He knew he'd need to brush up on his horsemanship, so he started driving around to Griffith Park every morning to get instruction from Dave Laird, a professional horseman. Laddie and Dave clicked right away and became pals. So when he had his spat with Paramount and "California" was off his schedule, Laddie kept right on seeing Dave and riding.

So right now, when their boss isn't making a picture, Betty and Diane have an easy answer when the telephone rings. "Mr. Ladd is out at the ranch." He's all mixed up with barns and bulldozers, corrals and water systems, alfalfa and hay. He roars out at the break of dawn and they don't see him unless they stay late and then he's no glamor boy, with his dusty dungarees and cracked fingernails.

Because it's no freak fancy. Alan's already putting up a small ranch house and stables for the horses. He and Sue plan to spend every spare minute out there until they get the breeding place started, and then if their good luck keeps up, they'll build a big ranch house for themselves and retire when they get old and creaky—which is a few years away yet—to raise colts and fillies and Alana right along with them.

As for Betty and Diane, they'll just have to turn horsey themselves—they know any other job would be dull as dishwater compared to life with Sue and Alan Ladd. And how could you ever desert a couple of bosses who think about your happiness every moment?

A while back, Diane's soldier husband, who was overseas for two years with the Army Air Corps, wrote the glad news. He was on his way home. Diane almost tumbled over with joy, but the homecoming posed a problem too. She'd moved in with her family and the housing shortage made it look like a house all their own was an impossible dream. It worried her, but it worried Alan and Sue Ladd even more.

second honeymoon . . .

"You've just got to have a second honeymoon," said Sue romantically. "That's all there is to it."

"That would be wonderful," sighed Diane, "but where, *where?*" That looked like the jackpot question for sure.

Two days before the returning hero arrived, Alan and Sue called Diane upstairs. "We've got something to tell you . . ." they began.

So when Sergeant Al Craigle stepped off the train at Union Station and into his wife's embrace, she led him to a car, slipped in the driver's seat, and with a mysterious smile guided it out on the beach highway along the Pacific Ocean. They rolled along dreamily, and Sergeant Al thought it was a beautiful ride, but when Diane pulled up before a beautiful beach house and said, "Well, here we are," he couldn't talk.

He knew they were at Malibu Beach but he certainly didn't know exactly where or why or what made Diane say crazy things like, "This is our home for the next two weeks. Like it?"

"Of course," he gasped. "But where are we? What's this all about?"

"It's Bing and Dixie Crosby's beach house," explained Diane. "Alan and Sue called the Crosbys and arranged to let us use it for your homecoming."

So they walked inside and there were cartons and cartons packed with all the groceries a honeymoon pair would ever need, and a note from Alan and Sue. "Have a swell honeymoon," it read, "and lots to eat—but don't get too fat!"

When Diane tells about that she says, "It was just like a fairy tale!" And so it was, of course. But that's what you run into sooner or later when you hang around the Ladds for very long.

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Medical Science says: Thousands who have pale faces—whose strength is at low ebb—may have a blood deficiency.

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You can't have full health and energy if you have Borderline Anemia. Borderline Anemia means that your red blood cells are below-par.

Build up your Energy by Building up your Blood

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly.

But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast helps build up blood and energy.

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**

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TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR

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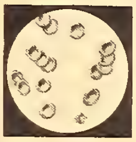

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on application—and a cream must liquefy to float off beauty-blurring impurities gently, effectively

ONLY A CREAM specially made for super-cleansing can give your skin the beauty of a *Floating Facial*—a cream so light, so pure and crystal clear—a cream that literally *floats* away old make-up rubble, dirt, dust, grit and skin scales, even stubborn cake make-up, without irritating rubbing or tedious "double creaming." And Albolene *lubricates* as it cleanses—a "must" for dry, flaky skins.

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Albolene CLEANSING CREAM Scented or Unscented

One of the 225 products made by McKesson & Robbins for your beauty, health, and comfort

THEIR HEARTS ARE YOUNG AND GAY

(*Continued from page 39*)

and in 'Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.' You can certainly be different," observed Guy.

"I saw you in 'Since You Went Away'—and you can be natural," answered Gail.

Afterward, Guy said to Henry, "That's an unusual girl. Do you know why I think she's unusual? Because most girls, when a fellow first meets them, talk a blue streak. They try to be witty or gay or *something*. She didn't try to be anything. She was perfectly natural. She didn't say anything at all until I spoke to her, then she was pleasant and sincere. Nice girl."

Gail, talking to Diana Lynn on the set next day, said "I met Guy Madison last night. He's nice . . . the least actor-y man I've met in Hollywood. He doesn't have a line, and he doesn't bother to manufacture conversation, yet he doesn't seem nervous about silence. He's relaxed and genuine. Quite a man."

Their first date was not really a formal date at all; Henry and Guy, Loren Tindall and Gail all sort of got together at Diana's house. After having played recordings for a while, Loren seated himself at the piano and took the ivory route to stardust. Loren is undoubtedly one of the best pianists in town; he is so good, that he is perfectly willing to play before Diana, who is Miss Iturbi herself. Whereas Diana is changing techniques at present, so doesn't like to play before guests, Loren is perfectly willing to toss off notes on any occasion.

With a roaring fire in the fireplace, with a congenial group in the room, with Mr. Tindall at the piano, Guy is convinced that the world is a very fine place to be.

Occasionally, the foursome dance and dine at one of the Sunset Strip nightclubs. Their table conversation is usually very merry. Gail is a terrific mimic. She does an imitation of Diana that just kills every one who sees it.

Diana is as convulsed as anyone at the antic. One night Guy said, "I guess the reason I think that stunt is so funny is because Diana enjoys it, too."

Someone said, "It'd be funny whether she thought so or not."

Guy couldn't see it that way. "A joke isn't any good unless the victim thinks it's funny."

do unto others . . .

He carries this consideration for others into every situation. One night, Guy and several others were discussing a local Hollywood character. Just after the conversation dwindled, the man himself appeared.

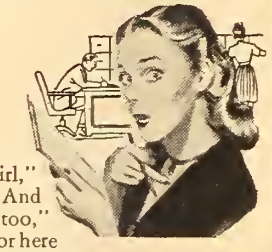
Someone said, "Everything we said was the truth. But I do hope he didn't hear us."

Said Guy, "I'm positive he didn't. I was keeping a sharp lookout, because 'Speak of the angels and you hear the flap of their wings.' I figured that he might come strolling in. We weren't saying anything that wasn't absolutely true, of course, but who wants to hurt a guy?"

It's fine, decent personality traits like that which bring Henry so close to Guy. Basically, the two men are much alike. Both loathe and abhor phoniness of any kind; both hate dishonesty, no matter how trivial nor in what form. Both are intensely loyal to their friends and families.

At Christmas time, when there was a good deal of excitement in Hollywood, Guy elected to go home for the holidays. It was the first time in his life that Guy had been able to buy at least a portion of heart's desire for each member of his

"I keep going and comfortable, too with Midol!"



"Sensible girl," you say? "And practical, too," we add! For here is another woman who has discovered that Midol sees her through the menstrual period physically and mentally carefree.

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family, back in Bakersfield.

He talked it over with Henry; should he purchase the gifts in Hollywood, or should he wait and shop at home?

"Which would you rather?" asked Henry. "I mean, what makes you hesitate? Most fellows would simply go out on a buying spree without consulting anyone."

Said Guy hesitantly, "This is what I've been thinking, Henry: Don't you suppose that—if I'd get the kick of my life out of planning swell surprises for my family—my mother would enjoy it even more? Suppose I gave her a check and told her, because she's heard them talk, to buy the thing each wanted most, wouldn't that tickle her to pieces?"

Henry said quietly, "You've got the right idea, Guy. Just see that she doesn't spend all of that check on the family, without planning anything for herself. Mothers do things like that, you know." Which explains why Guy took his mom shopping!

As soon as Guy was out of the Navy, he did some shopping for himself. Planning a personal wardrobe that will be as sharp on the screen as when seen on Wilshire Boulevard isn't an easy thing: it requires a person with a 'camera' eye to know what will be right and what wrong. Naturally, Guy took Henry along on the shopping tour, so as to have the benefit of his motion picture know-how.

They decided on a gray flannel suit, and a navy blue with a pin stripe; a brown tweed, three pairs of slacks and three mix-match sport coats. Henry, prowling among the hangers, came out with a sport coat that was strictly Crosby!

Guy shook his head. "Not for me!"

"Just try it on," urged Henry. "No fooling, I think it's great."

Guy tried it on and admired the tailoring and the cut of the jacket. "Somebody had a good idea, all right, but he should have stayed out of the paint factory," he said. "It might be okay for one season. But, Henry, I keep my stuff a long time, I'll be wearing most of those coats for the next five years."

Henry looked horrified. "Not with the kind of wear you give a jacket. Why be conservative? Let yourself go."

"Would *you* wear it?" demanded the unconvinced Mr. Madison.

Henry regarded the garment wistfully. "I'm not the type. But if I were . . ."

So Guy bought the jacket for the simple reason that he wanted to please Henry. Which was kind of an unusual thing to do, unless you stop to consider that pleasing people is Guy's job nowadays. And from behind Henry Willson's executive desk, it looks as if the big fellow's going to make a great success of it!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer I went to see the "Tars and Spars Revue" in Buffalo. After the show, I went around to the stage door to get Victor Mature's autograph. When he came out, all the fans ganged up on him. Vic signed their books without protest, but in the middle of one signature, Vic stopped, took one girl's hand, looked dreamily over the crowd of female faces gathered around him, and said, "Do you know where I can get a date for tonight?"

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Scio, New York

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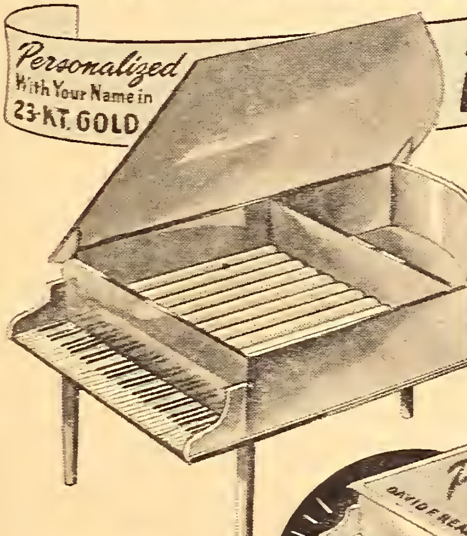

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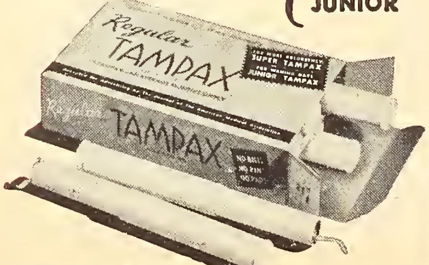

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

DENNIS MORGAN

(Continued from page 43)

But Stan and Lillian said the proper words at the right places, Bob came through with the ring at the crucial moment, Lillian tossed her bridal bouquet, and at last they were Mr. and Mrs. Morner, racing together down the front walk in a pelting hail of rice. Stan roared the family car toward the highway, and after he'd made enough distance to stop and cut off the cowbells and old shoes, he headed happily for the country he liked best—the dark pine woods of northern Wisconsin. They spent their two-day honeymoon at Essex Lodge, on Clear Lake, to establish an added attraction at that resort which has been doing all right ever since.

Not long ago a friend of Dennis Morgan's passed through Clear Lake and stopped at the Lodge. "Got any good cottages to spend the night?" asked this party.

The proprietor snorted. "Well, sir," he said. "Got the cottage that Dennis Morgan spent his honeymoon in. Guess that ought to be good enough for you, Mister!"

But back when Dennis Morgan was plain Stanley Morner, the bridegroom with the golden voice was just another singer in the Windy City trying to get along.

just like home . . .

They started housekeeping in a tiny Chicago apartment with a kitchenette and a pull-down-in-a-door bed. It wasn't much shakes as a town house, but to the newly-wed Stanley Morners it was cozy and it was home. The first day, came a timid knock at the door and Stan and Lillian opened it together, wondering who their first caller could be. He turned out to be a gangling, rawboned man with the kind of square face familiar to both of them since they were kids. He doffed his cap.

"Goot morning," he sang in the familiar accent. "My name's Yohnson, and I bane the yanitor."

When the door was closed, Stan and Lillian fell into each other's arms and rocked with laughter. Wasn't Stan half Swedish himself?

"Gosh," they chorused. "We're right back home in Wisconsin!"

They had their early domestic crises, of course. Like the first breakfast Lillian cooked for her husband. She got up before he did, slipped into the kitchenette and made what had always been a festive breakfast dish at the Vedder house, apple sauce. But when Stan sat down he gave it a quick, unhappy look and pushed it aside. It happened that apple sauce was one thing he just didn't vibrate to, in the morning or at any other time.

"What's the matter?" asked his bride, a little belligerently.

"Nothing, darling," said Stan, "except that I don't like apple sauce."

"But I worked so hard . . ."

"But I don't *like* apple sauce . . ."

"If you loved me, you'd eat it anyway!" cried Lillian tearfully.

Then the contract to sing with vern Buck at the Palmer House Empire Room came up. Stan was a solid hit. The six weeks' agreement stretched into twelve and then twenty-four. He ended up singing twenty-five straight months at Chicago's Number One glamor room. He couldn't have asked for a better showcase to display the voice, looks and personality that were to make Dennis Morgan famous. Chicago's biggest movie theaters, the Chicago and the State-Lake, signed him for featured engagements. When the opera, "Xerxes," was staged, Stanley Morner sang one of the leads. Radio grabbed him and the strong young voice of Stanley Morner

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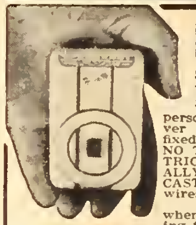

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rang out as soloist on national programs such as Realsilk's "Silken Strings." When he wasn't taking on extra engagements, Stan spent his spare hours from the Empire Room studying voice.

But all Stan's new opportunities, it seemed, came at night. As he worked harder and harder, he stayed up later and later. Lillian adjusted her daily program to a noon-to-midnight schedule, and she loved it. The Morgans had few nights that weren't packed with Chicago activity, and that was swell—until the doctor said one day that a girl so near to being a mother should live a more quiet, regular life. So Lillian packed up and Stan saw her off on the train to Marshfield. There her uncle, Doctor Jim Vedder, brought into the world their first child, one crisp October night. They named him Stanley, Junior. But Stan didn't know he was a papa until hours after the event. And it was eleven days before he saw his first born.

He was singing on the stage of the Chicago Theater that night. When the operator finally got the call through, it came to a friend backstage who didn't want Stan to go completely berserk with joy until he was through the night's performance. After the last show, the pal took him out to a late supper with some other Chicago chums and when they'd all sat down, he said, "Would you be interested in learning that you've just become the dad of a husky nine-pound boy?"

SWEET OR HOT

Any way you like your music, says Leonard Feather, the best record every month is Harry James's own fact-crammed record of the lives, loves, movies, discs, and radio shows of your top bandleaders, vocalists and composers. Harry's chart is called "Music Makers"—natch!—and it's yours for a nickel. Just fill out and clip the Super Coupon on page 24.

Stan almost knocked the table over getting out of there. "Would I!" he yelled. He kept the phone busy all that night to Marshfield. But in spite of all the festivity, Stan was a sad dad. Because he was so busy he couldn't sneak away down to Marshfield for the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. And when he finally did break away for a peek at the newest Morner he had to run right back to town the minute he made sure that Lillian and the baby were absolutely okay. Because a lot of things had happened in Chicago, and exciting prospects were popping around Stan Morner's head like firecrackers.

It had all started one prophetic evening when Stan, in his best form, was singing his feature solo at the Empire Room. And Mary Garden, who had once been the greatest operatic star in America, strolled in.

Mary Garden was in Chicago to stage an opera, and she had other plans up her sleeve as well—to get together a "Carmen" company and rehearse in New York for a road tour. She didn't tell any of this to Stan that night, but she did send over her name with a note. When he came to her table, she asked him down to the auditorium to sing for her.

He was there the next afternoon. Mary Garden had him sing some familiar arias. At the end of the impromptu recital, she knocked Stan right off his feet.

"How would you like to sing the lead with me in 'Carmen'?" asked Mary Garden. He couldn't answer with the shock. Miss Garden went on to explain.

It was something of a gamble. She had plans for the "Carmen" company, and it

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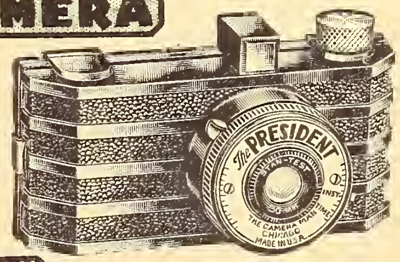

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looked definite. But there would be a rehearsal in New York and Stan would have to go there, learn the opera and risk the venture with the rest of them. But if all went well it should be a big feather in his cap. This was Lillian's affair, too, so Stan called her and talked it over. She said, "Go." Lillian always had backed Stan in every venture.

In Chicago, as in every town he had ever lived in, Stanley Morner had made hosts of friends and admirers. One who had spotted him early as a singer of promise was wealthy music lover James MacMillan. For months he had backed and encouraged Stan in all his serious voice study and work. The minute MacMillan heard the news he offered to finance the trip to New York. That decided it. Stan arranged for Lillian and the baby to stay with the folks in Marshfield. Then he quit his Empire Room job and took the train to New York.

They took a tiny apartment in the Fifties, Stan and his music teacher, Victor Chenais. For two weeks he barely stirred out of the place, learning "Carmen"—the whole opera, from start to finish. It was a Gargantuan job, but he did it. The only time he had budged from the job at hand was to look up some contacts in Radio City—just in case. But the big programs, he found, weren't buying any unknown singers, thanks. And then one day Mary Garden called at Stan's little apartment.

break in the clouds . . .

"I've got bad news," she said, right off. "The 'Carmen' production has fallen through." Stan could feel his dream castle tumbling. He managed a smile, "That's all right. It's been a wonderful experience . . ." But Mary Garden was still talking.

"Don't be discouraged. I know you have talent and I've got an idea. I think you'd be perfect for pictures and I have a friend at M-G-M, here in New York. I'm going to tell him about you at once. If he agrees to make a test, will you do it?"

M-G-M. Hollywood! Stan hadn't even given Hollywood a thought—not yet. The possibility had always seemed remote to him, but now he said, "Why, of course I will."

"I'll be back," said Mary Garden. She was. And with the break she had promised to make up for Stan Morner's disappointments with "Carmen." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would be happy to test the young singer.

That was on a Saturday, and with the good news Stan and some pals of his he'd met in New York decided to toss a mild celebration. The party set out from Stan's place about seven o'clock, driving across town to the dinner spot. Stan was at the wheel. A heavy rain had blown in from Long Island and the city streets were slick, reflecting lights like mirrors. The traffic bulb changed to green just as Stan approached Sixth Avenue and he started to cross. But another driver coming up the Avenue whizzed through the sudden red light, and the glare of wet pavements blinded both drivers. To duck him and avoid a crash, Stan swerved his car and—crash!—he slammed into one of the solid girders that held up the old Sixth Avenue "L."

The doors flew off his car and the pals popped harmlessly out onto the slick pavement. As for Stan, he felt a stunning blow in his face and when he woke up the sirens were wailing. The ambulance carted him and his pals off to the Queensborough Bridge Emergency Hospital and patched them up. For Stanley Morner the verdict was, "Severe facial lacerations [illegible] tusions, body bruises." They took [illegible] ed here and there, then

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sent him home. He wasn't seriously hurt, but what was to pay off Monday—his face and his singing apparatus—were not what you'd call in the pink of condition.

In fact, probably no prospective movie star ever showed up for a screen test a more woebegone sight for the eyes—and the camera lens—than Stanley Morner. His mouth was puffed up like a sausage, his eyes were black. He looked like he'd run into a combination of Joe Louis and a meat grinder. He looked like just about anything but a guy who was a bet for a future Hollywood hero. Some kindly studio soul granted a two-day delay, but it was then or never. And Stan made it then. Maybe his face was a mess, but he could still sing—and how! In a few days he had his answer. It was an offer of a contract. He spent far more than he should have making a long distance call to Marshfield. "Get ready, Lil," he sang over the wire, "And I'll be by and pick up you and Junior. We're going to Hollywood. And I might give you my autograph if you're very nice."

Stan bought a big old Packard from a New York garage. It was in fair shape—a wagon that had been rolled around town and that's about all. He paid—or promised to pay—$700 for the heap to take the family to California. He plunked down what remained of his New York stake, $200, and signed up to pay $20 a month from then on. He rolled out of Manhattan in September, headed West. Victor Chenais, his singing teacher, went with him. In Marshfield they picked up Lillian, Stanley Junior, and Stan's sister, Dorothy, to make it a major migration. Baby Stan was an infant of only a few months and still on a formula diet. Stan packed in the sterilizer, pots and pans and a sterno canned heat stove, blankets, bedding, and a baby crib. "From then on," Lillian recalls with a sigh, "the pioneer mothers had nothing on me!"

pop goes the tire . . .

Inconveniences and all, it was still an adventurous lark, modern covered wagon style, until the tires started popping. One by one the casings gave way and each time he had to trudge to the nearest town and buy a new tire. When he left Marshfield, Stan Morner had collected all the money he had in the world. It seemed enough to make the trek comfortably. But he hadn't figured on a set of new rubber tires *en route*. So one town he will never forget as long as he lives is Alamogordo, New Mexico. That's where he went broke.

Ten years later, Alamogordo was to usher in the Atomic Age, for near there, in 1945, the first atomic bomb was tested. But there was an explosion, too, back in 1935, that to Hollywood-bound Stanley Morner was just as dismaying and twice as personal. Right outside of that desert town his last remaining tube collapsed with a fatal bang. What made it so tragic was that Stan had only a couple of dollars and a few cents in his pockets—and that was all. And he was due in Hollywood, the contract said, not later than noon, September 16. This was September 14.

But he couldn't run on his rim. So Stan pulled over to the curb and the weary party trooped into a roadside café for coffee and a council of war. There weren't any suggestions. Tires cost money and nobody had any. Misery hung over the Morner migration like a pall as they silently sipped coffee. Even Stan, Junior, sensed the depression and started to cry. That's when this strange man mosied over.

He was an affable, well dressed Westerner with a sun-reddened face and twinkly blue eyes. He wore faded jeans and a rough leather jacket. With the exception of a

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hundred-dollar Stetson, he didn't look like he had a dime. But he had a friendly voice.

"Son," he addressed Stan. "Now I declare you look downright downhearted."

Stan looked up wearily. He said, "I am."

"Well, now," chuckled the stranger. "Just what seems to be the trouble?"

Ordinarily, perhaps, Stan Morner's pride would have prompted him to retort that it was none of his business. But there was something about the New Mexican's honest manner that broke his defenses. He found himself telling the sad plight—about the tires, the desperate urge to get to the Coast, the lack of money for tires, gas, food and lodging.

"Now about how much," asked the stranger, "do you reckon you need to make it?"

Stan said he figured about $75.

The man pulled out a roll of bills that would choke a cow and peeled off the amount.

"Oh, no," protested Stan. "I couldn't take it." But the man had a way of wheedling away protest. He pressed the money in Stan's hand. What's more, he wouldn't come through with his name or his address. "But I won't take it unless I can pay you back," declared Stan flatly. "Pay somebody else, sometime, when they need it," said this altruistic character, hustling out the door, "Good luck, podner!"

stake for a break . . .

Well, Stan has done that, many times over, since then. But he still wishes he knew the name of his benefactor. He'd like to write him, and thank him.

So they rolled on into California with the new stake, but not exactly as they had imagined they would. It seemed they'd never get there, but at last a lighted sign fuzzed through the fog, "Culver City Hotel." They pulled up, piled out and staggered upstairs to their rooms. Stan fell into bed, tired and dazed a bit but still happy. "Well, honey," he told Lillian drowsily, "we made it." The next day would be the 16th. Then life would begin.

It was still damp and gray when he got up. No sunshine, no flowers, no oranges. Just little wooden bungalows and stark telephone poles. But Stan could hardly be depressed with the scenery or the surroundings of the bare little hotel room. This was the day of days. The gang all saw him off like a conquering hero. He walked down the main stem to where the big sign said "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer." As he walked in, Stan looked at his watch. Five minutes to twelve. "Well," he told himself, "I said I'd be here and here I am!"

"Who did you say you are?" said the receptionist at M-G-M, with a frown.

"Stanley Morner," repeated Stan.

"Who you wanna see?"

Stan told her. They were all out to lunch. He could wait here.

"I'm just out from New York," said Stan hopefully. "I've just signed a contract. I'm supposed to be here today."

The girl shifted her gum around. "You can wait here," she repeated.

So Stan waited.

Finally the girl got a call through to somebody who'd know about this Morner guy. "Okay," she waved him in.

It was the barren office of a minor executive that Stan entered. And even that gent wasn't impressed. "Yeah," he said, "We got the letter from Rubin (the Loew's vice president in New York) about you. Go see the casting director. It's that way." And he pointed down the hall.

If Stan's hopes rose at the magic phrase, "casting director," they didn't stay risen. The man was nice but brief and definite. "Glad to meet you. I've got nothing for you now. But—" he pressed a buzzer—"I'll get a boy to show you around the lot. We'll call you."

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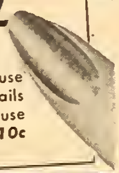

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The Morgans managed to scrape through six lean weeks. Stan floated a loan at the bank on the strength of his contract, and they moved to a tiny apartment over a store in Culver City, big enough but not too big, for the whole gang.

The first time he finally faced a camera was not even on the M-G-M lot—but down on poverty row, in an independent quickie that took nine days to shoot. He wangled that "break" only through the good offices of his friends, John Carroll and Steffi Duna, who were in the picture, too. The epic was "I Conquer the Sea," and handsome Stan Morner of the golden pipes played a greasy whaler, a sort of poor man's Moby Dick, where he got his arm chewed off by a whale. He scowled darkly through the picture with his arm strapped up. Lillian and Stan took in the preview in a neighborhood grind house. As the fumbling picture unwound, people started to get up and trail out. As each group got up grumbling and departed, Lillian sank lower and lower in her seat and Stan's face grew more stony. They drove home in silence. Even Lillian couldn't think of anything to say.

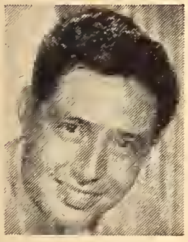
crooner by proxy . . .

It's hard to believe about Stan Morner that the biggest studio in Hollywood didn't even halfway discover him until right before he left. In two years, for some reason still utterly incomprehensible to Dennis Morgan, they kept picking up his options, until when he left he was dragging down $750 a week. And in all that time a handy extra player could have taken care of what he had to do.

The topper to Stan's "triumphs" occurred in "The Great Ziegfeld." Allan Jones, M-G-M's pet tenor, had recorded a song, but when shooting time came around he was tied up with another picture. They decided to shoot Stan in the picture to sing the song—but with Allan's voice. His stint in that was to mouth the words of the song that Allan Jones sang!

Fortunately, before he blew up like an atom bomb, a chance came for Stan to let off steam. A Los Angeles production of "The Student Prince" was getting under way downtown. He was offered the singing lead. It meant going off salary at M-G-M if he took it. But that was worth it to get back his self-respect. Stan signed up for the production (they had nothing for him to do at the studio) and plunged into work. This was like the old days at Carroll and Chicago. And because he was

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Walking down the street in Hollywood one day with my mother, we spied Andy Russell going the other way. A swarm of bobbysockers was pursuing him, and before I knew it I was caught among them. In a few moments I found myself face to face with Andy, and he was saying, "To whom shall I address this?" "To my mother," I said promptly. "She's crazy about you!" A little startled at this unusual request, Andy stammered, "Okay, I'll just say 'To Mom.' How's that?" Well, that was swell, and mother's been bragging about it ever since!

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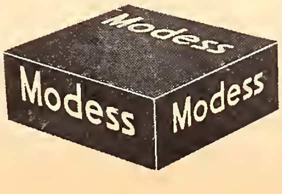

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happy, he was good. The critics weren't stingy with praise. The word even penetrated the thick walls of M-G-M and reached the ears of Louis B. Mayer, its grand mogul. He sent a pink memo around to his production heads. "Go downtown and see this Stanley Morner fellow. He must have something." And just when his stock was rising at last, the craziest episode of all happened to Stan. A studio talent scout approached him backstage after one of the performances of "The Student Prince."

"Say, Morner," he began, "I just caught you and you're great. Listen, I think I can get you a contract at the studio. Would you be interested?"

"What studio?" asked Stan.

"Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, the best," boomed the scout. "With what you've got, kid, we'll make you a star."

"Well," said Stan drily, although he had to grin. "You've had me there two years and nothing's happened yet!" The poor scout almost dropped through the floor.

So his success paid off—but too late—at M-G-M. Right after "The Student Prince," Louis B. Mayer called Stan into his office. He said he had a part for him in "Maytime," the big Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operetta extravaganza. The part turned out to be another hit. They still couldn't really take Stan Morner seriously. He knew then he'd better move on.

sweet-tempered blockhead . . .

"No," said Stan, "I won't do it." People don't say no to the M-G-M grand boss very often. There was quite a long argument but Stan knew what he had to do and he didn't budge.

"But," argued Mr. Mayer, "when you're with M-G-M you're with the Tiffany of the motion picture business."

"That's not the point," said Stan. "Maybe this is Tiffany's, but I can't sparkle when I'm kept on the shelf." Mr. Mayer finally shrugged and signed his release. That was that, figured Stan. Now, to get the heck out of this town.

He made plans to go back to New York and even started packing—but back in the rear of his noggin a disturbing thought bounced around like a loose bearing and that was this: He was running away and for the first time in his life he was a failure. This chucking the whole thing over gave Stan a vague, uneasy feeling that wasn't familiar or comfortable.

So he was ripe for the offer from Paramount. At the moment, in fact, it looked like a lucky second time up at bat. Paramount signed Stan. Again good money. Again promises that he'd get leads in pictures for sure. And again the second chapter of "The Forgotten Man"—only worse. Because Stan not only ran into the doldrums at Paramount, but into an inter-studio political scrap—with himself in the middle taking the punches.

I won't go into the agonizing details. But here, as Schnozzle Durante would say, was *de* condition *dat* prevailed: The King of the B's at that moment at Paramount was handed Stan to groom for better things. He had a feud on with the fellow who had signed Stan and he aimed to show him, via Stan Morner, that he was all wet. So instead of casting Stan in important picture parts—he slipped him the most murderous Mickey Finns of movieland, villainous bits in quickie pictures—mainly so he could say—"See? You're paying this big lug a star's salary. And what he does I could buy for twenty-five bucks a day from a ham extra. Are you dumb!" That was about the size of the situation.

He started there as "Richard Stanley" because the first thing they did was work over his name. The fact that Richard

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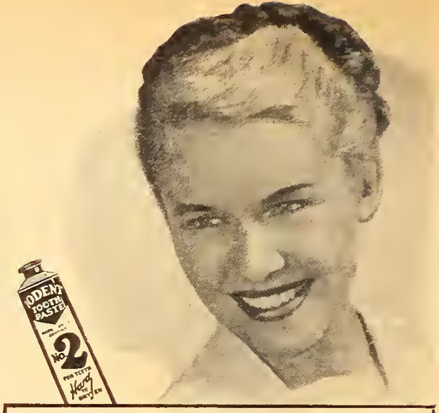

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Stanley is confined to limbo forever is absolutely okay with Dennis Morgan today. In one epic he was a purser on a ship and said one line, to wit: "Don't do that!" Then—bang—he was drilled "daid." Exit. In another they put a fierce black moustache on his handsome face and made him a fierce menace. And in "Persons in Hiding," he even played Dillinger, or Pretty Boy Floyd or Baby Face Nelson or some such lethal character. Stan didn't get it. He tackled the B-keeper producer.

"Listen," he said, "these mug parts are a little out of my line."

"Don't tell me, I know your type," snarled the big shot, "You're a heavy if I ever saw one and that's what you'll play here. For everything else you're dead at Paramount!" Stan knew he was so right on that last remark. He resolved since he was to be dead, to play possum. After a few months more of indolence they kicked him out of his contract and he was never happier. This time he packed his bags grimly and for keeps.

But before he got his Paramount walking papers, an important producer of big pictures at Paramount had heard Stan sing. Charles Rogers knew talent when he saw and heard it. He begged the studio to keep Stan and stick him in with Bing Crosby's picture, "The Star Maker." But the front office couldn't see "Richard Stanley" for sour apples, and neither could Richard Stanley see Paramount. So that flopped, but Rogers told his story to his friend Jack Warner, over one weekend, and the Warner Brothers' boss promptly said, "I'll test him." So again, on the brink of his getaway, the offer came.

This time, Stan Morner told the agent bearing the tidings, "The hell with it!" He'd seen plenty.

third time's the charm . . .

Already he had theater bookings for a singing tour of the Midwest. Lillian and the kids would stay in their Hollywood house. But before train time arrived, the agent pressed the Warner test on him. And Lillian wisely persuaded, "Why not make the test? You can't lose anything." "Okay," Stan told the agent, "but Warners will have to make that test before Thursday. Because I'm leaving when that train pulls out!" They hustled up the test.

He had been singing two davs at the Riverside Theater in Milwaukee when the wire came. "Cancel tour at once," it read. "Contract on your terms at Warner Brothers. Lead in 'Waterfront,' starting week from Monday." Stan whistled. "Well, I'll be darned." He hadn't thought this would happen. He thought Hollywood was as much off him as he was off Hollywood. But this looked like a real chance at last. First he called Lillian long distance, and they talked it all over. She didn't try to influence him one way or the other. "I want you to be happy," said Lillian. "Do you think this will work out?"

Stan had a hunch. "Yes," he said, "I think it will." And the third time was the charm.

He arrived back in Hollywood on a Saturday. He started work in "Waterfront" Monday. For two years he had barely a day off. He did nothing but leads. Not the studio's prize pictures, of course, but at Warners' they made the best B's in the business, with the wizard, Bryan Foy. So Stan knew he was getting somewhere and he wasn't wrong. Everything seemed to click—even his new name. Jack Warner picked out "Dennis Morgan" for him and it was uncanny how the new name took. Today Stan's old friends and Lillian still call him "Stan," and occasionally he gets "Tuff" from an old school chum, but Dennis Morgan seems to fit him. As one fan wrote, "Before I saw your name, I knew right off you were Irish." Irish!—

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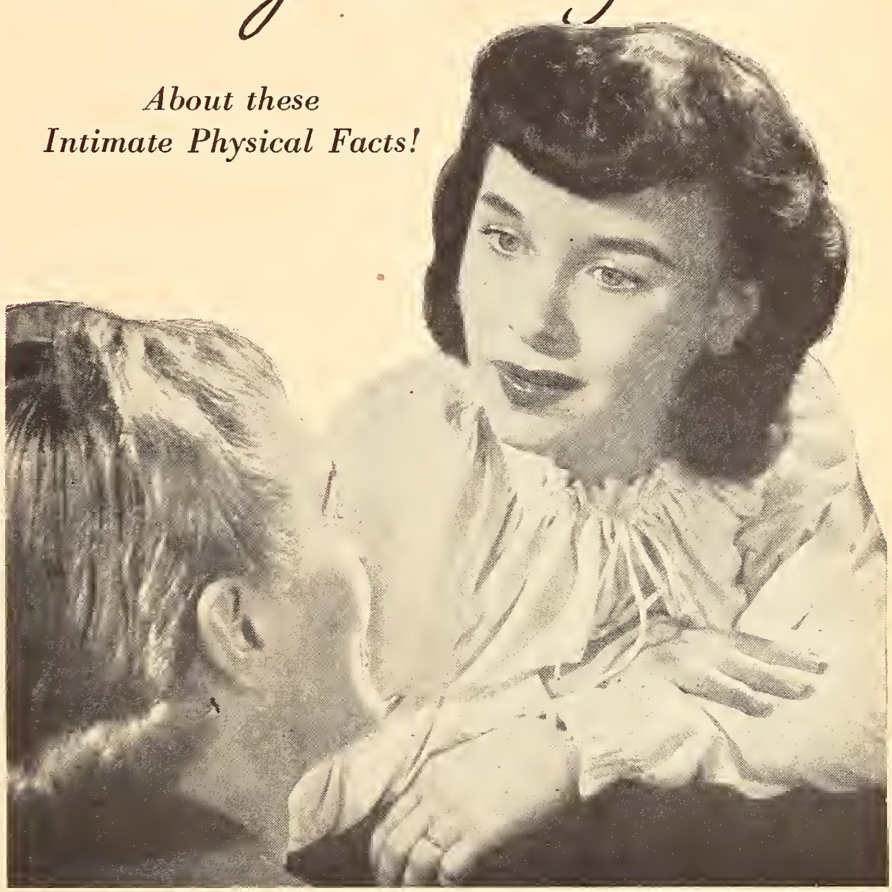

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the big Swede! But still that's how he looks and oddly enough, a lot of his real personality carries a touch of the green. Especially in the luck department.

Because it was pure shamrock stuff that gave Denny Morgan his introduction to major movie stardom in "Kitty Foyle."

He was a standard article around Warners' by then, settled in a cozy house in the San Fernando Valley, definitely on the team. When you're that solid at Warner Brothers, you don't stray very often. A studio policy is "They're our stars, aren't they? Okay, we don't loan them—we use 'em ourselves." Stan hadn't had a breathing spell and none was coming up when he took a look at the script of "Kitty Foyle" and said out loud to himself when he'd turned the last page, "I've just *got* to do this!" But "Kitty Foyle" wasn't in the works at Warners; it was at RKO.

Sam Wood, who remembered Dennis 'way back in the M-G-M dog days, when he had him for a bit in "Navy Blue and Gold," sent Denny the script. He was to direct it and he had Dennis in mind for the doctor. But Dennis only had eyes for the Main Line boy whose bitter-sweet affair with Ginger Rogers' Philadelphia working girl gave the screen one of its most tender romances. He knew that role was what he'd been waiting for, what he could prove himself in for the big league. He told Sam Wood he wouldn't even test for the doctor; he wanted that lead with Ginger, and after a test Sam thought so, too. But how to get permission from Jack Warner, his boss, who was allergic to loan outs? That's where Stan's luck came through at last.

kitty foyle . . .

For one thing, Brynie Foy, who had him already cast for another B picture, went to bat for Dennis. Like the good sport he is, Brynie wrote Jack Warner he'd decided Dennis wouldn't work out in the B part. Couldn't use him. That was a white lie, but Foy knew the score and he's one to help a pal along when he can. The second break was—Dennis Morgan's boss happened to be on vacation in Hawaii. Maybe the tropic breezes and the soft skies put Mr. Warner in a relaxed, generous mood. Anyway, when Dennis wired him for permission to make "Kitty Foyle" it came right back. "Okay. Go ahead."

At that, it was a constructive slip for all concerned because, as everyone knows, "Kitty Foyle" proved to the world that Dennis Morgan was a great romantic actor. He won the Movie Critics' Award and that's the kind that makes box office registers play "Happy Days." Last year, for instance, the two biggest money-making movies Warners' produced starred Dennis Morgan—"Christmas in Connecticut" and "God is My Co-Pilot." That's been the story of Dennis Morgan at Warner Brothers all along since then and he proved it didn't have to happen away from home, a little later on. Because "The Desert Song," far more even than "Kitty Foyle," rocketed him right to the very top. Since then he's collected more fan mail than any other actor on the lot. And "The Desert Song" was an all-Warner party, in honor of Dennis Morgan. To Denny, too, it meant far more than just a mere hit. He'll never make another picture that packed such a personal thrill as that one. All his young life, "The Desert Song" had been Stan Morner's good luck charm, and to make it into a picture, to reveal at last the thing he treasured most, his voice—had been his ambition. He made the picture on location in Gallup, New Mexico, and while he was stranded 'way down there Lillian went to the hospital to have their baby boy, Jimmy Irving. There was some fear she wouldn't recover then,

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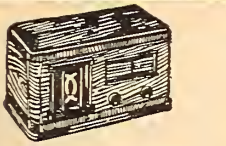

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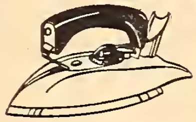

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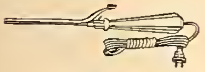

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and Denny paced the sands desperately as telegrams flew back and forth. But she got well, completely well, and Denny sang "One Alone" as he'd never quite sung it before. No wonder that Dennis Morgan's theme song occupies a particular soft spot in his heart, his sentimental heart. Because success and applause and wealth and fame haven't done much to change Dennis Morgan. Down underneath it all he's still "Tuff" Morner, grown up as he ever will be. He shows that all the time.

The great outdoors is still Dennis Morgan's first love, and he runs off back to Wisconsin whenever he can to hunt and fish in the familiar woods of his youth. One of his best pals and constant tennis partner is Don Phillips, an air line pilot, who went to Carroll College with Dennis. Dennis keeps in touch with the folks back home; right before last Christmas he made a special movie reel for owner "Cap" Thurwacter to highlight the 25th anniversary of the Waukesha Theater where Stan Morner, the college songbird, made his first professional bow.

As he did back in Wisconsin, Dennis Morgan solos once in awhile in the Hollywood Presbyterian church choir, and his glorious voice, along with the choir under the inspired direction of Dennis' good friend, Charles Hirt, has made that group one of the finest in the nation. They recently scored a double record of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The Lost Chord" and the entire profits go right back into building up the choir. That's a hobby Dennis has clung to since high school days, devotional singing.

Besides having for a sweetheart the same girl he had in high school and college, and a swell family of three bright, husky children, Dennis Morgan has his mother and dad living near him too, and it's Dad Morner, the former Prentice banker, who handles every item of Dennis' financial affairs. Sister Dorothy too, now married to Captain David Foster, just back from overseas action in France, spends half her time with Lillian and her brother at the La Canada estate.

It's one of the loveliest estates in all California. There's a marvelous Mediterranean style mansion, two guest houses, an elaborate swimming pool. It's furnished in carved, imported furniture, has outside formal garden statuary, marble fishponds and even peacocks to divert the eye. But do you know why Denny Morgan bought the place? Because of the towering pine trees. He'd always felt a stranger wherever he lived in treeless southern California. Lillian knew this, so when she spied this piney estate on a house hunt, she raced to the studio and yanked her husband right off Stage 5, in the middle of a scene. They bought it that afternoon because, as Dennis sighed happily, "It looks and smells like Wisconsin."

take me out to the ball game . . .

Denny had a kick last Fall at the World Series in Chicago. His dad and he were called back there on a family matter and had a few days in town. The Cubs were battling the Detroit Tigers and the park was sold out. Dennis remembered something from 'way back in his schoolboy days at Prentice, Wisconsin. He recalled his dad, the banker, coming through for the uniforms for the back lot kids team. He recalled the fervor his dad had for all sports, especially baseball. He had said dreamily, back then, "Some day, son, I'm going to take you to see a World series." But somehow, that had never come about. That gave Denny Morgan an idea. Maybe he could make a dream come true.

"Dad," he said, "let's go to the World Series." His pop's jaw dropped.

"Gee," he said, "that would be wonder-

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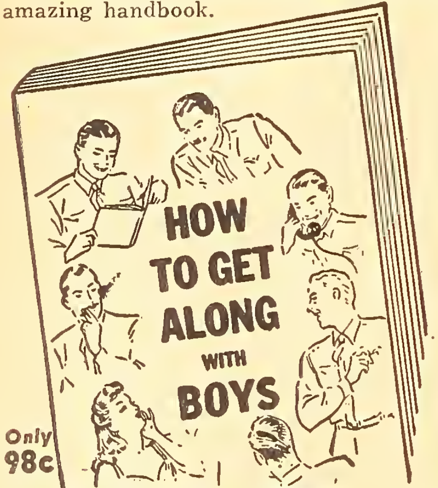
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ful, but of course it's impossible. That game's sold out."

Denny just smiled but after a while he came back to the hotel room and laid two box seat tickets in his dad's lap. They went to the park. Not only that, they went down to the players' dugout during the game, met all the sport heroes his dad worshipped. After the game, they traveled down to the showers, talked over the next day's strategy with Manager Charlie Grimm of the Cubs. Dennis could see his dad was in a daze of delight. He'd never dreamed this would happen to him.

Dennis knew if he'd taken Pop Morner to a Hollywood party, introduced him to Gable and Garson and—even—Garbo, he wouldn't have batted an eye. He knew, too, that the fact that his own son was Dennis Morgan, the movie star, impressed him not one whit.

"Son," asked Pop Morner now, "how do you know so many important people?"

Dennis had to laugh. He didn't explain that often he worked out with the Cubs when they trained in California, that maybe the reason they let him do that and got to know him was because he was Dennis Morgan, the movie star. He just said, "Oh, I get around."

But no matter how much Denny Morgan gets around, the chances are he'll always be "Tuff" Morner as long as he lives, the Wisconsin boy who made good, and now can make his family and friends happy by being not only a star, but a real person. At least that's his ambition, and it's a pretty good one, if you ask me.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

(Continued from page 37)

decided to show him off to Modern Screen's Jane Wilkie (who was the donor of Heathcliff originally.)

"Wait until you see what's happened to Heathcliff," bragged June when Jane arrived at the house one evening. "It's a transformation. Really!"

June and Jane strolled out to the patio. "Hello, Heathcliff," she said, as the pup came waggling down the walk.

Heathcliff sat down, lay down, rolled over, and rushed off to bed. Then he returned at a gallop for his dog biscuit, having handled the situation with great speed and not paid the slightest attention to his mistresses' commands.

Said June defensively, "Well, he's a VERY smart dog!"

Aside from an occasional misadventure, the Powell house is genuinely appealing. For that reason, June and Dick are usually reluctant to go out. Oh, they plan big, but when it comes right down to making a definite date, the trouble starts. With a fireplace in one hand, a dog in the other, a wife on a knee, and a pepsi in the offing, it's easy to see why Dick heaves a sigh and pulls that no-place-like-home routine, night after night.

But when Louella Parsons asked June and Dick to come visit, they just couldn't say no. Why, it was practically a command performance, as Jane Wilkie pointed out. And because it was also an Occasion, Jane just had to have some pictures taken for Modern Screeners. "They'd never forgive me if I didn't," she informed June, turning on the hearts and flowers patter.

And it was fun . . . as you can tell easily enough by looking at the pictures! So maybe now the Powells—having taken the plunge—will leave Heathcliff in charge once in a while and step out more often. But not too often, we can hear Dick saying. Because there's always home—and the little woman—to come home to.

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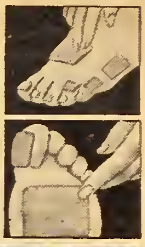

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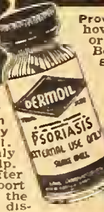

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ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING

(Continued from page 56)

beamed Hannegan. "There never was anything wrong with him, I guess, that four weeks of good jokes couldn't cure."

* * *

June Bombing Notes

We've all heard so much about the rapid expansion of television that a lot of us sort of have been looking forward to seeing the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight from the vantage of a cushioned chair at home or in a theater . . . Well, I decided to find out from NBC and CBS just how much chance there would be of that thought materializing. The answers were not too optimistic . . . NBC engineers told me, and CBS agreed, that the June 19th outlook is not for any tremendous coverage. Television at that time may be operating on a line from Schenectady to Washington, D. C., which would mean that New York, Philadelphia, Schenectady, Albany, Newark, N. J. and other cities and towns in that area would be able to see a televised fight. For the rest, they'll have to go to the newsreel and motion picture theaters, or hear it over the radio. *Broadway theaters lack* screens:

I asked if it were possible that a Broadway theater could arrange to have the Louis-Conn fight televised on a screen large enough for audiences. "No theater yet has a television screen large enough to project such a fight to a huge audience," regretted NBC. "Paramount has been dickering with the idea, may come up with the answer before the night of the scrap". . . Television crews of about the same size as were assigned to the Army-Navy game at Philadelphia, will televise the Louis-Conn fight. CBS estimated they'd have 25 to 30 television engineers at the ringside, if and when Mike Jacobs makes a contract for such coverage.

* * *

Lowdown on the Crosby Affair.

What persuaded Bing Crosby to drop from the air? Why did he suddenly decide that

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My home is in Hollywood. I have lived there all my life up until now, and needless to say, I have seen many movie stars. One day my girl friend and I were going on a picnic. We happened to land some film, so we brought the camera to take pictures. While we were walking up Vine Street to catch the street car, we saw Red Skelton signing autographs. When the crowd cleared away, we asked him if we could take his picture. He smiled that cute smile of his and said, "Sure, but not alone," and with that he put his arm around me, and my friend snapped the picture. Now that picture is one of my sweetest memories of home and of Red Skelton, the nicest star I've ever seen yet.

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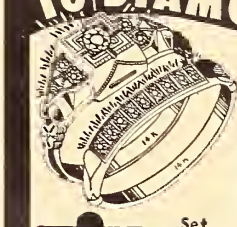

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he'd rather do one program a month, instead of one a week? Everybody has guessed at the reason. Instead of guessing, I asked "The Groaner" how the litigation with Kraft started.

"It's simple, Ed," said Crosby. "I got the idea as a result of those 'Command Performance' broadcasts we did for the troops overseas. It dawned on me then that the proper way to do a broadcast was to first play it before a studio audience, and learn from them what jokes to cut out, what songs to sing. Then when the thing is letter perfect, put it on a record. If the first record isn't top-notch, well—break it, and make another record until you get exactly the pace you want. You rarely get a perfect studio broadcast to send out over the air. I think that a recorded program is the answer and correction of all the human errors that are inevitable in a studio broadcast."

Crosby goes Gaelic:

Before he left New York and went back to the Coast, Crosby made at least a dozen records for Decca's shrewd, able Jack Kapps. . . . Largely, they were Irish records. One of them you'll be hearing is "Dear Old Donegal," which Bing made with the Jesters and a hot band fronted by Bob Haggart. This number happens to be Pat O'Brien's favorite, and Pat sings it at the drop of a shillalah. So Kapps and Bing determined that at some point in the lyric, they'd have to work in a reference to their pal, O'Brien. When you hear the record, as Bing reels off a list of Irish names, you'll hear one phrase: "And Pat O'Brien showed up late."

Record Records:

Just how many records Crosby has made since he first plattered "I Love You Truly" and "Just A'Wearyin' For You" back in 1934 would require a staff of CPAs. I asked Kapps, instead, what records had won the greatest sales. Out in front is Bing's Decca platter of "White Christmas," which sold 2,500,000 in this country, plus 500,000 abroad. Second would be "Silent Night," with a sale of 2,000,000.

I'M A CROSBY FAN!

(*Continued from page 55*)

exposed sooner or later. I have a lot of fun sitting down at the piano and rattling them off. The other day, Mrs. McCarey heard that tune from "State Fair," "It Might As Well Be Spring."

"'. . . but I feel so gay, in a melancholy way . . .' " she sang. "Leo, now why can't you write a poetic lyric like that?"

"I'm not Oscar Hammerstein," I told her. But about Bing. . . .

Maybe Bing didn't think so much of my hidden talent, but from the start I had my eyes on his. My brother, Ray, directed Bing in the first picture he ever made. I was on the set most of the time. Bing hit me right between the eyes with his easy naturalness, which was then, and still is, my prime ingredient for acting talent. He was good looking and he had something inside besides melody. Maybe the Irish in me vibrated to the Irish in Bing. Anyway, I had a bright idea.

"Hey, Bing," I said. "You know you could be a swell actor if you wanted to."

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He gave me a funny kind of look.

"That's on the level," I said. "You owe it to yourself. Look, suppose some day you lose your voice. . . ."

"That might be a blessing," Bing cracked.

As the years passed, it got to be our own private joke. Bing Crosby went his way and I went mine and we both did all right. When we'd meet on the lot, or at Lakeside, playing golf, or at Santa Anita or Del Mar playing the ponies, the first thing Bing Crosby would toss at me was—

"What about that picture, Leo? When you going to make me an actor?" And this would occur even after Bing was the top box office star of Hollywood, three years in a row.

"I haven't got the right idea yet, Bing," I'd have to reply. "But I'll get it—and I'm not kidding." I wasn't either.

So, I was sitting at home one day stewing over a story for a picture, and possibly the farthest thing from my mind was Harry Lillis Crosby. I had troubles enough. The script was two-thirds finished with $20,000 of good money sunk in it. But I wasn't happy.

My doorbell rang. A Catholic priest, the lines of a good life written on his face like a manuscript, greeted me and I asked him in. He was calling for a donation to the church. We sat down and talked. The subject turned to raising and educating children. I have a daughter. This good father had spent his life bending twigs the right way. I listened to what he had to say.

"I'm an old man," he smiled. "Seventy-some, and I think the outstanding thing in my life has been my experience educating children. It's so interesting. So important. There's a young priest who's just arrived at my parish. All young priests," he smiled, "have new ideas, progressive ideas. I don't always agree—but I know they're right. Even as I sit here," he smiled, "I know what that young priest is thinking—'we're going to have to turn the old man out to pasture.'"

He talked on. When he left, I picked up the almost finished script and tossed it in the wastebasket. Then I picked up the phone. I was muttering to myself as I dialed the number. "Here's where I make good my promise to Bing."

I hadn't seen him for months, but when I said, 'Hello, Bing, this is Leo. I've got it," he knew what I meant.

"You mean the one for me?" he came back. "The one where I act?"

"Yep, Bing," I said, "this is it."

He said, "Come on over."

Bing was playing with his boys when I burst in. "Break it up, kids," he said, and chased them out of the room. We talked half the night. I told him the story. It poured out like water out of a tap, all from what that aging priest had told me. I knew there was a story in it. There was. It was "Going My Way."

who, me? . . .

Bing knew it was a story, too. He said, "It's swell—but where do I come in?"

"You play the young priest, of course."

"You're killing me!" snorted Crosby. "Me—play a priest?"

That's Crosby. To suggest that he play a man of God was the greatest compliment I could pay him. But Bing ducks compliments. They embarrass him. He showed that the night this story I'm talking about, made into a movie starring Bing Crosby, won him his first Academy Award as the finest actor of the year in Hollywood. I was there and I heard Bing crack, when they handed him the gilded doll any actor would be proud to perch on his mantel, "It's certainly a wonderful world when a tired old crooner like me can walk away with this hunk of crockery!"

But here's another thing about Bing. Once he sets his sights on something, he

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gets it. The minute Bing caught my enthusiasm for "Going My Way," he carried the ball. There was a high hurdle. I had an iron-clad contract at RKO, with years to run. Bing had an iron-clad contract at Paramount, with more years to run. I couldn't get him. He couldn't get me. How could we get together?

"We'll just hop the fence," said Bing. Meaning the fence in between the two lots. "You make an extra picture for Paramount and I'll make one for RKO." So that's how we worked it. "Going My Way" was Bing Crosby's picture and he deserved every honor he got. Sure, I directed it. But sometimes I wonder if I really direct people. I've tried telling actors exactly what to do and the results are usually terrible. Kids are the easiest actors. Give them the idea and let them alone and they're swell.

lesson in acting . . .

One day, making "The Bells of St. Mary's," Ingrid Bergman came up to me with a puzzled look. She faced a scene where, playing a Catholic sister, she talks a tight-fisted businessman out of a building. She wasn't quite sure just how to approach it—how the character she was playing would think, putting over a deal like that. She asked my advice.

"Play it," I said, "like a nun who wants a mink coat."

Bergman tossed back her head and laughed. She went right back into the scene—and it was perfect.

Bing's that way, too. He has sincerity. He has the capacity to listen like real people listen when other people talk. Most actors like to talk; they're jealous of their lines, they always want to be front camera. It's part of that natural ego which, to most professional actors, is a necessary evil. You know the gag about the Hollywood actor: "But," he says, "let's not talk about *me* anymore—what did *you* think of my last picture?" Bing's not like that.

Once I had a seven-minute scene schedule to shoot one day in "Going My Way." Seven minutes is a long time for the camera to turn. All morning I paced up and down with the script in my hand. I was stumped. I didn't shoot one take. Pretty soon it was noon so we called lunch. I sat in a corner of the stage and beat my brains. Bing strolled over.

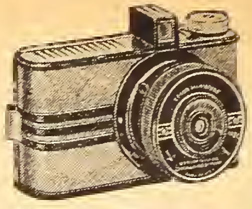
"Say, what's bothering you?" he asked. "Is it because I haven't got anything to say in this long scene?"

He hit it right on the head. "Yes," I told him. "That's right. Barry Fitzgerald talks for seven minutes, and you haven't one line to draw the scene your way. It's not fair to you, Bing."

He thought a moment. "Well, look," said Bing, cutting the Gordian knot. "Don't knock yourself out coining any clever epigrams for me. If no lines pop up for me naturally—why force 'em? Let the old man speak his piece. I'll listen."

He listened—and how! For seven long minutes while Barry Fitzgerald gave his longest, best scene. It was the one where he starts, "I've been to the Bishop,"—remember? It was the turning point in the old priest's attitude, the hinge of the whole picture. All that time Bing Crosby never opened his mouth except to say "Yes, Father," and nod. Most actors would say that was like stepping off a cliff—certain suicide. Maybe so, but it wasn't worrying Bing Crosby.

But somehow, I felt I hadn't paid off my whole debt to Bing for all the melody he'd handed me through the years and I felt I hadn't quite made good that old promise, even after "Going My Way." It bothered my conscience to have stacked Bing up in that long-promised acting job against probably the greatest supporting performance of all Hollywood history, and that's what I think Barry Fitzgerald delivered.



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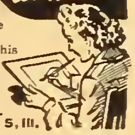

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"You've an I.O.U. of mine," I told Bing, "for another picture."

Bing laughed. "It doesn't have to happen twice."

"Why not?" I replied. Fourteen months later the idea hit me. I called Bing in Mexico City. "I think I've got the idea for another one, Bing," I told him.

"Yeah?" his voice came over the wire. "Who steals this one?"

"A Swede," I said.

"Anybody I know?"

"Name's Ingrid Bergman."

Bing whistled. "Is that bad? When do I report?" That's the way he works. Quick and no complexes. He'd walk into a part with Garbo without batting an eye.

If there's any fault Bing Crosby has, it's that he's just naturally self-conscious about showing emotion. Inside, that Crosby's terribly sentimental. He feels deeply about everything and there's nothing wrong with his heart, as hundreds of people know. But when emotions rise up, he tries to lick them, in real life.

I said, "Bing, I admire your viewpoint on life on this restrained emotion business, but I think when people see this picture they're going to cry."

Bing gave me a so-what stare.

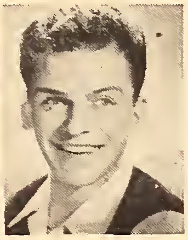
"I think they'll expect you to cry, too," I went on. "If you don't, they'll think you're a dull guy." We were just about to shoot a delicate scene that I knew Bing understood and felt, if he'd only show it. A race track jockey who was visiting the set, helped me out. He overheard and walked up. "I know this is none of my business," he said, "but I think what Leo means, Bing, is—last year you coasted in to an Academy Award. This year you're going to have to ride for it!"

Bing walked across the stage to a corner and sat by himself for about ten minutes. Then he came over and said, "Okay, Leo, I'll play it now." He did—and how.

Bing's a good sport—none better—in all departments. He's taken a terrific beating about his race horses, for instance, but he's never let out a peep, win or lose. Owning a string of fickle bangtails is a test of any man's good humor and sanity. I know, I had a stable once myself.

The best race horse I ever owned was

I SAW IT HAPPEN



After the Sinatra show we went backstage to get our dream-boy's autograph, but when we saw the huge crowd waiting ahead of us, we decided to take a walk instead. It was a windy day and I was wearing a beanie, so of course you can guess what happened—it flew off my head and went sailing down the street. Before I knew what happened, the hat had disappeared from my sight. I was about to continue my walk without it, when I suddenly heard a man's voice behind me.

"Pardon me, miss," the voice said, "but did you lose this hat?"

I turned around to see The Voice in person, holding my beanie in his hand! Yes, it actually was Frankie, and he had bothered to get my hat!

I was stunned at first, but I soon recovered myself and murmured my thanks. My friends crowded around him and we each got his autograph.

I shall always be thankful for windy days!

Marilyn Cacas
Chelsea, Mass.

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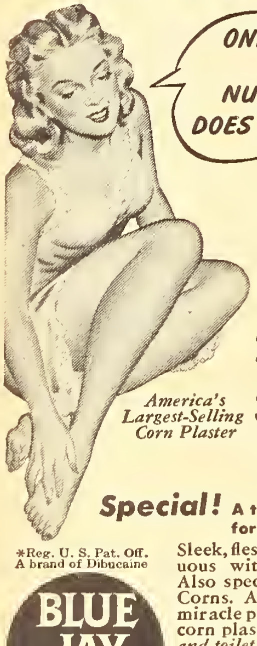
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WEE WALKER Shoes

FOR Wee WALKERS

named "Bitter Regret." I bought her at Lucey's Hollywood restaurant, by a long distance phone call to Kentucky. Now who'd pick a horse with a name like that? But she cost $1550 and she won $26,000. The others—well, we won't go into that. The point is, I didn't love the sport enough to carry on—but Crosby doesn't care if his nags win a dime. He's just crazy about horses. At that, I have the distinction of being one of the few surviving men in the world who won money on a Crosby nag. That was a joke on Bing.

I was up in the mountains between pictures, but keeping in touch with what went on at the race track. I had a hunch on a horse, named "Sorteado." I didn't know who owned him and I didn't care. A hunch is a hunch. But I knew Bing would be going to the track. So I called him.

bing the bookie . . .

"Bing," I said, "if you go over to the track this afternoon, will you do me a favor and place a bet on Sorteado?"

"Are you crazy?" replied Bing. "He hasn't got a chance."

"I think he has."

"I know better," said Crosby. "I *own* him. And listen—I'm sitting here with my trainer and they're laying even money Sorteado can't even find the racetrack!"

"I still like him," I said stubbornly. "Lay me $200 on his nose."

"Okay," said Bing, "but you better have your head examined."

That afternoon Bing's Sorteado broke the track record and paid fourteen to one. Bing didn't have a penny on him. But he had to carry around $2600 for me for two weeks, which was when I came back to Hollywood.

Bing calls me "The Tiger," because, I suppose, I'm so hard for him to take. That's not a boast—just a freak fact. For some reason I have the Indian sign on Bing. I'm just bringing this up to show what a dreamy disposition Crosby has. He should have conked me over the head long ago with a mashie for the outrageous jinx I've fastened on to him at golf.

Bing and I have played a lot of golf—and as anyone knows, Bing Crosby is one of the best amateur players in the country. I'm a dub. It's a strain on any good golfer's nature to be a pigeon for a dub. Bing and I have hung around Del Monte and other golf havens for months at a time, and he's lost money. He should have murdered me. For instance:

One night Bing called me up at home. "Congratulate me, son," he said. "I equalled the course record this afternoon."

"Then you ought to be pretty good," I came back. "I'll take you on in the morning."

"You're on," said Bing. "But I'm warning you, I'm sharp as a tack."

Next day, Bing had his worst round in months. I had my best. He shot an 84 and I shot a 74.

Another time, playing with Bing, I came up to the green with a fifty-foot putt to the cup. "Just the kind I like," I joked, cockily.

"A thousand bucks to one you can't sink it," Bing shot back.

"I like the price," I told him. "That's my kind of money."

"It's a bet," said Bing. "Like taking candy from a baby."

The minute I stroked the ball, I shut my eyes. When I opened them, the thing was still rolling, on and on until it plopped into the hole like a homesick gopher. Bing peeled the thousand off his roll. "I should have known better," he sighed, but he said it with a good-natured grin.

I don't mean that Bing Crosby is any long-suffering martyr. He can dish it out as well as take it. Not long ago, he got me where he wanted me and rubbed it in. It was on a Command Performance radio show for the overseas gang. I'm allergic to radio mikes. They do something to me. I shake, can't help it. But Bing had written this show himself. I've never thought much of Bing as a writer and after this show that still goes. But he put on the pressure for me to play the lead. I was to make love to Bette Davis. Bing was my son. Jack Benny directed the thing. You can imagine.

I did everything in the world to duck it. "Bette Davis isn't my type," I said.

"Who is?" came back Bing.

"I don't know anything about acting."

"Never mind, I do. I won an Oscar, didn't you know?"

It went on like that. But I didn't have a chance, Bing was bound to get me where I'd had him. He practically wrestled me over to the studio, then he poured it on in front of all those people. "Here is Mr. McCarey, who spends all his life telling people how to act," said Bing, "and look what a ham *he* is! Look at him standing there, shaking." He rattled on like that while the stopwatch-and-headphone monitors went wild. "Tell me," cooed Bing, "is there anything I can do to help you quit trembling, my awkward friend?"

"Yeah," I blurted, "You can give me my basket of cheese and send me home!"

Well, the audience loved it anyway, even if I didn't. And you can't really be mad at anyone who packs around as big a heart as Bing Crosby—not for long.

I know something about the size of that particular Crosby ticker. He's not selfish with it, no matter how busy he is. The other day I had a call from Washington, D.C. It seems that GIs in eight theaters of war had voted "Going My Way" the picture that entertained them most. Bing and I were due for a citation the next day in the capital. I talked to General Kirk at Walter Reed Hospital there and he thought it would be a good idea if I showed up to receive it in person.

I was in Hollywood and Bing was in Chicago tied up on a business deal. I got him on the phone and told him the news. "Think we can make it to Washington tomorrow?" I asked him.

"I sure do," said Bing. "As far as I'm concerned, I'll take a plane tonight." I met him at the Shoreham Hotel the next day. He'd have flown to Timbuctoo at the drop of a hat for a cause like that.

There was a schoolmate of his at Gonzaga College who entered the priesthood and went to China. He opened a mission to help the Chinese, but he was short of the money he needed. He sailed back to the States to raise it and came to see Bing. "I'll see what I can do," promised Bing. Before he got around to the matter, he got word that this young priest had been killed in an automobile accident. Today, all the money that comes in from Bing Crosby's two most popular recordings, "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fidelis," goes to that young priest's mission as a memorial to him.

after you're gone . . .

I know a lot of things like that about the life of Harry Lillis Crosby which add up to make him one of my favorite people. Some day, I've promised myself, I'm going to write it into a story and make a movie of the life of Bing Crosby, the gravel-throated nightingale, and maybe then I can tear up for keeps that I.O.U. due Bingo for all these years of friendship. I think it ought to be a hit—maybe it will even take another Oscar—although Bing says he won't be here to accept it.

Bing says it's strictly no deal until after he's dead—the big, bashful dope! So, if I get too ambitious I may have to shoot him one of these days—and do the picture while I'm hot!

Martha O'Driscoll
Universal Star now playing in "House of Dracula," at your favorite theatre.

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This Magazine Cover got its start in 1927

That's MADELON MASON smiling at you from that magazine cover—she's one of this year's most famous cover girls.

You might say this cover got its start in 1927, for Madelon has had *that Ivory Look* for all her 19 years. Her radiant complexion has already put her on the cover of more than fifteen famous magazines.

HOW DOES A COVER GIRL GET THAT WAY?

Well, with Madelon's first bath as a baby, she started regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Here's one of her early baby pictures. Today she says: "I still use Ivory Soap—'cause I know many doctors advise it for skin care—it's mild enough even for babies!"

"PLEASE SEND PIN-UP PICTURE," FANS WRITE

Madelon does, by hundreds! Boys started asking for Madelon's picture when her first cover appeared—and they've never stopped.

"Fans who write in say I'm their idea of a real All-American Girl," she says. "So I've lots of reasons for sticking to Ivory care!"

BEING A FAMOUS MODEL ISN'T EASY

Madelon's on the go all day—every cover means hours of difficult posing. "But," Madelon says, "I never neglect my complexion. You can't afford to be careless about that if you want *that Ivory Look!*"

If *you* want a softer, smoother, lovelier skin, change to Madelon's beauty secret—regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap!

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ESTHER WILLIAMS

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No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

FOR DATES AT HOME, Margaret combs her silken, shining hair into demure little-girl curls. "It's fun to fix your hair in any style after a Drene shampoo," she says. Today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage. Margaret ties her top curls back with a narrow ribbon bow.

MAYTIME can be a gay time when you're a Drene Girl! For, when you Drene your hair, you reveal all its natural beauty . . . all its enchanting highlights!

"I use Drene," says glamorous Cover Girl Margaret Finlay, "because the camera demands my hair be radiantly clean." Drene brings out all the natural brilliance . . . as much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair, as all soaps do. And Drene completely removes unsightly druff the very first time you use it.

Under studio lights, Margaret is picture of Spring with her gleaming swept up into large curls. Try this style at home or ask your beauty to do it. You'll marvel at the way D with Hair Conditioning action leaves hair so beautifully behaved. So insi Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditio action. No other shampoo leaves your so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Drene

Shampoo wit
Hair Conditioning Actio

"Loafer! Miser! Tightwad!"

CUPID: Loafer, huh? And who was it just now helped you catch the bride's bouquet? And who–

BRIDESMAID: *Bouquet,* hah! Listen, Cupid, I've caught enough brides' bouquets to start a florist shop! I want to catch a man!

CUPID: You'd never know it the way you go around glooming at people! Don't you know what a sparkling smile can do for a girl . . . and *to* a man?

BRIDESMAID: Sure . . . but who's got the sparkling smile? Me? Nuh-uh! I brush my teeth, but . . . well, dull, dingy . . .

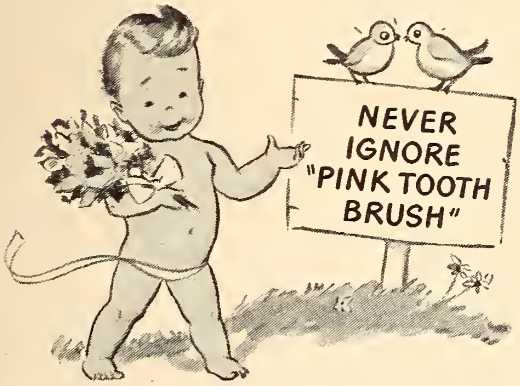
CUPID: Oh? And "pink" on your tooth brush, too?

BRIDESMAID: Only since last week.

CUPID: Well, didn't the dentist–

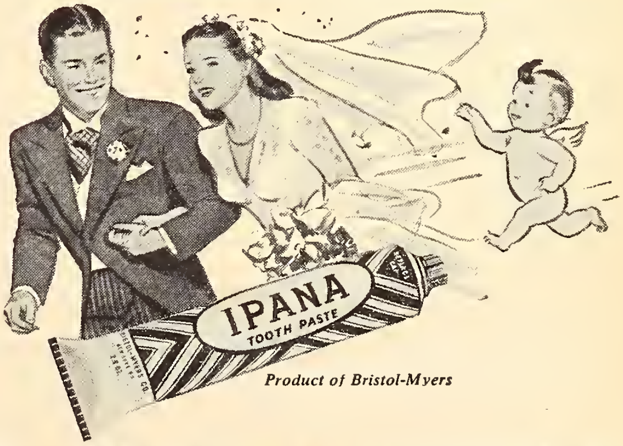
BRIDESMAID: What dentist?

CUPID: *What* dentist? Listen, you sweet little idiot, don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist right away?* He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."


NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

BRIDESMAID: . . . so then the cute little rabbit went lippertylip down the road, and–look, Little One, what's all that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: In a word: Plenty! A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you'll help yourself to healthier gums and sounder teeth. And a smile full of sparkle! Start today, Sugar!



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For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

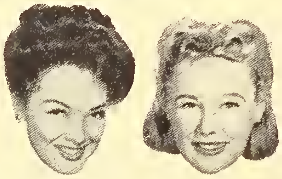
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're off on our tandem in a whirl of delight! We've just seen M-G-M's high-spirited new musical hit. "Two Sisters From Boston", and—oh, those sisters!

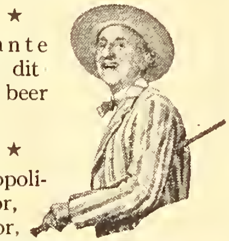
★ ★ ★ ★

It's a youthful, exuberant romance of New York at the turn of the century—those flamboyant days when it was definitely naughty for a young lady to show her limbs—no matter how attractive!



Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson are thoroughly delightful as the two capricious Back-Bay sisters who venture from their quiet, cultured world into the hurly-burly world they're curious about. And we do mean hurly-burly!

★ ★ ★ ★



Jimmy Durante shouts delirious ditties in a Bowery beer hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

The great metropolitan Opera tenor, Lauritz Melchior, throws his magnificent voice into the finest songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Peter Lawford figures in it, too. He meets one sister, falls in love, meets the other sister, falls in love, and—well, it's a story as flip and flirtatious as a bustle.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the songs! Tunesmiths Sammy Fain and Ralph Freed have spiced some swell new melodies with a trace of nostalgia that suits our taste to perfection. And everybody sings!

★ ★ ★ ★

Produced by Joe Pasternak (the "Anchors Aweigh" man), expertly directed by Henry Koster, filmed from the original screen play by Myles Connolly, with additional dialogue by James O'Hanlon and Harry Crane—"Two Sisters from Boston" definitely belongs in the M-G-M family of hits!

★ ★ ★ ★

Do you gather we've gone and fallen for "Two Sisters From Boston"? In the immortal words of our friend Schnozzola · "Ha-cha-cha-cha!"

—*Leo*

modern screen

MAY, 1946

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COVER: ESTHER WILLIAMS IN M-G-M'S "THE HOODLUM SAINT."

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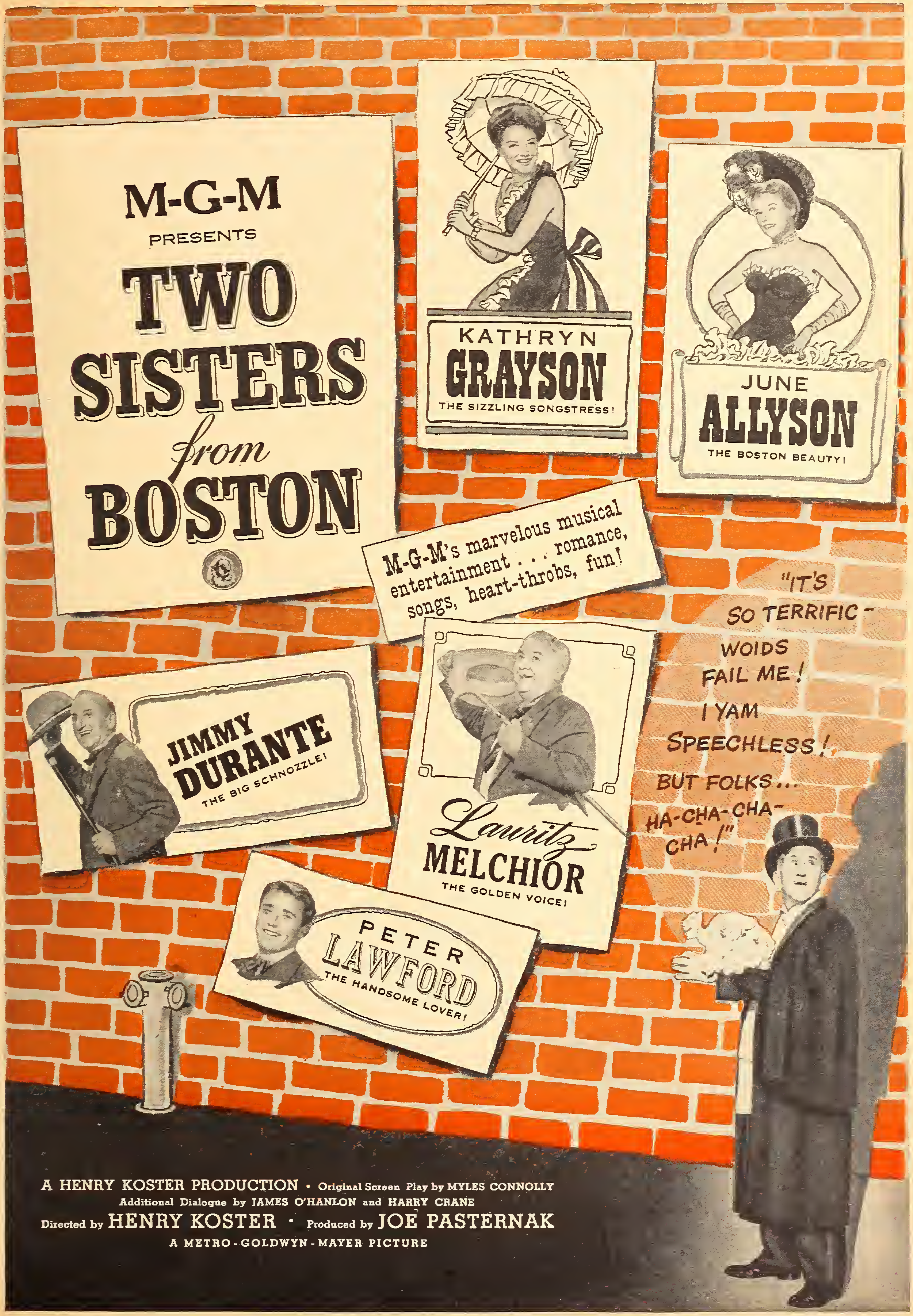

A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION • Original Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY
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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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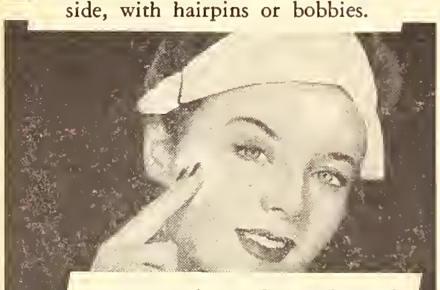

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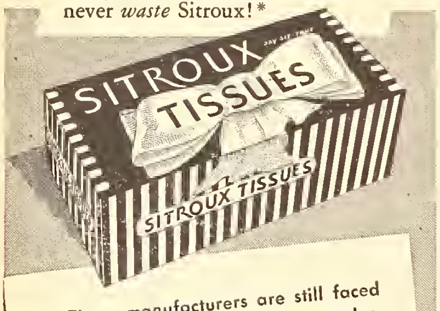

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by *Virginia Wilson*

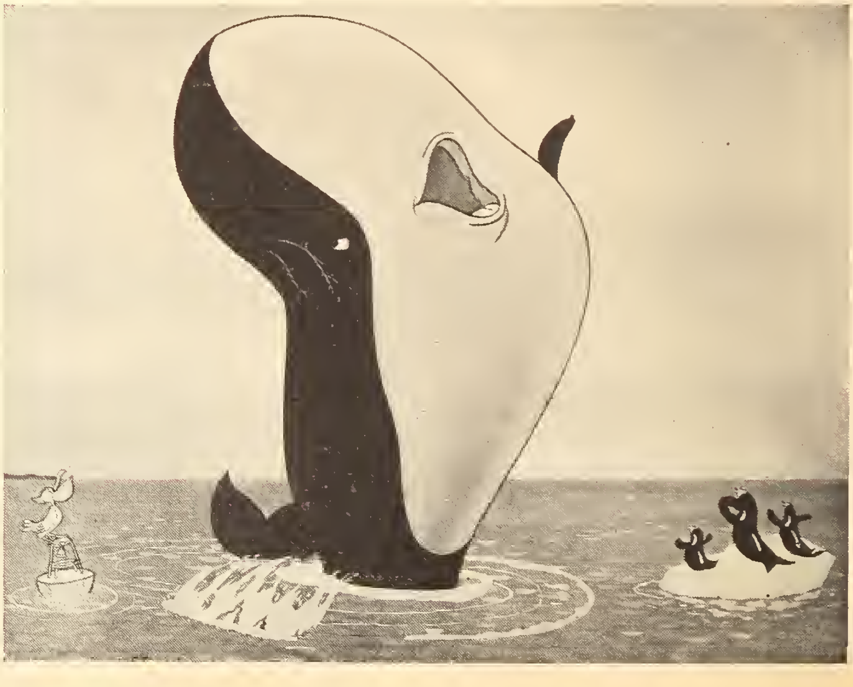
MOVIE REVIEWS

Make Mine Music

■ So you loved Bambi? And fell in love with Snow White? And adored Dopey and chuckled with Pinocchio and gasped over "Fantasia?" Well, lock them all in your memory book and make way for bigger and better things because they were only the beginning, folks; only the beginning. Yes, Walt Disney has done it again! This time it's "Make Mine Music," technically, "ten acts of vaudeville in cartoon technique," actually, the gayest, most unbelievable assemblage of ballet and fantasy and romance and music you've ever come across.

The Andrews Sisters are in it, crooning their hearts out over the blighted romance of "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet," and Nelson "Willie the Whale" Eddy and Jerry Colonna and Andy Russell and Dinah Shore and Benny Goodman and, oh, an endless assortment of "live" talent lending their voices and personalities to the magical Disney little people.

Take Willie the Whale, for instance. Willie's such a nice guy, all ten tons of him, and all he wants out of life is an opportunity to sing at the Metropolitan Opera. That's not much to ask, is it? But nobody's ever heard of Willie except his little friends, the penguins and seals, who loll around the North Pole with him and flip their flappers to beat the band when Willie lets loose with a tenor aria. Or baritone. Or bass or contralto—or a duet. You see, Willie's a very unusual whale—he can sing any range in the register, and sometimes all at once! Anyhow, one day, Tetti-Tatti, this broken down impresario out in New York, hears about Willie and decides to set sail and capture this most remarkable mammal. But as he nears the Pole, he imagines he hears the voice of his favorite tenor who's been lost at sea, and thinking to kill Willie and thus release the swallowed singer, he lets fly with a harpoon and—oh, woe!—Willie ascends to Whale Heaven! But there's a fadeout and presto, Willie's at the Met, all ten tons of him, singing (*Continued on page 8*)



One of "Music's" heroes: Willie the Whale (sung by Nelson Eddy), who loves to sing opera.

The Love Affair of Their Lives and Yours!

IRRESISTIBLE

WHEN **CHARLES BOYER** TURNS THE CHARM ON **JENNIFER JONES**

INNOCENT

AND **ERNST LUBITSCH** PULLS THE STRINGS

Cluny Brown

20th CENTURY-FOX

with

PETER LAWFORD · HELEN WALKER · REGINALD GARDINER · REGINALD OWEN · SIR C. AUBREY SMITH

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10¢ AND 25¢ EACH

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

"Mephistopheles," "Pagliacci," the quartet from "Rigoletto," the sextet from "Lucia" and finally, in an overwhelming burst of pride, a one hundred voice chorus! Willie's indeed a wonder.

Jerry Colonna makes his cartoon debut as the contortion-voiced narrator for that old standby, "Casey at the Bat," while it's the King's Men who provide the musical background for the rollicking backwoods ballad, "The Martins and the Coys." Then there's the haunting ballet, "Two Silhouettes," a joint-jumping version of "All the Cats Join In," complete with bobby-sockers, rug cutting and Benny Goodman, and a wistful Sterling Holloway reciting "Peter and the Wolf."

There's so much entertainment to talk and rave about in "Make Mine Music" that words can scarcely cover the whole deal, but if you like music and color and imagination, go see this.—*RKO*

P. S.

In "Make Mine Music," Disney has created a new art form, the ballad-ballet. In a ballet duet, through a new technique of animation and direct photography combined, the dancers look as if they're soaring and flying, which all ballet principals dream of doing, but can never quite achieve—till Disney did it for them!. . . . Critics applauded the way in which music and story are combined into a single dramatic medium; nowhere in the movie does the picture pause for the music, or vice versa. . . . For operatic scene of "The Whale Who Wanted To Sing At The Met," Disney created a miniature, complete opera—perhaps the shortest ever written, taking only 14 minutes to be performed. He reasoned that since opera tended for a generation to become shorter and shorter, and since it is content and not length that makes a good opera, the life of Willie the Whale needed lots of interest rather than lots of time! . . . Remember the immortal "Casey At The Bat," the poem about the mighty hitter who struck out? The epic baseball poem of pride going before a fall on the diamond, is set to music for the first time here. . . . New process invented for the picture is a recording technique which changes the register of a voice from low to high and back again, still keeping the original quality of the voice. Disney boasts that each time he invents a new process, it eventually becomes part of the motion picture industry.

GILDA

When Grandpa was a young blade, they called the swivel-hipped ladies "hootchy-kootchy" girls. Nowadays, the polite term is "ballroom dancers," but no matter what you call it, it's still sex, and it still appeals.

Gilda (Rita Hayworth) is the hubba-hubba babe of Buenos Aires, greedy as a cat, beautiful as sin, but underneath all the slink, inside, still good. She was in love once and was hurt so she's made up her mind never to let it happen again. That's why, when Ballin Mundson (George Macready), sinister, suave owner of the casino, insists "anything I want, I get, even if I have to buy it," she's willing to listen. For Mundson is willing to pay a big price—he's willing to marry her. So for a while she's content until one night, Ballin brings his trusted friend, Johnny (Glenn Ford) up to meet her. Johnny's young, as young as she, and an American also, but he's devoted to Ballin, who picked him up out of a dark alley one night when a bunch of sailors decided, via a gun in his back, that shooting crap with loaded dice wasn't exactly Emily Post. Ballin is at first puzzled, then suspicious, when his two most treasured possessions show a mutual hatred on sight, but watch and wait, he decides, watch and wait.

But Ballin hasn't long to wait because he hasn't watched closely enough. It turns out he's head of an international cartel monopolizing the world's supply of tungsten, a valuable war mineral, and the Nazis, for whom he has been fronting, don't want to play ball his way any more. In fact, they get so impatient, that Ballin is forced to shoot one of them and then simulate suicide in order to get the secret police off his trail.

Unfortunately, Johnny and Gilda don't know that the suicide's a fake, so when Mrs. Mundson's widow's weeds are only a week old, they marry. Wouldn't you think they'd live happily ever after? Especially after Johnny discovers that Gilda has been true to him all along—spiritually, anyhow. But what good does it do when bingo, there's Ballin, arisen from the dead with a dagger in one hand and a nasty, "I mean you!" look in his eye . . .—*Col.*

P. S.

Rita Hayworth turns dramatic in "Gilda." The studio's announcement that the glamor girl was saying goodbye to musicals brought a storm of protest from GIs all over the world. In answer to the flood of requests that Rita continue showing her legs and swinging her hips, the studio wrote two songs into the script. "Put the Blame on Mame, Boys" is a torchy lament, and "Amado Mio" comes out in the middle of a samba sequence. For the rest of the picture, Rita gives with her first straight acting part since her career began. . . . The star wears twenty-nine different outfits in the picture, including a chinchilla evening wrap worth $65,000 and a sleeveless ermine cloak, valued at $35,000 . . . "Gilda" is Ford's second picture since his return to civilian life, the first having been "Stolen Life" with Bette Davis. The character he portrays in "Gilda" is a nefarious gent who isn't averse to dealing off the bottom of the deck, or using loaded dice. When director Charles Vidor asked if Glenn needed instruction for the crap shooting scenes, Glenn grinned. "You forget," he said, "that I was in the Marine Corps for more than two years." . . . The picture reunites the trio of talents responsible for "Cover Girl"—Rita Hayworth, director Charles Vidor and Producer-writer Virginia Van Upp.

SO GOES MY LOVE

This is one of those sweet, gentle pictures that send you out of the theater all relaxed and chuckly. Its story opens with Jane Budden (Myrna Loy), dignified and fashionable as all get-out, trying to wheedle the best price possible out of the Williams Packing Company for her load of pigs. "You see, the more money you give me," she explains, "the sooner I can go to Brooklyn to get married." "And who's the lucky man, mum?" asks Mr. Williams. "Oh, I don't know," breezes Jane, "I haven't met him yet—but he's sure going to be rich!"

Which is why she's so furious with herself for being attracted to the man sitting next to her on the Brooklyn Rapid Transit horse-drawn trolley. He's certainly not handsome, probably not rich and obviously

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DORIS DOWLING

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Produced by John Houseman · Directed by George Marshall
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crazy. Without a doubt crazy. Why, at one corner, he had the nerve to stop the coach, run out and pelt a passing wedding party with rice and then settle back with a calm, "No, I don't know the couple—I just like to throw things at people."

Things go from bad to ridiculous when Janie discovers that the rice-throwing man from the coach lives right next door. His name is Hiram Maxim (Don Ameche), he's a penniless inventor and she's scared silly she's falling in love and might even marry him. Until that day when he tells her she's unbelievably lovely—and would she mind keeping her claws off him! But as though to make up for his outrageous behavior, Hiram tells Jane he's decided to find her a husband and does such a thorough job of it that within weeks the cards announcing "the engagement of Miss Jane Budden to Mr. Josephus Ford" have been printed. Josephus (Richard Gaines) is a most generous stuffed shirt and would have gone through with the marriage if he hadn't discovered his fiancée in the arms of that Maxim man.

So he doesn't marry her. But Hiram does. And in time they get little Percy, littler Florence, a nomination to the Hall of Science and into trouble with Magel, the portrait painter, who doesn't like dogs with spots. Or crazy inventors . . .—*Univ.*

P. S.

History repeats itself when Don Ameche is again given the role of an inventor. This time he plays Hiram Maxim, the father of the script's author, Percy Maxim. The younger Maxim wrote the story of his father's life, embellished with a love affair and thickened with weird gadgets whipped up by the inventor . . . Myrna Loy's role is her first on the screen in a year and-a-half, and her second in four years. Aside from her salary for the picture, Miss Loy added to her coffers when she sent geologists to her Montana ranch to prospect for silver . . . Bobby Driscoll, the sprout who appeared as the youngest son in "The Sullivans"—the one who copped the picture by yelling "Hey, fellas, wait for me"—spent his spare time on the set making small prayers. He had lost his first baby teeth and pleaded daily with his Maker to see that the adult teeth "came in buck" . . . During the filming of the movie, Ameche bought an interest in a professional football team which, added to his stable of horses, makes him a runner-up with Bing for interest in sports.

WAKE UP AND DREAM

"Wake Up and Dream" is about an old man who forgot to grow up and a little girl who helped him.

Everybody in town said that old Henry Pecket (Clem Bevans) was "teched" and good-for-nothing and lazy because he thought things out a little different from most folks. Old Henry loved the sea and even though he lived inland 300 miles from the nearest body of water, it kind of seemed natural to him to spend all his free time building a ship, the "Sara March." It wasn't an ordinary ship, but a boat with wheels and a land rudder that maybe some day, if the danged government ever woke up and accepted it for war duty, would take to water like a duck to a pond. Mr. Pecket was captain of the craft and Nella (Connie Marshall), little orphaned Nella who lived with Jeff (John Payne) as his make-believe sister, was first mate. They had rare "let's pretend" times together, these two, sailing through treacherous waters and getting shipwrecked and discovering pirate gold

FREE OFFER!

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Modern Screen Throws a Party .... ☐
Husbands Are Wonderful (Shirley Temple) .... ☐
Esther Williams' Life Story (Part 1) . ☐
The Long and Short of It (Gregory Peck) .... ☐
"Adventure" (Production Story) ... ☐
More Than Words Can Say (Jean Pierre Aumont) .... ☐
Darling Daughter (Peggy Ann Garner) .... ☐
The Andrews Gang (Dana Andrews) .... ☐
Watch Lizabeth Scott! by Hedda Hopper .... ☐
Bunnies 'n' Eggs 'n' Everything (Easter Party) .... ☐
Divine Swede (Ingrid Bergman) .... ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News .... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..............................

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3,

in order of preference..............................

My name is..............................

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Strange sweetheart...

He loved her... he loved her sister... but he couldn't belong to either!

THE SISTER...

In her heart, a dangerous yearning for a desperate love!

THE "FRIEND"...

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IN THE NEW WARNER TRIUMPH... "DEVOTION"

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DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT
Screen Play by KEITH WINTER · Original Story by THEODORE REEVES
Music by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD

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Gene Tierney
Starring in
"DRAGONWYCK"
A 20th Century Fox Picture

Bud Westmore, who, with his brothers Wally and Perc, comprise the world-famous trio of Hollywood make-up artists, creators of the popular Westmore lipstick, rouge, face powder, creams and Westmore's Overglo Make-up Foundation.

and always knowing that no matter how rough the seas got, there was always The Island to come back to.

Jenny (June Haver) believed in The Island, too, even though she'd never been there, what with her job at Mr. Agrippa's lunch wagon. And her heart always missed a beat every time that lanky Jeff clod-hopped into the eatery with his tattered farmer's overalls and that infuriating habit he had of calling her "m'am." You see, Jenny loved Jeff and Jeff loved Jenny and they were both too poor and both too proud to mention it. But when the day came for him to announce that he was joining up, it was Nella who cried and made a fuss and it wasn't until Jeff promised she'd always be able to find him on The Island that she calmed down. And ran away from Cousin Wilbur's where she was supposed to live for the duration, to Mr. Pecket's ship.

Like Jenny, who was visiting old Henry at the time, said right after the ship snapped her moorings, wishing will so make it so. Here they were, 300 miles from water, and the Sara March was gaily sailing, woosh, right into the river!

The whole thing might have been fun, at that, if Nella hadn't brought out that letter she'd just received from Jeff, the one that said, "We regret to inform you. . ." But as we said, for the young in heart, nothing's impossible, not even finding a sweetheart on an island that doesn't exist . . .—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

John Payne was a happy boy to at last land a role in a non-musical film. He's been trying to get away from the song-and-dance routines for years, and finally made it with "Wake Up and Dream." He sings one song in the picture, "Give Me the Simple Life," as he drives a horse along a country road. "It's a song," says John, "but it's without benefit of chorus girls" . . .Although June Haver doesn't smoke, the script included a scene which called for June to puff on a cigarette. Director Bacon was afraid she'd pick up the habit, and refused to let her smoke except in the final take, all of which highly amused the star . . . While the picture was being filmed, June received an invitation to be present at a camp in Texas where a ship was to be named after her. June stayed in Hollywood and worked, and without her actual presence, the crew of the B-29 christened their ship the "Gotta Haver!"

THE MAN IN GREY

Hollywood actors had better keep a wary eye on a couple of Englishmen named James Mason and Stewart Granger. They are apt to walk right off with the honors in the romantic department and both of them appear in "The Man In Grey." The story begins at a London auction of the Rohan family treasures, which include a portrait of Lord Rohan called "The Man In Grey." Then it flashes back to the Regency period, when Rohan (James Mason) was a young blade, and his future wife, Clarissa (Phyllis Calvert), was a schoolgirl.

Clarissa is as sweet as sugar candy, and as pretty as a birthday cake. She is adored by all her schoolmates, but she chooses for her best friend a strange, solitary girl named Hester (Margaret Lockwood). No one approves her choice, since Hester is just a charity pupil and has a nasty disposition, besides. Even a passing gypsy who tells the girls' fortunes warns Clarissa against her. One day Hester elopes from school with a penniless young ensign. Clarissa leaves soon after to go to London, where she becomes the belle of the season. Her aunt marries her off to Lord Rohan, who is a catch socially and financially, but who wants nothing except an heir.

Clarissa is desperately unhappy, even after her son is born. She is scarcely allowed to see him, and she feels very alone in the world, since Rohan makes no pretense of caring for her. Naturally she is delighted when she meets Hester again. The girl is now an actress—a profession definitely looked down upon in those days, but Clarissa takes her into her home as a companion. Rohan opposes this at first, until he gets another look at Hester. Soon his affair with Hester is known to everyone in London except Clarissa, who is probably the dumbest blonde on record. But soon she has a romance of her own, with a handsome, dashing wanderer named Rokeby (Stewart Granger). He offers Clarissa all that her marriage lacked. The situation is too packed with dynamite to go for long without an explosion.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Although George Arliss has retired from the screen and is living the life of ease in rural England, two members of his family are carrying on the theatrical tradition. Leslie Arliss, his cousin, directed "The Man in Grey" and Ruth Woodham, a niece, has her first important screen role in the picture. . . . James Stewart is the given name of Stewart Granger, who portrays Rokeby. The name change occurred after Granger was well on his way to stardom using his own name. "There just isn't enough room for two James Stewarts," he says. . . . The sword swallowing sequence in the carnival scene was done by Alexander Dourof, the son of a Cossack circus owner. He used a sword given to him by an army officer in World War I. It is twenty-seven inches long, and eighteen of the inches disappear down his throat.

TANGIERS

Cesspool of filth, hotbed of intrigue, spawning ground for tantalizing native girls and hot, smoky romance—Tangiers. Tangiers, melting pot of North Africa and hideout for the hunted and the hunters.

So, as all roads once led to Rome, now this tiny Fascist-ruled town sprawling a few miles across the strait from Gibraltar welcomes the dregs of Nazidom flushed from their lairs by the recent Allied victory. And so, inevitably, it is to Tangiers that Fernandez (Reginald Denny) escapes with the huge stolen diamond with which he hopes to ransom his way to freedom. But there are others in Tangiers equally desperate for the money and power the jewel can provide: Balizar, powerful, unknown Nazi mystery man. Rita (Maria Montez), who saw her father and brothers tortured to death in the Spanish Civil War. Dolores (Louise Allbritton) and Ramon (Kent Taylor), Spaniards both, who, with Rita, have signed on as dancers at the Ritz Hotel to escape detection by the police. And Paul Kenyon (Robert Paige), brash, clever American newspaperman.

Painstakingly, each has made a plan to steal the diamond when word comes that Fernandez has been murdered. But when Colonel Artiego (Preston Foster) steps in to solve the crime, each provides a perfect alibi. But the search for the unknown Fascist continues nevertheless. Rita is sure that with the jewel she can bait Balizar out of hiding and thus avenge her family's death, while Paul, who finds himself increasingly attracted to the fiery dancer, realizes that unmasking the Nazi will result in a world-shaking "scoop" for him. Ordered to leave town by the jealous Artiego, Paul contacts Rita and forces her to admit that it was she who stole the stone but that it was Ramon who killed Fernandez in a burst of jealousy. Subtly, the net chokes closer and in a tiny room overlooking the Ritz dance floor, Rita, Paul, Dolores, Ramon, Artiego and Alec Rocco (J. Edward Bromberg), an Allied

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secret agent, keep a rendezvous with Balizar—and death. For someone in that room is Balizar, and where Balizar lives, death stalks, too.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Production was held up for two hours because of a scene calling for Robert Paige to gash his face when he walks into a door. Director George Waggner insisted that no break be made in the scene so that audiences could know the injury was a fake. The problem was finally solved by putting a made-up gash in Bob's hand, which he slapped to his face when he collided with the door . . . Four retakes were necessary for a scene between Maria Montez and Bob Paige—all because of some fish. Bob and Maria are standing in front of an aquarium, and every time the scene was shot, the fish would crowd to front and center. It was discovered that they were attracted by the strong spotlights. Louise Albritton liked her 'movie boudoir' so well that when production was completed she bought the set's furnishings and installed them in her own apartment . . . The picture was made during the time of butter rationing and a half-pound slab used as prop sold for a $100 war bond.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

"I'll do anything, anything you say, doctor, only please don't tell Bill." Old Doctor Miller (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) shakes his head, he never did approve of Julie's (Maureen O'Hara) attitude towards her husband Bill (John Payne) was no baby, far from it. Bill was William Weatherly, who had written and produced three of Julie's greatest acting triumphs. And now Julie was dying, her heart couldn't take the hectic Broadway pace, and Bill must still be spoiled and pampered, because Bill mustn't be distracted during rehearsals for the new play.

"How is she, doctor?" asks Bill eagerly. "She's going to—be all right," Dr. Miller answers reluctantly. "But she needs rest." "Swell," enthuses Bill. "We'll go on a two-week vacation. That'll get us both in shape." So Julie spends her two weeks in bed—learning her lines for the show. When it comes time for the out-of-town tryout, they pick a little seashore town which is the site of a large state orphanage. Walking along the beach one day, Julie meets little Hitty (Connie Marshall). They take to each other immediately and when Julie returns to New York, she convinces Bill they should adopt the child to make up for the baby they've always wanted.

Hitty comes to live with them, but it doesn't work out. Bill is licked by the youngster's "out of this world" manner. Julie and Hitty are alone in the house one night when Julie, steeling herself to tell the child she is to be sent back to the orphanage, has a heart attack, and dying, begs Hitty never to leave Bill. "But I'll always be around whenever you need me," she promises the heartbroken child.

Julie's death is a terrific blow to Bill. He can't bear seeing Hitty around the house, especially since she tries so hard to imitate Julie in order to make up for her loss. But Bill is so unfriendly, Hitty decides she must run away. She is stumbling along the water's edge, the waves lapping dangerously close, when she hears Julie calling, "Everything will be all right now, darling. Now we're really a family. You see, Bill loves you, Hitty." The child's face lights up. It must be true, Julie's always right, and anyhow, here's Bill, his face twisted with worry, frantically searching for her. He runs over, swoops her up in his arms. "We're going home, Hitty," he murmurs. "We're going home, daughter. . . ."—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

The clothes designed for Maureen O'Hara made her happy because they called for the new hour-glass figure. Maureen relaxed happily and forgot about her diet. She was highly pleased with her two leading men, John Payne and Glenn Langan, both of whom are over six feet three inches. Five feet seven inches herself, the star has often had to work in her stocking feet for closeups. . . . John Payne gets his daily exercise from dumb-bells and weight lifting equipment. Gloria de Haven objected to the noise at 7 a. m. so John moved his accoutrements to his dressing room at the studio. . . . In order to give the sets a feeling of well lived-in authenticity, over $15,000 worth of antique furniture and decorations were used. . . . Connie Marshall, the ten-year-old actress, tried to sell Producer Walter Morosco a story she had written as part of her school work. Morosco didn't buy it because by the sixth page everyone had been bumped off except the murderer.

THE BLUE DAHLIA

Whoever said crime doesn't pay was nuts. Sure, it's a short life and a bang-bang one, but with Alan Ladd around to squeeze triggers (and heroines), who wants to quibble?

The war's been long enough and ugly enough to make Johnny Morrison (Alan Ladd), Buzz Wanchek (William Bendix) and George Copeland (Hugh Beaumont) feel strange in a civilian world and terribly close to each other. But now that they've been discharged, they know that the trio will have to split up. Johnny to go back to his wife, Buzz and George to set up a bachelor apartment where George will try to nurse his failing eyesight and keep an eye on Buzz, who's got a piece of metal the size of your fist in his skull from a shrapnel wound. Not that Buzz will need much watching because as a rule he's okay, except for those mental blackouts where he forgets where he's been and what he's done.

But Johnny finds out when he returns home to Helen (Doris Dowling), that if he's been seeing hell in the Pacific, at the same time his wife's been seeing a lot of pink elephants, Eddie Harwood, the owner of the Blue Dahlia Club and some generally unsavory characters. Johnny doesn't like the setup one bit and when he catches Helen and Eddie (Howard DaSilva) in a clinch, he lets fly with a Sunday punch. Eddie's a good sport about it, but Helen is so enraged she lets loose with *her* haymaker. Dickie, the son Johnny idolized so, she screams, did not die of diphtheria, as she'd written, he died in a car smashup they were in while she was driving, dead drunk. Quietly, Johnny goes to his room, repacks his grip, throws his gun on the sofa near Helen. "You're not even worth killing," he grits, and stalks out. But not before Dad Newell, the night watchman, has knocked and said, "See here, son, better pull down the shades next time you want to threaten your wife."

Frightened, Helen phones Buzz who goes to see her without telling anyone. They have a drink, then two drinks, never dreaming that in the meantime, Johnny has been picked up along the road by a lovely, wistful blonde (Veronica Lake) and given a hitch to Malibu Beach. Because hey're both lonely and miserable, Johnny nd Joyce find themselves attracted to ach other until the radio blares out all bout the murder at Cavendish Court and hat "Lieut. Johnny Morrison, the husband of the dead woman, is suspected."

This is a whodunit with finesse. Murer with pink panties.—*Para.*

Are you in the know?

What's the cure for this coiffure?

☐ An upsweep
☐ A snood
☐ A good thinning out

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! The cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If *your* locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Confidence goes with good grooming—and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection. And to safeguard your daintiness, Kotex contains a *deodorant*—locked in each napkin so it can't shake out.

If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?

☐ A suit
☐ A conversation print
☐ A fancy formal

Does your budget hoot at your wardrobe plans? Then pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can *keep* living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can keep *comfortable* with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness—made to *stay soft while wearing*. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on a dance floor, should you—

☐ Join the wallflowers
☐ Retreat to the dressing-room
☐ Yoo-hoo to the stag line

If ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do?? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying *days* often do . . . but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special *flat, tapered ends* that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

KEEP ADORABLE!

Yodora checks perspiration odor *the* SOOTHINGEST way

- Made *on a face cream base.* Yodora is *actually soothing* to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy. Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a *gentle* deodorant. Try it—*feel* the wonderful difference!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

NEW *dry* SHAMPOO!

CLEANS HAIR IN 10 MINUTES WITHOUT WATER

- No soap—no rinsing—no drying
- Removes oil, dirt, hair odors
- Retains wave; restores sheen
- Grand between water shampoos
- Ideal during colds or illness

MINIPOO

30 Shampoos with Mitten $1.00 plus tax

P. S.

In this film, Alan Ladd plays his real-life role of a returned veteran, although he portrays a discharged Navy flyer while in reality he was in the Air Force . . . Veronica Lake's role was her last before the one-year retirement occasioned by the expected birth of her baby . . . Director George Marshall brought the picture in on schedule, despite the fact that Ladd, Chandler and Veronica Lake were all on the sick list during the filming. Don Costello suffered a broken toe when Alan overturned a heavy table on his foot during a fight sequence, and Tom Powers reported for work one morning on crutches, due to the aggravation of an old war injury . . . The cast and crew were kept suffering until the last day of shooting, when they finally learned who done it. No one, with the exception of Chandler and the director, knew the outcome of the plot, with the result that the entire company made frantic bets as to the killer's identity as the shooting progressed.

JANIE GETS MARRIED

Maybe it sounds far-fetched, but Janie's probably one of the reasons why we Americans love our movies so. We're a home loving, romantic people, really, and it gives us a kick to follow our favorite characters around, through school (like Andy Hardy), and professional life (don't you love old Dr. Gillespie?), and adventure (umm, Tarzan!), and yes, even into trouble. And if you don't think some of our pet picture people get into trouble, well, you just don't know Janie!

All young Miss Conway (Joan Leslie) wanted was to make her old beau, Sgt. Dick Lawrence's (Bob Hutton) homecoming a pleasant one. But she's gone out of her way so thoroughly that in three weeks, Dick finds himself pacing the vestibule of the Conway home with the wedding march and his step-dad's warning "Marriage is being locked in a box car with a mad horse" dinning in his ears.

The rice and honeymoon hysteria finally swept away, WAC sergeant Spud Leighton (Dorothy Malone) appears on the Lawrence threshold with a sure-fire plan to make her old ex-overseas pal appreciated in his budding journalistic career. The fact that Janie is tearing holes in her heart with jealousy over their conferences bothers her not in the least, so in desperation, young Mrs. Lawrence starts prancing around with old beau Scooper Nolan (Dick Erdman).

But that's not even the half of it. Because enter Cupid in the guise of Harley P. Stowers (Donald Meek) who, visiting Hortonville to buy a newspaper from Janie's dad, is so terribly confused by the romantic runnings around, that he not only refuses to let the deal go through, but insists that marriage is a sacred institution, and that Janie should go back to her husband—Scooper, the father of her "child."

Go see "Janie Gets Married." You'll come out appreciating anew that old saw about "May all your troubles be little ones."—*War.*

P. S.

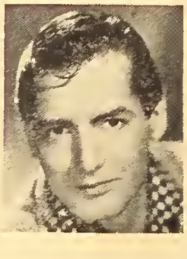
Agnes Christine Johnston, who authored both this film and the original "Janie," feels that her persuasiveness is getting out of hand. While she was working on the script for "Janie Gets Married" she lost three secretaries to the altar, and to cap it, Joyce Reynolds upped and married a Marine and retired from the screen. Joan Leslie took over as Janie, the only change in the characters of the first movie

(Continued on page 26)

INFORMATION DESK

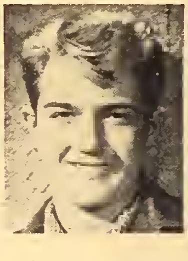
(Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet



Hello!

What's new? Pulenty—so let's get started with some info on face-inating, Seattle-born, JOHN HEATH. If the sensation that he created at M.S.'s Fan Club Party at the Zanzibar is any indication of his future popularity, then he is destined to rank high with Peck and Power among your screen favorites. Johnny was born on Mar. 28, 1918. Is 6' 1", 170 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Still unstung by Cupid. Pic credits include: "Redhead from Manhattan," "30 Seconds Over Tokyo," and "Since You Went Away." Is currently appearing on Broadway in "Would-Be Gentleman," and can be reached at the Wm. Morris Agency, 1270 Avenue of Americas, N.Y.C.



Another JOHNNY! And this time it's 19-year-old MR. SANDS from Lorenzo, Texas, who can boast of a Selznick contract in one pocket and the lead with lovely Janie Withers in her latest "Lonely Hearts Club," in the other. He's 6' tall, 160 lbs., and also has blue eyes and brown hair. Real name is John Harp, and he's unmarried. Dolores Billek, 29 E. 31 Street, Bayonne, N. J. has his club.

You were impressed by GLENN LANGAN'S performance as the Naval Lt. in "Bell for Adano," but when you see him in the romantic leads opposite Tierney in "Dragonwyck," and Crain in "Margie," you'll be sold for life. Born in Denver, July 8, 1917, he's 6'2", with blue eyes and brown hair. Married Lucille Weston in 1939 while he was on the N.Y. stage. Write him at 20th-Fox, Beverly Hills, California.

E.S., N.Y.: MAY I HAVE THE NAME OF THE MUSIC FROM "MY REPUTATION," AND THE NAME OF THE BOY WITH THE GREEN SHIRT AND RED TIE IN THE "A. T. AND SANTA FE" SCENE OF "HARVEY GIRLS?" . . . The score from "My Reputation" is by Max Steiner. Stanley Adams added lyrics and it's published by Remick Music Co. under the title "While You're Away." Your blonde extra is JOE ROACH, but he just can't be located. Minute he is, I'll feature him here.

You know the rules. For info on pix and players, send a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Greatest Frontier Saga
SINCE "CIMARRON"!

The screen tells it for the first time . . . a town outside the law . . . and all the notorious *badmen* who fought to keep it there.

BADMAN'S TERRITORY

Starring

RANDOLPH SCOTT
ANN RICHARDS
GEORGE 'Gabby' HAYES

Produced by NAT HOLT • Directed by TIM WHELAN
Original Screen Play by JACK NATTEFORD and LUCI WARD
An RKO RADIO PICTURE

See them ALL ...IN ACTION ...IN ONE PICTURE!

CO-ED

All's fair in love and war, you say? But how'
about that time you cribbed in Latin? Or switche
beaux? Or smoked secretly? Didn't you feel awf
after? So c'mon, start turning that new lea

CO-ED LETTERBOX

Bill and I went steady for over a year, then—out of a blue sky—he dropped me. How can I get him back? H. D., Butte, Montana.

Actually, it wasn't out of a blue sky at all. The handwriting had been on the wall for a while, but you didn't want to see it, H. D. Maybe you'd been getting too possessive, maybe you'd stopped making an effort to be charming and amusing, maybe the spark just gradually burned itself out. Try to find the reason, so that the same thing doesn't happen again, and then go about annexing some new men, and forgetting about Bill. There's nothing more pathetic than an attempt to rekindle an old flame, nothing less satisfactory than a couple of half-hearted dates with a boy you once had fun with. Let him go, but without bitterness. You'll be all the wiser, all the more attractive for having suffered a bit!

My mother, who is a widow, is planning to remarry, and my sister and I are frantic. We just don't want a strange man cluttering up our nice cozy house. Don't you think she should consider our feelings? B. T., Spokane, Washington.

Frankly, we think your mom is doing the best possible thing for you two gals. By picking up the threads of her own life, she'll stop living yours for you. Furthermore, she'll have a companion for her later years, instead of converting you or your sister into same. After you've had a man in that oppressively feminine house of yours for just a little while, you'll wonder how you ever got along without him. See if you don't!

I am seventeen and madly in love with a boy of twenty. Everyone is trying to tell us we're too young to marry, but gosh—look at Shirley (*Continued on page 20*)

JEAN KINKEAD

■ We overheard a couple of guys discussing women the oth day, and couldn't resist a little ear bending. All in all, th approved of us gals, thought we were here to stay and all th But one thing that they said made us practically blow o gauge with rage. "They're almost all dishonest," was wh they said. "It's part of being female."

When we cooled off, we got to thinking it over, and you know those guys had something? Oh, maybe we do go in for grand larceny or anything as obvious as that, b you know how we are. A white lie here, an exaggerati there. We wear our brother's fraternity pin and pretend gorgeous man planted it. We read a synopsis of a pl and tell everyone we saw it. We're fakers, every single o of us, and it couldn't be less attractive. Let's give oursel a long searching look, now, and see just how dishonest are. And then let's do something about it—for the good our characters, for the good of our reputations, and for t good of our guy's peace of mind.

Fooling the Family: You date the lads mom doesn't tru smoke like a furnace, and read forbidden books—but strictly on the q.t. *They* think you're a model child. It m seem like a good racket for a while—like having your c and eating it, too—but actually you're not being very sm Some day they'll find out about you, and then they'll lose faith in you and be about a million times stricter. Also, ea bit of chicanery (g'wan, look that (*Continued on page 2*

Wrapping your heart with happiness...

...tying it tight with love!

Two grand people ...made for each other...and having such a wonderful time finding it out...

They get married for fun...and have it...for the BEST of your life!

JACK H. SKIRBALL · BRUCE MANNING present

MYRNA LOY · DON AMECHE

So Goes My Love

A UNIVERSAL RELEASE with

RHYS WILLIAMS BOBBY DRISCOLL RICHARD GAINES

Directed by FRANK RYAN Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL

A JACK H. SKIRBALL-BRUCE MANNING Production Screenplay by Bruce Manning and James Clifden
Based upon "A Genius in the Family" by Hiram Percy Maxim Director of Photography Joseph Valentine

Through Thick and Thin..

No matter whether your hair's soft and baby-fine or heavy and sleek . . . DeLong Bob Pins will be your tried and true friend. Trust them to keep every shining strand neat and note-worthy.

These wonderful Bob Pins with the Stronger Grip cope with the most stubborn hair because they're made of better quality steel that keeps its gripping ways longer.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 18*)

one up) undermines your character that much more, submerges your conscience that much deeper, makes it a wee bit harder for you to be good. The thing to do, if your family's especially strict, is to have a little conference with them explaining—without anger or defiance—your side of the various questions. Arrange some sort of compromise whereby you may exercise your judgment and still benefit somewhat by their wisdom and experience. For instance, ask them to let you invite one of the boys whom they dislike, but whom you adore, to the house. Let them talk to him, get to know him. Give them a chance to see beyond his boorishness or his hard-boiled exterior. Then, after he's gone, sit down with them and discuss him, calmly and fairly. See if their opinion doesn't change—or your own! See if the conference method isn't at least 95% successful, and gosh, how much better you'll feel. How much better you'll *be*.

Fooling the lads: You "go steady" with two guys. One's a local boy, the other's from out of town; and never the twain shall meet. You hope. You simply kill the girls with your antics: Switching class rings, hiding football programs, describing your latest hair-raising escape—when Bill called, and *Joe* answered the phone. It's a gay, mad life, but it can't go on indefinitely. And when they find you out, they'll blacken your name for miles around, and you'll have a time and a half finding another beau. Not only that, the gals who are so entranced with you now while everything's jake, will change their tune when you're high, dry and swain-less. The only adult, gentlemanly solutions are these: Either go steady and really work at it or don't go steady at all. Make up your mind. Two-timing is one of the worst forms of dishonesty. It has been known to disillusion boys for life, and furthermore, it's a forerunner of marital infidelity. So watch it!

Fooling Teacher: Guess we've all been tempted. If we could just see how Mary *started* the geometry problem on the final exam—just a hint is all we need. But if we have some integrity, we don't peek. Look at it this way. You wouldn't pick Mary's pockets, would you? Then how can you justify picking her brains? Out in the wide, wide world, cribbing has the unpleasant name of plagiarism and is very severely dealt with. It's a serious thing, kids, so next time you're caught short on an exam, muddle through it somehow. Better to get a D in Chem. and an A in honesty than vice versa. Truly!

Fooling Yourself: You pretend you like Frankie, 'cause the gang does, but way down deep, Perry Como's your boy. You wear purple lipstick and too much perfume ('cause Arlene does and she's a man-trap) when you're strictly a pastel character. You go around acting like two other guys, and you think you're fooling the people, but you're really just fooling yourself. Be honest about what you think, what you feel, what you are. Maybe the people who went for you when you were hidden under six inches of pancake make-up and a Hepburn accent won't like you any more. So what? You'll have twice as much fun with the people who like you as just plain you. And want to bet you do worlds better with the lads? Try it and find out!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(*Continued from page 18*)

Temple. What is your opinion of early marriages? M. M., Amsterdam, N. Y.

In the first place, it isn't fair to compare the average seventeen-year-old with Shirley. Because of the nature of her work she is much more mature than most girls of her age. She has been going out with boys (chaperoned to be sure) for years and years and has had a chance to meet a great variety of them. At seventeen, she has the experience and sophistication of a girl years older. As for our opinion of early marriages, it is this. If both boy and girl are adult, responsible, clear-headed kids and if they have the means to support themselves, we believe their marriage can be a pretty wonderful thing. However, if two youngsters go into marriage hastily, unprepared for life and with insufficient funds, they aren't going to stay happy.

My father opens all my mail. It makes me furious, but nothing I say has any effect on him. G. T., Gainesville, Ga.

We can't blame you for being furious. Your dad obviously doesn't trust you. Have you ever given him reason not to? Or have you an older brother or sister who caused him to lose faith in his kids? The only solution is to build up his trust in you. Talk to him about politics, showing him that you are growing up, have sound ideas. Discuss the gang at school, bringing in morals and explaining your stand on things like drinking and woo. Tell him about the boys you know and why yo like and respect them. Confide in him bit, and ask him at least once in a whil for advice. Some day it will suddenly occur to him that you're a pretty fine girl one he's just a bit proud of. And that wil be the end of the letter-opening.

The guy I adore is shy, has never ha a date in his life, and doesn't even loo at the gals. How can I lure him? J. B. Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Those strong silent ones fall hard whe they fall, but the approach must be righ Chances are he's an outdoor man. Prob ably likes long treks into the hills an excursions on his bike. Check on tha and if so, talk to him about the hike you'r planning. Tell him about your dog an get him talking about his. Some day, as him if he'd mind taking a look at you bike and seeing what makes it so squeak Then when you've got him lured as far a your front door, ask him in for som cake and milk, praise his mechanical abil ity to the skies, and start making plans f a picnic on Saturday. The lad'll be you devoted slave, just wait 'n' see!

* * *

Kiddies, Spring is a dandy, light-hearte time of the year, if you're with it, if you' not it can be mighty grim. So bring you peeves to us. Honest, we've got an an swer for everything. Mail the wails Jean Kinkead, Co-Ed, Modern Screen, *1 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

She challenges men with her beauty . . .
conquers them with her sword!

By day . . . a devastating
enchantress . . . by night . . .
a deadly avenger . . . here is a
woman born bold and lovely
enough for any adventure!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS'
Breath-Taking Adventure
FILMED FOR THE FIRST TIME

"The Wife of MONTE CRISTO"

starring
JOHN LODER
LENORE AUBERT

with
CHARLES DINGLE - FRITZ KORTNER - EDUARDO CIANELLI -
MARTIN KOSLECK - FRITZ FELD

Associate Producer JACK GRANT Directed by EDGAR G. ULMER

PRC

A woman, dauntlessly and daringly romantic as Dumas' dashing Count of Monte Cristo!

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Calling all swing fans in and around New York! If you want to get the inside track on what kind of spontaneous combustion results from a meeting of two jazz critics, listen to Freddy Robbins' 1280 Club program on Tuesday evening, April 23. You'll hear me and my friendly rival, John Hammond, talking about jazz.

John and I have had many arguments over the years, including a long and very acid one about Duke Ellington, whom John doesn't admire as much as I do. In spite of our spats, though, we still like the same kind of music, basically, and we both believe very deeply in the spreading of democracy and tolerance through music. However, I'm sure Freddy Robbins will find some subjects to make this battle of words very warm for April, and he'll probably have to act not only as emcee, but also as referee. Hope you'll be listening—it's on station WOV, 1280 on your dial.

Now, to business: The month's records. Well, I could hardly pass up the opportunity to list the Frank Sinatra album as the best popular selection of the month. The choice of tunes is so good—many of our old favorites—and the overall picture so typical of Frankie, that my recommendation goes without saying. And for the best hot jazz I suggest "Blue at Dawn" and "Bouncy" by Timmie Rozenkranz and his Barons on Continental. Reasons later.

BEST POPULAR

I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOU—Peggy Lee (Capitol)—Peggy scored such a hit with her recordings of her first two compositions "You Was Right, Baby," and "What More Can a Woman Do?" that she sat down, chewed her pen awhile and came out with this new one, also co-authored by guitarist-hubby Dave Barbour. You probably don't know it, but in the past couple of months Peggy has turned down movie offers, a five-figure deal for an (*Cont'd on page* 102)

That's Adrienne Ames under the floral display. Adrienne's got a radio spot on WHN nightly, interviewed our own Leonard Feather, swapped gossip of New York for on-the-beam stuff from H'wood.

Andy Russell takes a breather at recording session to show off record of a previous broadcast to beautiful, beaming wife Della. Peter Lawford horned in, got invited to A.'s new Encino ranch!

A BRAND-NEW ALBUM OF COLE PORTER HITS!

"NIGHT and DAY"

starring

ALLAN JONES

Includes:

Night and Day, I've Got You Under My Skin, Begin the Beguine, Why Shouldn't I?, What Is This Thing Called Love?, Rosalie, Easy to Love, In the Still of the Night . . . With Orchestra and Chorus, Ray Sinatra, Conductor. Album M-1033, $4.50, suggested list price exclusive of taxes.

Hear the top RCA Victor artists in their latest hits— at your dealer's . . . on the radio . . . on juke boxes

Henry "Red" Allen ★ Louis Armstrong ★ Desi Arnaz ★ Eddy Arnold ★ Bill Boyd Elton Britt ★ Helen Carroll and The Satisfiers ★ Perry Como ★ Johnny Desmond Tommy Dorsey ★ Duke Ellington ★ The Ginger Snaps ★ Al Goodman ★ Erskine Hawkins ★ Lena Horne ★ Betty Hutton ★ Spike Jones ★ Sammy Kaye ★ Greta Keller Wayne King ★ Zeke Manners ★ Freddy Martin ★ The Glenn Miller Band with Tex Beneke ★ Vaughn Monroe ★ Henri René ★ Carson Robison ★ Roy Rogers ★ David Rose ★ Sons of the Pioneers ★ Charlie Spivak ★ Martha Stewart ★ Billy Williams

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 16)

. . . Clare Foley again plays the loathesome kid sister and this role, added to her part in "Janie" both on the stage and screen, tacks up a thespic record for the youngster. Eleven years old, she has been the brattish Elsbeth 847 days, or more than twenty percent of her lifetime.

BOYS' RANCH

There are rough boys and tough boys, boys who play hookey and boys who need a mother, but there's no such thing as a mean boy and never, never a bad one.

That, at least, is the premise Dan Walker (James Craig) has always gone on, and so far, he's never found it untrue. As shortstop for a professional ball team, Dan's always been popular with the gang that hangs around outside the ball park, waiting for him to bat a "fungo" over the fence so they can catch the ball and claim a free admission. But this particular day, two of his special pals, Skippy (Skippy Homeier), the leader of the local "tough guys," and Hank (Darryl Hickman), his sidekick, are hanging around to say goodbye to Dan because Dan's just been asked to resign, it seems he's outlived his usefulness for the team. Not that he minds too much, it's just that he hadn't quite planned to settle down on that ranch in Texas for a while yet. Anyhow, he's just packing when Skippy and Hank pop up in the lockers with a farewell gift, a swell pocket knife "worth at least three bucks." Dan is touched, but before he has a chance to express his gratitude, a big cop ambles over and hauls them all to the police station—the knife *is* worth at least three bucks but it would've been nice if the boys had paid for it instead of swiping it off the park vendor. There's a lot of commotion and talk about reform school and before he knows it, Dan's volunteered to take the two boys in custody. Dan's wife isn't too pleased with the whole setup, so when they get to Texas, he ships the boys off to a pal's ranch, where they so ingratiate themselves that the pal promptly heaves them out. Which leaves Mr. Walker right where he started.

But a responsibility's a responsibility, and Dan talks rancher Banton into lending him an old abandoned courthouse and 640 acres of land to start Boys' Ranch, which will be a home for Skippy and Hank and some other choice teen-age characters who've taken to hanging around lately.

Everything is fine until someone discovers that Skippy has skipped out with the ranch funds. But he's stopped in time to avoid messing up a graveyard, giving the ranch a bad name and to rescue Hank from a fate worse than death.

And by the way, there's a very small fry in the picture by name of Jackie "Butch" Jenkins who should be arrested. Little guy steals every heart in sight. —*M-G-M.*

P. S.

One of the scenes required "Butch" Jenkins to look slightly jaded after devouring eight slabs of lemon meringue pie. Butch took it upon himself to actually eat six pieces before going into the scene. As he reeled toward the cameras he said, "This is gonna be easy to do. I don't feel so good." When the director asked him why he'd eaten so much pie, the sprout informed him that he had merely "been getting in the mood" . . . During the filming of the picture, Skippy Homeier and "Butch" invented what they term "Circus talk," which consists in putting the letters "iz" before the first vowel in every word. As time progressed they were slinging the lingo all over the set, but Skippy's mother confessed that all she had picked up personally were the words "jizerk" and "dizope" . . . Butch Jenkins spent anxious hours rehearsing his most difficult scene, which involved dialogue with veteran George Cleveland. When the time arrived for the take, it was Cleveland, not Butch, who blew his lines. When Cleveland apologized, Butch smiled sweetly. "That's all right, Mr. Cleveland," he said, "I used to do that myself."

RAINBOW OVER TEXAS

For thirty years now, bluff millionaire Wooster Dalrymple (Robert Emmett Keane), has been trying to break into society, but failing, he tries to buy a way into the Blue Book for his rebellious daughter, Jacqueline (Dale Evans). But Jackie's got just as much spunk as her old man. "You should be proud of your background," she storms, "tea parties and socials, I want to live!" And because, to her mind, the only living being done today is out Texas way, she jumps her dad's ship and stows away on the train bearing Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers to Dalrymple, the town her father founded.

Once the troupe hits Dalrymple, however, things get too hot for them to bother much with wimmin folk. Roy is being needled by Pete McAvoy (Kenne Duncan) who tries to insult him into a fight, thus keeping the champ out of circulation when the big pony express race, with its huge winner's prize, will be run. But Roy refuses to let anything get his dander up. Until the racketeer who's behind all the crooked gambling in town, Kirby Haynes (Sheldon Leonard), shows his hand by having a defenseless man shot in the back—and Roy framed for the murder. That does it! Through stampedes and fixed races and ambushes Roy rides, fury on a white horse. There are many more dead men before the picture rat-tats to a blazing finish, and a lot of evil-doing punished, but there's also another convert to the wild 'n' woolly West, Wooster Dalrymple. And romantically speaking, the fearless Roy Rogers nearly bites the dust—but not quite.—*Repub.*

P. S.

Even if Dale Evans does enjoy working in Westerns, she gets a bit fed up with the eternal riding clothes which give her little or no glamor. She was gay as a Hopper hat when she found that the script called for her to wear a white bathing suit. When the bathing suit arrived in her dressing room, it was an all-white number, with lovely lines, but across the front of the skirt was painted a bucking broncho. Miss Evans bowed her head in meek submission . . . During the filming of the picture, Roy Rogers bought twenty-seven sorrel mares to be mated with Trigger. The first colt will be used in the next Rogers film, depicting the story of how the cowboy star acquired his famous horse . . . The prop department turned sculptor when it had to build a life-sized statue of Robert Emmett Keane, who portrays Dale's industrialist father in the film . . . For the movie, Tim Spencer, one of the Sons of the Pioneers, wrote two songs, "Texas, U. S. A." and "Cowboy Camp Meeting." The latter is a tricky tune which promises to be a big hit.

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April, 1946

TO OUR READERS,

Things have been popping at MODERN SCREEN, and I've got to make up my mind whether to tell you about our beautiful new circulation or about our recent gay Matinee Party at the Cafe Zanzibar. I really haven't room to do justice to both.

But in a nutshell, this is the circulation story. When Henry and I got off to a timid start back in 1940, newsstand sales hovered precariously around 400,000. The latest figure is 1,600,000. The sale has doubled twice. Bugs Bunny himself couldn't have done better!

I won't grumble. 1,600,000 is fine. As a matter of fact, it makes us eighth in the country - right after LIFE magazine! Yet all the circulation in the U.S.A. wouldn't mean as much to us as that Zanzibar party. And I'll tell you why.

From the beginning, Henry and I have been fighting kind of a crusade. We've believed that there's so much more to a magazine than just making money. We made up our minds that MODERN SCREEN would be "the Friendly Magazine" - and we've stuck to it. For our readers, young and old, we have friendly services - advice and information charts. So far, 3,000,000 charts and personal letters have been mailed off to readers who needed a friendly shoulder to lean on.

And yet, we've never been quite satisfied. Tons of mail - but mail isn't the real thing. Friendship is personal and direct. And that's how the Zanzibar party happened - first a dream - then, early in February of this year, a warm, charming reality. To one of the biggest night clubs in New York, we invited 500 readers to meet nearly 100 stars of stage and screen. Gene Kelly, Hurd Hatfield, Sonja Henie, Jan Clayton, Cesar Romero, Danny Kaye - countless others.

It was a great party (see pages 30-37). Far more - it was a party that meant something. You readers got together with us staff members. You chatted with the stars. On that February afternoon in the Zanzibar, MODERN SCREEN'S friendly policy came to life. Of that fact we are unspeakably proud!

Al Delacorte
Executive Editor

P.S. For an important announcement please turn to page 119.

MODERN SCREEN THROWS A PARTY!

So it can't happen here, eh? But it did! A hundred guest stars jamming the Club Zanzibar, and all for you—all in honor of our M. S. fans!

■ Bet every time you read about a big, flashy four-alarm party for a group of movie stars, you picture Elsa Maxwell or M-G-M engineering the whole thing. Don't you, now? And aren't you wrong! Lookit. We've just been to a party, and it was the "Oklahoma," the Cadillac, the Van Johnson of all parties. No joshing, it was fine. And guess who was at the bottom of it? Not Elsa or Louis B. or any of the publicity boys. Just a queen-size blonde with a wonderful smile and a yen for Dane Clark. So help us, she was, and here's how it happened.

Peggy Field (this dishy blonde we mentioned) is mad for Dane Clark. She considers him absolutely atomic, and she'd planned a stupendous party for him when he came East on his vacation. She lived and breathed that party for *weeks*, and then came the heartbreaking, hysterics-making telegram from Dane that his vacation had been cancelled, that the party was off. It was a kick in the teeth for Peggy. It was, she told her mom, the End of the World.

That *(Continued on page 118)*

Oh happy day, oh bliss! When pert Peggy Fields received her invitation to the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club party, she jumped with joy, nearly trampled those math and Latin books. P. S. See that Dane Clark pic? It's *sooo* affectionately autographed.

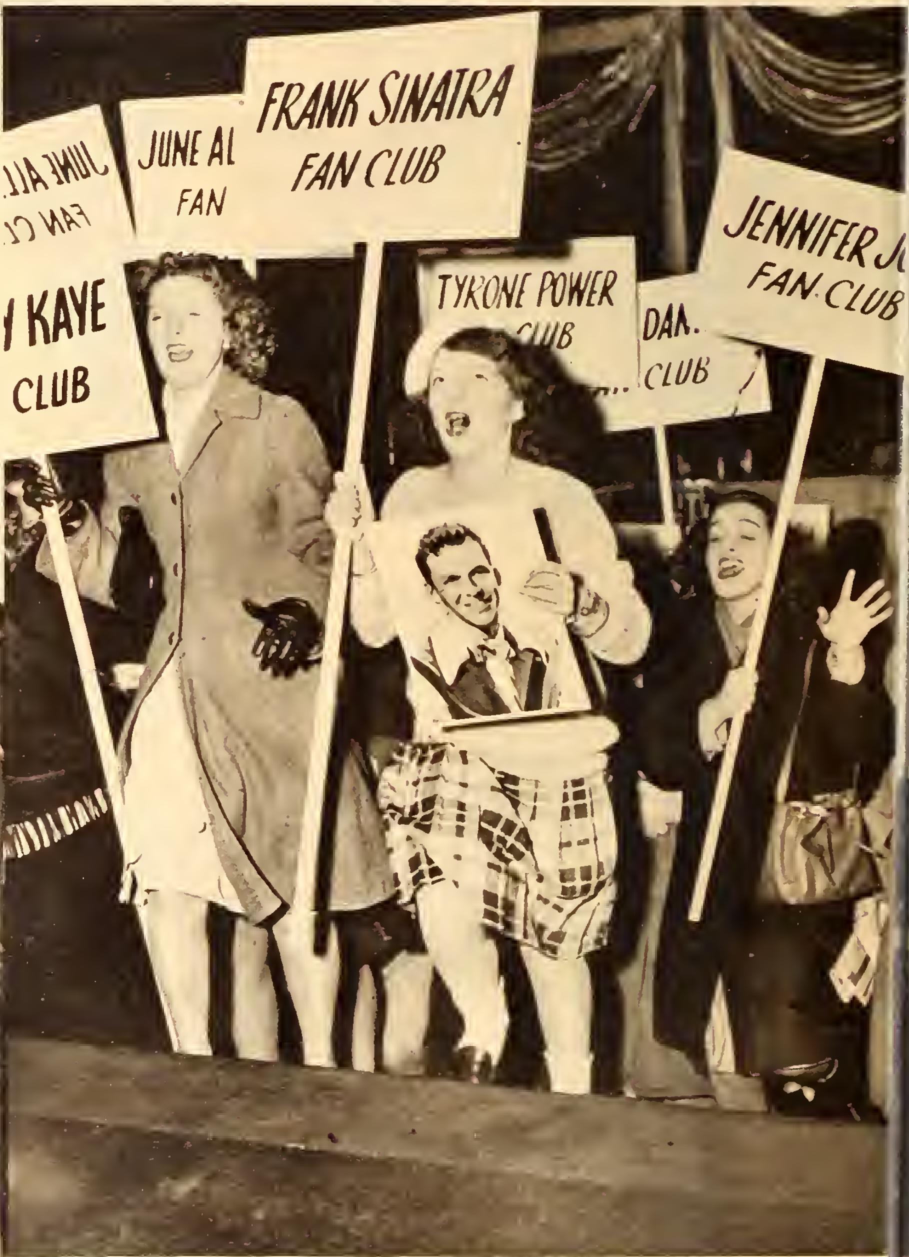
Mr. and Mrs. Fields are used to their daughter's rave enthusiasms by now, but even they were impressed at the star line-up. And when Mom heard that Gene Kelly would be there—*ummmm* . .

Limey's a spaniel and mad-in-love with his mistress, but when he heard of the party, he gaily wagged g'bye.

The gang turned out to envy Peggy's outing, wish her fun—and send their autograph books for additions.

MORE PARTY PICTURES ——

Aside from being a perfect host, Exec. Ed Al Delacorte has an eye well trained for a pretty gal, so naturally he spotted Peg at the entrance.



Charge! Gloria Shawy, Frank Sinatra's number one fan and club prexy, led the thundering hordes up the Zanzibar steps. You'll see Gloria all over the spread LOOK is featuring in their April 30th issue. MODERN SCREEN, the magazine other mags interview!

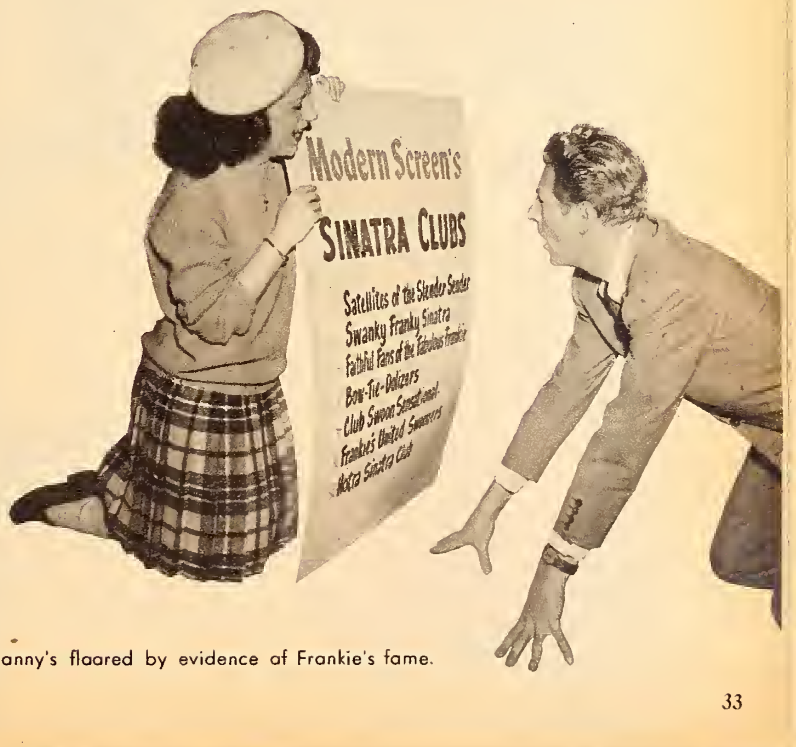
Nat Reiff, co-sponsor of the party with Fan Club director Shirley Frohlich (she's downstairs being trampled on), welcomes Peggy with a list of the doin's—and makeup advice.

Peggy's just trying it on for size, thank you. It all started when Frankie mentioned, on an air show, that Staten Island sure was foggy. So Jane Harris, Dolores McMullen, Dot Nix and Annabelle Corba banded into "The Foggy Girls"—identical as to pea jackets and hero worship.

MORE PARTY PICTURES→

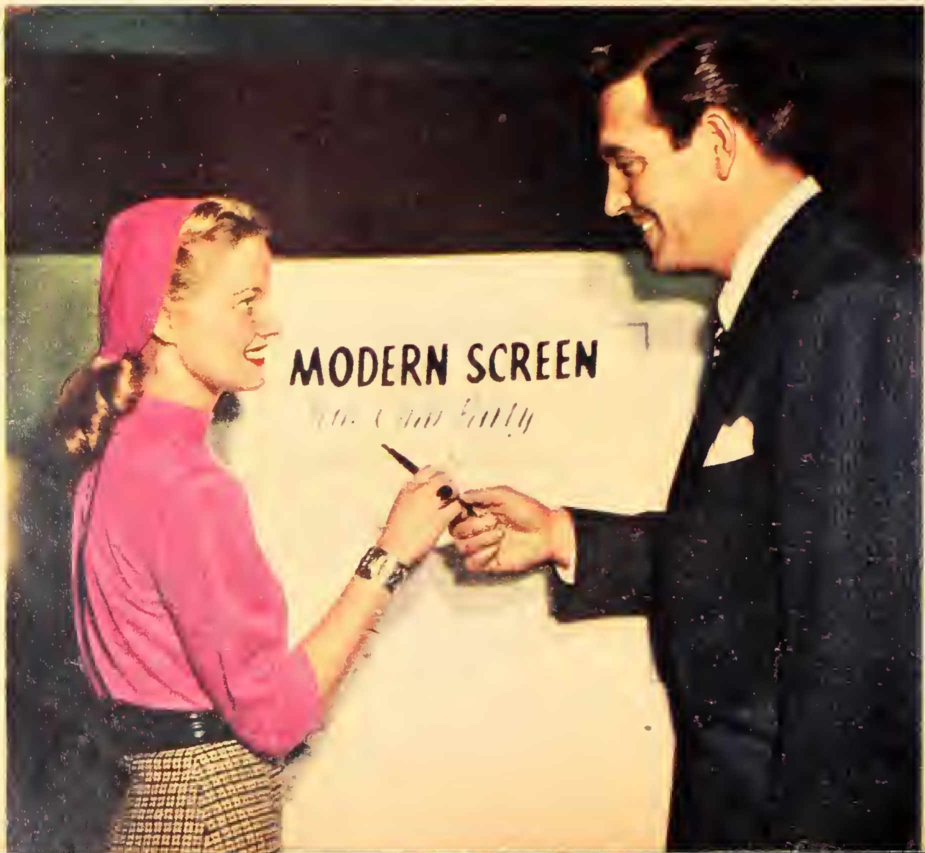
Wreathed in smiles and mink, Sonja Henie was introduced by M. C. Ed Sullivan, giggled, "If I'd known how big this party'd be, I'd have brought skates!"

Could've set the place afire and this fan wouldn't have budged. Why? Danny Kaye, of the gay charm, was onstage!

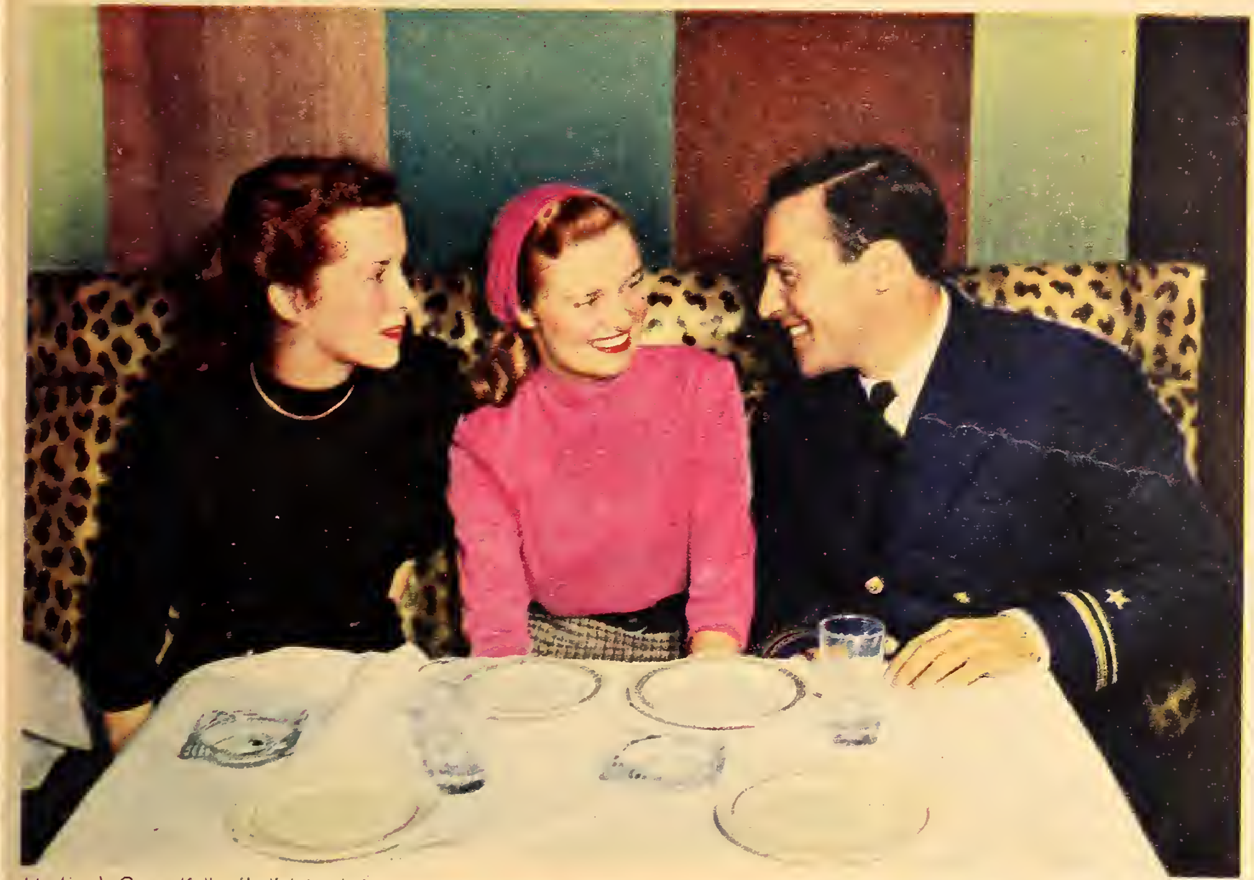


Danny's floored by evidence of Frankie's fame.

Peggy cribbed party music-maker Joe Marsala's clarinet to see if she could produce party noises—Jimmy Dorsey begged "No!"



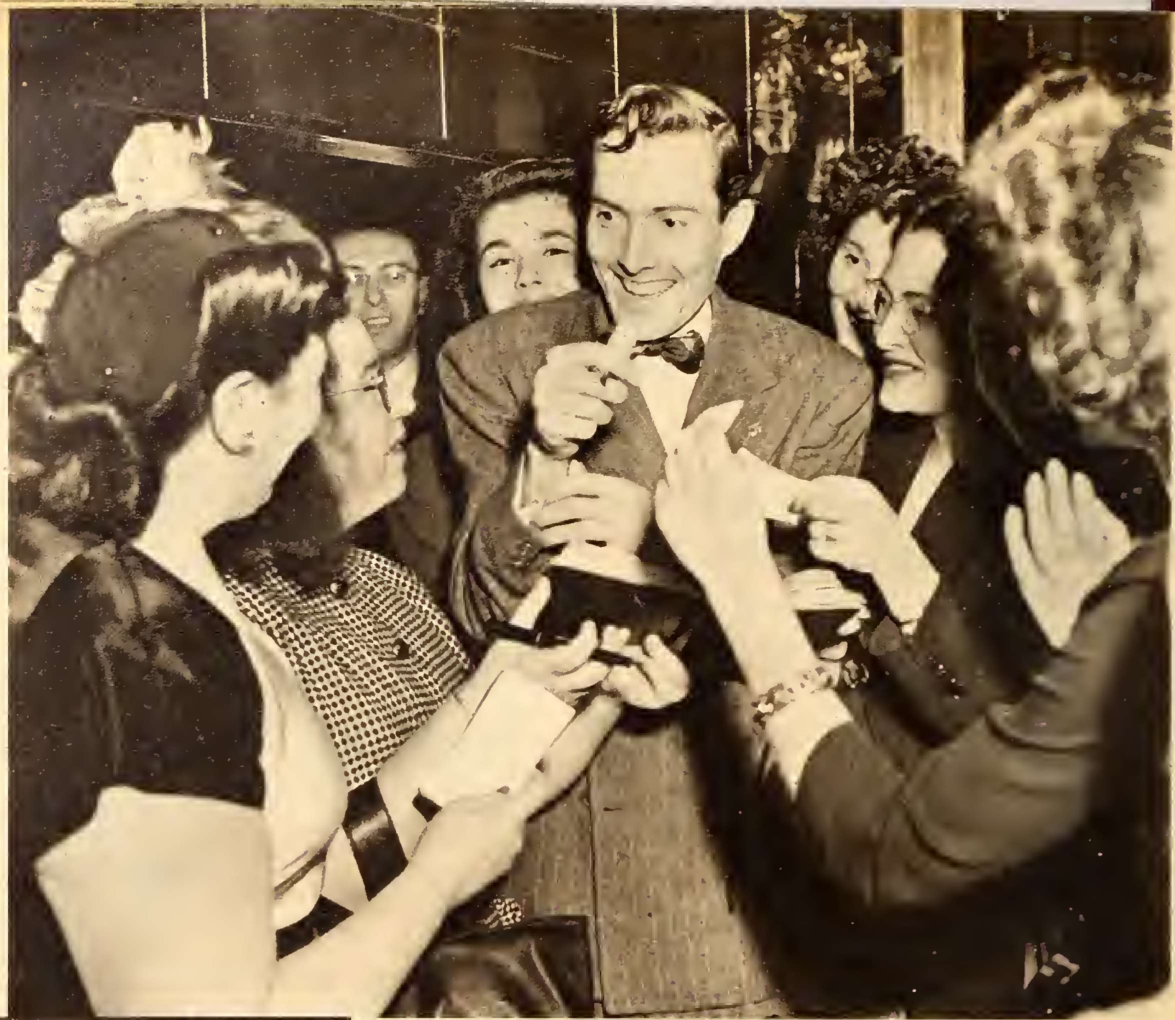
Ever the gentleman, Robert Paige murmured "After *you*," to pretty Peggy as they autographed the huge party celebrity register.



Lt (j.g.) Gene Kelly (halleluja, he's an almost civilian!) feasting his eyes on *two* pretty gals—Peggy and wife Betsy Blair.

In answer to Peggy's plea for autographs, singer Carl Ravazza scribbled "A swell party." "Me, too," penned thrush Eileen Barton.

MORE PARTY PICTURES—



Hurd Hatfield's still new to the fan rush act, even though "Diary of a Chambermaid's" bound to make him a big time swooner sensation. When a kind M.S. staffer offered to help him out of the mob, he rumbled, "I should say not—I love it!"

It wasn't long before our canny guests latched on to Peggy's dazzling celebrity personality, with the result that she had writer's cramp for days after!

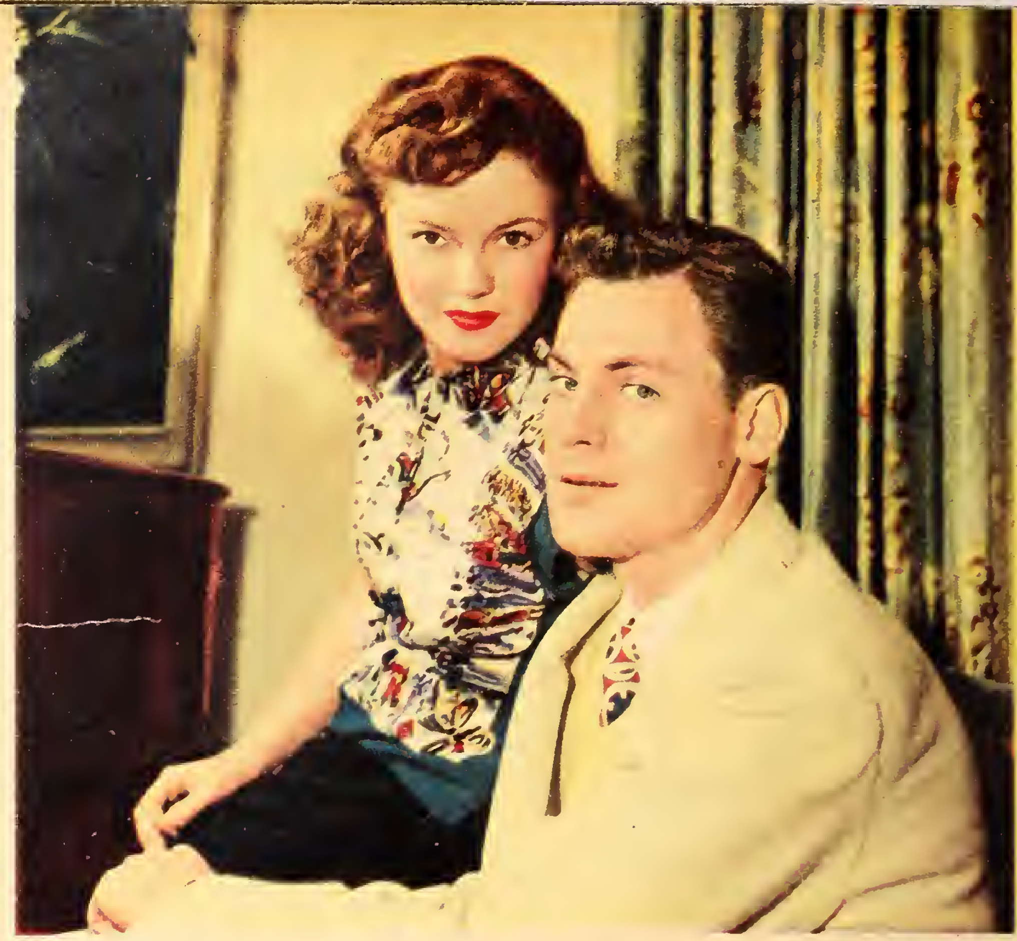
It was a tough fight, but M.S. Executive Editor Al Delacorte, with the help of a beaming Kelly-ite, finally won. Seems Gene originally refused to remove his overcoat—it was government property and darned if he'd let it get ripped up!

M. S. fans weren't proud, they raved and roared for all the celebs. But notice how his club kept Bing up front? And that's Dick Haymes dangling back thar.

The Fitzgeralds, Ed and Pegeen, aired their show right from the stage, with Danny K. an extra-added attraction.

Almost, but not quite, the end of a perfect day. Peggy waltzing herself into a dream at the Stark Club later, with Hurd Hatfield.

Ed Sullivan farewell'ing Hurd, Peggy, Maggie Whiting and Al D. And so good night. It's been fun, see you next year.



Now that she's a "Junior Mrs.," Shirley's studio plans to team her with Guy Madison in young-love roles like Janet Gaynor-Chas. Farrell pics.

Shirley got cookery-conscious while John was still in the Army, trotted off to cooking school and made hash of all those bride's biscuits jokes in no time! J.'s rich, but he and S. like to do things themselves.

The Agars were khaki-whacky for so long that Shirley began t think there *wasn't* any other color! Shirl kept that blue twee number well sprayed, hugged it so much she *smothered* the moths

HUSBANDS ARE Wonderful!

HUSBANDS! SIGHS SHIRLEY TEMPLE. THEY GET HOTEL ROOMS, FIX CAR DOORS, PRAISE YOUR COOKING—AND LOOK SO HELPLESS WHEN THEY'RE SICK! ● BY VIRGINIA WILSON

■ Shirley plumped up the pillows expertly, and said, "Okay. Let's see that thermometer." She held it to the light while the big guy sprawling in the bed grinned at her. She was such a *little* girl, even in those tall, stilted heels. So little and so pretty and such a darling! He could hardly believe even now that she was his own wife.

"Fine thing," he said ruefully. "I finally get out of the Army and right away the flu catches up with me."

Shirley smiled at him over the thermometer. "You're better today. Your temperature's normal."

"That's what *you* think! Not with you around it isn't, Mrs. Agar."

"Mrs. Agar." Shirley, suddenly serious, repeated it, her brown eyes enormous with the wonder of it. Of being really married with a husband out of the Army, and a whole life ahead of them. "Jack, are you happy? Happy like

(*Continued on page 84*)

Shirl's keeping house in her old playhouse—but she's all grown up now, with problems like deciding what husband John should do. He's torn between wanting to finish college or becoming an actor.

"Dear John," she'd write, "I know you're indispensable, but the Army should realize I need you more than *they* do!" Now John's home for good, and happiness isn't just an occasional furlough—it's forever!

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

ESTHER WILLIAMS

■ One sultry summer evening, back in 1939, at Des Moines, Iowa, a slim, sun-tanned California girl of seventeen poised for a racing plunge into the biggest moment of her young life.

It was the final race and the top event for women of the National Swim Meet—the 100-meters free style sprint for the championship of the United States—and Esther Williams was tired. That day she had churned the distance in the soupy water five times, and five times she had won. The elimination heats followed so close she hadn't had time to eat anything except tea and crackers all day. The night before, the Midwestern heat had stifled her in the sweltering hotel room and she hadn't slept a wink. It was seven o'clock and she was wilted. Her arms and legs felt like lead.

But as Esther Williams waited for the starter's signal she chanted to herself, "This is it! I can do it!" over and over again, and as her body spanked the water in the flat racer's dive at the last she dug her long arms deep to the rhythm of the same chant that never left her brain, "This is it! This is it! I can do it! I can do it!"

The strength she knew would come flowed through her body and she cut the water fast and clean. At the turn, she kicked off the tank wall and an instant's peek told her what she knew—that the class of the country was well in her wake. She was laughing when she popped up like a porpoise, sleek, dripping (*Continued on page* 42)

Even at 3, Esther's grimy knuckles and spotted socks anticipated her approaching tomboy'ism. Of pioneer stock, her maternal grandfather, a Civil War vet, knew Abe Lincoln well, and her grandmother had 8 children between treks by covered wagon!

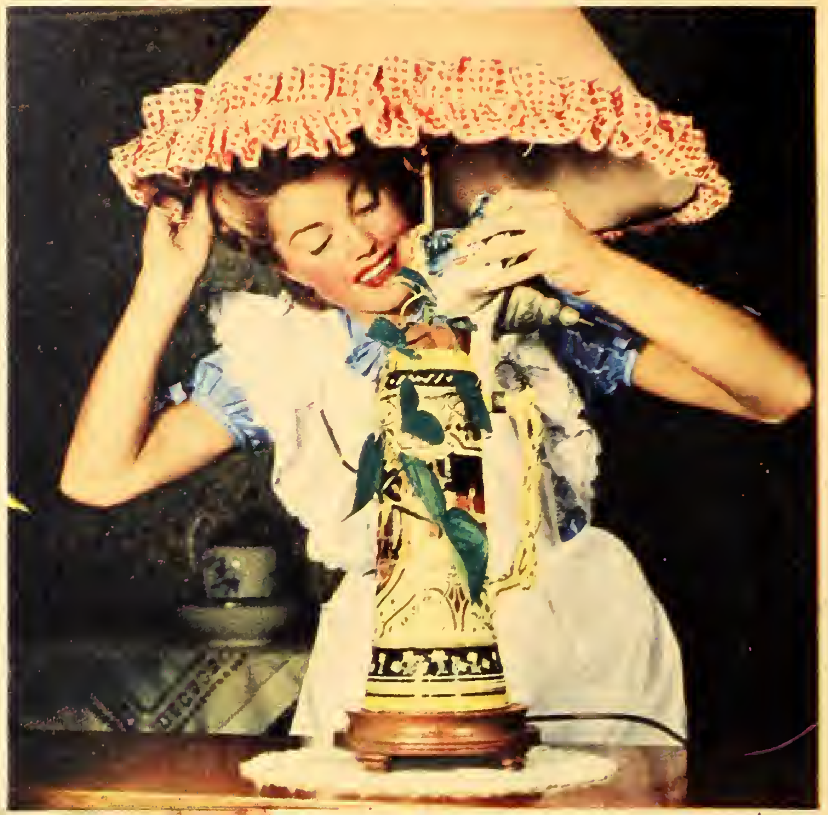
LIFE STORY

SHE WAS A GAWKY KID WITH A WILL TO WIN WHO ALWAYS MUTTERED "I CAN DO IT!" WHEN THE GOING GOT TOUGH—AND DID IT! (PART ONE.)

One of ex-GI Ben Gage's first gifts to his wife was a tiny star sapphire ring clustered by diamonds. "As our marriage grows," E. smiles, "it will grow, too."

Her marriage to Dr. Leonard Kavner ended on a "we'll always be pals" note after four years. Here, together before the divorce, on one of his rare nights away from his hospital dorm.

Esther's mother (here with E. at the "Going My Way" premiere), was the first to sympathize with the fellow who stole several "Bathing Beauty" reels—and then tried to hire a projectionist to run them for him.



Hobby lobby: When the Gages moved into the new house, Ben gave E. a spittoon; she converted it into a lamp base! The shade above is an old gingham dress!

With her new contract running into the four-figure class, busy Esther has very little leisure time, still finds working out in the swimming pool Metro built especially for her, her pet relaxation.

Esther combined business with pleasure by honeymooning at Acapulco two weeks—then running back to finish work on "Fiesta" in Mexico Ci After seeing her first bull fight, she raved, "It's better than a ball gam

ESTHER WILLIAMS LIFE STORY

If it weren't for her strong Williams will power, an old childhood incident would have made her swear off playing darts forever. Seems she'd been playing with older brother David, when he tossed one over his shoulder and it pierced her cheek right below the eye!

and fresh at the finish for the cameras to catch the new national speed queen's winning smile. But only Esther Williams knew that she alone hadn't really won that race.

She couldn't have; she wasn't that good a swimmer, she wasn't that strong, she wasn't that sharply conditioned to skim the distance in 1:08 for a new world's record. Something stronger than herself, she knew, had guided her. A power beyond her body had flowed into her aching muscles—the all-perfect power she had believed in and trusted since babyhood had worked the miracle.

Esther's mother had taught her that faith, will, philosophy, religion —whatever it was—and she had absorbed it like a flower does sunshine. "Never be afraid of anything. You can do it, because it's not your strength or your talent, but something stronger than you. If you're ever afraid of anything, just remember that *you* don't have to do it alone. If you believe, it will be done for you."

Esther Williams learned that lesson early and it became the theme of her life and sometimes, looking back on the other girls thrashing in her wake —in a swimming pool or out—while she was still strong and fresh and confident, she felt sorry for them, because they didn't know. Her belief in herself is the keynote of Esther Williams' existence today and it's the story behind the success story of a very normal, average American girl. It's what has lifted Esther off the sport page to a Hollywood star's enviable pedestal and brought her fame.

In Hollywood there are better actresses than Esther Williams, by far, as there were always at one time better swimmers. Plenty of beauties in the extra line have prettier faces than she and more divine figures. Hundreds know more smooth career tricks about how to get ahead in Hollywood and dozens and dozens can give Esther cards and spades in experience, talent and technique.

But Esther (*Cont'd on page 104*)

By ABIGAIL PUTNAM

the

AND

THERE'S MUTT 'N JEFF, DAVID 'N GOLIATH, AND NOW THERE'S PECK 'N PECK, WITH JONATHAN P. RUNNING GREGORY P. RAGGED!

LONG

short OF IT

■ Mr. Jonathan Peck, an exuberant gentleman of twenty-one months' brisk experience, has two (at least) highly exciting events scheduled for the future. Item 1: He is to become a brother this fall.

Jonny's father, Gregory, is adamant about the addition to the family—he wants a girl, to be named Stephanie. If Jonny could speak his mind, he'd probably hold out for a sister, too. Yet, in case the recruit should prove to be of more eventual interest to Burma Shave than to Max Factor, he will be called Stephen.

Stephen, if that's what he turns out to be, couldn't possibly be a failure if he manages to capture himself one-tenth of the charm now owned and operated by his older brother. Which brings us back to Jonny.

Master Peck now has fourteen teeth; he distinguished himself by cutting his first molars before he cut his eye teeth, a situation that made lead pencils, medium-sized twigs, and a vagrant rung from his highchair very interesting. He could bite into all of these articles hard enough to leave the imprints of two sturdy teeth.

Jonny has been walking . . . take that back, . . . Jonny has been RUNNING for several months. He is always in a hurry. When taking off for some spot, preferably that just forbidden by his mother, young Peck lifts his arms, elbows bent, thrusts out his chest, and hurls himself against the air. His feet appear to follow from force of habit.

Most of the time this form of locomotion gets Mr. Brown Eyes around the house in record (*Continued on page* 99)

he theater's never lost its fascination for Greg (here with Bette Davis on a C.B.S. air show). A recent Broadway musical had on s "Angel" list, "G. Peck—$1500." His next pic's "Duel in the Sun."

Greg still isn't used to his popularity. When a studio publicist apologized for phoning six times in one day, "Forget it," said Greg. "It feels good after the days when no one called!" Greta beamed, nodded "Sure!"

1. When the "Minnie Tolbert" is torpedoed in mid-ocean and young Ray Estada (T. Renaldo) is wounded, it hits his fellow Merchant Mariners hard, especially Mudgin (T. Mitchell), who stays with Ray till the end.

2. Harry Patterson (Clark Gable) and Mudgin wander into the San Fran cisco Public Library for information on something Mudgin lost on boar ship—his soul. But Emily Sears (G. Garson), the librarian, thinks it's a ga

4. Helen's a good kid and she has to keep reminding herself that Harry and Emily are her two favorite people, because down deep she's a little bit scared: Scared that maybe she's falling in love with Harry herself.

5. But she knows it can never be. Why? Oh, lots of reasons. Like t fun those two have. Like the time when, not finding any Sunday dinn they spied a hen on the road and presto, 2 hours later—fried chick

7. After that life becomes a wild thing: The crazy ride into Reno with the wind whipping their hair and the meek little Justice of the Peace and Helen, her face white, crying, "You ran out on me, where've you been?"

8. They explain and Helen beams, "Why, I'll move out so you can se down!" But Harry's a seaman, no firesides for *him*. He stalks off, ret to his ship, and Mudgin, after arguing with him, trips and breaks his b

3. But even though they start out by bickering, Harry's personality sweeps Emily off her feet and as she keeps running into him at the apartment she shares with Helen Melohn (Joan Blondell), slowly her antagonism fades.

6. Suddenly, the fun and the fury and the fears all merge. "And I swore never to fall in love," murmurs Emily. "You have the ocean in your eyes," Harry answers. "I never met a girl before with the ocean in her eyes."

. A star twinkles as Mudgin dies and, tortured, Harry thinks: He's found , Mudgin's found his soul. Finally, Harry finds his, too, finds it in the ome he returns to shore with Emily, with Emily and their new-born son. . . .

By Maris MacCullers

HARRY (GABLE) WAS A SAILOR, WITH THE SEA IN HIS BLOOD, AND WOMEN WERE POISON—TILL HE MET EMILY (GARSON) WITH THE SEA IN HER EYES . . .

"Adventure"

STORY His name was Harry Patterson and there was enough of the sea in his walk and in the wind-squint of his eyes so that you knew he couldn't be long off a ship. He was standing now at the edge of the desk set near the front of the room, waiting for the girl with the horn rim glasses to turn to them. It was the last place in the world you'd expect to find him—a sailor on shore leave, on the town—waiting at the Reading Room desk of the San Francisco Public Library. The man at his side looked around warily once and tapped his shoulder.

"Harry," Mudgin said, "maybe we better come back some other time."

"There's no time like *(Continued on page 88)*

PRODUCTION While the picture was being filmed, Richard Ney was discharged from the Navy, and he and wife Greer Garson spent a short vacation at their cottage at Pebble Beach, California. Despite the fact that they re-did the living and dining rooms, built cupboards in the kitchen and painted the outside of the house, Ney gained 15 pounds as a result of Greer's cooking . . . The story was taken from the novel "Anointed" by Clyde Brion Davis, and chosen for Gable's first film since his return to civilian life because director Victor Fleming felt it was a story of a virile man with not only a mind of his own, but fists to back it up . . . Gable, the guy who made famous the turtle-neck sweater, found that his first day of shooting called for a *(Continued on page 93)*

SO LONG THE WAITING, SO SWEET THE HOMECOMING — BUT AT LAST THEY'RE TOGETHER AGAIN, JEAN PIERRE AUMONT AND MARIA MONTEZ—TOGETHER FOR KEEPS!

More than

■ When Jean Pierre Aumont stepped off the gangplank of the troopship he didn't bend down and kiss the ground as several other soldiers did. After all, his wife was in a hotel room somewhere there in New York, and why kiss a bit of damp concrete flooring when Maria Montez was waiting?

He hoisted his large duffel bag and started hurrying down toward the end of the long pier, then hiked another couple of blocks and wormed his way down into the subway.

It disgorged him at a swanky hotel in uptown New York—a few words to the desk clerk, then an impatient call on the hotel phone, a dash for the elevator. Ten stories up the doors slid open and the tall soldier hurried down the long carpeted hall, his duffel bag banging at his knees. From around a corner a dark haired figure in a black negligee came running. The two stopped, then went to each other with open arms. Jean Pierre was home.

Late that same afternoon he lounged back in a deep *(Continued on page 80)*

Although "crazy about the U.S.," Jean Pierre is still a French citizen, had his greatest thrill being the first to enter his home town of St. Tropez and planting the Free French flag there. (Here as composer Rimsky-Karsakoff in his latest picture, "Fandango.")

words can say . . .

When the Aumonts moved into their huge, but relative-packed Canyon mansion J. Pierre remarked, "Guess we'll board the baby with the next-door Ronald Colmans!"

Odd Coincidences: Pierre, called "Europe's John Garfield," broadcasting with—John Garfield. Wife Maria Montez was born in the Dominican Republic, is billed in France as "Mrs. J. P. Aumont"—otherwise she's unknown!

BY EDWARD HERRON

Darling Daughter

PEGGY ANN TEEN-DREAMS OF BLUE CONVERTIBLES, SLINKY BLACK GOWNS, CO-ED COLLEGES—AND THEN MOM GARNER WAKES HER UP!

◄ So-o-o grown-up Peggy Ann Garner with Lon McCollister at Ciro's, where she sipped a cocktail (so what if it was tomato juice?), sported jungle red lipstick for the occasion.

■ Are you having trouble with your Algebra? Are you not allowed to have real, honest-to-goodness dates? Does your mother disapprove of blue denims, overdraped by one of your father's cast-off plaid shirts? Is there a little problem in your home about how long you can talk over the telephone, and how many records you can buy each week?

Then step right up and shake hands with Peggy Ann Garner—she's a fellow-

by Fredda Dudley

▲ "Home, Sweet Homicide," sighs Peggy Ann, referring to her new pic and her new home. Den is stacked with records by Johnny Mercer and Dick Haymes. Peggy would rather be a champ skater than actress!

▼ "Dear Diary," muses Peggy Ann—and confides she spends most of her time at the beach to polish off her bronze glow, is beginning to look twice at *fellers*, got a crush on Scotty Beckett of "Junior Miss!"

sufferer. Peggy is fourteen and going to studio school in what would be—on the outside—ninth grade or high school freshman year. That Algebra *gets* her, it really does. For the life of her she can't get excited about what X is doing, nor what became of Y.

In addition to Algebra, she is struggling mightily with Latin declensions. She has reached the "Hic, haec, hoc, huius, huius, huius" routine and it leaves her cold. About the only bright spot is an absurdly jumbled Latin poem supplied by Mrs. Garner, who studied Latin herself in high school. This deathless bit of verse reads:

"Boyibus kissabus sweeta girlorum;
Girlibus likabus, wanta someorum.
Papabus seeabus kissa someorum,
Kickabus boyibus outa la doorum."

Despite Peggy's intense distaste for these two subjects, she is snagging an A minus in each. In the two subjects she really likes, History and English, she is maintaining an A rating. On school nights, she has to be in bed by nine o'clock, and she is required to rest for ninety minutes in the afternoon. That rest period has caused occasional disagreements between Peggy and her mother. "But I'm not tired in the least," Peggy will protest.

"You wouldn't admit it if you were," says her mother placidly. "You'll be a lot livelier (*Continued on page* 114)

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ A few weeks ago, David, oldest son of Dana Andrews, came home bearing a big box; he and Mary Andrews had been shopping for a new suit for him. The instant mother and son set foot in the house, Dana knew from Mary's quizzical smile that something special had happened.

David was agog. "Here is my new suit," he announced, divesting himself of his pullover sweater and squirming into the coat. He added, "It's a lot like that grey pin-stripe of yours, Dad."

It was. But something was seriously wrong. "Better slip into the trousers, too, son," Dana said, hoping that the complete ensemble would show off David's figure to better advantage. David is now at that growing-boy stage wherein he strongly resembles a triangle—broad at the base and receding at the shoulder line.

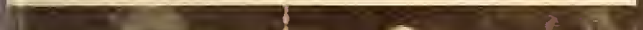
He hopped into the trousers, then strutted around in his finery. Dana rubbed his hand over his chin, looked at the floor, exchanged glances with Mary, and tried to think of some way in which (*Continued on page 96*)

At the Ice Show, Dana Andrews listens while George Montgomery tells one on his wife, Dinah Shore. Dana, father of three, approves the Montgomerys' desire to "stay happily married and have 5 kids!"

the andrews gang

Plaid Shirt, Jr., (David) looks dreamy as Plaid Shirt, Sr. (Dana) reads him a lecture on clothes. David likes everything his dad (of "Canyon Passage") wears, but alas, he's still got baby fat to lose!

FAME IS FINE, BUT FOR DANA THERE'S NO THRILL LIKE ROCKING BABY STEPHEN, READING THE FUNNIES TO KATHY—OR HAVING DAVID SWIPE HIS TIES!



ightclubbing with the missus, Dana and Mary gab about their vorite hobby: The theater. Dana's just won a press award for ing the "second most co-operative actor;" Greg Peck's the first.

watch

lizabeth scott!

SHE'S SMOOTH AND SULTRY, THE SCREEN'S NEWEST SIREN. SHE'S LIZABETH SCOTT—SIXTH WINNER OF HEDDA HOPPER'S GRUEN WATCH AWARD TO A HEADED-FOR-STARDOM STAR OF THE MONTH.

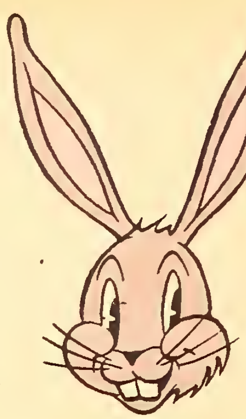
by HEDDA HOPPER

■ All right, boys, all right—this month it's your turn. MODERN SCREEN'S Star-of-the-Month golden Gruen watch latches right on to the wrist of the lass with the lazy name, Miss Lizabeth Scott—and I hope that sort of evens things up in the Hollywood battle of the sexes.

After all, I'm just a weak woman, so how can you blame me for bobbing a nod at five straight fellows packing the collective charm quotients of Pete Lawford, Guy Madison, Bill Williams, Johnny Coy and Mark Stevens? Maybe I've been swept away by the gust of gorgeous guys blowing stardust into my eyes everywhere I look. Anyway, there have been a few complaints that I'm selling my sisters short—and that ain't necessarily so. Because while the males wail, "How about some pin-up appeal instead of all these magnificent jerks?" the girls also berl, *(Continued on page 120)*

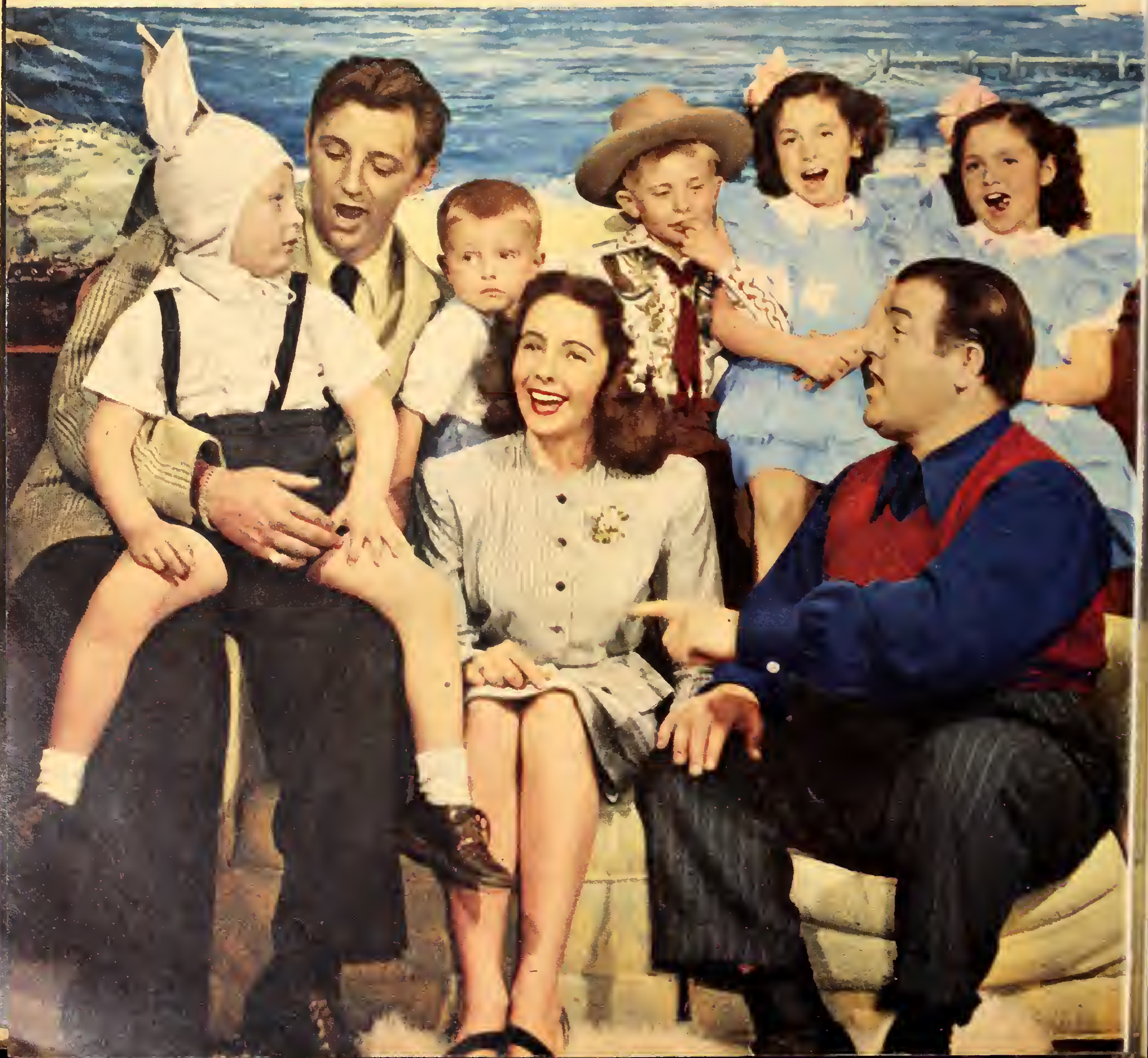
Lizabeth, now in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," finds her trouping background stands her in good stead these days of maid shortages Producer Hal Wallis just refused a $50,000 loan-out offer for her.

At long last—an *actress* wins Hedda Hopper's Gruen Award for the Star-of-the-Month! It's a striking pink gold watch flanked by two small diamonds, and judging from the girls' delighted expressions, it's a beaut!



BUNNIES 'N EGGS 'N EVERYTHING!

Easter parading at Lou Costello's party with the three Mitchums, Buddy, Carol, and Patsy Costello; Elizabeth Taylor, and their chubby host, Lou C.



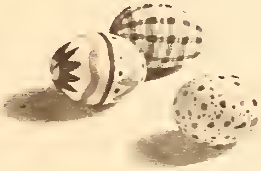
HEAVENLY BODIES, THOSE

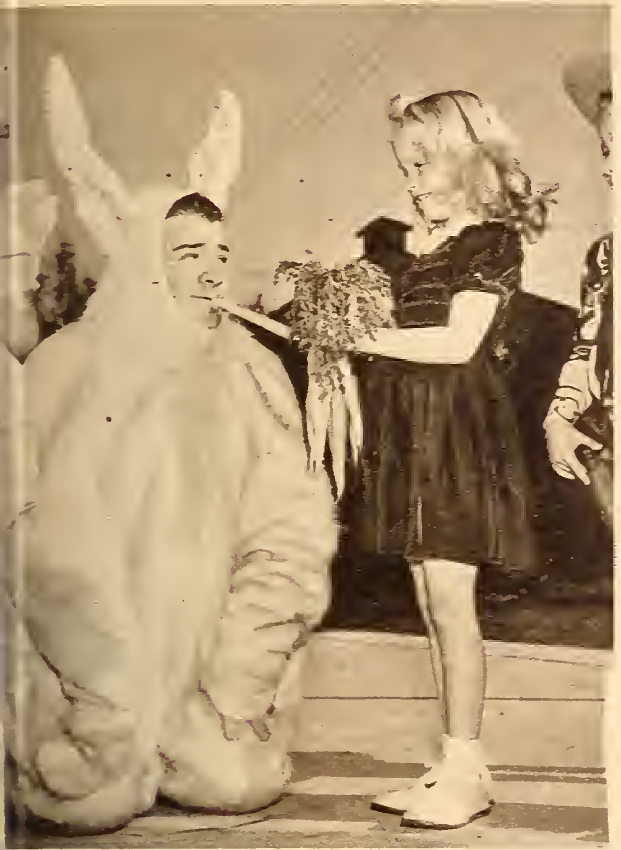
STARS' KIDS—THE LITTLE MITCHUMS,

DURYEAS AND REAGANS—TILL

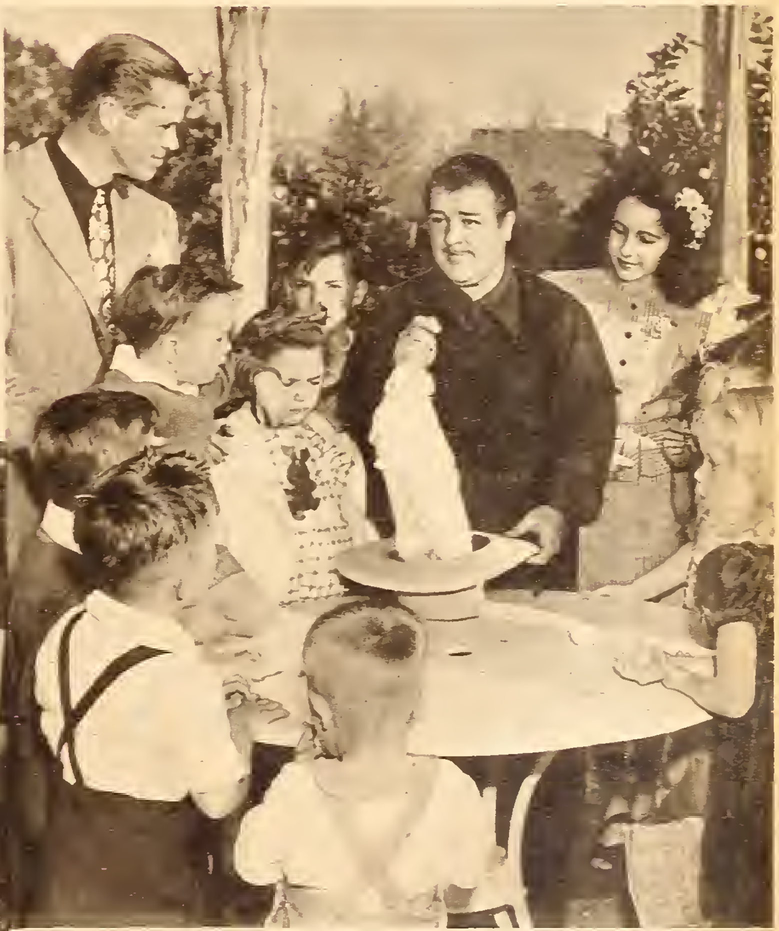
THEY SPIED LOU COSTELLO DRESSED AS

PETER RABBIT!

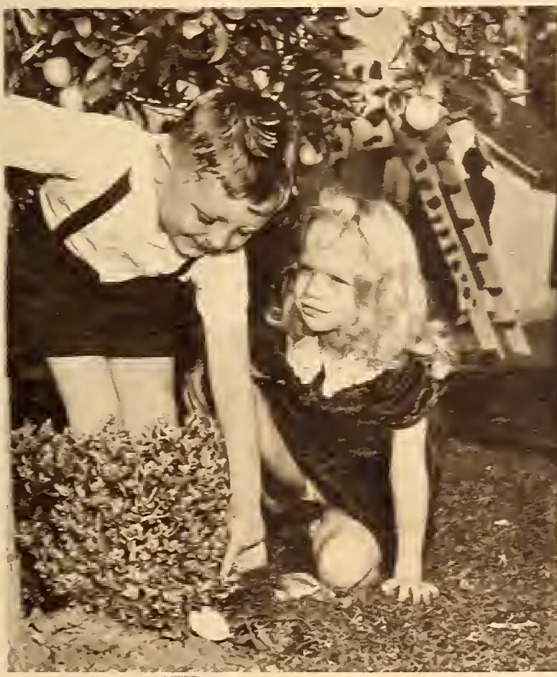




Who's afraid of the big, bad bunny? Not Maureen Reagan, who bravely feeds Lou (Harvey?) Costello at Easter party. Patsy Costello keeps her distance!



That's the back of Josh and Chris Mitchums' heads, with Pete and Dick Duryea leaning against pop Dan. A friend, Sharon, June Allyson's brother, Eliz. Taylor and Maureen round up the ring-a-rosy.



One omelette coming up! Josh's an adventurer, like poppa Bob Mitchum. He found first Easter egg, impressed Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan's daughter Maureen no end!

Divine Swede

INGRID'S A VIKING WHO BLUSHES, AN OSCAR WINNER WHO LIKES TO WALK IN THE RAIN, A NATURAL BEAUTY WHO DRESSES IN 15 MINUTES FLAT!

Cary Grant teased Ingrid—Hollywood's greatest "walker"—about her new 120-foot iving room she's had built: "Now you can hike in your own home!" After the picture was shot, Leo McCarey gave Ingrid a music box which tinkled "Bells of St. Mary."

by Jack Wade

■ "Cut!" said Leo McCarey. "That's it. That's the picture."

It was the last scene in "The Bells of St. Mary's," a scene which probably only Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman could have played like that. The farewell scene where Father O'Malley's resolve to banish his best nun from her favorite parish to another climate, without letting her know the real reason, cracks all to pieces. When he calls her back and explains that she has tuberculosis, her face glows with a beatific smile, and she breathes, "Thank you—you've made me so happy."

If you saw "The Bells" you'll understand why that most touching ending of any Hollywood picture in years sent a hush over the RKO stage as if a felt curtain had fallen. On the set that day, the simple power of Bing's and Bergman's acting momentarily banished the artificiality of Hollywood props and stage settings. It muted the crew's customary chatter and break-up bustle. There were none of the usual wisecracks, let-down laughter and rowdy relaxation when a picture ends. The air was tense. Nobody moved or made a sound.

Ingrid Bergman sensed the awkward situation and broke it up. She flew over to Bing Crosby, tossed her arms around his startled neck—and gave him a great big kiss!

A warm, impulsive gesture like that is typical of Ingrid Bergman, Hollywood's greatest actress, undisputed first lady and new Divine Swede.

Ingrid Bergman has never met the first Divine Swede, Greta Garbo—although she

(*Continued on page 127*)

louella parsons' good news

GENE TIERNEY'S GOT A
DESIGNING HUSBAND; GARBO SAYS NO TO CROSBY;
VAN J. KEEPS THE PRESIDENT
WAITING; MARIA MONTEZ STAR GAZES!

Rita Hayworth dances with Tony Martin at Ciro's, tells her bosses she'd like him as her next leading man, but says "just friends!"

Before being discharged from the Marines, Ty Power was promoted to captain, said the thrill was nothing to being reunited with Annabella!

Nora and Errol Flynn couldn't stay long at Mocambo's, 'cause Errol's so busy writing books! Warners' are bidding for his latest.

■ I can hardly believe that Bette Davis is being as rude to Joan Crawford as the spies on the Warner lot tell me.

Bette's always been swell about extending the welcoming hand to visiting stars and every young player at the studio will tell you that Queen Bette is generosity itself when it comes to giving them good breaks in her pictures.

But the other day, the air turned to icicles when Joan entered the commissary and, seeing Bette, went up to her table with the intention of inviting her to a dinner party. While Joan stood there, Bette continued to eat with gusto and relish, barely looked up, and never once invited the Academy Award winner for "Mildred Pierce" to sit down. I'd hate to think such unusual conduct was because this is the first time in many years that Bette wasn't in the running for the Oscar herself.

* * *

If Maria Christine Aumont doesn't grow up under a lucky star she can sure blame her mammy, Maria Montez.

Maria is a great one for the blights and blessings of Astrology. So when she heard she was going to have a baby and in what month it was due, she went to work on her charts and came up with St. Valentine's Day. Since the baby was to be delivered by a Caesarean operation, Maria had almost as much control over the date as the stars.

Sure enough, St. Valentine's morning an eight-pound daughter was born to her at St. Vincent's hospital.

I'll say one thing. The baby got off to a romantic start. Pacing the floor step by step with papa Jean Pierre Aumont was the family's good friend, Charles Boyer!

* * *

Tyrone Power and Annabella came over to my house for dinner the second night after they got back from their vacation in Canada. Ty looks like a million dollars, much thinner, but believe me, soooooo handsome. They had a wonderful time on their trip, but he told me, (*Continued on page 62*)

She's like "a dainty rogue in porcelain," with an adorable *jeune fille* look!

ARTA FOLWELL
TO WED STEPHEN T. EARLY, JR.
EX-INFANTRY OFFICER

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Philip Folwell of Jackson, Mississippi, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Arta Parvin Folwell, to Mr. Stephen Tyree Early, Jr., of Washington, D. C., formerly a Lieutenant in the Infantry.

MERCY STEEL—Arta helps sort and clean surgical instruments to be shipped to Europe. Since 1940 the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee has been sending supplies throughout the free world. Volunteer workers, like Arta, help collect, sort, and clean them before they are sent.

SHE'S *Engaged!* SHE'S *Lovely!* SHE USES *Pond's!*

IT WAS AT A PARTY in Atlanta that Arta and Stephen met, and it's easy to see why she danced into his heart.

Her hair is silk-spun, her eyes warm, friendly brown, her complexion pink-and-white and baby soft. "I use lots of Pond's Cold Cream on my face right along," she says. "It makes my skin feel really *super*."

Yes—she's *another* engaged girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's complexion! And *this* is how she cares for it:

Arta smooths snowy Pond's generously all over her face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second creaming of silky-soft Pond's, working it round her face with little circles of her cream-covered fingers. Tissues off again. "I like to *cream double* each time—for *extra* cleansing, *extra* softening," she says.

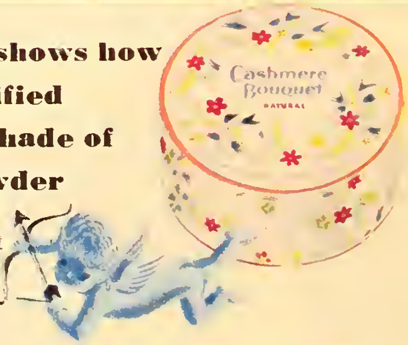
Pond's *your* face twice a day—as Arta does—*every morning* when you get up, *every night* at bedtime. In-between clean-ups, too! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big* luxury jar of Pond's Cold Cream *today!*

HER RING—
a stunning
diamond in a
square setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Thelma, Lady Furness
Miss Geraldine Spreckels
The Lady Moyra Forester
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Duchess de Richelieu

Celebrated painter, John Collins, shows how a blonde complexion is glorified with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder



Want to make your blue eyes seem bluer? Want to make your fair skin look richer, more radiant? Then smooth on Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" shade of Natural. With a whisper of pink, fresh as a bon-bon, it imparts a pearly-smooth finish to your skin. Masks tiny blemishes; clings for hours . . . it's the face powder *find* of the year. There are "Flower-fresh" Cashmere Bouquet shades to glorify all skin types.

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
*Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

"Louella, I'm so damned glad to get home and settled again. I don't care if I never see another train or plane."

He also told a very funny story about being in New York with Cesar Romero. Ty and "Butch" were walking down Fifth Avenue one day, enjoying themselves very much for the few minutes before they were recognized. Then, out of the blue, the bobby-soxers started descending on them.

Quickly, the boys hopped in a cab—only the cab wouldn't start. It stalled just as they were about to drive off.

"So there we sat," laughed Ty, "like a couple of monkeys on display in a cage. And the girls would stick their heads in the cab window and discuss us impersonally.

"One of them was particularly smitten with Cesar. She kept saying to her girl friend, 'He's a DOLL, that's what he is—just a DOLL!' "

* * *

Gene Tierney is a little bit miffed with designer Orry Kelly because he failed to nominate her among Hollywood's best dressed women on my radio show.

If it makes her feel any better, I'd put Gene on *my* list if I were a fashion expert—which I ain't. Her husband, Oleg Cassini, designs everything she wears off the screen and, believe me, she was a vision at a party a Atwater Kent's home.

Gene walked in wearing a long, fitted rose colored gown—at least we all thought it was a gown. Suddenly she electrified everyone by starting to take off her dress! You see, i wasn't a dress at all, but a beautifully fitte coat under which she was wearing a whit dress of the exact same cut and fit!

* * *

Poor Lizabeth Scott can't find a place to live. She's been evicted from so many apartment in the past twelve months that the gang a Paramount has labeled her, "Miss *Movie* o 1946."

* * *

Only those incorrigible clowns, Billy Wilde and Charlie Brackett (the men behind "Lo Weekend") would tell this on themselves—but I swear, those two would tell anythin

Seems they were very anxious to get Gret Garbo for "Emperor's Waltz" with Bing Crosb After days of trying to locate her they we finally able to obtain her private telephor number and get G. G. on the wire.

When they explained that they would lil to meet her and discuss the movie with he Garbo surprised them by consenting. "We' getting somewhere," said Brackett to Wilde

So they made the appointment and went o to her home one afternoon to discuss the fil with her. Not only was Garbo most cordi but at cocktail time she invited the boys remain for a drink and hors d'oeuvres. Du ing an unobserved moment, Charlie hissed Billy, "We're getting somewhere."

Finally, came dinner time—and surpri of surprises, she invited them to remain the evening meal. Once again, Brackett w moved to comment to his director-friend, "We getting somewhere."

After dinner, all very gay and happy, th retired to the living room for coffee and mo enthusiastic discussion about the movie. Gar could not have been more charming. S laughed loud and long at the witty dialog

From one uniform to another! Dick Greene's just back after 2½ years with the British Lancers, donned fancy duds for Atwater Kent party with wife, Pat Medina. He and Pat toured France doing camp shows after he got his medical discharge.

June Haver with Vic Orsatti at the Kents—but there's still Bobby Breen, Vic Mature, director Lucky Humberstone—and that ain't all! So how come June's formed a club of bachelor girls on the 20th-Fox lot called the "No Rata Data" Club???

A designing gal, Gene Tierney dreams up most of her own clothes, then has 'em made! Husband Oleg Cassini's another ex-serviceman who delights in dressing up after all those slop-khaki years. Gene's hair's back to its natural brunette shade.

good news

and situations. Finally, they thought the right moment had arrived to pin her down.

"Miss Garbo," they said, almost in unison, "have you reached any decision about this picture with Bing?"

"Yes, gentlemen," said Garbo, "I have." Came the breathless moment of suspense. "I HAVE DECIDED NOT TO DO IT!"

"Charlie," said Wilder to Brackett, "I think we are beginning to get somewhere—right OUT THE DOOR!"

* * *

Vignette on Dennis Morgan: He never calls his wife "Baby," "Mamma" or "The Little Woman." Her name is Lillian and he calls her Lillian. He never calls his children "the kids." They have names, too. He's the most amiable, hospitable guy in the world about everything but guests who drop in without being invited. He's more like a prosperous business man than a movie actor. He doesn't even live in Hollywood or Beverly Hills. His home is an old estate over near Pasadena. He likes frogs' legs and little out-of-the-way cafes. He doesn't like popular night clubs where you get an exploding flashlight bulb in your face while eating. His favorite color on women is blue—any shade. He doesn't like red evening gowns—but red hats are cute. He sings in the shower, while driving his car, or on the slightest provocation. He's a very good guy.

* * *

Lana Turner sold her house in Bel Air for a pretty penny and I believe it was that same pretty penny that made up her mind—and not that the place reminded her of Turhan Bey.

And speaking of pretty pennies, the Fred MacMurrays parted with their Brentwood home for $100,000 cash. And Fred already one of the richest men in Hollywood!

* * *

I had a long, long talk with Rita Hayworth, who is one of the sweetest girls in this town. And here is the truth about the three men in her life—at least, in the newspaper columns.

She and Victor Mature will not resume their romance where they left off. That's over and done with.

She is definitely NOT carrying a torch for her ex, Orson Welles—but she has nothing but the kindest and most complimentary things to say about the man she is divorcing.

She IS very, very fond of Tony Martin, her current steady "date," but she says it isn't love—yet.

Personally, I'm not too sure about that. They look like they are in seventh heaven when they are dancing in each other's arms. They have both been through little private hells. Tony, particularly, suffered as the result of the "investigation" into his Navy commission in the early days of the war. But he more than made up for that blot with his fine record in the China-Burma-India Theater of war.

Perhaps Tony and Rita are more in love than they are willing to admit—even to themselves. When two people have been hurt—not once but many times—they fear to wear their hearts again on their sleeves.

But if I were a fortune telling lady I would predict that Tony and the gorgeous Rita will be our next serious Hollywood romance.

* * *

A Word To The Wise Department:

The too frequent visits of Paul Brinkman to the set of his bride, Jeanne Crain, are beginning to get into 20th Century-Fox's hair. Or does a studio have hair?

Those last four stories you picked for yourself got bad reviews, Deanna Durbin. How about letting Universal select your next one?

The next time Van Johnson is invited to the White House nothing should stop him from being there on the exact hour—and I mean NOTHING. Van's too nice a kid to be criticized for even a delay (he stopped to sign autographs) that came out of the kindness of his heart. But no one should be late to the home of the President of the United States.

* * *

Lila Damita took her son, Sean, to see his father, Errol Flynn, in "San Antonio."

When they came out of the Beverly Hills picture show, she asked him how he had liked the movie.

"It was good," said the little boy, "but I can't make up my mind whether I like him better on or off the screen!"

IT'S A GIFT!

—That knack you have of spotting new faces and flashing the word to us. So we'd like to match your gift with one of our own. Just mail us the Questionnaire Poll on page 10 IMMEDIATELY (after you've filled it out, of course), and you may be among the 500 lucky ones who'll receive the next 4 issues (June, July, August and September) absolutely free!

I think the following letter speaks for itself—and there is little more I can add:

Dear Louella:

I do hope you remember me. I've just come home from St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica and I thought you might be interested in something that I saw there. Of course, it's just another of Bob Hope's nice gestures—but the Head Sister and I thought you might like to know.

There has been a tragically ill, 17-year-old girl there, dying from an absolutely unknown illness. The staff and sisters had found her almost impossible to handle, particularly in regard to her mental viewpoint, as she herself knew there was no hope.

But ever since Mr. Hope (he's well named) took the time and trouble to visit her and cheer her, it has made the last part, if not the ending to her story, quite a different thing. The Sisters and everyone are very, very grateful to Mr. Hope. Perhaps this seems unimportant, but remembering you, I don't think it will. Six weeks is a short time to have left.

Sincerely,

Mimi Forsythe.

* * *

The nerve of some people!

The girl who has been impersonating Barbara Stanwyck in New York finally overstepped herself when she checked in at one of the best hotels as "Miss Barbara Stanwyck, California." A New York columnist printed the "arrival" which nearly knocked the real Barbara off her pins when she read it sitting in her sunny Beverly Hills patio.

"I knew SOMEBODY had been trying to get away with murder because several New York shops had reported there was an attempt to use my charge accounts," Barbara told me, "but it was the last straw when she registered at a hotel!" Of course, detectives were put on the trail immediately.

* * *

The top drawer stars, all gorgeously gowned, danced 'til the wee small hours at the formal dinner dance L. B. Mayer gave in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II, of Detroit—who certainly had a whirl when they visited Hollywood. The young Fords are very attractive and everyone who met them commented on their simplicity and genuineness.

I don't believe I have ever seen such lovely gowns and so many beautiful women at one party. Loretta Young was a vision in an elaborate white gown trimmed in gold.

Greer Garson was stunning with her red

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There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!

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When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

Pepsodent

Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs... Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

hair drawn simply away from her face and she, too, was in white.

Joan Bennett wore a stunning black frock with tulle and ostrich trimmings and Joan told me, in an aside, that she and Peggy ("Forever Amber") Cummins were wearing the identical dress, although Peggy's was in white. I would never have noticed it—but the "wearers" are always conscious of those things.

I was particularly attracted to a beautiful girl with red hair and brown eyes. She is Beverly Tyler, and after "The Green Years" is released, you can bet she will be a star.

Irene Dunne arrived late. She had had an early supper with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, who is getting better but who is still not yet able to attend these soirées.

Lady Millford Haven's handsome young son, in Navy uniform, came with the Douglas Fairbanks'. I think Doug looks more like his famous dad every day.

The two daughters of L. B., Mrs. William Goetz and Mrs. David Selznick, helped him receive. Irene Selznick was with Eddy Duchin, the famed orchestra leader, who seems crazy about her.

* * *

Speaking of parties—perhaps the prettiest social affair of the season was the Valentine dance hosted by Atwater Kent, the Los Angeles millionaire. His home, atop a Beverly hill, is an ideal setting, for it seems that the whole world is spread out twinkling in lights at your feet. As for the house—it is so big that Atwater can entertain two or three hundred guests as easily as you or I could have eight for dinner! He is a marvelous host and so popular with the film people.

Gene Tierney was something out of a picture book in a lacy Scarlett O'Hara gown of the Civil War period and her husband, Oleg Cassini, came as a dandy of those days.

Greer Garson went mischievous and appeared as a British sailor. June Haver looked like a Valentine in a white and red costume. Ginny Simms and Mrs. Edgar Bergen, both expectant mothers, dodged the costume idea, but they looked beautiful in modern gowns.

* * *

That's all for now. See you next month!

IN THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY

We were strolling through the park one day, chewing on a stray blade of grass, when we thought how hungry a body'd get if he had to live on that cow food. Then we brightened up, because we knew all along that a really hungry soul could make $5 just like that if he'd just take himself to a nice, quiet cell and write us all about what Gertie Glamorpuss said when he met her. We call 'em "I Saw It Happens," and we pay five smackeroos for every one we accept. So, if you've been eating off the grass lately and would welcome a change in diet, cudgel your brain and come up with a true, clearly written, brief account of what happened when you met a star—and let us know. Mail your entry to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

They'll give your baby the right start, too!

These two Gerber's Cereals are made for one purpose—to serve the special needs of baby and build healthy little bodies.

First of all, Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are excellent starting cereals—they mix to a creamy, smooth consistency. They are rich in *added iron,* so necessary for babies ready to start on solid food. For just about that time, your doctor will tell you, the supply of precious iron you give baby *before birth,* begins to run low.

As a further aid to baby's well-being, both Gerber's Cereals contain generous amounts of B complex vitamins (from natural sources), calcium and phosphorus. Furthermore, both cereals are made to taste *extra* good! Millions of babies have done well on Gerber's Cereals. When buying, look for "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Gerber's Cereal Food (blue box) and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal (red box) are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula (either hot or cold).

Be sure to get both, and serve Gerber's Cereal Food at one feeding, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at the next. Remember, it is wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

NATIONAL BABY WEEK, April 27 to May 4. "Give your baby the right start in life."

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

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Free sample

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. DE5-6, Fremont, Michigan.

My baby is now .... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Foods.

Name..

Address.............................. *City and State*..............................

Emergency Stations!

FIRST AID IS THE BEAUTY DEPARTMENT'S THEME—LEARN TO BE A GOOD SAMARITAN AND THEN YOU CAN BE SURE THAT YOUR LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ "Hey, we're *not* going to recommend any hand lotion!" Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen yelled at me. I was telling your editors, Al and Henry about their big influence on the new Beauty Department story. But when they heard that the subject was First Aid they seemed right happy about the set-up. Figure it out this way: Al and Henry are missionaries of the neighborly way and it's contagious! Usually we talk about looking beautiful, but now let's do some serious thinking about moving out of the window dummy class and really beginning to act the life beautiful.

Two thousand-year-old gossip has it that the good Samaritan not only felt sorry for the injured man, he knew what to do for him. It behooves all of us to learn First Aid. True, we might not chance upon a man who's been beaten by robbers but accidents do happen on the job, in school or at home. That's why it is such a good idea to keep handy the materials needed to check minor injuries or to help an accident victim

Ella Raines' Red Cross training makes her a great help in an emergency. Soon you will be seeing her in Universal's hit, "The Runaround."

until the M.D. arrives. You can buy these separately or, better yet, you can invest in especially prepared First Aid Kits and then you are sure of having all the necessities. Of course, you'll keep a kit in the family medicine cabinet, but remember to get a smaller one for the automobile. If you are planning to hie yourself to a beach or mountain cottage for the summer, by all means bring along a First Aid Kit.

You can learn First Aid through community, school or church groups. Too, there is still a need for Red Cross workers . . . Universal's Ella Raines is a shining example of one. With this training you can be a really useful citizen. But—this is important—never try to take the place of a doctor!

Here are some of the helps which we can provide, I've checked these with a doctor. First, be sure the injured person is kept lying down. Then attend immediately to serious bleeding, cessation of breathing and poisoning. Examine for less apparent injuries. Keep the victim warm and comfortable and, if he is unconscious, never give him liquids—that might cause choking.

All dressings and bandages that you use should be absolutely sterile. The best are those packaged in sealed envelopes. Adhesive tape holds bandages in place, but is never placed directly on wounds. Always use fresh iodine labeled "Tincture of Mild Iodine, U.S.P." Old iodine is dangerous because some of the alcohol may have evaporated, leaving a solution so strong it might burn skin.

Bear these pointers in mind. Set to work learning all that you can to help. You'll be well on the way to leading the good life when you can respond promptly to "Emergency Stations!"

* * * *

It certainly warms your Beauty Editor's heart to hear from you Modern Screen *readers! So keep sending in your problems of complexion, makeup, figure, hair care. I'll be glad to answer. And as a special May treat, there is a pile of booklets on "Hair Do's and Don'ts for Teen Agers" on my desk. To get yours, just drop me a note and, pretty please, accompany it with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor,* Modern Screen, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

Why not bring out the natural glossy highlights of *your* hair like Powers Models?

How to fix the entrancing hair-do above

Miss Jane Gilbert, stunning Powers Girl, is thrilled the way beautifying Kreml Shampoo keeps her hair shining-bright and lustrous for days!

Positively never leaves any excess dull, soapy film. Men can't help admire shimmering highlights in a girl's hair. They like the soft, silky feel of it under their fingers.

So, girls—why not take a tip from gorgeous Powers Models who are famous for their naturally soft lustrous hair? Powers Girls use Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair! Kreml Shampoo is an arch conspirator for ensnaring your man. And here's why—

Silken-sheen beauty lasts for days. Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff but it actually brings out the natural sparkling highlights that lie concealed in the hair. Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much softer, silkier, easier to set.

Wonderful to soften dry, brittle ends. Kreml Shampoo is so mild and gentle on your hair. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Rather, it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry. It never leaves any excess soapy film that makes your hair so dull and lifeless looking. So be glamour-wise and always wash *your* hair with Kreml Shampoo—a trump card in any woman's bag of beauty tricks! All drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

KREML SHAMPOO

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

First wash hair with Kreml Shampoo so that your hair will sparkle with its natural lustre. Set pin curls in direction of arrows.

Follow directions of arrows for setting pin curls in front. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much easier to set.

Showing proper position of braid. Kreml Shampoo is marvelous for thick, long hair, because it thoroughly cleanses each tiny strand.

ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING...

■ "Katherine, that man is here."

The voice boomed into the C.B.S. Theater studio, over the control room channel, and a score or more shirtsleeved musicians looked up idly to see what was about to happen.

The speaker was Ted Collins; Katherine was Kate Smith; "that man" was Sullivan, on the Paul Revere mission of informing the countryside that in consequence of the magnificent standards maintained by Kate in 3,000 air shows, the Ed Sullivan-Modern Screen radio plaque had been awarded to the Columbia Broadcasting System star.

"Well, I'll be darned if it isn't Edward," exclaimed a bespectacled gent at one of the "mikes," as Collins and I emerged from the control room. The bespectacled gent was Tommy Dorsey, appearing that night on the Smith show, and greatly enjoying the ordered informality present at any Kate Smith rehearsal. But the informality never gets out of hand, because Ted Collins has definite ideas of showmanship, and the cardinal point of the Collins creed is that performers in general, and Katherine in particular, must be handled with respect. He always has felt that way. The first time he ever saw Kate Smith, in "Honeymoon Lane," Collins resented the gags that had been composed about her in the script of the show. "I don't care whether you weigh 108 pounds," stormed Collins. "Once you're on the stage, you are not to be treated as anything but a fine performer. If broken-down comics can't get laughs except at the expense of other members of the cast, they ought to get out of business." It has been on that basis that the Smith-Collins partnership not only has endured but flourished.

Down the years, there has been no break in the consistency of the policy established by Collins. In Hollywood, when the Kate Smith show originated out there for a spell, the studio musicians and announcers were thunderstruck to learn that Collins had banned sport jackets, vari-colored flannel trousers and gay socks for them. "But this is California," they protested to Ted. "We don't dress formally out here for a radio show." Collins didn't waste any time in argument: "Listen, chums, this is a big league show. Kate Smith followers have a very definite idea in mind when they think of her, and they like to find her in a studio surrounded by a dinner-jacketed cast. If you'd rather drop out of the show - - - - -?"

There was the day that Collins went into Bill Paley's office at C.B.S. "I've got a new attraction for you, Bill," said Collins. Paley was interested, quick, because the Kate Smith show has incubated such finds as Abbott and

Ted Collins beams as Ed Sullivan hands Kate Smith his second MODERN SCREEN RADIO AWARD for her fine programs.

An unusual partnership exists between Kate and Ted: As her manager, he demands dignity and conservative attire on the part of her co-workers.

Costello. "I have got probably the top commentator of the networks," said Collins, "but she should be on an afternoon spot." Paley gazed at him incredulously: "SHE, did you say she is a SHE?" Collins nodded: "That's right, Kate Smith." Paley explained patiently that Kate's following had been built as a singer, that it would be suicidal for her to invade the field of commentation. But Collins persisted, and today, Kate Smith's rating as a daytime commentator is phenomenal.

As this story demonstrates, it is inevitable that in any discussion of Kate Smith, I find myself reverting almost continuously to Collins. It is inevitable because never in the history of contemporary showmanship has there been such a relationship between star and manager. At each stage of their journey to the top brackets, this has been an integrated effort that found every short cut, that eliminated every wasteful expenditure of time or energy or talent. Collins finds time, on the side, to run his Boston professional football team in the winter, and go trout fishing in the Adirondacks in the summer, when their program originates from Lake Placid.

The girl from Washington, D. C., Kate Smith, is even more extraordinary than her manager and friend. She is something special because of a God-given voice that is subject to none of the distresses that plague other singers. Typical: Other singers scream in agony at the very thought of snow-covered mountains, claim that extreme cold so tightens vocal chords that Whispering Jack Smith could out-shout them. Kate listens sympathetically to her fellow thrushes, then heads for the bob sled run at Lake Placid. After a full day outdoors, she relaxes on her island estate by drinking something cold, iced milk or iced tea. According to all accepted standards, by this time her voice should have been as frozen as an OPA ceiling, but instead, it gets better with the years; streams out cool and clear as an Adirondack stream.

Recently, when I made the first Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN award to Edward Johnson, of the Metropolitan Opera, we were talking about my favorite Metropolitan singer, the great Ezio Pinza. "He's such a fine actor, too," I applauded. Mr. Johnson, a former "Met" star, acted amused: "Pinza has such a magnificent voice that he doesn't have to concentrate on singing. He acts his roles brilliantly because there is no fear in his mind about his singing."

It is the same with Kate Smith. Like Pinza, she has a voice that occasions her no apprehension, and so she handles all other chores brilliantly. Singing is child's play to her, and eagerly she turns to dialogue or commercials or speech makng that would demoralize the better-than-average singer. Conditioning all of her extra-curricular activities is a fine mind and a nice dignity that are reflected in her very level eyes. Beyond that is a very genuine feeling for people. Kate likes them, and they know it, and it is evident in her voice and attitude.

This past summer, when Parks Johnson and Warren Hull left "Vox Pop" to swell comedian Peter Donald and me, one of our shows took us to Lake Placid, where the U. S. Army was running the exclusive Lake

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● Keep your pen free from trouble. Next time, ask for Parker Quink with magic *solv-x!* In 4 permanent, 5 washable colors, at 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

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THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

Placid Club as a reconditioning spot for returning GIs. As part of the program, hidden from the audience, a GI and his girl were married by a Catholic priest in the Army chapel. The youngsters didn't have anybody to stand up for them. So I talked to Ted Collins, and he came in from a fishing trip, covered with four days of beard. I told him about the GI and his fiancee.

That night, the two youngsters had Kate Smith as bridesmaid and Ted Collins as best man, and Kate sang a song for them with a GI pianist accompanying her.

So for this, and hundreds of other equally fine things, Kate Smith gets our second monthly award. It couldn't go to a nicer person.

Personality of the month: For my money, most promising new comic is Herb Shriner, Indiana, who appeared with me before President Truman at the White House Correspondents' dinner. Shriner, just out of the service, returned to radio with the same drawling, Will Rogerish comedy that distinguished him before he became a sad sack. Typical of the youngster's cracker-barrel type of comedy: "With New York City shut down because there was no fuel for heat, it's too bad we couldn't have gotten that filibustering senator up here with these city slickers—where we really could have used some of that hot air."

Gash of the month:

Cantor: "Haven't seen you in a long time, Jack and you really look marvelous. Hope I look as good when I'm your age."

Jack Benny: "You did."

Dinah Shore: "What has six legs and sings?" "The Andrews Sisters!"

Frank Morgan—"Bing, what is your secret for winning an Academy Award?"

Bing Crosby: "Hard work, perseverance and Barry Fitzgerald."

Ollie O'Toole: "Before we got married, my wife said to me 'Ollie, just a reminder. Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine' and I agreed with her."

Jack Haley: "That's fine. And you've stuck to it?"

Ollie: "I certainly have, Jack. Haven't kissed her in forty years."

Molly: "Don't think I've ever seen a clearer winter day. It must be very cold."

Fibber: "Cold! I had to walk down the street backwards because my sheepskin coat kept turning its tail into the wind."

News of programs: When Long Beach, California resident, Merle G. Overholtzer, won the first prize in the Guy Lombardo (ABC—9 P.M. Tuesday EST) song title contest, little did he know of the headaches that Lombardo went through as a result of that stunt. Post Office regulations demand that the judges in such a contest actually read everything submitted. Lombardo was telling me at the Hotel Roosevelt that he has never slaved so frantically, wading through miles of titles. Some idea of Guy's feeling may be obtained from the winning selection: "Do Sheep Count People When They Sleep?"... Radio Row agreed that the Hit Parade's action in dropping Dick Todd on a 24-hour notice was one of the top churlish instances of the year. (You wonder if sponsors ever realize the emotional makeup of the performers. Todd was crushed by the summary dismissal. Understandably. The money factor is incidental in such an upset) . . . Kay Kyser, the Carolina Boy who made good in all of the big cities, now is drawling through his umpteenth radio year (10 P. M. Wednesday, EST, NBC). Kyser's success has been largely a personal thing. No performer works harder or is more anxious to please an audience, and that quality, flavored with homespun humor and modesty, has kept him in the top brackets.

An autograph fan crashed the Bob Hawk show, CBS, by showing up with a drum under his arm and telling the gateman that he was with the Van Steeden crew.

They-Never-Win-In-New-York Dept.: Comics always get a laugh by commenting that New Yorkers never, or rarely ever, win radio contests. Despite the fact that there are 7,000,000 New Yorkers, representing a terrific market for any product, the winners always seem to come from Kalamazoo and stations East. In the Jack Benny contest, not a New Yorker finished in the first three. Carroll P. Craig, the champ, hails from Pacific Palisades, Cal., Clevelander Charles Dougherty was second, Detroiter Joyce O'Hara finished third. Yet I'll guarantee that percentagewise, the letter writers of Brooklyn, N. Y., the most prolific letter writers in the nation, topped all other areas. Benny, delighted with the popularity of the contest, was most pleased with the fact that only one vitriolic letter arrived. It was mailed on the first day of the contest, was a model of poison-penning. A Pacific Coaster wrote it, unsigned.

Femme Dept.: Kate Smith's announced intention to resume an hour show has other sponsors reviewing their belief that 30 minutes is about the ideal time in which to hold the attention of an audience. Kate, after experimenting with a shorter program, determined that in a variety show, you can't crowd in all of the features in less than 60 minutes. . . .

Cass Daley stays with Fitch Bandwagon, (Sundays, NBC), although the name band policy yields to guest star policy.

"Junior Miss," with Mary Small, fades from the airlanes, but Mary, as a result of clicking individually, is a cinch to get a long-termer with some other radio spot...

Abbott and Costello call Amy Arnell "The Creep." She collects macabre gold charms, cheery little things like miniature coffins, a tombstone, a death mask. . . .

Radio is following the Dinah Shore-Jo Stafford Hooperating race, in which Miss Stafford gained a perhaps momentary advantage, 14.9 to Dinah's 13.9. These ratings, compiled from telephone polls of various national areas, fluctuate from month to month, so Dinah isn't too disturbed. But there's no doubt that Jo is booming along faster than any other femme singer.

All around the radio polls: About the only thing that radio polls agree upon is that Joan Davis is the top air comedienne, that Lux Radio Theater is the best in its field, that Jo Stafford is best of the Jane-Come-Lately's. Radio Daily, Motion Picture Daily, Song Hits and Esquire findings are reproduced for your own observations.

More than 1,000 editors in the Radio Daily's ninth annual poll came up with the following "Top Ranking" voting:

Program of '45—Fibber McGee, Molly.

Comedian and individual entertainer—Bob Hope.

Popular singers—Crosby and Dinah Shore.

King of the sweet orks—Guy Lombardo.

Swing band—Tommy Dorsey.

Classical vocalists—John Charles Thomas and Lily Pons.

Symphonic program—N. Y. Philharmonic.

Symphonic conductor—Toscanini.

Popular musical show—Hit Parade.

News commentator—Lowell Thomas.

Dramatic program—Lux Radio Theater.

Dramatic serial—One Man's Family.

Sports commentator—Bill Stern.

Children's show—Let's Pretend.

Education series—American Town Meeting.

Quiz—Information Please.

Daytime variety—Breakfast Club.

Comedienne—Joan Davis.

Announcer—Don Wilson.

Singing unit—Andrews Sisters.

Song of the year—Till The End Of Time.

From the Motion Picture Daily's poll:

Most promising stars of tomorrow—Jack Smith and Jo Stafford.

All around winner and best dramatic show—Lux Radio Theater.

Best new program—Request Performance.

Best female singers—Stafford and Munsel.

Best male singers—Melton and Eddy.

Best quiz—Take It Or Leave It.

Best Children's Show—Let's Pretend.

Best comedienne—Joan Davis.

Song Hits poll finds Danny O'Neil the top newcomer of the year and Evelyn Knight the year's outstanding recording vocalist.

Esquire awarded its statuettes to Duke Ellington, The King Cole Trio, and Woody Herman for representing the best of jazz music in the U. S.

Duke won the gold award . . . Herman won the bronze award, and Nat "King" Cole won the gold award as pianist, and the silver award as male vocalist. The Esky award is presented annually and was given during the yearly Esquire concert on Jan. 16 over ABC.

Leave 'em laughing dept.:

Ish Kabibble, on the Kay Kyser program: "People are stuff that there are more of than anybody, if there was no more people, it would sure cut down a lot on the population. Some people are a lot younger than other people, especially babies. Babies start out with hair and no teeth and waste about ninety years getting right back where they started from."

Rosella Hipperton: "On my last birthday, I just turned 35."

Joan Davis: "When you turn 35, dearie, it comes out 53."

Jack Carson: "Don't tell me anything about a cow. Back on the farm in Wisconsin, I used to milk 208 cows twice a day, seven days a week. Then I'd clean up and go to the city."

Arthur Treacher: "For some relaxation?"

Jack Carson: "No, to get my fingers straightened."

Abbott: "Do all of your uncle's cows give milk?"

Costello: "No, none of them *give* milk. You have to take it away from them."

DIANA LYNN, grown-up and beautiful, will soon be seen in Paramount's "The Bride Wore Boots." Here Diana wears, not boots, but Henry Rosenfeld's superbly cut sun dress of Loomshire cotton poplin. It has a tiny separate jacket to cover its one bare shoulder. See also the accessory ideas made possible by the subtly contrasting tones of the belt. Diana's friend is none other than "Harvey," made visible by Dorzar, a firm of geniuses in toy making, who have caught all the charm of the country's favorite animal character.

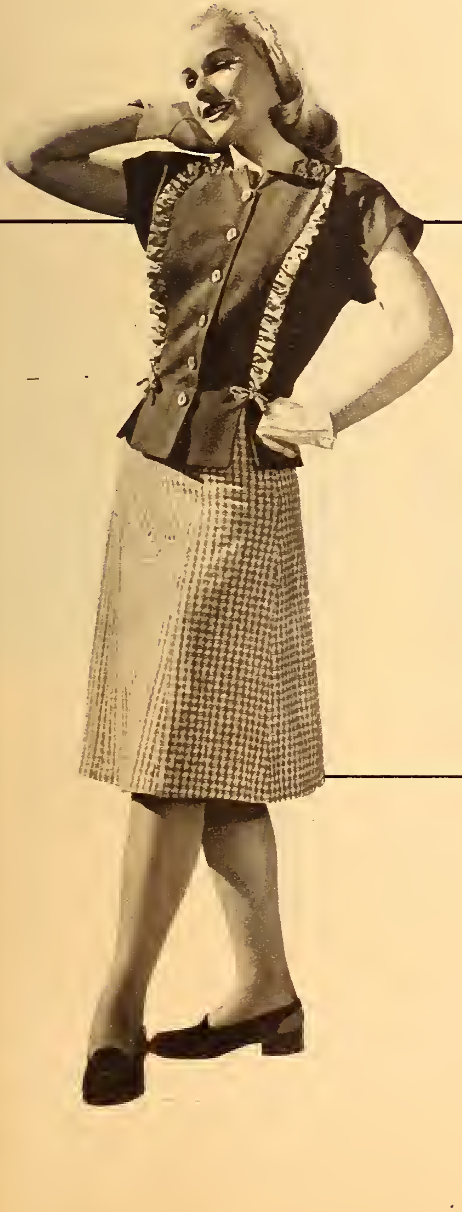
* * *

To find out where to buy this dress, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN's fashion pages, write to: Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Modern Screen Fashions

So much for so little

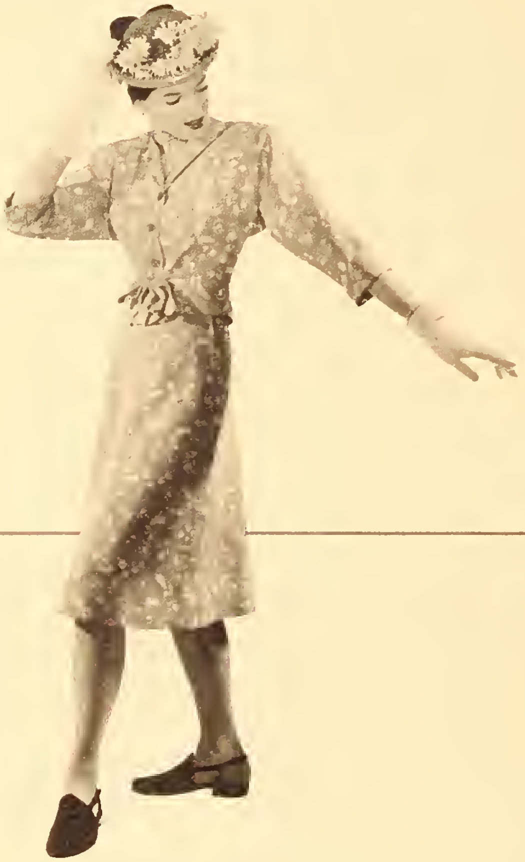
1 This rayon gabardine beauty will be the most versatile item in your wardrobe. With flats and a beanie, wear it to school or to work: With your big black straw cartwheel hat plus a pair of black shortie gloves and your high-heeled suede pumps, it will go dancing with equal confidence. Comes in print shantung, too! Gail Gray Junior Classic for under $6.00.



2 A steal from General Ike is this two-piece battle-jacketed honey. Skirt is tailored to a T, a swell mix-matcher with your other blouses. The sharply tailored jacket makes your waist look tiny. Wear it casual-like, the way you see it here, or with a white ascot, hat and gloves to give you that put-together look. Another Gail Gray for under $6.00.

3 Look sweet 'n lovely in this charmer of a two-piecer, with its expensive looking dressmaker touches that are found in dresses twice its tiny price (under $6.00). Wear it with that new flowered Easter bonnet, and don't go out without snow-white shortie gloves! All these Gail Gray Junior Classics are made by the Jack Wasserman Company.

a



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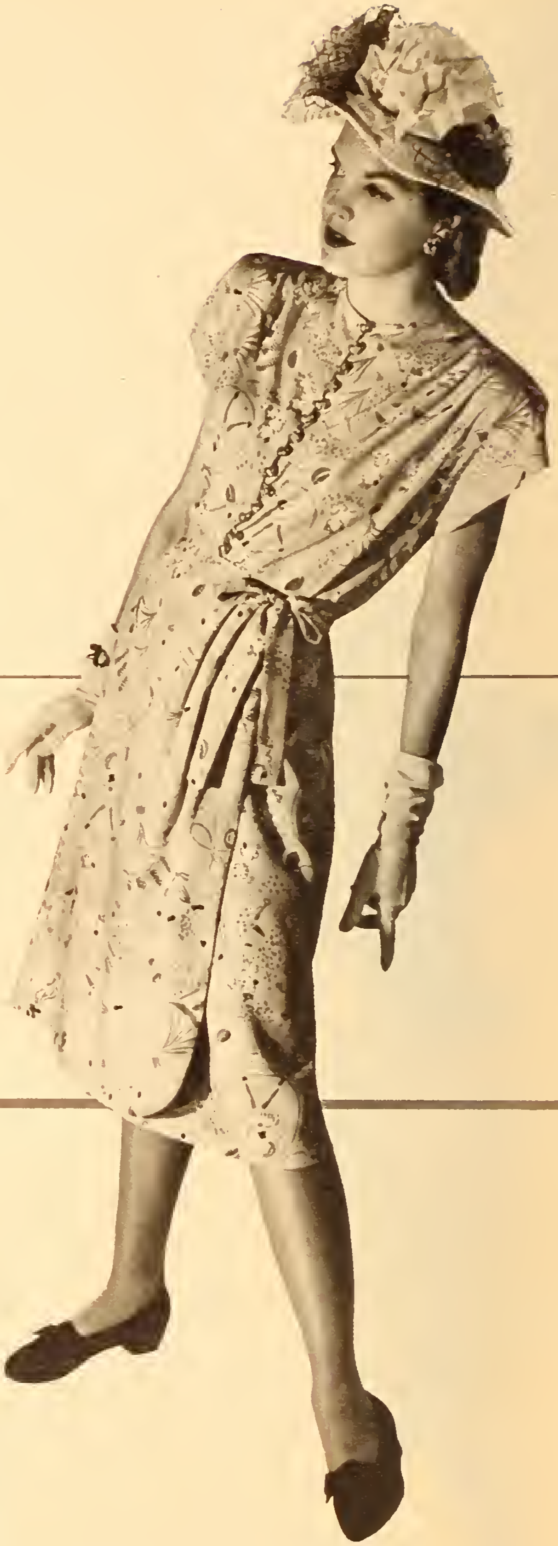

a A Personality Two-some by Ambassador, this charming print dress, with its perky peplum front, will be your standby through warm Summer days. It's an Adventure print in washable rayon and it's under $13.00

b Ponemah's washable one-denier rayon, which is the very last word in fabric news, makes this circus-y print dress, with that flattering sweep to the side. It's a Personality Classic by Ambassador, and it's about $15.00.

He's home again! Nothing like American women! No colors like Revlon "American originals" to idealize American beauty!

Take it from a man! Revlon's *new color* **Nail Enamel • Lipstick • Face Powder**

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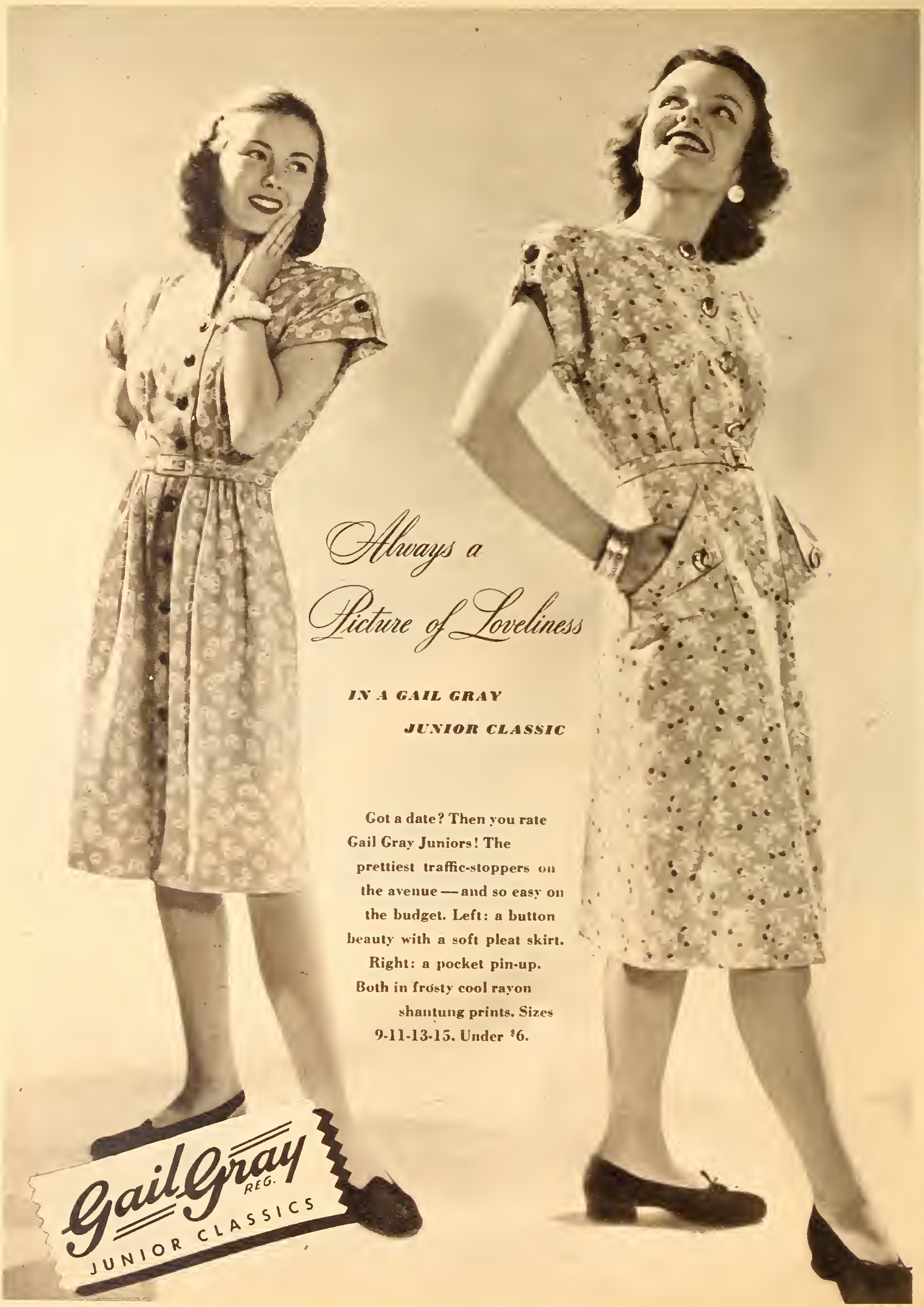

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Got a date? Then you rate Gail Gray Juniors! The prettiest traffic-stoppers on the avenue — and so easy on the budget. Left: a button beauty with a soft pleat skirt. Right: a pocket pin-up. Both in frosty cool rayon shantung prints. Sizes 9-11-13-15. Under $6.

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SUITING THE STARS

"YOU'RE always well dressed in a suit," is the fashion adage, and our favorite gals in Hollywood swear by that idea. Their suits range from tried and true classics to knockout dressed-up numbers that can go anywhere.

JANE WYMAN, famed for that "put-together" look, always appears as trim without her suit jacket as she does with it on, because she sews small shoulder pads into her sweaters.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who looks terrific in her suits, avoids that sat-out-skirt look by having her suit skirts rounded in the back waistline as much as two and one-half or three inches, to follow the natural contour of her body. To hold her skirt down and keep it hanging perfectly she has the hemlines weighted.

ALEXIS SMITH avoids having her blouses ride up out of her skirts by having one-inch ribbon tacked inside her blouse at the waistline, hooking it at the center front. This fits the blouse to her waist and prevents it from pulling out of her skirt.

DOROTHY MALONE accessorizes her basic tweeds in unexpected ways. She has a dark brown tweed suit, which she dresses up for festive occasions by wearing a dull gold lamé gilet and adding jeweled buttons. A dull gold beanie completes a fascinating costume.

IDA LUPINO glamorizes a wine wool suit by adding a pink satin brocaded gilet and stunning flared satin gloves. Ever try making your own from patterns given by almost all the well known pattern companies? It's not too hard!

ELEANOR PARKER'S favorite dress-up is a black velvet with a slight bustle effect in the back. With it she wears a black velvet ribbon drawn through her up-swept hair, and through the bow of it she draws three white ermine tails.

ANOTHER bustle suit is worn by Joan Leslie, who has a back interest suit in green wool. She wears with it an unexpected hat of natural Tuscan straw and a straw handbag. Matching hats and handbags are NEWS!

A DRESSMAKER gabardine suit was made really dressed-up by Joan Crawford, who wore a black velvet and pearl choker with her black suit, which has a low-cut square neckline. A white straw sailor hat completes her costume.

JOAN CRAWFORD again (that gal *lives* in suits) has a novel idea for wearing flowers on one of her summer suits. She draws them through two slits cut in the shoulder of her jacket, bound in the same shade as the binding of her buttonholes.

ELEANOR PARKER mix-matches a stunning two-tone grey outfit. Her skirt is dark grey, her simple tailored jacket is lighter grey. A three-quarter length topper of the same shade as the jacket makes a workable outfit.

JOAN WINFIELD looks very smart in a severely tailored black satin suit, which she wears with a snowy "dandy" blouse and a white hat. Red roses on the hat, red roses pinned to her suit give her a romantic air.

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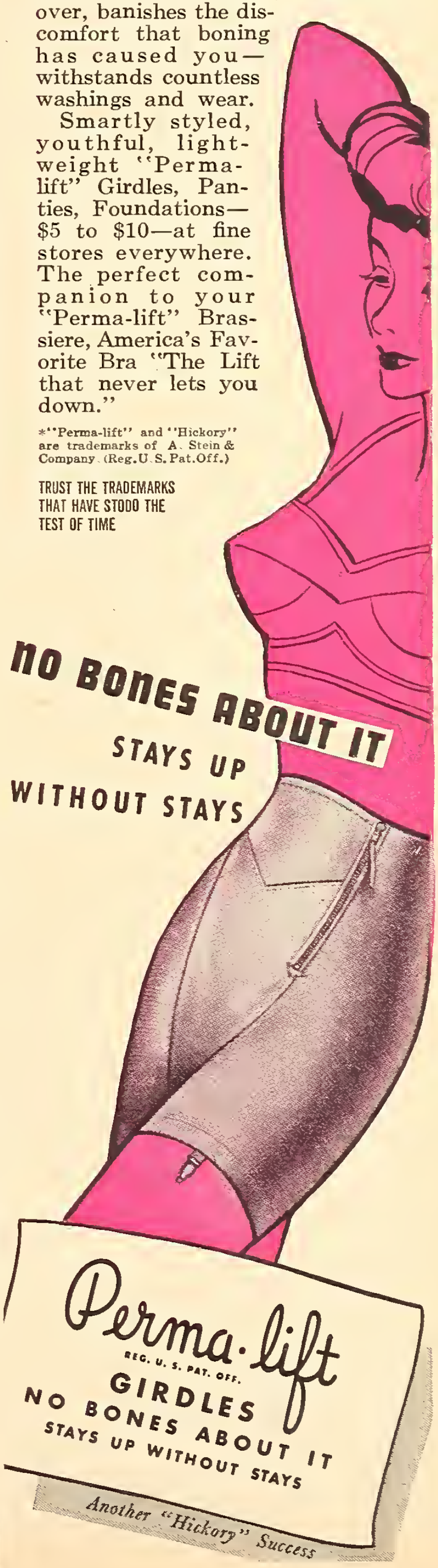

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HEADY FASHIONS

HATS and umbrellas match this year! Mary Goodfellow makes a striped lovely with lush, lush roses high on the crown, and matches it with a striped parasol! It's an idea that's going to go over big, so watch for it in your local shops!

EVER see those dashing high chechia hats worn by the Russian Cossacks? They're in the news, made not of fur, but of felt, of straw, of ribbon. Try one with that flared short coat to give you that swashbuckling look!

TAKE one white straw beanie or bowler. Buy a few yards of polka dot ribbon and a bit of veiling. Tie the ribbon into a multitude of bows and arrange them smack in the middle of the front of your hat. Add veil. Lo! An Easter bonnet!

ANITA ANDRA, creator of the exotic, makes a turban of natural colored Tuscan straw. Tuscan is that lacy, fragile natural straw that drapes like fabric and looks luscious. You'll be seeing it around!

LOTS and lots of open-crowned hats are being shown this season! Know what that means? It means that your public sees the crown of your head, which is more than you do, unless you LOOK! So take that hand mirror before you go out, and see that the top of your head is sleek and shiny.

REMEMBER the off-the-face Breton sailor you wore when you went to Sunday school? Remember the elastic under your chin? Well, grown-up Bretons don't have the elastic, but otherwise they're the same school girl stuff that those were. They come big, bigger, biggest, so buy one to match your size!

THE perennial straight brimmed sailor *is* perennial! And never prettier than this season, made of rough or smooth straw, piled high with bows, ribbons, fruit, butterflies! Your fancy can run riot, if your fingers are nimble; if not, look for the lovely ones you'll find on the counters of your local stores.

JEWELRY MAGIC

TRY wearing your gold chain necklace looped over the shoulder of your new Spring suit, the way our boys wear their beautiful looped braid decorations. Just drape it over your sleeve, and fasten on the shoulder with a gold pin or clip. It's new!

A PRETTY pin or clip is nice, three of 'em marching down your lapel, on your handbag or your blouse are better! Even a very inexpensive pin gains in importance when it's triplets! If you can get different sizes, it's even cuter!

BEEN wearing your pins or clips on your suit lapel, just like everybody else? Well, don't, 'cause it's newer to pin them on your sleeve, just below the shoulder, or on your blouse cuff. The new bishop sleeves are just perfect for that kind of accent.

YOU'VE got a string of pearls, haven't you? And we bet you have a gold chain necklet, because everybody bought 'em this season. Add one to the other, a twist of the wrist (or two, or three), and you've got the very latest thing in necklaces.

THAT charm bracelet that you're sort of tired of wearing makes a fascinating chatelaine! Wear it looped across your suit front, with perhaps a pretty pin on one end, the other disappearing into your suit pocket. Or try it looped swag-like from the bottom button of your suit into your right hand pocket.

THAT same old chatelaine is just the thing to wear looped on your shiny calfskin belt. Try the same with your chain necklet. Dresses up that skirt and blouse combination into high style!

TAKE one plain white blouse. Add a bright ribbon going under the collar and crossing over just at your throat. Cut the ribbon ends into an inverted V. Pin your prettiest heirloom pin where the ribbon crosses. It gives that "dandy" look!

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MORE THAN WORDS CAN SAY

(*Continued from page 49*)

chair, his feet cocked comfortably on the bed while he watched Maria try on one of the several dozen hats she'd picked up while waiting for the boat to come in.

"I'm a lucky guy," he murmured.

Maria turned her head sideways, one hand shoving a stray bit of hair under the hat perched on her head. "Why?"

"Having you. Getting sent back with the Mission. Coming home with almost a whole skin."

luck hounds him . . .

Jean Pierre Aumont *is* one of the luckiest men in Hollywood. He went through the first phase of the war in Europe with the Nazis biting at his heels every step he took, only holding back long enough for the handsome Frenchman to pick up a Croix de Guerre in the midst of the fighting. Somehow he slipped out of Europe and over to the United States in 1941 while France fell back into the shadows. He had thirteen years of theatrical experience behind him when he first gawked his way along Broadway. One startling piece of good fortune after another came his way; theatrical engagements, Hollywood and stardom in two pictures, all climaxed by his marriage to Maria Montez.

Then it was war again, North Africa, Italy, the invasion of Southern France, another Croix de Guerre, a couple pieces of shrapnel, and now this return to the States with a French Military Mission to the United Nations Conference. There was a lot of flesh gone off his bones, the circles under his eyes made him look as though he'd had a bad night, but at 33 he was still packed with energy.

And the biggest piece of luck was still in the cards for Jean Pierre and his wife—the baby born to them in February of this year. But before Maria Christina's St. Valentine's Day bow, the Aumonts were sure busy dodging rumors—and hunting rooms.

Like that time the manager knocked on their hotel door. "Mr. Aumont," the gentleman said very dramatically, "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you and Mrs. Aumont to leave the hotel."

Jean Pierre was astonished. This was no homecoming reception for a soldier after eighteen months of war. "What's wrong?"

"There have been scores of autograph collectors in the lobby for days. We can't move about and the other guests are complaining. On top of that," he continued, touching a white handkerchief to his cheek, "one of them slapped my face when I wouldn't let her come upstairs to you!"

Jean Pierre kept Maria from charging out into the hallway while he nodded grimly. "We're leaving this afternoon for San Francisco. But don't forget, mister, if it wasn't for those autograph people, we might not have the money to stay at your hotel. Goodbye."

Maria was ready to climb on the furniture, to start tearing the pictures off the walls, to do a thorough job of wrecking the joint, but Jean Pierre, who supplies the tempering influence in the family, hushed her. "Anyhow," he asked, "how did so many people know I was coming back? It was supposed to be a military secret."

Maria jammed a hat down on her head. "Every time I signed an autograph book in these eight days I've been waiting for you, I told them. I couldn't help it. It was bursting inside of me."

Before they left the hotel, there was the business of exchanging homecoming gifts.

Maria had bought her husband a handsome watch, and she was positive Jean Pierre had picked up some French perfume for her. It might even be he'd fetched along a couple of hats from the French capital or brought back a gown, something out of this world, something from France. She waited breathlessly while he dove into the battered duffle bag. He turned around triumphantly.

In the air he waved two very old, very spotty scarves made from parachute silk. "An American paratrooper gave them to me," he explained, "I thought they'd be a fine souvenir for you."

The Gypsy Wildcat tried to hold back her disappointment, then she let loose with a scream of rage that must have startled the autograph hunters ten floors below. Aumont listened in astonishment.

"Why didn't somebody tell me about this perfume business? Everyone on the boat had bottles of perfume, but it never occurred to me French perfume was any better than what you buy here in New York. Somebody should tell the French about their own country."

"And the hat?"

He slapped his hands hard against his sides. "On a military mission, do you think I can come down the gangplank with a couple of hat boxes under my arm? I would be a disgrace! Do you want me to be court martialed?"

Then he threw back his head and laughed, and after a while Maria joined in with him. Besides, she found she could twist the scarves about her head and make quite a fancy chapeau with them.

They slept on hat boxes on the train back to the Coast. And in Chicago, as usual, Maria lost one of her traveling bags. It's become such a bad habit with her that the insurance people are beginning to look sideways each time she walks up and smiles her way into a baggage insurance policy.

Nothing much happened on the train. Nothing except that time, at three in the morning, when the Super Chief was roaring through Missouri, Jean Pierre felt a long slim hand reaching through the welter of hat boxes and poking him.

"Jean Pierre!" It was Maria's voice, in a long, hissing whisper.

Aumont doesn't frighten easily, but this time he felt the short hairs on the back of his head lift up and do a can-can.

"What is it?"

"Someone is at the door of the compartment!"

fame at dawn . . .

With the vision of a third Croix de Guerre in his head, Jean Pierre vaulted out of the berth, stumbled over a hat box and fell heavily against the door. When he opened it warily, he saw a line of GIs, the rear guard of the club car contingent. One of them thrust an autograph book in Aumont's face. "Do you mind? We're getting off at the next stop, and we thought maybe—"

Aumont didn't mind, but the GIs must have been puzzled at the strange hieroglyphics that came out as autographs. At three a.m. Maria refused to turn on the light, and she devised a signature that was something akin to Braille pin pricks.

After a quick visit to Hollywood and a party given by his great friend, Charles Boyer, Jean Pierre and Maria went on to the United Nations conference in San Francisco where Aumont was to arrange an exhibit of French war documents. And it was in San Francisco, with the start of a new era in a new world, that the couple decided a baby was about the only thing missing from their lives.

They neglected to take the War Department in on their plans for a baby, however, so that Aumont, still on the payroll of the French Army, was ordered on a speaking tour in aid of the Canadian Victory Loan Drive—part of the lend-lease agreement.

In New York, at LaGuardia Field, he was talking to the ticket clerk. "You remember me, Lieutenant," the clerk said, "I was with you at Rodiconfani in Italy when you took over those tanks."

Lieutenant Aumont nodded, for it was at Rodiconfani he had earned his second Croix de Guerre. Hatred of the Nazis was more than just a pat line with him. It was tied in with death, and the screams of dying men, and a long memory. Then the departure of the Montreal plane was announced. He shouted goodbye, grabbed his bag and ran. Seconds later the clerk came running after him, waving a yellow slip in the air. "Lieutenant," he gasped, "look what just came over the ticker."

prayer for peace . . .

Jean Pierre read the words. "This morning the German High Command signed the surrender terms." The rest was blurred. He fastened his safety belt automatically, and rested his head against the cushion. A hand touched his shoulder and a voice inquired anxiously, "Are you sick, Lieutenant Aumont? Is there anything I can do?"

He opened his eyes and shook his head at the stewardess.

"No, I'm well, thank you."

"But you had your head thrown back, and your lips—"

"I was praying."

Two months later he was back in Hollywood with discharge papers in his pocket.

In the house in Beverly Hills there was Maria and her sisters, Consuelo, Adita and Lucita, and there was Jean Pierre. It was a small house, with only two bedrooms, and the knuckles of Jean Pierre's right hand were sore from tapping on doors to see if it was safe for the one man in the house to enter. And there was that baby on its way. They moved to a bigger house, with bedrooms to spare, a nursery, and a room Maria thought would do well for storing her hats.

Jean Pierre is enthusiastic about the house because he can drive home from the Universal studios in less than twenty minutes. And in the Los Angeles area, where every minute of the day is like New York's Broadway at five-fifteen each night, that is a blessing.

Under contract to M-G-M, he's been loaned first to RKO to make "Heartbeat" with Ginger Rogers, and currently to do "Fandango" with Yvonne DeCarlo and Brian Donlevy. At the studio there has been no problem of readjustment for the volatile Frenchman who cavorts before the camera like a bundle of steel springs tightly coiled. In the whip duel scene of "Fandango" with Phil Reed, he became too enthusiastic and touched Phil twice with the murderous bull whips, bringing a spurt of blood to Reed's cheek, and a howl from the director, the cameraman, and a mixed up moan-and-groan from the script reader, the publicity department, and thirty-two service men being escorted through the set.

"I had no trouble getting used to the routine about the studio," he says. "It was just like when I was in the Army—after five days I felt as though I'd been there all my life. I've been an actor for sixteen years, and acting is like swimming—it's hard to forget."

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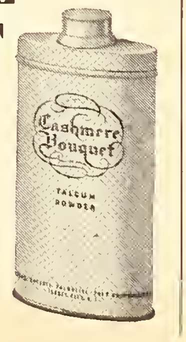

Aumont was a problem child while he was growing up near Paris. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but one was hanging close to the edge of the bassinet when he first began to take notice of life. And he used the spoon and a lot of other things to knock the stuffings out of whatever got in his way for the next seventeen years. His father tried the old "manual of arms" method on him; but it had little effect on calming down the well springs in Jean Pierre's life.

home is the hunter . . .

He was a hell-cat from the start, and he devoted a good deal of his time to sinking his claws into anything within reach. In desperation his father sent him off to various schools where the birch rods were stacked higher than the books. As a result Jean Pierre says no child of his is ever going to be sent away to a school boasting of its rigid discipline. "Any time a child of mine needs correction, I'm the one who is going to lay it on. I won't hire any school teacher to do it for me."

This baby business in the Aumont home has drawn out the best in him. When he came home one evening after a long day on the set, still clad in the Russian sailor outfit he wears in "Fandango," and still daubed with grease paint, Maria seized him excitedly by the arm. "Come see what I've got in the nursery."

He went and gazed with a bit of perplexity at the wood and steel standing in the corner.

"You've located a baby bed. That's good." He turned to go.

"But, my darling, the spring! It's steel. Do you know I've looked for months for a baby's bed with a steel spring? They aren't making that kind any more."

Aumont patted the steel spring appreciatively, then turned away for it was late and he was hungry. Maria stopped him firmly.

"You're going to put the bed up, aren't you?"

"You mean, right now, before I have dinner?"

mechanical genius . . .

She nodded, her dark hair shaking. And Jean Pierre, because Maria had been sensible about her long months of pregnancy, not demanding strawberries from Nome, or dill pickles at two a.m., hunted up some tools and started wrestling with the array of wooden slats and steel springs. He wasn't quite sure how it happened, but soon Maria was at one end of the bed, her sister Consuelo at the other, with Adita and Lucita somewhere in between, all of them talking excitedly in Spanish. The butler dodged in and out of the massed array fetching pliers and washers, while once in a while the maid showed up in the middle. Jean Pierre climbed on a chair to get a look at the excitement while the women swarmed about with great energy and the baby's bed gradually began to take shape. When it was all finished, Maria looked around for her husband, took him by the arm, and announced to her sisters, "That's what I like about Jean Pierre—he's so handy with tools."

On the advice of the doctor, and with Jean Pierre keeping a critical eye on her, Maria continued working until late in November when she finished "Tangier," and went home to devote a full twenty-four hours a day to preparing for the baby. Besides, someone had to be at home to entertain all the members of the American Third Army who were continually calling for the "Lieutenant" and reminding him of the invitation he'd extended in odd corners of Europe to "drop around sometime to our place in Beverly Hills and meet the wife." Nowadays a steady stream of GIs do their sightseeing around Hollywood and Los Angeles via the Aumont home. There's a telephone call, a screeching of taxi wheels, a cup of tea or a cocktail and a half hour of hostessing by the lovely Maria Montez. "There is one General and five privates of the Third Army I have not met," Maria says, "but then the war is not over a year. They'll be here eventually."

It was a happy home, the Aumont house, all during the time they waited for the coming of the baby. Maria, after a bad start, was in splendid health. She had no whims, no cravings, and her temper was calmer than before. Jean Pierre showed his appreciation in the tenderness of the kiss with which he greeted Maria each night on his return from the studio. Once Maria thought the Frenchman was being too calm. She made a motion with her hands and said, "I feel funny here, and here."

Jean Pierre stood above her, his hands extended, his lips parted in a broad grin. "Don't baby yourself, my darling. You're strong and healthy."

Afterwards he walked with her to the foot of the long flight of steps leading upward and watched while she went out of sight. He turned into the den and stood in thoughtful silence before the crackling logs in the fireplace. He spun about and asked a question of Lucita Montez who was watching him. There was a catch in his voice.

"Do you think Maria is frightened?"

Lucita shook her head emphatically. "No."

There is always an end to waiting, and it came that February morning when Jean Pierre knelt by the bedside and saw cradled in Maria's arms his daughter, Maria Christina. It was another turn in the cards for the "Fighting Frenchman," another step upward on the ladder of good fortune he's been climbing.

He's a lucky guy!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was fortunate enough to be given a furlough and happened to be on the same train as Duke Ellington. Although I had quite a collection of his recordings, I had never actually seen the Duke.

As we pulled into the station at Dayton, Ohio, the inevitable scramble began. Feeling extremely tired and wondering if I would be able to get a cab, I glanced about the platform. I noticed a man standing near me. A cab pulled up in front of him and his friends. I still didn't realize who he was. As the cab driver started to pick up some of the monogrammed luggage, the Duke spoke to me: "Won't you and your wife take this taxi? I always think servicemen come first." His lips parted in a flashing smile.

"Well! What do you think of that?" I said wonderingly to the pretty girl beside me.

"I think he must be a pretty regular guy," she replied.

Before my furlough was over, I had accepted the Duke's idea as my own. I now cannot only thank him for the taxi he proffered me, but the wife isn't bad, either. I wonder what he would think if he knew how he played cupid to a lonely serviceman?

Sgt. W. E. Keim
Oklahoma City, Okla.

On Mother's Day

FOR almost everyone of us
there is someone somewhere
whose heartbeat is our own heartbeat . . .
someone who is forever all that is best
and growing and great in life.
For almost everyone of us
there is someone somewhere
who enfolds us . . . who holds us safe
and sure . . . who never turns . . .
is never gone from us.

Our mothers have given of themselves,
and in return have asked no due . . .
have made no imperative demand.
But there is that we in turn can give . . .
To the daily ways of life
in a world once more at peace
we can restore the kindliness, consideration
and compassion for each other's needs,
which we, in such great measure,
have had from Mothers everywhere.

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HUSBANDS ARE WONDERFUL

(*Continued from page 39*)

crazy? *I* am."

Things were going to be perfect from now on. There wouldn't be that knowledge all the while they were together that in a week or a day or an hour he would be gone. There wouldn't be the long periods of waiting for a furlough, or those moments when it seemed she just *had* to talk to him and couldn't because he was at camp, and if you called camp it had to go through about six generals.

Jack slid a strong hand around her arm. "Don't look so serious, baby. I'm here, even if I'm an invalid. Give me a big smile, the way you did when I walked in the door the other day."

we belong . . .

"You and your surprises!" Shirley said indignantly. "Don't you know that's an awful thing to do to a girl? You should have wired me you were coming and I'd have been all dressed up in something fancy, not wearing that tired old sweater."

"I like that tired old sweater. I like you in anything, Mrs. Agar, but don't let it go to your head."

They laughed, the way they did at things that maybe wouldn't seem funny to anyone else. There was a closeness between them now, a feeling of permanence, of plans for the future. They weren't just honeymooners now, they were a young married couple with the usual problems. Problem number one was to find a place to live. Shirley had been on the phone all day to see if anyone knew of an apartment.

"That line gets a terrific laugh," she said, after hanging up on the nineteenth friend. "I should be in vaudeville."

"Relax," Jack advised. "We'll work out something."

Shirley leaned back against his shoulder with a comfortable little sigh. Husbands were a great institution. . . .

She had felt that way ever since the wedding. The wedding had been terribly exciting, so much so that neither she nor Jack could remember anything but bits and pieces of it. They had gone over it the next day, fitting it together like a jig-saw puzzle, from their separate remembrances.

"So I walked up the aisle toward you and you looked as if you wanted to run away," Shirley had said teasingly.

"Untrue. Or maybe I would have liked to run away if I could have taken you along."

"You did that eventually. Remember our wild ride to the hotel, with me holding that broken door shut on the car? I almost fell out every time we turned a corner."

They had given a sigh of relief when they finally got to the hotel where they had reservations. They walked into the lobby in what they hoped was a very nonchalant manner, as if they were quite used to walking into hotels together. Jack asked for their suite which had been reserved in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barnet, to avoid publicity. The clerk stared, surprise and dismay neatly blended.

"Why, I gave that suite to a major and his wife an hour ago. I thought they were the ones . . ." his voice trailed off.

Shirley reached instinctively for Jack's arm. It was midnight, and she knew what the hotel situation was these days. She felt a tiny wave of panic begin at her heels and start upwards.

However, Jack was talking easily to the clerk, straightening things out, finding another suite, which was, the clerk said, the real "bridal suite." Shirley looked at Jack admiringly. Husbands were wonderful!

Next day the calm and capable husband had to spend two hours in a garage getting the car door fixed. Then they started off for Santa Barbara. It was a heavenly ride up the coast. They didn't stop at a restaurant for lunch because they found a magnificent package of food which the Temple's housekeeper had packed among their luggage. They ate sliced chicken and wedding cake, all flavored with ambrosia and served on a pink cloud. When they got to Santa Barbara they decided to go to a night club for dinner—one where there was romantic Spanish music. Although, as it turned out, they didn't do a lot of dancing. It was much more fun to sit and talk, or just look at each other. It wasn't long, of course, before people started coming up to ask for autographs—a steady stream of them. That's when Shirley began to worry about the man at the next table. She had noticed him when they first came in. He was gray-haired and sort of distinguished looking, and obviously foreign. When the first autograph seeker came up to Shirley, the man stared for a moment, then looked politely away. As the crowd of fans multiplied, his amazement increased.

"What *is* wrong with him, Jack?" Shirley whispered.

"He's just admiring you because you're so pretty."

"He is not!" Shirley was emphatic. "He has something on his mind."

Sure enough, at that moment, the man came over, bowed formally, and said to Jack in English but with a definite accent "I beg your pardon. But your wife she ees the head of this establishment, yes?"

Jack gaped in surprise. "Why no, sir."

"But she has to sign all the checks, it seems. Is she then the cashier?"

Shirley burst into delighted laughter while Jack explained "They want her to sign her name on those things because she's Shirley Temple. Only now," he added proudly, "she's Mrs. Agar."

The man bowed again, a gleam of enlightenment in his eyes. "Ah, the cinema That explains everything." He thanked them and left the club, while Shirley and Jack laughed hysterically.

call me pal . . .

The first morning they were in Santa Barbara, Shirley went out for a walk When she came back she found the maid in the room. She gave the woman a brigh smile because the world was a wonderfu place and she wanted everyone to be as happy as she was.

The maid stared at her curiously. "Are you Shirley Temple's sister?"

"No, I'm Shirley Temple. I don't have a sister."

"I heard you were here. Are you with your mother?" Just then there came from the bathroom the sound of a lusty male voice raised in song. The maid's mouth dropped open. It was too much for Shirley, who giggled irrepressibly.

"No, I'm not here with my mother. I'm here with a friend." Then, hastily, as the maid's mouth threatened to become completely unhinged, "My husband."

Those six days at Santa Barbara flew by so fast. It caught at her heart, tha knowledge of how soon it would be over Strange how easily you got used to having a husband around. How, quite suddenly you couldn't imagine going back to you family and being a daughter instead of wife. You did go back, of course, and did it cheerfully, as all the other girls did.

In those days Shirley and Jack though

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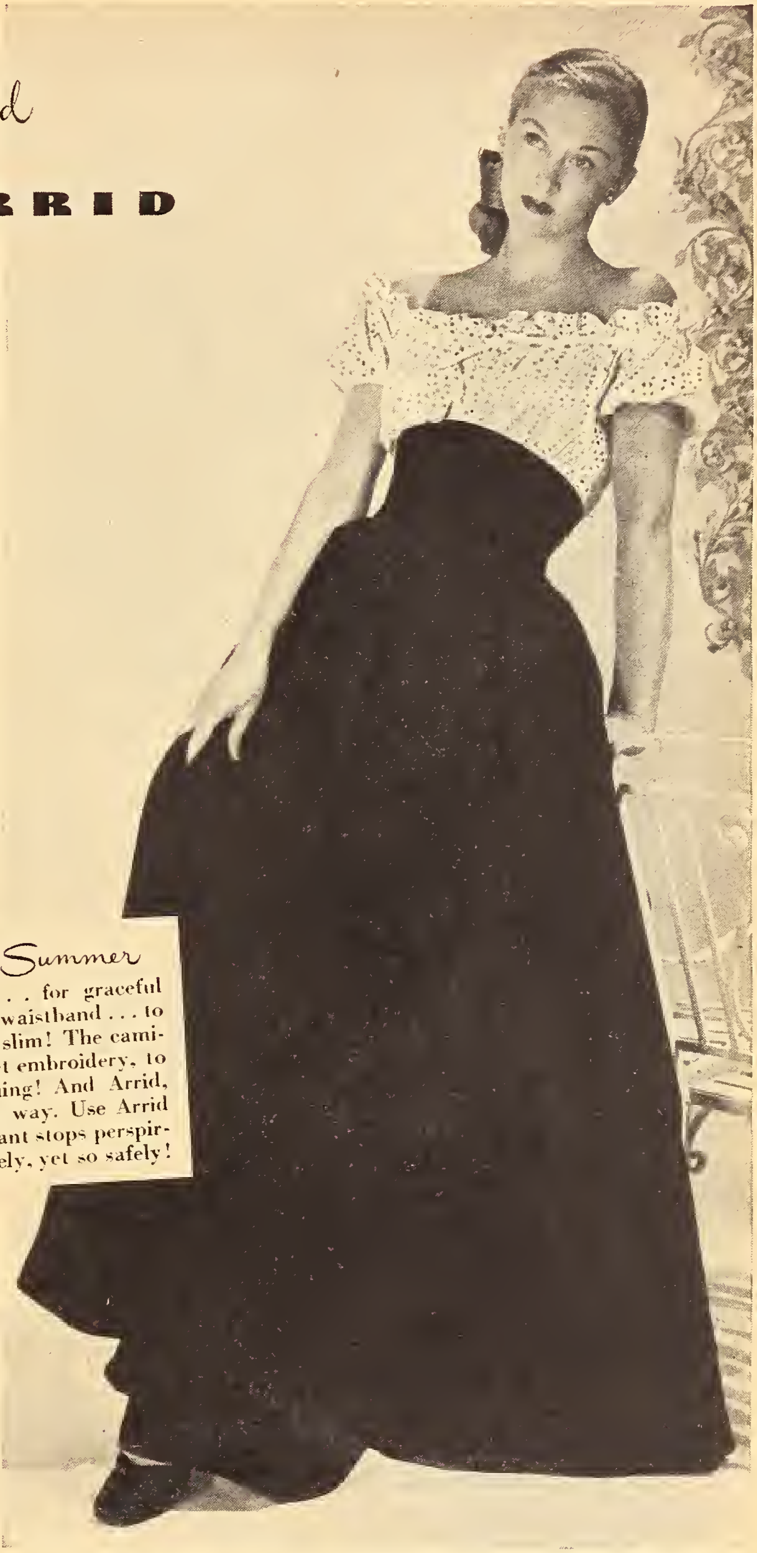

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it would be ages before he got out of the Army. There would be lots of time to fix up a place to live.

"There's that little house of mine next door to mother and dad, Jack," Shirley said thoughtfully, the day before he left. "It's tiny and it would have to be all changed around, but I think it would be swell for the two of us."

"I don't want to live in a house that belongs to you, honey. I'm going to support the Agar family and that includes getting a house."

"Why don't you buy that house from me?" Shirley suggested. "Then it will be yours, and you can boss me around in it all you want to!" Those dimples!

soup to nuts . . .

That was, finally, the way they settled it. There was a certain amount of work to be done on the place. Shirley had built it six years before, as a place to have parties for the kids, and well, just because she had wanted a little place of her own even if she didn't really live in it. There was a bathroom and a kitchen, but the rest was all ballroom. Oh yes, and soda fountain. So Shirley got together with contractors and decorators and people like that, and found out it wouldn't cost so awfully much to turn the ballroom into a sort of studio, which could be a living room by day and a bedroom at night. The furniture would be French Provincial, and it was enormous fun to pick it out and think about draperies and chintzes in terms of what Jack would like.

"Chairs you can sit in, not just look at," he had insisted. "One big one we can sit in together, honey. You on my lap, and the budget book on *your* lap."

Because they're going to have a budget and stick to it. That's one thing Jack is very definite about. He comes from a wealthy family—his father was head of the Agar meat packing firm in Chicago, and it was after his death that the family moved to Los Angeles. But he knows the value of money, and he wants the house run systematically. Shirley agrees. She's a sensible gal, and she knows it's easier in the long run to do things the right way.

That's one reason she decided to learn to cook, while Jack was away. It started with an old joke between them. When she and Jack were first in love, he said solemnly, but with a glint of mischief in his eyes, "I'll never marry you, Shirley, till you have cooked me one complete dinner, soup to nuts. And *good!*"

Well, what with one thing and another, he changed his mind, and Shirley still couldn't boil an egg when they got married. When they walked into their bridal suite at the hotel that first night, Jack suddenly began to laugh.

"Look in there," he yelled.

"In there" was a beautiful, shiny kitchen, complete with pots and pans and gas stove. Shirley surveyed it with a lifted eyebrow. "Interesting," she said. "What is it?"

"That, my dear, is a kitchen, and tomorrow morning you're going to cook my breakfast in it."

Next morning he said, "Time for you to get my breakfast, like a good bride."

Shirley made a face at him. "What do you want to eat?"

"Orange juice, ham and eggs, English muffins dripping with butter, coffee. . . ."

"I'll get your breakfast, my sweet." She smiled angelically, and lifted the phone. "Room service? Please send up two orange juice, two ham and eggs. . . ."

But after Jack went away, learning to cook became a very solid idea. She went to cooking school three times a week. In between, she practiced on the only mildly protesting Temple family. Shirley began strictly from scratch, not knowing a basting spoon from an egg beater. The first lesson at school was on baking powder biscuits. Shirley did all right on those. She was pretty pleased with herself. She was, she decided, probably one of those natural born cooks you hear about. She strutted slightly, and wrote Jack a long letter about how simple cooking was. Nothing to it, really. The next lesson was on cake. Shirley, the expert, sifted the flour, mixed the sugar and butter, and then reached for an egg. She knew the teacher was watching her, and she was very nonchalant. She tapped the egg lightly on the side of the bowl, the way she had seen the cook do at home. Nothing happened. She tapped again. The egg remained intact.

"Oh, a tough egg, huh?" said Shirley to herself, and gave it a darn good crack. She spent the next ten minutes wiping egg off everything in the immediate vicinity. The cake when done, although it looked beautiful, tasted as though it had been made by a brick layer. Shirley wrote Jack that maybe there was more to this cooking business than met the eye. But by the time he got out of the Army, she was a champion. He had a birthday a few days after he got home. He and Shirley were staying at a hotel, but Shirley went over to cooking school and whipped up the fanciest birthday cake ever seen by mortal man. She brought it home proudly.

"Hey, that looks mighty pretty, but what does it taste like?" inquired her husband.

"Try it."

Jack took a large slice and started on it gravely. After the first bite he didn't say a word. Shirley sat on the edge of her chair and fumed. Maybe he didn't like it.

Then Jack grinned at her, and it was as if someone had lifted a weight off her heart. She had so *wanted* it to be right.

"Honey, I've never eaten better cake. Congratulations!"

"Why didn't you say something before, you big lug? Scaring me half to death."

"That was to pay you back for not cooking my breakfast the day after we were married."

prophet with honor . . .

Jack loves to tease her, and she doesn't mind. She doesn't mind anything he does, and he feels the same way about her. He's so proud of her, he swells up like an inflated frog every time he introduces her to someone. Not because she's a picture star, but because she's so sweet and pretty and charming to everyone. When he was at camp in Utah, he brought three of his best buddies up to the room to see Shirley and they talked till two in the morning. The boys were a little shy for the first few minutes. After that, they felt as if they had known Shirley forever and it couldn't have been more fun. One boy was from the Bronx, one from Kansas, and one from Oklahoma. The lad from the Bronx, Joe, was in pretty much of a dither. His wife was going to have a baby soon and he was determined it should be a boy.

Shirley laughed at him. "Your wife's going to have a girl, Joe. I can see it in my crystal ball. You might just as well make up your mind to it."

Joe was outraged. "Don't *say* those things. I know she's going to have a boy."

A few weeks later, Shirley in Hollywood got a card. "Now see what you've done. It's a girl. Joe."

About three-quarters of Jack's friends are married. Since Shirley is so young, only a few of the girls she knows best are married yet. Shirley is all for getting the rest of them to the altar as soon as possible. Not only because she's divinely happy herself, but because she wants a young married set around her.

"The same sort of people Jack and I are," she explains. "Now that he's home, we'll want to go dancing sometimes, and

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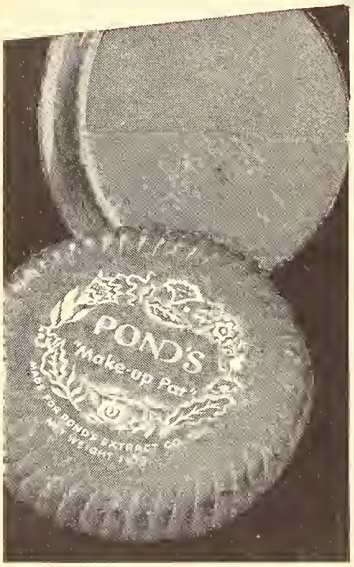

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have a crowd in for Sunday night supper and things like that. We won't ever play bridge. We just aren't the type."

One thing they are definitely going to have as soon as they get their house, and that's a collie dog.

Their hotel stay came to an end sooner than they had expected, though not due to the dog. Floating in the rose-colored fog of happy reunion, they had completely forgotten about the five day limit on transient guests. Jack was out with the car when Shirley got a call from the desk.

"Will you please have your luggage out of your room as soon as possible, Mrs. Agar? Lieutenant so-and-so and his wife are waiting to check in."

"Oh—uh—yes, of course," Shirley said, and hung up. Darn the lieutenant and his wife! Darn the five day limit! But she started packing feverishly. When Jack whirled into the hotel driveway he found a small, lost-looking figure on the steps, completely surrounded by luggage.

"Poor baby," he said when he heard the explanation. "And you had to pack all by yourself."

"Packing is a wife's job anyway," Shirley told him. "I didn't mind. And practically everyone in the country is being thrown out of hotels these days. We're just like everyone else."

That, of course, is the endearing thing about the Agars. They're just like everyone else—only nicer.

"ADVENTURE"

(STORY)

(*Continued from page 47*)

now," Harry said. "It was your idea, wasn't it?"

"I'm thinking better of it," Mudgin said.

The girl with the horn rim glasses turned.

She was really prettier than the glasses might lead you to expect; there was something—or rather the hint of something—in her eyes and in the turn of her mouth that made you look again even after you saw the glasses.

"Yes?" she said.

"I got a sailor with me wants a little information," Harry said.

She turned to Mudgin.

"Go ahead, Mudgin," Harry said.

"I hate to be bothering you, Miss," Mudgin said apologetically.

"That's what I'm here for."

"It's—personal," Mudgin said, "and I'm not sure a library is the place to find what it is I'm looking for. . . ."

"What is it you're looking for?"

"My soul," Mudgin said.

His face was serious, almost grimly serious and the girl didn't laugh after her first startled look. She looked quickly at Harry and then back to Mudgin again.

"He says he lost it on Powell Street in the fog. Just popped out and was gone. Like that. Right, Mudgin?" nudged Harry.

"That's how it was, Harry," Mudgin said: he turned to the girl again. "You see, Miss, I made some promises. We was torpedoed last time out—"

The girl looked swiftly at Harry.

"It happens," Harry said grimly, "even in the Merchant Marine. You've heard of the Merchant Marine, haven't you?"

"Yes," the girl said. "I've heard."

"And it was Harry who saved us," Mudgin said. "Harry and Him—"

"I'll skip any billing in the credit," Harry said. "I just went for the ride."

"So I promised the Lord four things if we was saved. And we was. But I didn't keep the promises. So I lost my soul. And I was wondering, Miss, if there's anything in the Library could help—"

"We can try," the girl said gently.

So they did—looking through the thick stacks of books but in all the endless lines of volume after volume there seemed to be nothing that a man who lost his soul on Powell Street might read with use.

"It's not your fault, Miss," Mudgin said. "It being a special case and these being times when men don't seem to think it worth writing anything about a poor, wandering thing like a man's soul. But you didn't laugh at me. And for that you have my deepest thanks. I'll not forget that. So I'll be going along now, Miss, and I'll be remembering you—"

He looked inexpressibly lonely, pathetically small against the high proud arch of the stone columns of the room. And Harry watched him, his face tight, and then he turned back to the girl.

"So that's the best you can do for a man," he said, "with all your books."

"It's a type of psycho-neurosis," she said.

"Psycho-neurosis!" Harry cried. "You have names for everything, don't you? It's a great racket, isn't it? How long did it take you to learn all the names?"

"Are you interested in taking a few courses?"

"You couldn't teach me anything, sister. I know everything you know plus a couple of things you never even dreamed of. Don't go high and mighty on me, sister!"

He was very close to her and his hand touched her shoulder and pushed her back against the wall.

"What do you think you're doing?" the girl said.

"Teaching you a few things," Harry said. "Get out of this dump, sister, before you go as dead as all those books you got lined up, like stiffs in the morgue."

She swung away from him suddenly, sharply, and in a quick involuntary gesture she snapped her glasses off and he could see the flashing glint of her eyes.

"You're big and you're wise and you know all the tricks, don't you?" she said angrily. "Only you don't even know enough to know how stupid you really are. What did you expect to find here—the answers to everything? Go on back to your bars and beer, that's all you're good for. You'll find a bar just down the block a bit—"

"That's where I'm heading," Harry said.

He turned—and almost crashed into the girl who was coming at a clattering walk straight to the desk.

"Hello," the girl said.

"Hello," Harry said.

"I was talking to Emily," the girl said.

"I know Emily," Harry said. "Emily's the little brain dynamo. Who're you?"

"Helen."

"You're a sight for sore eyes, Helen. I didn't think there was anything living in the joint except termites. Ever get hungry, Helen?"

"Sometimes."

"Hungry now?"

"A little."

"Let's go see what we can do about it."

"I was having dinner with Emily."

Harry grinned.

"Well, well!" he said. "Hiya, Emily!"

"No," Emily said.

"Aw, Em," Helen said. "Why?"

"I'm a sailor," Harry said. "Em doesn't like sailors."

"That's not true," Emily said sharply.

Harry shrugged.

"Aw, let him eat with us, Em," Helen said again.

Emily's mouth was a thin line: "All right," she said, "I always feed starving cats, dogs and sailors. . . ."

It was because of a chicken, that they found themselves—Emily and Harry—driving down a wild road that led through

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TAKE IT FROM AN OLD BOXTOP SENDER— STICK THOSE COINS TO YOUR LETTER WITH "SCOTCH" CELLULOSE TAPE. THEN THEY'LL NEVER DROP OUT OF THE ENVELOPE!

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SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING

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the night to Reno. Because of a chicken, and an old farmhouse that Emily owned, and a night in San Francisco when Emily crowned him with a plate.

There was that afternoon when he and Emily went down the road to buy some groceries one Sunday out at the farm and there wasn't anything but cheese. And on the way back, they saw this chicken; the sweetest, juiciest chicken this side of the Mississippi. And somehow they both had the same idea and they were crouching in the tall corn, staring very fixedly at Farmer Ludlow's prize pullet. They made a grab for it and they heard Ludlow yell and then they were running, the two of them and the chicken, running and laughing, until they were able to duck down a side lane and Ludlow didn't see them.

And, somehow, then, they were kissing. . . .

Everything was hazy then, right through the wild ride to Reno down the moon-swept roads. Emily always remembered how he looked with the wind whipping through his hair and the way he turned to her and laughed. And somewhere, just above Reno she told him a poem she always loved and he didn't laugh and she loved him for that. So it was the most natural thing in the world for them to stop when they saw the sign, with Reno glittering just beyond the next turn:

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

They were married there and the Justice was a funny old codger just like the ones you always see in the movies, only he was the real thing and not an actor and when he tied the knot, he did it by all the laws of the State of Nevada and maybe by the laws of the United States of America and the nine Justices of The Supreme Court, too. It was the sweetest wedding you could imagine and she was still thinking about it later in the hotel room.

"Darling," she said.

"Yeah. . . ."

"What are you going to give me for my wedding?"

"I'll marry you for a present," he said. "How's that?"

"Wonderful. Harry. . . ."

"Yeah?"

"Why did you marry me?"

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Sure," she said. "Is it what you wanted?"

He turned to her then from the window and looked at her slowly while she sat perched on the rickety bed with the silly little flower hat she wore falling into her eyes. He came toward her.

"I never do anything I don't want to do," he said.

Back in Frisco they came to the apartment and Helen was there. Helen opened the door and the first thing she did was to start to shut it until Harry put his foot in the door and shouldered it open.

"You ran out on me," Helen said. "Pals!"

"Wait a minute—" Emily said.

"You big heel!" Helen said to Harry.

"We're married," Emily said.

"You big lug!" Helen said. *"What!"*

"We're married," Emily said.

So it was all roses again. Helen insisted on a party. Harry sent down for some wine. Helen was weeping on Emily's shoulder like a long lost sister, making her tell the whole story. Laughing in between, and crying a little.

"That's the end of the team of Emmy and Helen," Helen said. "When do you want me to move, kids?"

"But it's only for a couple of days," Harry said apologetically.

There was a long tight pause. Harry looked from Emily to Helen and then back at Emily again.

"What's the pitch?" he said sharply.

"A couple of days," Emily said slowly.

"I'm shipping out," Harry said. "You knew that, didn't you? I'm a sailor—"

"I thought—"

"Wait a minute," Harry said. "Let's get it straight. You thought I'd quit my ship because I'm married? Give up the one thing that means anything to me, to putter around a garden on shore? Me? Stuck on land for the rest of my life—"

"No, Harry," Emily almost whispered, "I wouldn't want you to do anything you didn't want to do—"

"That's settled," Harry said, grinning. "What do you say we go out and celebrate?"

So the ride was over. She realized it dully later when they were alone. She could hear Harry in the other room, humming in that queer, off-key voice of his. She couldn't blame Harry. He was what he was. He never pretended to be anything else. Whose fault was it if she thought a marriage license and a wedding band would suddenly change him like the pumpkin after it was struck by the magic wand?

She walked slowly toward the door of the other room. Play it light, she kept telling herself; play it with a laugh. So when she came to the door she almost believed it herself. He looked up at her, grinning, and she grinned right back.

"Sailor," she said, "the big shore leave's over. It's been nice knowing you and you're a great guy. We got married fast. Let's do the rest of it fast. I want a divorce, Harry. . . ."

The Pacific Belle was rolling down to Chile. She took the great Pacific swells, wallowing and rising like a waddling duck on the water.

On deck Harry Patterson stood at the rail looking down at the oily swells sweeping past the dark, rust-covered hull. At his side Mudgin shivered a little and looked up at the sky.

"They never know what they want . . ." Harry said.

"I take it you're talkin' of women," Mudgin said.

"Yeah."

"She's too good for you, Harry."

Harry swung around sharply: "Too good for me? On again, off again. What did she think it was?"

"What did you think it was, Harry?"

"I married her," Harry said harshly.

"And what did it mean to you? What were you willin' to give up? What single thing were you willin' to do for her?"

"She knew what I was."

"Sure," Mudgin said. "Which is why I'm sayin' she was too good for you. She walked out on ye, and that was the smartest thing she could've done. For you'd have broken her heart—"

"Shut up!" Harry said.

"Why? Are ye afraid of the truth?"

"I said shut up! You're talking to the Bos'n."

Mudgin said slowly: "I'll shut up for the bos'n, if it's an order—" He started to turn slowly: "But there's no power in the world can keep me from tellin' my friend what's in my mind."

"Get off the deck!" Harry said.

He went. Mudgin went. And that was the last time they spoke together until the night off the small Chilean port when Mudgin missed his footing in the dark and they saw his body teeter across the open cargo hold and hold for a minute against the sky and then fall away into blackness. They brought him back up on deck but even then they knew it was too late. They stretched him out gently under the Chilean sky and they saw a strange thing then. Out of the star-filled sky, a single star came whipping down in a shower of light. And on deck, Mudgin's eyes widened and his face grew suddenly eager and his hand reached upward almost as if he were catching the star.

Desire his Kisses?

Of course, your *skin* must be kiss-attracting —smooth, satiny.

Dismayed by skin that's dry?

New 1-Cream Beauty Treatment (with smo-oo-th Jergens Face Cream) is "dream stuff" against dry skin.

Here's the way to take this thrilling 1-Cream Beauty Treatment

Helps Erase Those "Worry Lines"

Devote a few quick minutes every day to smooth-skin treatments with new Jergens Face Cream. Simply use this versatile cream as though it were 4 creams:

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3. **for a charming Foundation**
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Nice to know: Jergens Face Cream is made by the skin scientists who make Jergens Lotion. Be delighted—like girls everywhere—with the easy skin care of Jergens Face Cream. 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax). Give this new 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial.

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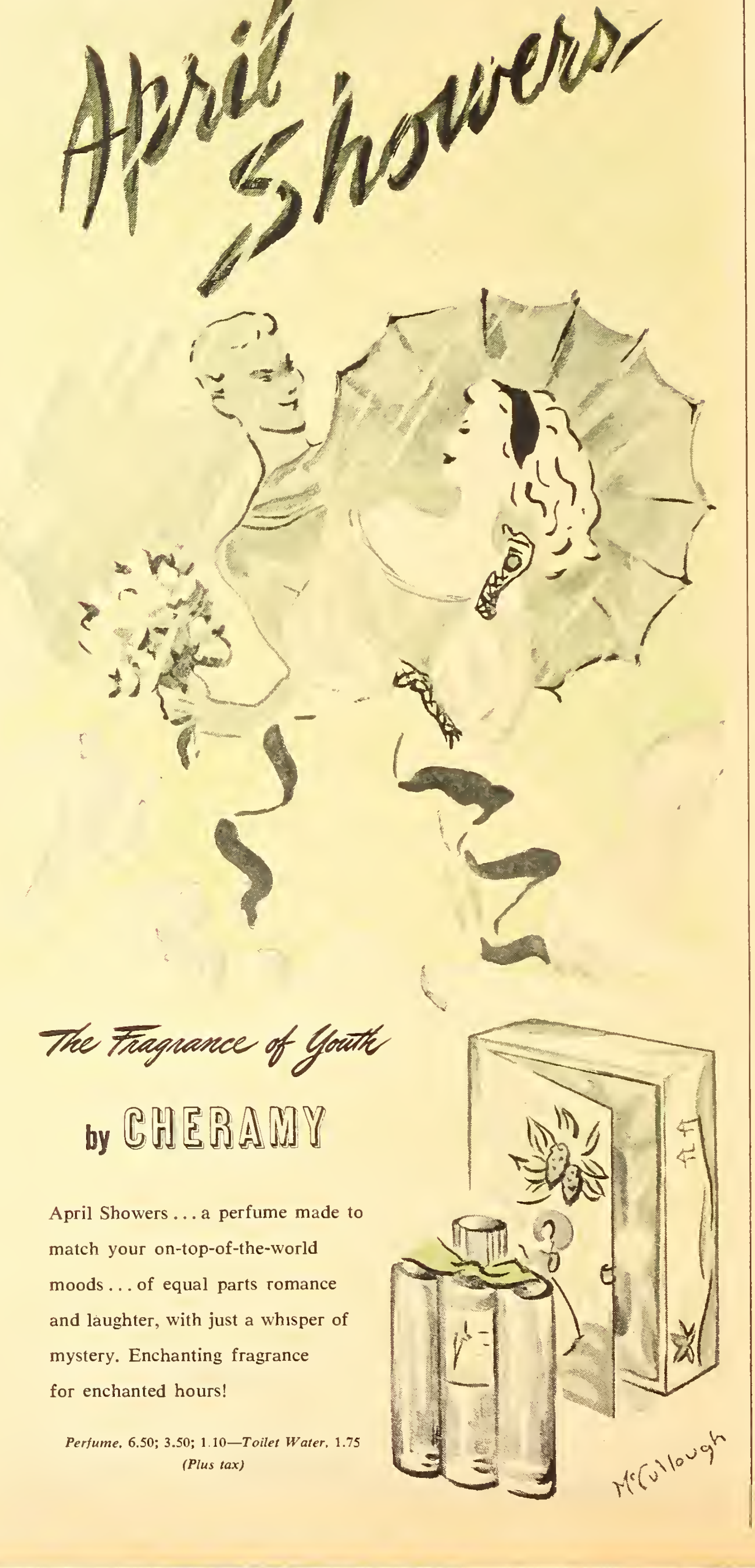


The Fragrance of Youth

by CHERAMY

April Showers . . . a perfume made to match your on-top-of-the-world moods . . . of equal parts romance and laughter, with just a whisper of mystery. Enchanting fragrance for enchanted hours!

Perfume, 6.50; 3.50; 1.10—Toilet Water, 1.75
(Plus tax)

Maybe he did . . . for out on the deck they heard his voice, weak but very clear: "Harry . . . Harry . . . tell Miss Emily . . . He gave me back my soul. . . ."

They buried him at sea and Harry Patterson stood over the small canvas covered body and for the last time he spoke tc Mudgin: "His name was William T. Mudgin . . . and anything wrong he might have done in his life he was truly sorr for . . . I don't know where he is nov but wherever it is he'll be a good hanc at whatever job he's assigned to . . . that's all I got to say . . . Amen. . . ."

So it was San Francisco again anc even before the Pacific Belle docked, Harr knew what he wanted to do. The stree was still the same and he went up th dark familiar stairs until he got to th door he had remembered across the endless miles of the Pacific. He knocked o the door and then shouldered it open wit a mighty heave.

Helen squealed: "Well, for the lov of—"

"Hiya, pal," Harry said; his eyes swun to the other room. "Em—"

"She's not there," Helen said.

"Where is she? I tried the library. The said she was home."

"No," Helen said.

"Where is she?"

"You wouldn't care."

"Cut it out, Helen."

"Married two days and divorced th next. A lot you cared!"

"She wanted the divorce."

"She wanted it!" Helen said bitterl "You weren't as blind as all that. Sh was crazy about you. But that's n enough for Harry Patterson, is it? Harr wants all the fun and none of the tie Well, she gave it to you that way, didn she? Leave her alone now. Let her hav her baby and—"

"What?" Harry said slowly. "Say th again."

She swung toward him: "What did yc think I said? You heard it. She's havir a baby."

He grabbed her shoulder and whirl her to the door and into a cab.

The doctor said, working on the tin the incredibly tiny, bit of humanity th was a baby: "Normal . . . normal . . normal. Everything normal. And t baby won't breathe. You tell me wh Oxygen."

Harry stood in the corner of the roo and then he started forward, his han hanging awkwardly by his side, so te ribly useless now.

"Doc," he muttered. "What are t chances . . . ?"

"Shut up," the doctor said savage "We have sixty seconds. Adrenalin—"

"Doc, is there anything I can do?"

"You can pray."

"I am praying."

He couldn't take it, standing the watching the last flicker of life sput and begin to die. He leaned forwa terribly, tensely, and he forgot the doc and the hospital room and all he reme bered was his love for Emily and h desperately he wanted the child to li

"Breathe!" he said. *"Breathe!"*

And whatever the answer was—adre alin or his own deep and profound des for life or maybe God Himself—they heard the first thin gasp of life, the s of breath like the thin crackle of str The doctor moved swiftly and caught the child and the thin gasp turned t cry and a wail and a loud and lov noise. Harry Patterson stared down the small bundle of squirming life t was his child. He stared down for w seemed an eon of time. And then slo he rose and looked up.

And he turned to the door that led Emily. . . .

"ADVENTURE"

(PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 47)

turtleneck sweater. "Isn't this where I came in, Vic?" he asked the director . . . Greer Garson was handed a modern wardrobe for the first time in three years. One scene required her to wear a sweater, and although Greer was more than pleased with the idea, Fleming wasn't quite sure. The director finally decided to change her costume to a dress. "What's the matter, Vic?" she said. "Afraid I'll make Gable look flat-chested?" So Garson wears a sweater in "Adventure" . . . On Gable's return, the studio went into a flurry of plans to redecorate his dressing room. "What for?" said Clark. "I'm happy with it the way it was" . . . Garson disagreed with Fleming on the scene where she was to pelt Gable with her hat. Fleming wanted to shoot her throwing it, break up the scene and show Gable getting the bonnet right in the face. "Let me try it just once," said Greer, and proceeded with a bull's-eye at twenty paces . . . While working on the set, Audrey Totter received an addition to her collection of elephants—this one from an Army Colonel who had lifted it from Hitler's desk where it was used as a paperweight. Audrey named the new Pachyderm "Stinky" . . . Another hat-throwing scene lost a few of the famous Garson hairs. The scene was to show Greer at the docks, waving goodbye to Gable, and director Fleming suggested that Garson really let go with her emotions, tear off her hat and toss it in the air. The star complied, but forgot that the hat was securely pinned to her hair. She let go with her emotions to the extent that a handful of the red-gold locks was torn from her head. Fleming saved the hair, had it put into a small gold locket, and gave it to Richard Ney as a remembrance of his wife's ability to take direction . . . During the shooting, Fleming celebrated 35 years in pictures. He started as a cameraman and has been away from the industry only once, when he accompanied President Wilson to photograph the Peace Conference of World War I. The set was one of the most crowded in Metro's history—everybody wanted to welcome Clark Gable back to the fold. The producer finally had to post a guard at the door with strict orders to keep out strangers. All went well until Sgt. Ted Lansing insisted that he had to see Gable. The GI broke through, ran up to Gable and handed him an envelope. Inside was a check for $144.50—Gable's mustering-out pay. Sgt. Lansing, still a little breathless, told the star, "I just wanted to be the guy who made Clark Gable a civilian."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Bing Crosby was on a bond tour here some months ago, and I went to see him. As Mr. Crosby came to the mike after a pause between songs, he held a small girl in his arms. "This child is lost," he said. "Whoever owns her better claim her, or I'll take her home. I sure could use a girl in my family!"

Shirley Burton
Seattle, Washington

Antonia Drexel Earle

High-spirited, and strikingly attractive with heavy-fringed gray eyes and jet black hair, Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is very popular in Philadelphia's young social crowd. To help keep her fair, fine-textured skin looking its loveliest, Mrs. Earle has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times a week. "It's my favorite beauty pick-me-up," she says. "I can see the results right away!"

Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle loves the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream

Glamorize your complexion in only one minute!

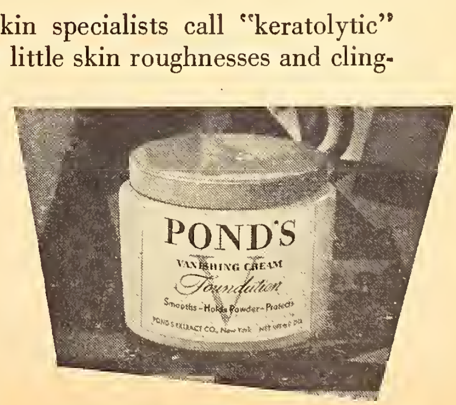
Mask your face—all but your eyes—in a luxurious white cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action—it loosens and dissolves little skin roughnesses and clinging dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off—clean.

Your complexion looks *smoother, brighter—more exciting!* And the Mask makes it *feel* beautifully soft. Now—make-up goes on smoothly!

"A quick powder base, too!"

"For a quick, non-greasy powder base, I smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on lightly—and leave it on!" says Mrs. Earle.



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

LA RUE, FAMOUS
FOR ITS GOURMET DISHES,
DESERVES A PLACE
IN OUR SERIES DESCRIBING
FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD
FOOD-AND-FUN HEADQUARTERS!

CHEZ LA RUE

By Nancy Wood

■ We'll bet that when the management of La Rue, in April, 1944, had to go over to Ciro's and say, "Please, may we borrow some of your knives and forks—we're opening a restaurant. Oh, yes, and throw in some matches, too, while you're at it" nobody thought it would become the popular, star-scattered meeting-and-eating place it is less than two years later! In spite of the war shortages which made it difficult to equip a new restaurant, it has flourished to a point where there isn't a Hollywood Big Name who hasn't grazed here. (By "grazed" we mean, people usually eat like horses because the food, mostly French and continental-in-general, is very, very good.)

Cornel Wilde, John Hodiak, Bob Walker, Van Johnson, Dick Powell, June Allyson, Clark Gable, Jane Wyman, Ronnie Reagan and everybody else you like go there time and again, causing considerable wear and tear on the help who have to cope with these healthy young appetites. Lana Turner, no matter who is escorting her, orders Pompano Almondine, a delectable fish of Florida waters served with a garnish of shredded almonds. The Bogarts favor pheasant tricked out with a mysterious French sauce. Alfred Hitchcock, normally a very wide man, looks more and more like Alfred Hitchcock after each succeeding meal of Bitock de Volaille, which is a glamorized chickenburger. Ninety per cent of the patrons love Baba au Rhum Flambe. Chicken Cacciatore, Eggs Benedict and Deviled Crab Louisiana are among the most popular specialties.

The La Rue is on Sunset Boulevard in the heart of the famous "strip," has the only sidewalk cafe in town and is owned by Billy Wilkerson, man-about-town and publisher of the Hollywood Reporter. The bar is strikingly decorated—black woodwork, deep red leather seats and stools and black wallpaper flourishing big green and white flowers. The main dining room is done in cream and soft green and has doors opening out on a porch flanked by masses of flowers. In the center of the dining room is a huge buffet spread with a confusion of rich and wonderful foods. We have chosen some of these La Rue specialties and adjusted them slightly for your use. Let's see you try them and pretend you're dining with Van Johnson!

CHICKEN SAUTE A LA CACCIATORE

3 disjointed 1½ pound broiling chickens
Salt and pepper
¼ cup oil or butter
2 finely chopped onions
3 cloves garlic, finely minced
½ cup dry white wine
1 No. 2½ (3½ cups) canned tomatoes
½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
2 or 3 bay leaves
¼ teaspoon sage
1 No. 2 (2½ cups) canned peas

Cut chicken into serving size pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Heat fat in heavy frying pan and sauté chicken until brown. Add onion and garlic, finely minced, and fry to golden brown. Add all remaining ingredients except peas. If there isn't enough liquid to cover chicken, add chicken broth (dissolve 1 bouillon cube in 1 cup hot water). Cover pan closely and turn heat down to simmering. Simmer 45 minutes or until tender. Add peas during last 15 minutes of cooking. If sauce seems thin during last 15 minutes, remove cover from pan to permit evaporation. Good with spaghetti. Serves 6.

POMPANO SAUTE ALMONDINE

*6 fillets of pompano**
Salt, pepper, flour
Olive oil to cover bottom of pan
Lemon juice
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup almonds

Wash fillets and pat dry gently with a towel. Sprinkle salt, pepper and flour on both sides of fillets. Fry in olive oil over moderate heat about 5 minutes to a side, until golden brown. Place on hot platter and sprinkle with a few drops of lemon uice and Worcestershire sauce. Garnish with blanched almonds which have been sliced and browned in butter. To blanch almonds, pour boiling water over shelled almonds and let stand 5 minutes. Drain. Cover with cold water; slip off skins.

*Pompano is the champagne of fish and ard to find in the average market. Use llets of sole or flounder.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

squares unsweetened chocolate
¾ cups cream or evaporated milk
eggs, separated
cup sugar
teaspoon vanilla

dd chocolate to 1 cup cream or evaporated milk in top of double boiler and heat. hen chocolate is melted, beat with rotary gg beater until blended. Cool. Beat egg olks until thick and lemon colored. Add gar gradually and beat in. Add remaing ¾ cup cream or evaporated milk and anilla and blend. Combine with cooled ocolate mixture. Beat egg whites until iff, but not dry and fold into chocolate ixture. If you're doing this whole job ith one egg beater, be sure you wash it oroughly before beating egg whites—e slightest bit of egg yolk will prevent hites from fluffing up properly. Turn into eased casserole. Place in larger pan of t water and bake in moderate oven (350°) 50 to 60 minutes or until firm. Serve ith cream or a sauce. Serves 6 to 8.

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Ah, Spring! When birds are a-twitter . . . when the sap begins to run again (*no offense, Junior*) . . . and a fellow pops out of his cold weather covering like a butterfly from a cocoon!

Now's the time when harried mothers are more than ever grateful for Fels-Naptha Soap. With clean shirts in constant demand, it's a real relief to use this faster, gentler soap. . .

There's relief from endless hours in the laundry. Relief from ordinary washing wear on collars and cuffs. Not to mention relief from wear and tear on Mother's disposition.

Ah, Spring! Ah, Youth!
(*and from the ladies, in chorus*)
A-h-h-h, Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Connie could cycle with effortless wheeling

...for GAYLA HOLD-BOBS kept her coiffure appealing!

● Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.

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THE ANDREWS GANG

(Continued from page 53)

to break the news gently. He decided that this was one of those juvenile tragedies for which there is no soft pedal. "Sorry, David, but I don't think we should keep that suit," he said. "It isn't quite right in the shoulders, and those pleated trousers don't do a thing for you."

David looked stricken. "But the material is so good," he pointed out. "You don't get material like this nowadays. Don't you think that a few alterations. . . ."

Dana wanted to say yes. He wanted to indulge David, but he knew it would be foolish—the suit was wrong. It was expensive, too, and Dana is sensible about cash—he always wants to buy the best, and is willing to pay a reasonable price, but he can't see the sense in extravagance. "You'll outgrow that suit in two months," he pointed out. "The sleeves are just right now; but they'll be too short before you can get the value from the suit."

David bit his lower lip and tried to be nonchalant about it, but his disappointment was overwhelming. Sadly, he removed the beloved suit, restored it to its tissue paper, and closed the box. "But it's so much like that suit of yours—the one I like best," he said, rubbing away a furtive tear with the back of his hand.

chip off the old block . . .

At which point Dana had an inspiration. "I'll make a deal with you," he announced. "If you'll cut down on sweets and lose ten pounds around your middle, I'll have a suit tailored for you. Probably my tailor still has some of this same material, and we'll duplicate my grey pinstripe. Okay?"

"Gosh," gasped David. "Oh, swell. That would *really* be super." Studying his dad's physique, he added, "Guess I could stand to lose a little. I'd sure like to have shoulders like yours."

Dana, one of the best-dressed men in town in a well-bred and entirely unobtrusive way, has a build that any man might envy. His shoulders attest to his years of good hard work; something about his easy, swinging walk and his big hands assure you that his coat hangs as it should, not because of over-much padding, but because the tough muscles are there.

So David is on a diet. It isn't easy. His grandmother, knowing a small boy's love of sweets, occasionally slips him a dime or so for candy bars to be purchased at school; lately, David has been saving the cash and depositing it in a small iron bank. He also gets an allowance from his father, but that weekly sum is deposited in a bank account in David's name, and whenever the total reaches $18.75, it is invested in a bond. In this way, David's university career is assured.

What that career will be, no one can guess. One week, Dana thought he had a radio specialist on his hands; the next week, all indications pointed to the presence of another actor in the family.

The radio suggestion happened this way: Dana was set for a radio guest spot, so he took David along to the station with him. He parked David in the sponsor's booth, then went downstairs for rehearsal. After rehearsal, he stopped in the control room to say, looking at the knobs, panels, and lights on the instrument board, "My older boy, David, is upstairs. He'd really get a kick out of seeing you men operate those dials."

"Bring him down. Glad to have him," said the technicians.

So Dana, grinning, went up the steps two at a time, stuck his head in the sponsor's booth to ask David, "Have any inerest in seeing how this business operates? ike to see the control booth?"

Is a cat happy in a fish market?

David looked as if he had just been lected King For A Day.

Because David is a well-behaved lad, he technicians liked him at once. He vanted to know whether that board con-rolled other broadcasting rooms, or just hat one. He wanted to know whether was remixed at a main board, or sent ver the air direct from their instruments.

In short, he was sincere and intelligent, e listened and learned, and made a fine npression. When Dana finished his broad-ast and stopped to collect David, one of he technicians said to Andrews *père*, "Nice oy you have there. Smart and well-man-ered. He's a credit to you."

This will explain what happened to those op four buttons on Dana's vest.

When Dana was in New London, Con-ecticut, making "Crash Dive" several ears ago, he made friends with several nembers of the Naval personnel. When wo of these men passed through Los ngeles recently, they telephoned Dana, nen came out to the house for dinner. ana had told David something about them efore they arrived, explaining that one vas a radar expert.

am . . .

During the course of the evening, David vas summoned to the telephone by a call om one of his boy friends. His voice arefully modulated, he told his friend l about condensers, and circuits, about nperes and volts and what to do about ich and such a generator.

The radar man, tuning in on this con-ersation, turned wide eyes and lifted yebrows toward Dana. "The kid's right," e murmured in a guarded voice. "By olly, the kid knows his stuff."

There was about ten minutes of this alogue. Dana, trying to keep a straight ce, was positive that the bewildered ium on the other end of the wire was ying, "What's bitten you, bud? What o you mean 'condensers'? I'm having ouble with my arithmetic and you give e all this doubletalk!"

When David had completed his conver-tion, he hung up with dignity and with-ew from the room.

Said the radar man, "There's a kid who's ally a technician. Looks to me like u've got a fine junior radar man there."

"Or a fine actor," said Dana. "I'll let u know later."

It's astonishing how many people are iable to distinguish the roles an actor ays from his actual personality. Even ına's mother teased him after a radio ow in which he portrayed a professor. Vhen you were in school you didn't care ich for your school teachers," she inted out, "yet you played a school acher!"

"Sure. It was a good part and I en-ved it," said Dana.

'Ha-ha, you've been a school teacher," d Mrs. Andrews.

Dana let it go, but he wasn't much sur-sed when he received a fan letter from narassed high school student asking him there were some easy way in which to nember historical dates.

David suffers from no such misappre-ısion. His father is one person; Dana drews, the actor, is another. David sees st of his dad's pictures and discusses m with Dana afterward. He liked ate Fair" and "Laura" very much; he n't care for "Fallen Angel" because he that it was too somber and didn't show na to advantage.

David was just past eight when Kathy, younger sister, was born, and his en-siasm was immediate. She was a little l, bright-eyed, curly-topped, and her

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minute fist always clutched David's forefinger. Whenever David neared her crib, Miss Kathy would kick the blankets and coo while David chuckled under his breath. Because she was a little girl, his attitude was loving and tolerant—in no way did she threaten his domain.

However, when Stephen was born, David had to rearrange his values. Here was another boy in the family, and an exceptionally cute one. By that time, David was almost eleven, devoted to his parents.

Dana, sensing his older son's emotional confusion, spent as much time as possible with David while Stephen was extremely small. Then, having reassured David somewhat, he said one day, "Let's go up and take a look at that brother of yours."

pride of possession . . .

In the nursery, Dana picked up the infant and was rewarded by a toothless grin that David found rather funny. "Here, this is the way you hold him," Dana explained, giving detailed instructions, then putting the youngster in David's arms.

The baby, sensing David's uncertainty, let out a howl. "You'd better take him," said David. "I don't think he likes me."

"It isn't that," Dana explained. "You must let him know by the way you hold him that you're going to take good care of him—and you might say a few comforting words."

David tried it, and of course it worked. "It's going to be up to you to keep an eye on him," Dana said. "I'm pretty busy, and I'm not going to be around the house as much as I'd like, so I'll appreciate it if you'll take a hand. Between us I think we might be able to make a football player out of him. What do you think?"

Thus given proprietary rights, David began to take a new interest in Stephen. Currently, they are buddies even if Stephen isn't very steady on his pins, being a spraddle-stepped walker of fourteen months.

Kathy, who will soon be four, is one of the few persons in the world who can stop her pop cold. Along in January, 1946, when California had an inexplicable burst of summer, Kathy was sitting on the back steps, watching Dana tinkering with one of the cars.

Because she had been quiet for an unnatural length of time, Dana straightened from the engine and peered over the raised hood at his daughter. Her chin was sunken in the palms of her hands, and her elbows were propped up by her knees.

Becoming aware of her father's querying glance, Miss Andrews said, "Before Christmas you told me that if I was a bad little girl and didn't obey all the rules, Santa Claus wouldn't come to our house."

"Yes?" said Dana, his guard up.

Kathy shot him a level glance. "Well, I was and he did," she said.

Dana lowered his head and concentrated on the motor. Later, when he discussed the remark with Mary she said, "That Kathy has inherited a lot of your analytical power. We're never going to be able to bribe her—she sees through flim-flam."

Kathy early developed a habit of answering in a series of grunts. For "yes" she likes to say "uh-huh" and for "no" she says "mmmm-mmmm." She has been corrected repeatedly. When asked if she would like sugar on her cereal, she will say, "mmmm-mmmm, I mean no, thank you."

When she forgets the explanatory clause, Dana or Mary will say indulgently, "We don't say 'mmmm-mmmm,' darling. We say 'No, thank you.'"

However, a persistent habit is contagious; both Dana and Mary—when they were away from the children—developed a kidding habit of repeating Kathy's sound effects. One day at table, Dana absently
said 'Mmmmm-mmmm' to Mary when sh
asked how things had gone on the "Can
yon Passage" set that day.

Kathy rested a tender but admonitor
hand on her father's sleeve. With patie
sweetness, she said, "We don't sa
'mmmm-mmmm,' darling. We say, 'N
thank you.'"

Sometimes Kathy's parallel regard fo
the truth and her eagerness to avo
offending get her into trouble.

She was dallying with her plate o
night, so Dana, thinking that a little sug
gestion might prove valuable, said, "Isn
this wonderful stew? Look at all the de
licious fresh vegetables. I like carrots. An
celery. And turnips. And little cooke
onions. Not very many little girls can e
such good beef stew."

Kathy gave every evidence of bei
stone deaf. She made no answer, nor d
she turn her head. Nor did she cast a
interested glance at her stew.

Reprimanded Dana, "When you a
spoken to, Kathy, you are supposed
answer pleasantly and promptly."

Miss Kathy continued to regard h
plate with the remote air of a profess
contemplating the spheres.

"If you can't be a nice little girl, a
speak when you're spoken to," ruled Dan
completely baffled by his daughter, "y
must leave the table."

Kathy slid out of her chair and start
toward the door, her step laggard, her he
bowed. Just before she reached the do
she looked back over her shoulder
say, "I'm sorry I'm bad. The stew *is*
good, but I didn't want to say so."

She was invited back to the table f
fruit, milk, and other foods.

When Dana and Mary were leaving f
New York, they asked the two older chi
dren what gifts they preferred. Dav
asked for a sweater and fleece-lin
gloves. "But you don't need fleece-lin
gloves in California!" laughed Dana.

David shrugged. "I know that. But you
buying them in New York, and boys we
fleece-lined gloves in the snow . . . so
want a pair."

"I want red clothes," announced Kath
"Lots of red clothes."

the old familiar . . .

Dana was able to bring back seve
nice sweaters for David, but he could
find the fleece-lined gloves although
devoted two precious days to the task
hunting them down. For Kathy, he a
Mary bought a pair of red slacks, gill-si
a red skirt, a red sweater, and a red jack
It is currently a major undertaking
persuade her to wear anything else.

Not one of the children gives any e
dence of having inherited Dana's u
usually beautiful singing voice. He h
tried to teach each of the children to car
a tune, but the two older children do
appear to have the conception of melo
necessary. Kathy, who loves to have h
father read stories at bedtime, frequen
crosses everyone up by saying, "Sing
me." What she means is, "Read to m
"Which story?" Dana usually asks, sin
Kathy knows most of her books by hea
At present, even though the holidays a
well past, her favorite is still "The Nig
Before Christmas."

"But you know that one. Why do
we have one you *don't* know?" queri
Dana. Kathy insisted that she didn't kn
it, so Dana said, "'Twas the night befo
Christmas, and all through the house, r
a beastie was stirring, not . . ."

Kathy interrupted in horror. "Not
creature was stirring, not even a mous
she said. Then, patting her father's che
she summed up the attitude of Dana A
drews' children toward the head of t
household; "Even when you don't get
right," beamed Kathy, "you're *cute!*"

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THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

(*Continued from page 45*)

time; occasionally it brings him to the floor in a prone position . . . and simply furious over the fact.

His favorite toy is the dismantled handle and crossbar of what was once a miniature wooden carpet sweeper. In its current stripped-down condition, it is a far superior plaything; now it can be a horse, a floor-scraper, a window washer, a gun, or a dog-sighter. This last use is accomplished by pointing the shaft toward the dog, peering through the dining-room French doors, then squinting down the barrel. Jonny hasn't learned to say "Bang" after this process, since he knows nothing of guns yet, but his actions have convinced Gregory that Jonny was, in some previous reincarnation, a twenty-four notch Dan'l Boone.

Simply because Jonny doesn't yet imitate fireworks, don't get the impression that he isn't a glib character. He says "Mommy" (usually at the top of his lungs when something has gone wrong), "Dada," "Wauf-Wauf" (a synonym for "dog"), and "No."

playful kidlet . . .

He plays "Peek," usually when his mother has shielded the young man with a bib, placed him in his highchair, and suggested that dinner has been served. Having reached the clear conclusion that most dinner parties for members of the young, unmarried set have flirtation as their prime ingredient, he gets into the swing of things by coquetting with his mother.

When she fails to respond, Jonny is likely to thrust both hands deep into his cereal and knead it like bread. He is learning manners gradually, despite his natural conviction that anything edible should make a fine hand lotion or skin tonic.

Having been excessively active all day, Jonny really hits his stride at about the time Gregory comes home from the studio. He calls "Hi" through the lattice of his crib whenever he hears someone walking along the hallway outside his nursery; into that single syllable the non-sleepy gentleman manages to inject a note of welcome, reassurance that he isn't asleep, and invitation for a cribside visit. If Gregory, admonished by Mother, tacitly refuses the invitation, Jonny settles down to a session of conversation with himself, interspersed with snatches of song. And so, eventually, to meet the sandman.

Greta, smiling over her son's sound effects, said to Greg, "He certainly inherited *that* characteristic from his daddy."

Gregory talks to himself, always in moments of stress or contemplation or indecision. When riding to and from the studio, he may be seen to be carrying on protracted monologues. After the "Valley of Decision" broadcast, done on the Lux Radio Theater, he hopped into his car and started home in solemn discourse. "That one scene," he told himself acidly, "really threw me. Why didn't I do it some other way. And that line . . . what a way to read a line! I didn't fluff it in rehearsal. . . ."

After several minutes and/or blocks of this sort of thing, Gregory became aware of muffled sounds from the back seat. Drawing to the curb and peering into the depths, he found three bobby soxers.

He signed their autograph books, ushered them out of the car, then drove on, saying to himself, "Now they know how an actor acts when he thinks he's alone."

And now to accentuate Item 2 of the Coming Events on Jonny Peck's calendar. He is about to annex a boy friend, a playmate of the advanced age of three. Johnny Baker by name. The Pecks and the Kenny Bakers are neighbors.

checks and balances . . .

Gregory had looked over the Baker children and had been taken particularly by Johnny, a tall, roly-poly three-year-old with the round blue eyes and curly yellow hair of a Christmas card cherub. His manners were perfect, his charm irresistible.

Said Gregory to Greta, "I've found a nice playmate for Jon. That young Johnny Baker is a sweet, well-behaved little boy. He's about a year older than Jon, but that won't make much difference." He added, chuckling, "Jonny will probably drive him crazy."

"They'll be good for one another," said Greta. "A lively high-strung person always needs a placid, steady partner." Whereupon Gregory and Greta smiled into each other's eyes, knowing that their marriage is kept in balance by the personality contribution made by each. Their mutual admiration is a fine thing to see, and it has given rise to some charming episodes.

Just before Valentine's Day, Greta took a heavy cold and was unable to leave the house. Some weeks before she had made a sentimental purchase, but now she found herself unable to make proper arrange-

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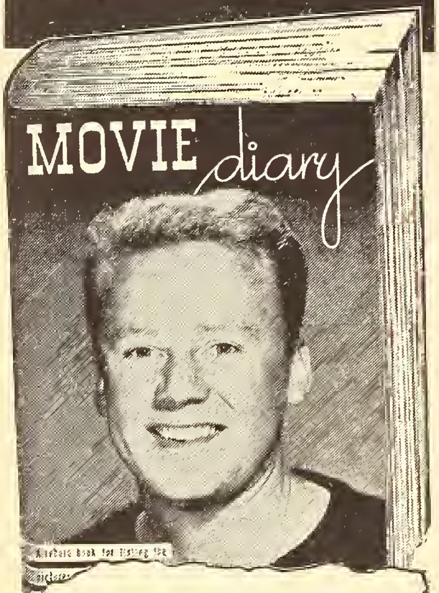

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ments. As Gregory was leaving the house on February 13th, Greta asked, "Will you be passing a mailbox?"

"Sure thing," said Greg.

"I've put an envelope in your coat pocket, so don't forget to mail it," his wife said.

When Gregory passed the Hollywood Post Office on his way to an appointment, he remembered the letter to be mailed. Parking, he scooted across the street, and was just about to drop the letter without paying any attention to it when husbandly curiosity overcame his preoccupation. Turning the letter over, he read the address: "Mr. Gregory Peck . . . Hollywood 46, California."

He knew then. He was mailing his own valentine.

teenster worship . . .

Promptly, thus reminded of the sentimental holiday, he hurried to the stationery store, made a purchase, and mailed a second envelope, this one addressed to "Mrs. Gregory Peck."

Incidentally, Greta hasn't yet recovered from the intense delight of her Christmas and birthday (January 25th) gifts. The first was a flexible gold bracelet, made woven chain style, and closed with a diamond buckle-clasp. And the second was a ring, exactly matching it.

There are dozens of stories about the devotion of Gregory and Greta, but the most delightful story about the tenderness lavished on Mr. Peck involves one of his fans.

This girl, aged thirteen, is the daughter of friends of Greg and Greta. For the first time in her life, she has been allowed to attend movies in the evening on non-school nights if accompanied by girl friends and a proper chaperone to do the driving to and from the theater. We'll say that her name is Pat, and that Pat is simply bowled over by the pictures she has been seeing. From Saturday afternoon westerns to "Spellbound" is a breathless change.

After having seen Greg's latest picture, Pat wandered, starry-eyed, into her home one evening. There were guests in the living room with her parents, so she wafted in to speak to them. "I'm not quite myself," she sighed. "I just saw Gregory Peck in pictures for the first time. He's wonderful. I don't see how I'm ever to *endure* waiting until 'The Yearling' and 'Duel In The Sun' are released!"

Her father, keeping a straight face, said, "Don't believe I've seen Mr. Peck in pictures. Describe him, darling."

Pat did. She mentioned his large frame, his great shoulders and swinging stride. She praised his deep, dark eyes, and his prominent cheek bones. She described his strong jaw line, and his shock of dark hair, one lock always trying to fall forward over his forehead.

Pat's father dug down into his repertoire for the finest compliment he could pay Pat's idol. "He sounds a little like Lincoln to me," he admitted.

Pat thought it over. "Well, yes, a little," she admitted. "But Gregory Peck has MUCH more character!"

That broke Greg up when he heard it. Modestly he said, "About the only likeness between a man as great as Lincoln and a man like me is that, since I finished my last picture, I've been out splitting lumber."

Having felled some dead timber on his property, Greg made his own cordwood. That was one way in which he could spend his vacation and develop some muscles. Another was to go riding. Every day he has managed to get in an hour or two on the brisk back of a horse.

He has done a little carpentering, too. He and Greta decided that the loft above the garage would make a good combination guest room and hobby lobby. He secured a plumber to install a small bath, then he and Greta papered the walls, painted the woodwork and set linoleum on the floors.

That done, Greg and Greta set up easels on one side of the room, and on the other they placed a table. On the table they placed two books, a luscious red apple, and a carelessly draped kerchief.

It had seemed to the Pecks that, wherever they went, someone was talking about how much fun it was to paint. A director friend, swearing that he had no talent, exhibited canvases so good that Greg accused him of having a ghost painter.

The director laughed. "A guy may never be Van Gogh," he said, "but for personal satisfaction, for pure relaxation, there isn't anything in the world to beat daubing a canvas with color. You should try it."

After the third or fourth evening of this kind of propaganda, Greg and Greta were driving home when he said, "I guess it would be crazy, but . . ."

"That's what I've been thinking," agreed Greta, finding it unnecessary to listen to the vocal end of the statement since she and Greg constantly read one another's minds.

The next afternoon they had a field day in an art supply store. They bought every possible color of oil paint, a fistful of brushes, and several canvases of different sizes. They even considered buying Jon a beret, since Greg wouldn't be caught unconscious under one, but some gesture toward artishness seemed to be indicated.

The next morning the two amateur Rembrandts set to work. Filling in the background was fun and easy. "Are you relaxing?" Greg asked Greta.

"I'm too excited," answered Mrs. Peck.

"Me, too," admitted her husband. After that there was a long silence while each concentrated on sketching the books, the scarf, and the apple.

Finally Greta said with exasperation, "My books are warped."

By that time, Greg was standing with arms akimbo, and eyebrows ferocious. A baleful eye on the forbidden fruit, he growled, "I just can't figure out what it is that makes an apple look like an apple."

things to come . . .

In addition to yearning to paint, Greg has another ambition: He would like to return to New York to do a play. Whenever a motion picture person comes back from New York after having worked in the theater, Greg buttonholes the actor and asks for details.

He has a theory that the presence of a living audience revitalizes and re-energizes an actor. After all, the camera can be very kind. If an actor isn't on his toes, a scene can be retaken until it is perfect. But, on the stage, the thing has to click from the beginning, straight through to final curtain.

But to get back to Stephanie . . . The other day Gregory came home with a miniature stuffed elephant for Jon and a beruffled, beribboned doll . . . for Stephanie.

Grinned Father Peck, "If she turns out to be Stephen, *he'll* never forgive me."

Stephanie or Stephen, the newcomer is a lucky baby to be dropped by the stork on the doorstep of the Gregory Pecks.

OKAY, SO WE'RE NUTS!

Sure, we must be crazy to be giving away the NEXT FOUR ISSUES of Modern Screen (June, July, August, September) ABSOLUTELY FREE to the first 500 of you who fill out the Questionnaire Poll on page 10 and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY.

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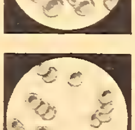

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TABLETS

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 22*)

Eastern theater tour, and several other mouth-watering prospects. Odd character that she is, she'd rather stay in her Hollywood home and be happy with her husband and two-and-a-half-year-old daughter. Her manager, Carlos Gastel, is still trying to find ways to persuade her that she's throwing away her career. Much of Peggy's singing success has come since she went West. In New York she was just the lonesome little singer in Benny Goodman's band, sharing a small apartment with another girl singer, Jane Leslie (who later became Mrs. L. Feather) and ignored or scorned by many music critics. Well, I'd certainly like to see her in movies. She'd be great.

ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY—Hildegarde (Decca), Eileen Barton (Mercury), Eddie Cantor (Pan-American)—Here's an example of how a song can be pushed into the freak-hit class overnight. Jack Benny and Rochester hammed around with the old nursery rhyme lyrics on the Benny broadcast one night, and the next day the whole country was humming it. Eileen Barton makes her debut with it as a Mercury recording artist—that's another of the 563,497 new recording companies formed in the past few months. But bigger than most.

SHOO-FLY PIE AND APPLE PAN DOWDY—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Stan Kenton (Capitol)—These are recommended in spite of the song, rather than because of it. The lyrics and music both remind me of seventeen other things of this kind. Dinah, who'd been with Victor records ever since her early pre-movie days on the Basin Street broadcasts in 1940, caused a big flurry in the music business when she switched to Columbia recently. On this record she has the musical assistance of Sonny Burke, whom you may remember as leader of a fine band of his own a few years back. For this session Sonny gathered together some of the best men available in Hollywood; as a result you hear some alto sax work by Willie Smith (from Harry James' band) and trumpet by Mannie Klein on the other side, which is "Here I Go Again." The Kenton portion of "Pie" has a June Christy vocal, and she does everything possible in the circumstances.

BEST HOT JAZZ

BLUE AT DAWN—Timmie Rosenkrantz (Continental)—Timmie is an old friend of mine and a unique personality. He's a Danish baron, a member of one of Copenhagen's oldest families, and son of a famous novelist. Timmie came over here first in 1935 and from then on could be found in or around the Savoy Ballroom, digging the best in jazz. Since then he's edited a jazz magazine, worked as assistant to WNEW's All Night Record Man, worked behind the counter in a record store and done a few dozen other jobs, all the way to professional partnering in a Broadway dance hall. Last fall, preparing to return to Copenhagen, he gathered this bunch of his favorite musicians together for a late night farewell session. The results are superb; credit to pianist Jimmy Jones, who wrote the music; to Red Norvo, Harry Carney, Charlie Venturo and several other fine soloists.

EVENSONG — Artie Shaw (Victor) — This 12-inch opus and the coupling, "Suite No. 8," are both curiosities, dating from the time when Artie had a big band with a full string section plus Hot Lips Page on trumpet. They were recorded in 1942, when Paul Jordan of Chicago was writing original music and arrangements for Artie. When Victor finally released these two sides a few weeks ago, they came out just a week after it was announced that Artie had signed to record for Musicraft.

EDDIE LANG—JOE VENUTI (Brunswick)—This collector's collection features the late Eddie Lang, a great guitarist who was a partner of Bing Crosby in the old Paul Whiteman band. Eddie was also seen and heard in Bing's early movies, such as "The Big Broadcast of 1932," in which he accompanied the Crosby vocal of "Please." Eddie's other lifetime musical associate was hot fiddler Joe Venuti, and the four sides in this album—"Farewell Blues," "After You've Gone," "Beale Street Blues" and "Someday Sweetheart"—have stood the test of time pretty well. Jack Teagarden sings on two sides, and there's some clarinet work by a 22-year-old kid named Benny Goodman.

ALWAYS — Kai Winding (Savoy) — There's an odd story about this record. Kai Winding is a young trombonist, formerly with Benny Goodman's band, now with Stan Kenton. He got five of his pals together and made some records. At the end of the session, after the trumpet man had had to leave, the rest of the boys threw another item together in a hurry—

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a simple arrangement of Irving Berlin's "Always"—and recorded it. Instead of being too ragged for release, as Kai expected, the opposite happened; this was the hit of the session and a delightful little record. Other side's an original entitled "Grab Your Axe, Max." Meaning? Don't ask me.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

DO YOU LOVE ME?—Johnny Desmond (Victor)—Another potential hit, the movie title song as sung by ex-Sgt. Desmond, who, they tell me, is the first singing star to have fan clubs overseas. The European youngsters, remembering Johnny's appearances with the Glenn Miller band and his BBC broadcasts, have been forming clubs in several countries. Hope they can catch his Teen Timers and Philip Morris broadcasts on short wave.

WITHOUT YOU (Tres Palabras) from "Make Mine Music"—Andy Russell (Capitol)—This is the song Andy does in his heard-but-not-seen stint for the Disney picture. He *is* seen, however, in the movie from which the other side comes—"If I Had A Wishing Ring" from "Breakfast in Hollywood." I was up to the Disney offices in Radio City recently to hear some of the sound tracks from "Make Mine Music," and if the Benny Goodman sequence is any criterion, you can make mine music too—the same kind of music.

DO YOU LOVE ME?—I Didn't Mean A Word I Said—Jo Stafford (Capitol) Do You Love Me?—Johnny Desmond (Victor) Dinning Sisters (Capitol)

ROAD TO UTOPIA—Personality—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—I Wish I Could Tell You—Benny Goodman—(Columbia)

RECORDS OF THE MONTH
Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

COAX ME A LITTLE BIT—Dinah Shore (Columbia)
HERE I GO AGAIN—Dinah Shore (Columbia)
I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOU—Peggy Lee (Capitol)
ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY—Hildegarde (Decca), Eileen Barton (Mercury), Eddie Cantor (Pan-American)
PATIENCE AND FORTITUDE—Benny Carter (De Luxe), Count Basie (Columbia), Ray McKinley (Majestic), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Andrews Sisters (Decca)
SHOO-FLY PIE AND APPLE PAN DOWDY—Stan Kenton (Capitol), Dinah Shore (Columbia)
SHOWBOAT ALBUM—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
SINATRA ALBUM—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
WE'LL GATHER LILACS—Bing Crosby (Decca), Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
YOU ARE TOO BEAUTIFUL—Dick Haymes (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

DON BYAS—Candy (Savoy)
ELLA FITZGERALD—LOUIS ARMSTRONG—Frim Fram Sauce (Decca)
ERROL GARNER—Bouncing With Me (Mercury)
WOODY HERMAN—Wildroot (Columbia)
EDDIE LANG—JOE VENUTI—All-Star Album (Brunswick)
HOT LIPS PAGE—Sunset Blues (Continental)
TIMMIE ROSENKRANTZ—Blue At Dawn (Continental)
ARTIE SHAW—Evensong (Victor)
SLAM STEWART—On the Upside Looking Down (Continental)
KAI WINDING—Always (Savoy)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—It Is Better To Be By Yourself—King Cole Trio—(Capitol)
CENTENNIAL SUMMER—If I Had A Wishing Ring—Andy Russell (Capitol)—All Through The Day—Margaret Whiting (Capitol)—In Love in Vain
CINDERELLA JONES—When The One You Love Simply Won't Love Back—Tommy Tucker—(Columbia)
DOLL FACE—Here Comes Heaven Again—Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Kate Smith (Columbia)

"...that night I knew you loved me"

Was ever a girl so *lucky*, so *happy!*

But sometimes . . . almost before you know it . . . Happiness slips away —if you let Loveliness go!

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ESTHER WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 43)

Williams has carried a cheerful courage through every test and she's sailed through with flying colors even when the false prophet sold her short. Barely out of her teens, she starred in "Bathing Beauty" and the verdict was, "a one-picture kid." When M-G-M placed Esther on its list of twenty future stars, even smarties at her own studio shook their heads. "The only bad guess on that list is Esther Williams," they said, "take her out of the water and what have you got?"

Esther stayed in the water for a second triumph, staging a marine ballet in "Ziegfeld Follies" such as Hollywood had never seen before. Then she stepped out and walked right into the face of predicted disaster, learning to act and proving it in "Thrill of a Romance," "Easy to Wed," and finally, daring fast comedy with Bill Powell in "The Hoodlum Saint." She never got a bad review, yet everything she tried was brand new and dangerous. When she came up for "Fiesta," she took on another dare. How could a girl who'd never danced or been South of the Rio Grande master a matador's intricate rhythm in the bull ring which the tricky part demanded?

i can do it! . . .

"Do you think you can do it?" they asked Esther at M-G-M, with furrowed brows. "Are you afraid?"

"What do you mean, 'afraid'?" Esther laughed. "Of course I can do it!" So she took up the dare again and what has come back from Mexico on film is the best answer to that and the final proof that Esther Jane Williams is in Hollywood to stay.

Esther's formidable faith is the direct heritage of her All-American ancestors. On both sides of her family they were here before the Revolution, her father's side stemming from Rhode Island Welsh with Virginia Scotch-Irish infusions, and her mother's from the Dutch and English of Pennsylvania. They were all hardy, pioneering people.

Bula Williams had had her own share of pioneer mothering before Esther came along. Her four children, Maurine, Stanton, June and David, counted birthplaces along the trail west, Dodge City, and Salt Lake City, Utah, where they moved next, and where an event strangely prophetic for her yet unborn daughter was to start them on the last lap to California.

It was in Salt Lake that Marjorie Rambeau came through with a road company of the play, "The Eyes of Youth." Lou painted the lobby displays for the show and his seven-year-old boy, Stanton, caught Rambeau's eye. She cast him in a child's part. When the company traveled on to San Francisco, she had discovered a boy born to act and no kid in the Bay City could fill his place. Marjorie Rambeau raised "such a clamor," as Bula Williams recalls, with telegrams and letters that she finally got on the Union Pacific with Stanton and her seven-weeks old baby, David, and traveled to join the show. They played around California and then came a contract to make it a picture, starring Clara Kimball Young. That meant moving south for quite a spell. So Lou Williams packed up and brought the rest of the family west to join Bula and the boys. He bought a piece of land on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and set about building a house with his own hands.

Just one big room was finished when Bula Williams came back from traveling all over California with Stanton, then playing young Henry Hudson in Frank Keenan's "Rip Van Winkle." That was in July, and on a scorching August eighth in the big room Lou had built, Bula's fifth baby, and their first "native daughter," opened her bright eyes and smiled. The Williamses still live in the house, and the big room where the baby daughter was born is their living room today.

From the start, Baby Esther was the pet, the happiness child, the little ray of sunshine for the whole Williams family. She signified the end of their family trek west to Mrs. Williams. This child she would not worry about but would enjoy. Right before Esther was born, she sighed. "This one is for laughs."

bright-faced moppet . . .

Even her dad laughed when he first peeked at his infant daughter. "You know, Bula," he drawled, "they say every fourth child born in California's a Japanese. But you've upset the count. She's our fifth."

He was joking about Baby Esther's slightly slanting eyes, which opened wider every day and sparkled brighter above her button nose. They were hazel eyes, matching her brown hair. She was a husky mite, off which measles, mumps and whooping cough bounced. She got bumped by a passing automobile once and even that didn't hurt. She seemed to catch on right away to the good-natured, happy mood of her arrival. She never cried. Her little square face beneath the bangs and bob that soon surmounted it was always wreathed in smiles. Her first day in kindergarten, the teacher met Mrs. Williams on the street. "Esther sits right in front of me," she said, "and you know, when I look down into that shining little face I get downright ashamed at myself for being so cranky!"

In a way, Esther Williams was an experiment for her mother. A practicing expert in parent training and psychology today, back then Bula Williams was interested in modern progressive child training and education. She was and still is an active PTA worker. She had her ideas about molding youngsters' characters and minds. With the child of her maturity she had the time and the perspective—after four others—to stop and explain and reason things out. And she had a perfect pupil. To this day, Esther Williams will say, "As Mother always said . . ." or "Mother always believed this and that . . ." or "Mother taught me early . . ."

One of the things Bula Williams taught her baby first, was the faith the Williams family always had in abundance. From the start Esther looked upon the Divinity as her particular Friend and Benevolent Watchguard. They'd explained hesitantly about God to Esther when she was barely able to talk. One day, at three, she surprised the family by speaking up at the table.

"Is God everywhere?" she asked right out of nowhere.

"Yes, Esther," said her mother. Her father nodded.

"Who takes care of me?" pressed Esther, "God?"

They said yes—that was right.

She gave a small sigh and smiled brightly. "Then," stated Esther, "I'm not going to be afraid of anything—big dogs or anything!" And she went back to her mashed potatoes. And from then on she hasn't been, either—big dogs, or anything.

Her brother David was Esther's best pal, sidekick, running mate and her favorite of the family. Only two years older, just enough to be copycatted by Esther, named for the other half of the David-and-Esther Bible story, even-dispositioned and looking like Esther, David was her ideal. He was a husky, happy kid, like herself, and he raced with his neighbor-

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hood chums all over the wide spaces around their house on Orchard Street, with Esther desperately trying and usually managing to keep up. It was David's influence that made her grow into adolescence a confirmed tomboy, which caused Esther blushes and embarrassments later on when she began to see boys as something besides sparring mates.

hero worship . . .

When she was only a moppet, Esther's older brother, Stanton, joined the Boy Scouts. Stanton was never as close to Esther as David. He was the brother with a more remote personality. He died suddenly at sixteen, but at this time Stanton had achieved boydom's first knighthood and Esther was impressed. That night at the dinner table, when her plate was passed for meat (always scarce and carefully divided at the Williams table) she piped, "Give me a little piece and give Stanton a great big piece. He's a Boy Scout—he needs a big piece."

So Esther's major respect fastened early to the male side of the house—although her femininity was always cropping through to make life confusing. She was freckled-faced, weed-scratched and stone bruised, her clothes were usually a muddy disgrace and her fingernails busted. But she liked dolls, too.

Her dad built her a doll house when she was five years old. It was a gorgeous affair, complete with tiny furniture that he carved and china dishes. She put her paper dolls in it and treasured it devoutly. One Fourth of July, David and the boys decided to demolish this citadel of femininity, put firecrackers under it and blew it galley west, singeing the paper dolls to cinders and smashing the toy dishes. Esther was outraged, smacked David over the noggin with a lamp and ran into the house crying to her mama. She sobbed that boys were devils and she hated them all.

Her mother quieted her. "First of all," she said, "you can't be a tattletale, no matter what happens. And then, Esther, you know these boys that you can't stand right now?—well—one of these days you'll be wanting them to take you to dances and be nice to you. So don't you think you'd better learn to charm them instead of making them mad?"

Young as she was, that made sense to Esther. She went to work, on it—and in three days, the doll house was completely rebuilt and refurnished — courtesy of charmed brother David and pals!

Esther still treasures the relics of her childhood, because her family memories are such happy ones and because most of her playthings were family creations. She still has her doll, Margaret Ann, for instance, which was Esther's perennial Christmas present all through her girlhood. A visiting aunt gave her Margaret Ann when she was two years old and Esther took the doll right to her heart. After a couple of years the aunt returned on another visit, during which Margaret Ann had been dragged around the floor, left out in the rain a few times and otherwise suffered the strenuous life as a little girl's best friend. She noted the sad state of her gift and also how Esther cherished it. "A girl who loves dolls as much as that," stated auntie, "deserves one of the best." So she took Esther downtown and told her to pick out any doll she wanted, and never mind the price. Esther picked out one, a giant one, of course, with a pink, fluffy dress, rolly eyes and a ma-ma voice. Then she promptly set it in a corner of the room and paid it no further attention. She returned to Margaret Ann.

young faithful . . .

For years, Margaret Ann was her Christmas present, and the center of a little game

Esther and her folks would play. Sometime around Thanksgiving, her father would pick up the battered treasure and give it an appraising look. "I think it's about time," he'd say, "that Margaret Ann went to the hospital. She doesn't look at all well, do you think?"

"No," Esther would agree gravely, "she looks real sick."

So Margaret Ann would vanish from the Williams household for some weeks, while Lou stayed up nights after work out in the shed repainting her from top to bottom, while Mrs. Williams or elder sister Maurine stitched a new dress and fixings. Then on Christmas Day there would be Margaret Ann, bright new and beautiful, for Esther's gift. And each year—although she knew exactly what the present would be—it would always thrill and delight her to get her beloved Margaret Ann back.

The Williams family and kids got a far greater kick out of their Christmases and birthdays, Hallowe'ens, Easters and Valentine's Days than most—and for the paradoxical reason that they never had any money to celebrate or buy fancy presents with. Because every gift was home made, the whole household shared in the fun. Typical was the kids' twice-a-year birthday savings plan. The object was to collect money to buy Mama and Dad Williams birthday gifts. It lasted all year and was a real labor of love. A chart hung in the kitchen with every Williams kid's name on it. Their turns at household chores were checked off as performed. If Esther washed all the dishes for a week, for instance, she got credit on the chart and ten cents for the week's work. That went into the birthday bank. If David mowed the grass a month he got his ten cents and credit, too, and so on. The dimes were supplied, of course, by Lou Williams, but nobody could say they weren't earned.

Looking back today, Esther Williams remembers, "We never had much, but somehow it always seemed like enough." Certainly she couldn't have had a happier childhood if her parents had been millionaires. But there were some things Esther didn't know; problems her parents didn't bother little girls' heads with. There was the time during the depression when they lived off of almost nothing one winter.

math tangles . . .

The shows were going broke then every week and even though Esther's dad painted his lobby displays—try and get paid for them. Around 1931 that was, and Esther was seven. To her it was a treat to have beans almost every meal. She liked beans (and still does, even after that experience), but the reason she got them then was because that's all there was. With her last grocery money that lean winter, Mrs. Williams bought a 100-pound sack of beans and that was the basic diet of the Williamses, helped out with milk and what cabbage, turnips, and other vegetables were left lying around on the truck farms near their house. They had the milk only because their milkman wouldn't stop it. Mrs. Williams told him one day that they were out of money. "I can't pay you," she said, "I think we'd better stop the milk."

"Nothing doing," he said, "with all those kids! You pay when you can." It was almost a year when she could and then her bill was $150.

Esther started her education at Manchester, the grammar school in the neighborhood which was already being dotted with houses on all sides of the pioneer Williamses. She was a smart little apple from the start, with a weakness in arithmetic, but that didn't keep Esther out of the "opportunity class," where the teachers put bright kids to skip grades. Esther skipped several, though sometimes she had to go back again to catch up on a knotty

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math problem, like fractions. What she really enjoyed most, though, were the school festivals, plays and special events.

Her first was an "operetta" that Manchester staged when she was in first grade. It was around May Day and had something to do with flowers, Esther remembers, and she was "a rose." A little schoolmate named Edna May Durbin sang and kept singing from that time on to become Deanna Durbin of Hollywood. Esther drew a dance and it almost threw her. In fact, she had such a time mastering the twinkle-toe routine that the teacher finally sighed and said she guessed she'd have to put Esther Williams out of the show.

She rushed home to mother, as usual, in tragic moments. "Mother," wailed Esther, "can't you do something?" Mother could. She went over to see the teacher, learned Esther's little dance herself, came back and patiently put Esther through the motions. At that Esther just made it.

After that milestone in her artistic career had rolled around, something happened in Esther's neighborhood which was to snatch her mind clear away from frilly dresses, speeches, and about everything else, including lessons. Esther was nine years old when the Manchester Playground and Pool opened. She always regarded it as her particular pool. Her mother had worked and promoted to bring it there and Esther officially opened it. It became, in time, her home away from home.

Her older sister, Maurine, had taught Esther to swim, as she'd taught all the Williams kids. Maurine loved the ocean and being older and almost like a second mother in the Williams house, she herded her brothers and sisters down to Santa Monica or Hermosa Beach every time she could get away from school. She'd hold Esther out on one arm and David on the other in the lazy surf and let them paddle away. Before she was three years old, Esther could churn around by herself. She had no fear of anything, and the buffeting waves only made her shriek with glee. But she had never swum in fresh water.

free time fish . . .

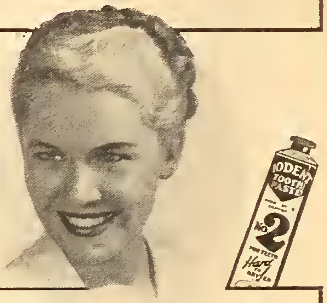
So there was some suspense among the Williams clan when the Manchester pool opened and Esther was picked as the first kid to swim across it. But Esther belly-flopped in without a quiver and splashed across the deep end. From that minute on she was a gone goose, or duck is a better word. As long as the pool stayed open, Esther Williams seldom missed a day. It opened in May, before summer vacation, and Esther could hardly wait for three o'clock. She'd dash down the stairs with the bell and fly over to the pool. She'd run there in her noon hours and summers she haunted the place, counting towels to earn her way in—a hundred towels a free swim. Even in summer the time she liked best at the pool was during the noon hour. That was when the lifeguards and instructors went into the water—and to Esther Williams, they were the only ones worth swimming with.

Esther went over to stay with her grandmother in Alhambra one school week-end. She hauled her school books along. It was a scorching hot fall day. Esther undressed and climbed into the bathtub, filled it and began to read her lessons. She was at this unique home study period when grandma came in and saw her. The old lady was shocked.

"Why," she exclaimed. "You're not a little girl—you're a fish! That's what—a fish!" She sent Esther home.

And in some ways, grandma was right. Esther got into the habit of slinging on anything handy to go to school in, and then dropping it on the floor when she took it off. Her sister, June, who shared her bedroom, was the first to protest. June

See Smoke Smudge Erased



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was tidy and neat and Esther kept the room messed up like a magpie's nest. So they had some fights and June called her sister "sloppy."

"I'm not sloppy," fired back Esther. "I take a shower every night and swim all day. I'm cleaner than you are!"

That was true enough: Esther was well-washed, always. But she couldn't be bothered about her hair or her skin or how a dress looked. Freckled and sunburned, bleach-streaked and nose peeled—and by now, too, Esther was all arms and legs, shooting up like a skinny weed. She grew six inches in one year at Junior High. Out of the water she looked awkward and though her face was pretty enough, the boys didn't look her way. She was no dainty doll dish, by any standards.

About the only concession to daintiness, in fact, that Esther made during that tomboy, water-baby phase was at her graduation from Junior High, and that was almost an accident.

All the girls were going to wear white dresses for graduation and Esther, being the honor speaker, simply had to have one. But she knew she couldn't afford it. She had a long talk with her mother. As usual, it boiled down to family ethics.

beauty in spirit . . .

"If you get the dress," her mother told her, "you'll enjoy it—just you, but the money it costs will take food away from seven people. Do you think that's right?"

"No!" said Esther, honestly. She resolved to give up the dress. But at the last minute, Mrs. Williams found enough white material at a remnant sale to buy for almost nothing. Esther went on at the graduation in a dress pieced together out of scraps—eight pieces made up the top alone—but so artfully pieced that no one noticed it. She got a thrill when people told her, "Esther, you were so beautiful!" and it was a rare thrill but soon forgotten. After the ceremony her mother gave her a quizzical look. "You know, Esther," she said, "you could be pretty, if you'd half try." And Esther just grinned dreamily again—her mind on something else.

It took more than a mother's counsel—as it usually does—to snap Esther Williams out of her Sloppy Joe days. In fact, it took a succession of pretty rude jolts. One was a weekend in the mountains at Lake Arrowhead. A gang of Junior High guys and gals went for an outing. They swam, boated on the lake, hiked among the pines and danced at the tavern. Outdoors, Esther Williams had a swell time. But when it came to dancing and romancing—well—not a boy asked Esther to dance. That got her a little worried. Then one night she went to a party and they played kissing games. About the homeliest boy in school took her and she grabbed him, because she knew no other boy would ask her. Well—they played "Wink," where you sit around in chairs and boys wink and unless the girls scram out of their chairs pretty fast they get kissed. Esther played with a handicap, because she's been nearsighted all her life, and she couldn't see the winks. So she got kissed black and blue—and always by the same homely date—nobody else winked at her. Finally, Esther remembers, even the drip got tired and quit kissing her. But she began to wonder vaguely what was wrong.

So, as usual, she went right to Mrs. Williams. "Mother," she asked, "what's the matter with the way I look?"

Mrs. Williams suspected what was up. "Well, Esther," she told her. "Nothing's wrong with your looks. You're pretty and you'll be prettier when you fill in. But you just throw your clothes on and you don't fix your hair or keep your nails nice. Your skin's always burned black. You're just not neat and dainty like boys think

Turn on the Highlights in your hair!

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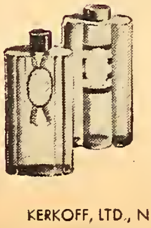

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girls ought to be."

"I see," said Esther pensively and as usual, she came right to the point. "Well, can we do anything about it?"

change of heart . . .

"A lot," promised Mrs. Williams.

"Let's go," said Esther grimly. "I'm going to show 'em." The transformation was really startling—and her mother was surprised. Almost overnight, Esther mended her ways. She perked up in her dressing, tidied up her best beauty features, fixed this here and that there. She stopped being a tomboy pal with the boys and let her hard-to-get feminine side develop. She turned on the charm, let her smile go and—well, there really wasn't much to it!

Esther even snagged herself a boy friend. It was Jimmy, the boy who lived with the Williamses and had always been Esther's and David's pal. Mrs. Williams had taken Jimmy in years ago when his mother died and as far as Jimmy was concerned Esther was his girl. And now with all the other girls having beaus, Esther decided Jimmy filled the bill. He turned out to be a pretty tyrannical boy friend and drew a circle around her which kept the others off, so that later on Esther had to read him the riot act. But in spite of jealous Jimmy, she managed to encounter some thrills that made her teen age heart pound in a new, exciting way. She'll never forget her first formal dance and the big blond dreamboat, Frank Reynolds.

Jimmy took her to that Junior Prom at Washington High. He was a junior then and a school big shot, and Esther was only a miserable freshman, so it was quite an event in her life. She didn't have a new formal dress, of course, Esther never had a new one—little Miss Secondhand Rose herself, she was—but her sister June had been a bridesmaid not long before and the hand-me-down was a peach chiffon party number that to Esther looked like the most gorgeous creation ever put together. Jimmy came through with gardenias, and off they tripped.

She had seen Frank, of course, swimming around the pool and she thought he was about the handsomest thing on wheels. He was lolling by the doorway, just inside the hall, where all the cuties could get a treat. And as Esther passed by, in her new peach chiffon, with all the fixin's, he gave a low whistle and said, he actually did, meaning HER,

"Pretty neat little dish!"

It was practically the same thing as Clark Gable saying it, only more so. Frank was Esther's secret dream man and when she heard that, she colored like a tomato and her heart started galloping like Man O'War. She did her best to cover up nonchalantly. In fact, she even, in what was supposed to be icy indifference, murmured, "Who's that?" to Jimmy.

And Jimmy just growled, "You keep your eyes offa him, you hear?"

But Jimmy was a school politician with big interests, so he circulated around at the dance campaigning for student body president (which he later won, all right) and Esther found herself alone and right behind her THE VOICE actually saying, "Hello, Little Girl—like to dance?"

in love at last . . .

It was unbelievable, but true. There was the Great Man himself when she whirled around. She was too excited to do anything but gasp. But that didn't upset Frank. "I guess you would, all right," he said, taking her in his arms. Esther's afraid he had to push her around the floor sort of like a dead weight, she was so weak with it all. But that night she woke her mother up when she came home and rhapsodized, "Mother—I'm in love!"

Esther survived, of course, but the boys

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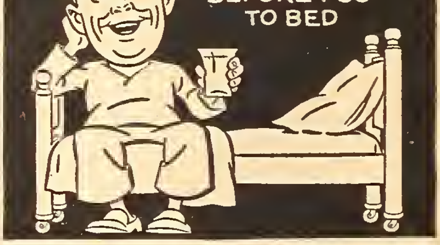

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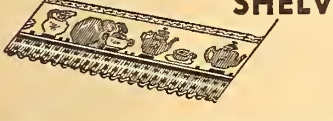

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did take good, long looks from then on out. It was pretty tough to get past Jimmy's proprietory guard, but it was arranged a good many times and the main thing was that Esther Williams became what every girl at that age craves to be—a Popular Girl. Before she graduated, it was, in fact, Esther Williams who was the big shot at Washington High—and the ex-girl friend was happy to be her friend again.

Besides the basketball, softball and swimming teams, which she made in a breeze, Esther Williams was a "Tri-Y" a Lady of the "Knights and Ladies," (both strictly upper crust) president of the Girls' Athletic Association, member of the Girls' League, Self-Government president, Vice-president of the school and ten or twelve other things.

Besides all these cut ups and busy-bee activities, Esther also had a study or two to pass. As usual, math threw her. When she felt a hard test coming on, Esther would use her new charm on the profs.

"You know," Esther'd suggest the day before an exam, "school work isn't everything. There's such things as personality development, activities, I mean."

"You mean," they'd smile, "you think you might flunk the course."

The algebra teacher told Mrs. Williams once, "If I was grading Esther on personality she'd get an A-plus. But unfortunately the course is algebra."

big time . . .

What Esther Williams had in mind, however, when she made those hints, wasn't her school activities. She took those in stride. But what was eating into her time and energies seriously was her first love which she had never abandoned for a minute, charm girl or no. That was swimming. And by the time she was 15, Esther Williams was no longer just a punk kid swimming around the Manchester pool. She was one of the best girl swimmers in town. Bill Fredrickson, a professional swimmer friend, had told her early, "You're good enough to make a big athletic club team, Esther," and Esther had scoffed, "Don't be silly."

"I mean it," insisted Bill. "Stick to practice and you'll make it."

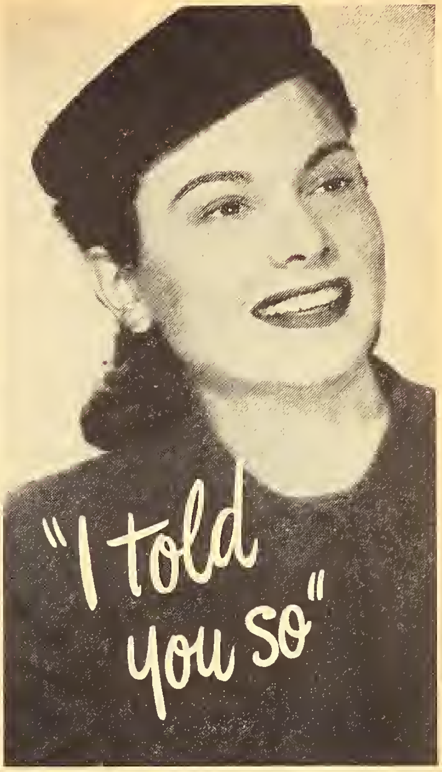
Well, there was nothing to sticking to practice for Esther. She loved the water. But she didn't think Bill knew what he was talking about. After the Metropolitan meet, it happened.

The Met was the big city meet, where all the playground kids competed at the Olympic Stadium over by U.S.C. Esther copped the girls' 50-meter. While she dried herself, a woman came up and introduced herself. She was Aileen Allen, a former Olympic champion, now women's coach at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

She said right off, "I think you have excellent possibilities of being a championship swimmer. Would you like to come to the LAAC pool and swim sometime?"

"Thank you," said Esther, "I might."

She didn't get around to it for quite a while, what with all her social and school activities. She didn't think they had her in mind for anything, that the LAAC lady was just being nice. That wasn't exactly it. Big athletic clubs are always on the lookout for new talent. The LAAC has probably "discovered" more young swim and dive champions than any other. Mickey and Johnny Riley, Buster Crabbe, Ruth Jump, Marjorie Gestring—Olympic champs—the Hopkins Twins—dozens of them. The Club has more cups on the walls than a coffee joint. But while it's great for the club to recruit promising kids, it's also swell for the kids. They get training, competition, publicity, fame. One day, after some weeks had passed, Aileen Allen called Esther's house. "How'd you like to try for the LAAC team?" she asked.



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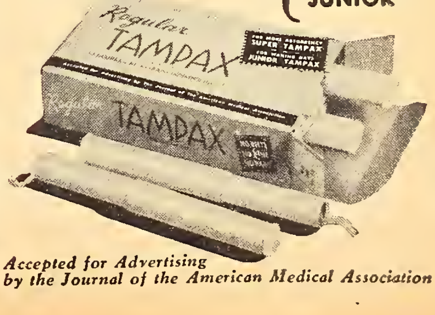

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Esther was cautious; the Williams' were still running close to the budget. "Does it cost anything?" she asked. "Do you have to buy new suits or anything?"

Aileen Allen smiled. "I can assure you," she said, "the chance is something most young girls would give a lot to have."

So Esther went up to the club—and she won, among all the other girls invited to try. That started Esther Williams' big time swimming career. She began swimming with the team in 1937. Her first big meet was one staged by a Los Angeles newspaper, with merchandise prizes for every event. All the best swimmers in southern California competed and Esther came in second in the free style sprint. She won a set of luggage, which she still packs around. They wanted her to enter the Nationals that year but Esther didn't think she was good enough and her coach agreed. All that winter and the next summer, too, she trained.

That wasn't as simple or easy to do as it is to write. But to Esther, it was worth it to get really good—and that she did. A year after she started training she won the 100-meter sprint at the Junior Indoor Nationals in Los Angeles. About every Sunday she swam on the LAAC team against other pool teams around town—the Ambassador Hotel squad, the Beverly Hills, Santa Barbara, Palm Springs, and Coronado outfits. She usually won. But she could lose, too. And when she did, usually by an eyelash, she was burnt up with herself for not putting out the extra ounce of effort that would have turned the trick. That happened to her three times at her first big time meet—the Senior Nationals at the Coral Casino in Santa Barbara, in the summer of 1938.

There she was "touched out," beaten by a scant stroke, by her teammate, Virginia Hopkins, who was Esther's racing Nemesis whenever they tangled. But in the 880 breast stroke relay, although the LAAC girls' team came in second, Esther busted the world's record in her lap. And at the Santa Barbara Meet something happened which added a new angle, more prophetic for a Hollywood future than any notes in the win column.

There Esther was officially voted the "most perfect mermaid," judged on her style, her figure, height, and her beauty. After that sports writers began to call her "the Aquabelle" "Venus of them All" and "Sweet Williams" and whenever she put on a swim suit in public a news camera clicked. Esther Williams was what sports picture grabbers prayed for—a beautiful girl athlete.

When Esther started swimming at LAAC, Aileen Allen had told her, "It will take you four years at least to be a national champion, but I think you can make it." And Esther had replied:

"Oh, I'll have to do it quicker than that. The Olympics are in 1940."

Her coach had laughed. "You'd better not worry about the Olympics. You'll never do it that soon."

"Well, I will," stated Esther. And even her coach didn't know what a determined girl of stout faith this Williams could be even though she had several strikes against her; her senior year and the hardest studies, her double dozen activities, her budding social life, her weekend races and exhibitions, her minor meets, her love troubles. But she graduated, and with honors.

Graduation night Esther celebrated by going to her first Hollywood night club. She and Bobbie McConnell, her best girl chum, double dated at Earl Carroll's. Esther's boy friend smoked a cigarette right out in public and they ordered a split of champagne for four people, which gave them each about a sip and a swallow—all very wicked and gala!

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But that was the only slight slip-up in Esther Williams' two year plan, now on the home stretch. The Nationals at Des Moines were in July. She had trained keenly all year. But right away she enrolled at Los Angeles City College to make up some credits she'd need for her liberal arts course at USC, where Esther planned to go to college in the fall.

But some other things had happened, too. Talent scouts from two Hollywood studios, Warner Brothers and Twentieth Century-Fox, had looked up Esther Williams at the little house on Orchard Street. They talked about tests, contracts and a career in the movies, feeling her out, and Esther was vaguely disturbed. Her life had always been so normal, so happy, so simple and down to earth, and now Glamor with a big "G" was hot on her trail.

Before she packed for the train to go to the Nationals in Des Moines, she had a talk with her best friend and advisor.

"Mother," said Esther, frowning anxiously, "I've trained for this meet. I know I can win. But I know that if I do it will be the beginning of a lot of new things. I don't know whether I want that to happen. Maybe it would be best to skip it right now and let my life go on like it is. I like it the way it is—and I'm afraid. . . ."

Her mother nodded. "I understand," she said. "I know just how you feel. But Esther, if you don't swim this race after all your work you'll never forgive yourself. Because you'll never know what might have happened and you'll regret your decision all your life.

"You go ahead and win the race," she counseled. "And fight it out later."

home for the brave . . .

And so, that sweltering night in Des Moines before the meet, Esther tossed and turned in her stuffy hotel room. She couldn't sleep so she got up and wrote a letter home. She was still very mixed up or she would never have penned such a dismal note. She wrote that she had watched and timed all the other girls and they were far too good for her. She said she didn't have a chance.

But before Mrs. Williams ever received that letter, she got two wires.

One came July 28 and it said, "Dearest Mummy: How would you like to meet the new 100-meter free style champ—me! Pardon the collect wire. Your loving daughter, Esther."

And the other came two days later. "Dear Family: We have cleaned up on everything so I'm coming home. Won medley relay and broke world's record by nine seconds. Excuse collect wire again. Very happy. Love, Esther."

Esther was telling the truth. She was very happy—she'd never been happier. But she told the truth too, before she left home to plunge into the championship swim and big league fame. That win was indeed the beginning of a lot of new things for Esther Jane Williams.

(Esther Williams' life story will be concluded in the June issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

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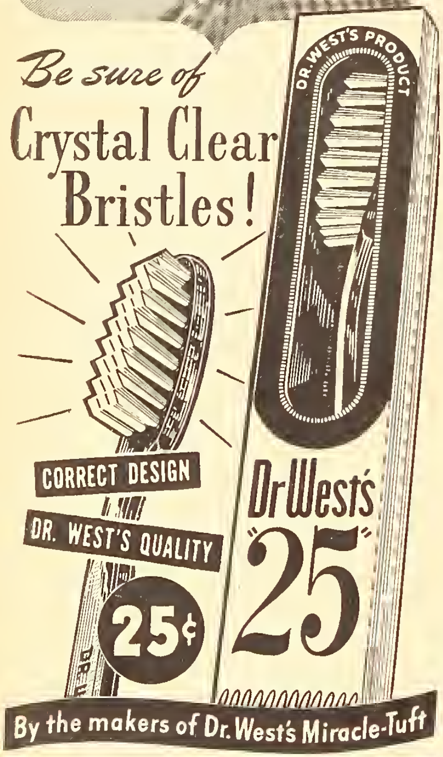

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DARLING DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 51)

over the telephone later, and you'll enjoy your dinner infinitely more if you aren't exhausted."

"I don't know anyone—not anyone—who has to rest for ninety minutes," Peggy has announced bitterly on occasion.

"And I know very few girls who are as lucky in their work as you are," is Mrs. Garner's haymaker. That usually settles the discussion, and Peggy lies down. Sometimes she uses this time to write in her diary. It isn't exactly a diary, really, it is more of a journal; she doesn't write down her innermost thoughts, but she does like to keep track of the major events in her life, like the day she met Tyrone Power, and the noon hour when she and Barbara Whiting picketed producer George Seton because Betty Grable and June Haver were glamor girls, yet Whiting and Garner couldn't be slick chicks.

In addition to the family difference of opinion about afternoon rest periods, there is a difficulty over clothes. Mrs. Garner simply can't endure sloppy joe sweaters—but she has allowed Peggy to acquire a wardrobe of twenty-eight. Neither does she approve of blue denims and plaid shirts with the tails hanging out, but when Peggy goes up to the home of her best girl friend, on Saturday, she manages to take along, and wear, her rough clothes.

There is also some dispute over the fact that Peggy would, if her mother would allow it, dispense with bobby sox and slide into her saddle oxfords barefooted. She loves the cool feel of the leather lining on her feet; she likes the swish of the local breeze about her ankles. Most of the time, however, Mrs. Garner makes her daughter stand inspection and refuses to give an okay until the feet are socked.

sartorial sulks . . .

There are always under consideration in the Garner household (1) l'affaire evening gown, and (2) l'affaire pea jacket. When Peggy was scheduled to attend the premiere of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" she said, "Now, Mother, may I have my first formal?"

Mrs. Garner shook her head. "No, darling, not until you're sixteen. You have many, many years in your life during which you will be obliged to wear a long evening gown. Take these last opportunities to wear a short party dress."

"I don't see it that way," said her daughter. "Who cares about a short party dress, anyhow?" But there the matter stood. Someone in the studio, thinking that this difference of opinion was news, notified Louella Parsons. In the mixup over the telephone, the story was not reported with exactitude. When, on the Sunday night before the premiere, Miss Parsons went on the air, she gave this version: "Peggy Ann Garner has won her point. Mrs. Garner has finally consented to allow Peggy to wear a long evening gown to the premiere."

Mrs. Garner and Peggy, listening to the broadcast, exchanged quick glances. Peggy threw her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her rapturously. "Oh, thank you!" she squealed. "What a lovely way to break the news to me!"

In such a case, what could a mother do? Particularly when the studio, in a burst of benevolence, presented Peggy with the exquisite white dress she had worn in "Junior Miss."

Several months later, when Mrs. Garner was purchasing some clothing for Peggy to wear on a bond tour, our "Junior Miss"

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spotted a formal with a spreading black taffeta skirt and a pale pink bodice. "That's for me," she jubilated.

"Black is too old for you," ruled Mrs. Garner. "Only a woman over twenty-five can do justice to the sophistication of black." Peggy resorted to wiles; she said she thought the style of the dress—which, admittedly, was in the junior section—cancelled out the sophistication of the color. The salesgirl sided with Peggy. Eventually the buyer was summoned. The buyer is a woman with exquisite taste, so Mrs. Garner agreed to abide by her decision. The woman glanced from the dress to Peggy's eloquent face, then she said, "To be quite candid, Mrs. Garner, I don't feel that the dress is too old for Peggy. The style, plus Peggy's ability to carry the mode becomingly, makes it entirely suitable to her."

Peggy intends to remember this good Samaritan in her will.

peacock in a pea jacket . . .

Of all her coats, Peggy's prime favorite is the pea jacket sent her by a friend of her father. Admitted, it is too big for her; admitted, it swirls around her hips like a hoopskirt around a flagpole; admitted, if she and her mother get in the car when Peggy is wearing her jacket, it is impossible to crowd a third person into the seat. Still, Peggy loves that jacket. Whenever she emerges from her room, wearing it, her mother shakes her head and sighs.

By all means, don't get the impression from all this recounting of their differences of opinion that Mrs. Garner and Peggy aren't devoted to one another, because they are. Actually, they are much more like sisters than like mother and daughter. Peggy shares in her mother's goings and doings, and Mrs. Garner is always a conspirator in her daughter's projects. One day a friend of Peggy's asked her, "Is this a secret from your mother?" in reference to a plan under discussion.

Peggy looked painfully aghast. "I don't have any secrets from my mother," she explained in much the same tone of voice one would use to say, "The sun arises in the east."

Much of their raillery is simply good-natured kidding. Not long ago Mrs. Garner, looking over Peggy's vast collection of recordings, announced, "This is outrageous. You have three and four recordings of every number. I'm going to put my foot down. You aren't going to buy another record for three months, and you are to sort your albums and give away every duplicate you own."

"I don't have any REAL duplicates," asserted Peggy. "If I have two discs of the same number, it's because someone has given me a recording made by an orchestra other than the one I have."

"They're still duplicates and it's foolish to clutter up the house with them," ruled Mrs. Garner.

"Okay," said Peggy. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll give away my extras if you'll give away all but one of your recordings of 'Symphony.'"

"But those extras were given to me by friends, and besides, each band has a different style . . ." Mrs. Garner started to say, then she caught sight of the slyly triumphant twinkle in her daughter's eyes.

"Oh, well," she capitulated, "you can keep them if you'll just be neat about it."

When Peggy is convinced that she has annoyed her mother, it worries her deeply. Just before Christmas, Peggy went away one morning, leaving three of her dresser drawers gaping; she had also discarded her bedroom slippers in the middle of the floor, and several pairs of loafers and saddle oxfords were tossed here and there

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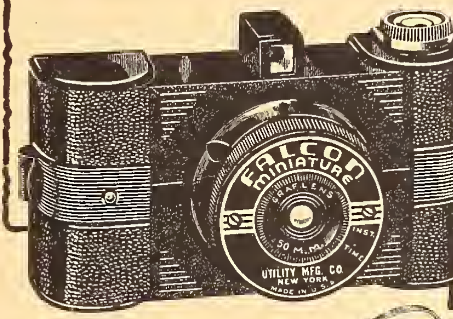

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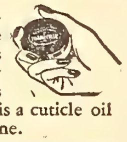

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because Peggy had changed her mind about what she was going to wear that morning.

Neatness and tidiness are two of Mrs. Garner's maxims of living; she cannot endure sloppiness or slipshod carelessness. So, when Peggy came home from school that afternoon, Mrs. Garner marched her daughter into the bedroom and launched upon a lecture. She was really annoyed, and she meant every critical word she said.

"As punishment," she announced, "you are to have no telephone calls for three days. If you aren't responsible enough to keep your room in order, you must be treated like a young child and forbidden the telephone."

Peggy felt shattered. She put the drawers in order and closed them. She picked up the draped clothing and shoes and restored them to their proper places in the closet. She even went through the closet, rearranging garments. It was bad enough to be forbidden the telephone, but the worst sensation of all was the feeling that she and her mother were estranged.

Tucked away in a bottom dresser drawer was the prime surprise Peggy had planned for her mother's Christmas: A pair of black satin mules. Peggy had saved the purchase price from her allowance, so the gift was sure to be a great event.

mules with a kick . . .

Deciding that now was the time to make the presentation, Peggy tip-toed out to her mother and dropped the package into her lap. "Something for you," she said.

Thinking that it might be some sort of teasing trick, Mrs. Garner stripped off the wrappings and lifted the lid. Then she began to cry. Peggy cried, too, and everything was all right.

Since that day Peggy hasn't left her room in disorder and rushed off to school.

Mrs. Garner is a little better at keeping secrets or saving gifts until Christmas than Peggy is. Just before Christmas, 1944, Peggy and her mother were in Chicago on a personal appearance tour. Because it was colder than they had anticipated, Mrs. Garner and Peggy went shopping and found a terrific white lambskin coat at Lanz'. Peggy nearly swooned at sight of it. "Buy it for me," she pleaded.

"No, honey, I don't think we should invest in it now; later on, when we get back to Los Angeles, we'll select something for you," Mrs. Garner placated.

Peggy never questions her mother's judgment when Mrs. Garner makes a decision, but she was monumentally disappointed. She thought, "I'll never again like a coat as much as I like this one."

Christmas morning she spotted the huge box under the tree and turned to her mother, "Why, you darling conspirator," she said. And she added, "You can wear it any time you want." That made both of them laugh, which was a good way to pinch back the happy tears.

This year, Peggy fell in love with a ring she and her father and mother saw in a jeweler's window. "There," announced Peggy, "there is exactly the kind of ring I've always wanted. You know how I've described my idea of a whizzy setting to you, Mother? Well, if I had designed that ring myself, it couldn't be more perfect, even to the sapphire setting."

"They are probably asking some fabulous price for it," Mrs. Garner said absently. At that time the Garners were saving every penny to buy a home.

Peggy nodded agreement; she wanted a home even more than she wanted the ring. Christmas morning she looked around suspiciously for a small, eloquent box, but there was none. Instead there was a parcel about the size of a shoebox. Peggy, breathing a resigned sigh, opened the box, then an interior box, then an-

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other, and another . . . and about forty boxes later she came upon the blue velvet nest of the ring she had seen in the window.

Actually, it had been hers even at that time. Mrs. Garner had made notes of Peggy's description of her idea of a dream ring, and had induced a jeweler to create the design.

In addition to her swoony ring, Peggy is the jingling owner of four charm bracelets, two silver, and two gold. One of the gold bracelets is now complete; it was sent to Peggy by a Naval friend of the family and consists of a helm, a tiny compass that really works, and several other unique miniatures.

Peggy's allowance of two dollars a week makes it impossible for her to accumulate charms very fast; most of the cash she can save goes out in gifts to her friends.

By the time you read this, Peggy and her mother will be living in the new home they have rented. Peggy has the privilege of planning her own bedroom and the den. The den is to be the spot in which she can entertain her friends, whereas Mrs. Garner is to have the exclusive use of the living room for *her* friends.

junior home beautiful . . .

Peggy hasn't completed plans for the den; she will have her radio-phonograph in there, of course; she wants the walls to be lined with bookcases—for quiet hours of reading—and the floors to be waxed for dancing—for hectic moments of fun.

About her bedroom she is glib; she knows exactly how it is to be. On the floor there is to be a wall-to-wall white shag rug. The curtains are to be white starched French organdie with six-inch ruffles bound in red; the dressing table is to have a flounced white organdie petticoat, also bound in red. The wardrobe is to have a triple-wing, full-length mirror, and the dressing room is to have separate compartments for suits, coats, dresses, and long formals.

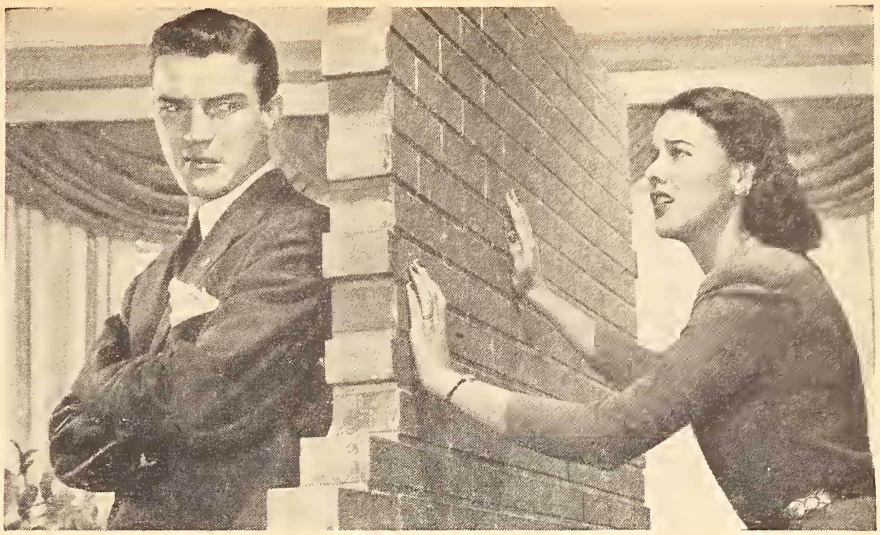
There will also be an equestrienne corner in which Peggy will hang her riding breeches, jackets, sweaters, and set her riding boots. At present, Peggy is riding almost every day; her horse is a magnificent five-gaited animal. She would like to learn to take the jumps next, but her studio would probably froth at the mouth. Mrs. Garner isn't keen about the ambition, either; she feels that riding on the flat is enough accomplishment for a girl who has practically no need at all for a broken arm.

In addition to her riding, Peggy has another trick that delights—among dozens of admirers—a brisk gentleman named Bill Burton. Bill is Dick Haymes' and Barbara Whiting's agent, and he is one of the most popular ten percenters in Hollywood. Every time he sees Peggy he says, "Come on, Baby, give me that down-under look, j.g."

Peggy, who has spent considerable time practicing it, lowers her head, allows her shock of softly-curled hair to fall forward, then raises her eyes in a convulsing imitation of Lauren Bacall doing a "To Have or Have Not." It is strictly a gag, of course; Peggy would no more try it, deadpan, on her friends than she would wear a teething ring to a premiere.

Planning for two years ahead is a rugged assignment these days, but Peggy is doing a jet-propelled job of it. For one thing, she is to be allowed her first official date. On this first official date she is to be allowed to go with a boy approved by her family, but she must go to a private party —if it is an evening date—and she must go along with another couple.

When she is sixteen she will also be allowed to learn to drive a car, and when she is a smooth driver, Peggy will be allowed to own her own jaloppy. She has



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all the mental specifications for this vehicle solidly set in mind. It is to be a convertible coupe, natch; it is to have a radio that will pick up everything but gold from the streets; the upholstery is to be red leather, and the body must be azure blue. White sidewall tires, double fog lights in front, a spot light on the left, and a horn strictly from Dixie will complete the ensemble.

So, as things stand, Peggy has only one genuinely serious problem. She wants desperate to attend public high school for at least a year, then she wants to go to a co-educational university. She talks the idea over—and up—to her mother on every occasion. Mrs. Garner thinks that, if studio commitments make it possible, Peggy should spend one high school year away from the Fox lot, in a private girls' school, then attend an eastern woman's university for two years, THEN transfer to a co-educational institution.

Mrs. Garner attended Sweetbriar, an exclusive college for women, situated in Vermont. She has already spoken to the president of the college about Peggy. But Peggy prefers the idea of joining a sorority and of being in classes with boys.

What do *you* think about it? Peggy would like to know.

M. S. THROWS A PARTY

(Continued from page 31)

afternoon, Peggy took the train from Summit, N. J., to New York, to share the gloom with us; and she came into the MODERN SCREEN office looking like something out of a Russian tragedy. In due time Al and Henry heard the news, and the three of them sat slumped in their chairs like chief mourners at a wake. It wasn't until Peggy had left (to drown her sorrows in a Schrafft's special) that the solution to it all hit Al and Henry. Why not still have a party? They could hire a hall, have Joe Marsala's orchestra provide the music, invite all the stars in town and Peggy could be the guest of honor! In the space of a few seconds the idea had achieved colossal proportions.

One of the gals who was eavesdropping from the next room yelled in, "Whee—it's a production!" and someone else said:

"You'll practically need a master of ceremonies."

Henry snapped his fingers and Al picked up the phone, and that's how Ed Sullivan got involved. Ed, as you know, is the Broadway and Hollywood reporter. He calls the stars by their first names, is a buddy of Louis Prima's and can get a beer on the house in any nightery in town. He's really a fabulous guy with a finger in every pie, from the Harvest Moon dance contest to the Golden Gloves boxing bouts. MODERN SCREEN had just signed him on as a radio columnist, and having him on the staff was sort of like having Louis B. Mayer in the family.

"Ed," Al said, when he got him on the telephone, "will you em-cee a party for us?" Ed said yes, and after that things really began rolling.

The guest list grew until it included not only people like Gene Kelly, Hurd Hatfield and Danny Kaye, but also 500 members of fan clubs all the way from Baltimore to Montreal! The "hall" the boys had thought of hiring became, at Ed's suggestion, the Zanzibar—jumpingest joint in town. The staff at MODERN SCREEN kept strictly non-union hours, working on into the night on the invitations, arranging the seating, planning the refreshments. And all the time there was that little undercurrent: "Wait till Peggy hears about it!"

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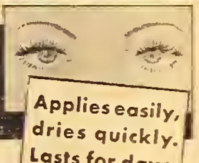

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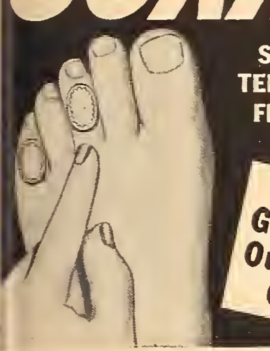

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"Gee," Mickey said, "don't you wish we could see her face when she gets the invitation?"

"Yeah," said Al, and Billy Weinberger (that's our smoothie-puss art man) said, "Why not? We could send a photographer out to Summit the day after you mail the invitation and have him snap her when she opens it."

Which is exactly what we did.

The boys had her street number, of course, but as it turned out they didn't really need it. Because smack in front of "319" was this nice friendly springer spaniel with a huge placard around his neck saying, "Member of the Dane Clark Fan Club," and he was a dead giveaway. Later on—after the mail man had come and gone, and Peggy had been photographed holding her invitation and looking like a sweepstakes winner—it developed that the dog, name of Limey, is the only canine member of the Dane Clark Fan Club. For that matter, as far as we can discover, he's the only one belonging to any fan club whatever. He attends local meetings, pays his dues, and otherwise occupies his time lording it over his non-member friends and strolling downtown to see if the latest Dane Clark movie has hit town.

The boys didn't linger very long because Peggy had to get on the phone quick like a bunny and flash the good news all over Summit, and anyway, they were anxious to get back to the office to see how the pictures had turned out. Those were the very first ones in our picture story, and frankly, we kind of like 'em. Turn back to page 30 again and take another look for yourself. Then we'll let our very peachy photographer take the story from there.

JEAN KINKEAD

No one can tell a story like you, Jean. I wouldn't dare change a word of it. But, Jean, darling, let's face it . . . you're the darndest little exaggerater this side of Bob Burns. True enough, the life of the Zanzibar party did begin with pretty Peggy Fields. But she wasn't guest of honor. That proud distinction went to the five hundred fan clubbers who crowded the Zanzibar right to the eaves!

The moral of this little piece I'm tacking on to Jean's story, friends, is that any fan who has the time owes it to herself to join a fan club. This Zanzibar Ball of ours is kid stuff alongside of Fan Club Party Number 2! For instance, what would you think of our tossing next year's event in New York's world-famous Madison Square Garden? Nothing definite yet, but it gives you an idea of the kind of dreams we dream. Through our parties, through fan clubs, our readers *meet* stars! Which is just one of many fan club services your friendly magazine offers to its vast family of readers.

* * *

So, whether you're 14 or 44, why don't you mail out the coupon below to Fan Club Director Shirley Frohlich and find out more about fan clubs and the MODERN SCREEN *Fan Club Association?*

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Okay, Shirley, send me your chart, "How To Join A Fan Club!" Here's my name, address, and a LARGE, 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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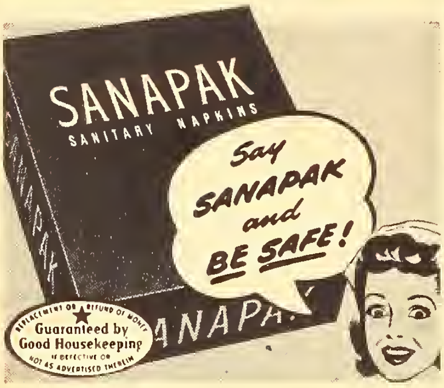
Save yourself much of the discomfort of those "difficult" days of the month. Switch to SANAPAK! These safety-*plus* sanitary napkins are shaped to fit without bulk—without "bunching". They're faced with soft cotton to give you extra comfort. But most important, SANAPAK now gives you *triple protection*—for they're made with three special layers, including the famous "Pink Back"! *Insist on SANAPAK!* They cost no more than ordinary napkins.



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Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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WATCH LIZABETH SCOTT!

(Continued from page 55)

"What have you got against women? They turn into Hollywood stars, don't they? Hopper's unfair to females!"

Ah me—'tis ever thus when you put on a long black robe and set up shop in the judging racket. The thing to do is murder the ump, as any Dodgers fan knows. Okay, I can take it, but the true word is that I try to be fair. And the true word this month is—Hubba-hubba!

That's what Lizabeth Scott is—the Hubba-Hubba Girl. She's a lot of other things, too, if you believe her press agents. Now, don't get me wrong; some of my best friends are press agents. But when they officially plaster up a pretty lady—and a very swell young actress—with torrid titles like "The Threat"—"The Voice of Allure"—"The Tall, Tawny and Terrific"—and "The Hubba-Hubba Girl!"—well! But at that, I guess they know their stuff. Because I'll admit those words got me. I simply had to find out what Lizabeth Scott was like underneath the adjectives.

ball of fire . . .

Of course, I'd watched Lizabeth through "You Came Along," and marvelled how a green girl in her first picture could switch from light comedy to heavy drama and make them both click. It's not easy, either, to snitch a picture right away from a couple of smooth actors like Bob Cummings and Don DeFore. I noted that Bob complained afterwards he hoped he'd never have to make another movie with such a larcenous leading lady as Lizabeth. You don't often run into an unknown girl being starred in her first film, either, especially by a top producer like Hal Wallis. And when Scotty did it again in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," acting right along with Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin, she proved she was no flash.

So I knew the Lizabeth Scott Hollywood star trail was hot as Harry James' trumpet, but as for Lizabeth herself—well that Hubba-Hubba Girl stuff fooled me. I slipped into my brown gown with the zop top, with the hip flip, with the lace waist. In short, I made myself up to vibrate right along with a 1946 trick chick. Then I called up Lizabeth and invited myself over for tea.

"Hurry on over, Miss Hopper," urged Lizabeth in that caramel contralto, "I'm getting evicted tomorrow!" She explained the housing shortage was snapping at her heels. She'd been living on five-day plans at hotels, in friends' spare bedrooms and practically everything else.

Well, I beat the landlord to the punch—and I got the surprise of my life. Hubba-hubba or no, Lizabeth Scott in the flesh is no mere sexy siren, pin-up parrot or frilly filly with more curves than brains. Truth is, Lizabeth is a hard-working, well-trained career girl. But along with her talent and brains, Scotty's got something else—she's got a face and figure that dreams are made of and a personality like a ball of fire.

The face is about picture perfect, I'd say, chiseled nicely and with the clean cameo features cameramen crave. Her skin's like honey and the thick taffy hair matches, tumbling in a long curving do that just fits the gal. Her eyes are big and blue and the lashes and eyebrows inky black. She's got a wide mouth just made for a smile and she knows how to laugh with her eyes, too. Quite a dish, Scotty. Facts and figures? Five-foot-five, in her nylons, fighting weight, 118, stripped, and don't think anything is here when it ought to be there.

You can tell she's part Russian—half, in

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fact, because her mother was born there—and right off I caught a hint of Olga Baclanova in her face and beautiful Vilma Banky, too, the Hungarian blond dream of the Silents. But that's digging pretty far back in my Hollywood Souvenirs. The modern critics tab Scotty half Dietrich and half Bacall. I think maybe she's just Lizabeth Scott, which is enough. And if it isn't—well, there's the voice.

It's low and deep and comes from way down inside somewhere and it's absolutely hypnotic. A "whisky" voice without the hangover, because there's no huskiness at all. Lizabeth thinks she might have got it trying to be an opera singer when she was nine years old and yodeling at the top of her lungs. Certainly it's not from cocktails, because she doesn't drink.

Other day she tripped past the cashier's booth in a Beverly Hills restaurant to use the pay phone (she carries tons of nickels—naturally there are no phones in her fly-by-night hangouts) and as she tripped back to her booth she heard the cashier whispering to a waitress, "I tell you—I'm certain I've *seen* that voice in the movies!"

battle cry . . .

That's about what you do—you see Lizabeth's voice. It's part of her personality and that personality is something that does things to most everyone it bangs up against, even by remote control. You aren't neutral about Scott; you love her or loathe her—but whatever you do, it's a cinch your blood pressure rises.

When Lizabeth played "You Came Along" over the air at the Lux Theater, she got mixed up in the melee that swarmed over her co-star on the show, Van Johnson. If you're a Van fan, you know the war cry now is, "I *love* you, Van!" So to kid America's boy friend, Lizabeth—who has a wicked sense of humor—breathed ardently, right out in public, "Oh, I just *l-o-o-o-ve* you, Van!" Van got a kick out of that, so after the show he sent her some posies with a card, "I l-o-o-o-ve you, too!"

Well, it was all a gay gag but it landed right in print in a column and pretty soon Lizabeth got a sizzling letter like this from a fighting-mad maid in New Jersey: "Miss Scott—Say, I just read that you and Van Johnson are sort of getting together and—listen you—stay away from my Van, do you hear? I've had enough of you Hollywood wolverines going on the make for Van. I suffered through Sonja Henie and darned if I'll suffer through you. If this isn't true, then I apologize. But if it is—you lay off or I'll fix you!"

See what I mean? That's what Lizabeth Scott does to people, gets them all hot and bothered. There's no set of toilers more bored with watching movie stars than heater projectionists. They have to dish ut glamor day in and night out and most Hollywood cuties are just a big yawn in heir lives. Well, the impact of Scott in er first picture snapped them right to ttention. They got together, 20,000 of hem, and officially named Scotty "Miss Sit-Up-In-Your-Seat" or something.

So maybe I'd better apologize to those ress agents. Maybe the gal is "The Threat" after all. If so, it's something she ust can't help. The very first tag she collected, as a mere moppet, was a prediction of things to come. Scotty's kiddie ickname was—"The Showoff."

That's what the kids called Lizabeth ack in Scranton, Pennsylvania, her home own, where she started making her presnce felt at an early age. Maybe the hwarted artistic chromosomes from her mother ganged up on her, because Papa Scott was a nice, normal real estate man with four offspring to worry about, Lizabeth being the oldest. But her Maw had

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longed to be an opera diva, and so, as I said, did Lizabeth, when she was still in pigtails. In fact she had a Plan.

It was very romantic and rather touching. Deanna Durbin started it all. Scotty saw Deanna in her early singing epics and got a terrible frustration complex. She was thirteen then—Scotty, not Deanna—and she decided she was a failure. Nothing had been accomplished whatever and she was frittering her life away. The plan was to immediately become a super Deanna Durbin, achieve fame and glory and then die at 21, preferably via a lovely wasting-away-with-consumption, à la Camille. Lizabeth used to sit in her room and sigh soulfully at the bitter-sweet picture. It was so sad, so beautiful.

Of course, the prospect at that time of Miss Elizabeth Scott's contracting t.b. was about as rosy as starting a banana farm at the North Pole. She was a rugged little tomboy, ripping up the block playing cops and robbers, churning the local swimming pools into foam and cheerfully batting baseballs through windows.

But she did become artistic and refined all of a sudden and ambitions sprouted like mushrooms. First came voice teachers, then elocution teachers, dancing teachers, piano teachers, on top of all her scholastic chores at Marywood, the convent that was doing its best to make an educated young lady out of our hoyden friend. Looking back, Lizabeth wonders how all the teachers stood her. In the voice department, she insisted on being a coloratura soprano and giving out with Galli-Curci trills when it was obvious she was designed by nature to handle "Old Black Joe" or "Asleep in the Deep."

ah, art . . .

None of these growing girl endeavors lasted too long, because Lizabeth (she dropped the "E" later on when thirteen became her lucky number, so Lizabeth Scott would add up—thirteen letters, count 'em—thirteen) was always flying off on new ambitious tangents. She heard Dorothy Thompson on the radio and decided to be a dashing lady journalist. She started reading Emerson (still her favorite author) and plunged into the literary life, scribbling essays and poems like mad.

It was a flop that exposed her to the drama. One summer vacation, after high school graduation, Lizabeth plugged for a counselor's job at a girl's camp, but she missed at the last minute and faced the awful prospect of an idle three months before college. A stock company in woodsy Lake Ariel, Pennsylvania, not far from Scranton, seemed the best outdoors bet, so Daddy Scott coughed up the necessary $50 tuition and Lizabeth got out of town. Even though about all she did was carry trays onstage as a maid, shift scenery and sell tickets, the whole idea intrigued her no end. It was the best time of her young life so far and she trooped back to Scranton in the fall and broke the news to Mama and Dad.

"I've got to go to New York and study acting," she said. "Immediately."

"You," they came back, "are going on to college."

"No," said Lizabeth, meaning it. So Lizabeth whisked up to Manhattan, all of seventeen-years-old, to drama school, with a cozy check from home to bolster her dreams.

Her choice was the Alviene School, instead of the glamorous American Academy of Dramatic Arts, because, as Lizabeth will cheerfully confess, "I simply had to be a big piece of cake in a small dish."

Scotty checked into the Ferguson Residential Hall, full of dramatic students like herself, and if you saw the movie, "Stage Door," years ago, you have a fair picture of the life Scotty led. Young stage-

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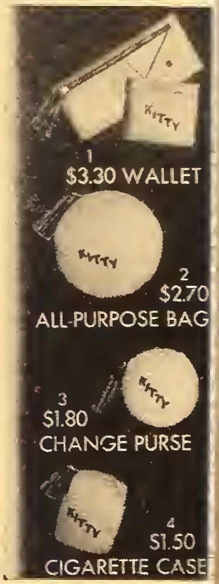

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ADDRESS

struck females are pretty fierce, as a class (I know—I was one once), making faces, striking attitudes and generally hamming up the joint, but Lizabeth out-fierced them. For instance, when her diction teacher tried to pull her deep voice up high, she set her on Shakespeare and said, "Bring your tones up in your head, your head, my deah"—and Lizabeth got so lah-de-dah and high-toned Shakespearian in her daily diction that all her girl friends stopped speaking to her! Another time, she took in Katharine Hepburn's Broadway show, "The Philadelphia Story," which was full of pretty frank words and phrases. What friends she had left around the Ferguson retreat fled in horror, as Liza started slinging Katie's earthy cracks around.

It was all acting, of course, "I'm a natural-born ham anyway," Lizabeth will confess. But besides that she did a year of drama school study plays—Maugham, Barrie, the Brontes, etc.—and then traveled down to the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia, where Greg Peck earlier had learned his cues and exits. Passing back through Scranton, a year older and wiser, Lizabeth tangled once more with that family on-to-college campaign and this time she couldn't bluff Mama. "The check is ten dollars a week, and that's all, if you defy our wishes," said the Scotts. But they suspected that's exactly what Scotty would do—and she did.

cross country clotheshorse . . .

She got a room for six dollars a week and ate off the other four, and I won't go into the gruesome details of that old tramp, tramp, tramp up and down Broadway. The wise-guy agents soothed her with "too young," "too Russian looking," "too tall," too this and too that. But they didn't give her any jobs. The first time she got a toe-hold on a salary check was in—of all things—"Hellzapoppin'."

Lizabeth chased that one down on a Broadway tip and found sixty other girls there ahead of her. She weathered the weeding out until it was a standoff between her and a dark-haired lovely. She came back every day for five days reading lines and parading around and the suspense was terrific. Her lines weren't anything very arty. Just, "Hello, boys, what's going on here?" as Liza remembers, but saying them over and over and being on exhibition daily like a colt at auction got her goat and finally she exploded, "I don't give a darn about the job (which was a lie)—but who gets it—me or the brunette girl?" They said, "Okay, you do—go get your wardrobe fitting."

That launched Lizabeth into show business, touring the country, being mostly a pretty stooge for an Olsen and Johnson blackout, sliding around in slinky gowns and working gags in the audiences of that crazy, crackpot show. But she ate—and she got acquainted with show business minus the glamor gilt, which I maintain is a healthy experience for any Hollywood-bound lady. She rubbed elbows with rough and ready vaudevillians, played 64 one-night stands in a row, climbed on creaky trains at dawn, slept in funny theatrical hotels and rubbed off the arty edges and learned to protect herself in the clinches—all for $50 a week.

But at that she had just $120 saved up when her contract dumped her back in New York, a year later, which guaranteed her three months rent in a converted maids' room at the Hotel des Artistes, at $35 a month. So Lizabeth hit the pavements again and found herself another job, this time in a stock company at the Palm Garden Theater, not such a much.

So instead of using the unelegant Palm Garden Theater, she just tossed off her engagement as "I'm playing drama a block from the Theater Guild." That sounded

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better. She got $20 a week for doing things like "Rain" and "Personal Appearance," and all the time Lizabeth kept one eye on Broadway. And when "Skin of Our Teeth" started cooking she was Johnny on the spot in the producer's office, hitting him for a job. She expected the answer, "No, nothing for you," but she pulled that "Theater Guild" address again and the amused producer said "Well, maybe I'll drop in some night and catch your play." He wasn't fooling, either, because one night after "Personal Appearance" he showed up and almost made Lizabeth swoon by offering her the job of understudy to Tallulah Bankhead!

It was sort of a stunt at the start to have a twenty-year-old girl understudying Tallu. But Bankhead was regarded as practically indestructible and needing an understudy like a hole in her head, which was about the size of things the way it turned out. Lizabeth stewed and simmered and heaved and sighed for seven long months until she was a case for a psychiatrist. And all that time Tallulah never even worked up a hangnail. But Liza waited and watched and studied and rehearsed and Tallu noted approvingly.

the show goes on . . .

It was three weeks later that Lizabeth Scott got a chance to prove herself. She'd quit the show with Tallulah, and was getting her nerves back in shape from the frustrations and disappointments. So she was home and in her robe at a quarter to eight when the telephone rang.

"Can you come down to the theater right away?" panted a wild stage manager. "Miriam Hopkins is sick and can't go on. You know the part better than anyone in town. Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

So Lizabeth hurried. It was a case of Fate daring her to do it. But in forty-five minutes she was making up and the curtain went up a little late, but it went up. The manager was right; nobody in town knew the Bankhead part better than Lizabeth Scott. She could practically spell it backwards. So she waltzed right through it without fluffing a line—and one of the audience who applauded her loudest was a fellow, Joe Russell, a press agent who knew Hal Wallis, the Warner Brothers' production boss, who was in town. That's how he became Mister Coincidence, starting all the things that followed.

Because one afternoon this press agent met Hal Wallis at a cocktail party and raved about Lizabeth Scott as an actress and a Hollywood picture prospect. Sold, Hal sent a wire to Scotty's address suggesting an interview. But before the Western Union boy made it, Scotty and her date had made some plans. It was the eve of her twenty-first birthday and she was very low. Here she was, twenty-one, with no fame or fortune—and not even a trace of consumption to start her wasting away in Camille style. She was singing the blues to her boy friend. He said, "A sure cure for you is the Stork Club. Go get your hat."

Scotty's blues turned to anger when a man smack across from her table kept staring at her as if he'd seen a vision. "Who's that?" she asked her date, testily.

"Hal Wallis," he said. "A big shot."

"Well," huffed Scotty, "what's he staring at *me* for?"

She didn't know a wire from this same Hal Wallis was right now under her door. He didn't know the girl who captured his eyes was this Lizabeth Scott he'd been hearing about and had wired for a date. You can imagine how Lizabeth felt when she ripped open the telegram from Wallis, after her birthday evening. The wire was an interview—object, Hollywood.

She might have tripped out to Hollywood right then, too, but for another

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telegram the next morning, one offering her the job doing "Skin of Our Teeth" in Boston, and right away. So Scotty sent Wallis a wire herself, saying sorry she couldn't make the date—and that was the end of Scott versus Hollywood, so far.

Lizabeth was still pretty stagestruck at that point and Hollywood, anyhow, was a horrible drama factory and stifling to the *artiste,* as everybody knew. Besides, she thought the Boston stage engagement would set her right up for keeps on Broadway. Was she wrong! After her three weeks in Beantown, Lizabeth couldn't wedge a slipper in a casting office. She had to have a job—so she modelled for a famous fashion magazine—and how did she know that was to be her first ticket to Hollywood? Like Lauren Bacall, among others.

Funny part was, the agent, Charles Feldman, who saw her photogenic face in the fashion bible and wired offering to pay her way to Hollywood for screen tests, had no idea Lizabeth had ever even acted in a high school play, let alone emoted on Broadway! A crazy business!

wish for a star . . .

Lizabeth thought it was, too, after six months of living at the plush Beverly Hills Hotel, with the agency paying the bills, making tests all over town—Twentieth-Fox, Universal, International, Warner Brothers—watching them curl her hair in frizzy frills on top of her head and cover her best features with makeup—and then telling her, as they did at Warners', "Sorry—but you'll never, never be a star."

But her good fairy, Hal Wallis, caught up with her again, although Lizabeth got sore at her future boss for the second time, before they finally got together on things. The first time it was the Stork Club staring that did it. This time Lizabeth walked into Hal Wallis' office after Warner Brothers' very positive negative report on her picture prospects. When he said, "I'm sorry. But if it was up to me, I'd give you a contract without even a test," Scotty was inclined to burn. If the production boss of Warners couldn't give her a break—who could? She discovered it wasn't double talk, though, a couple of days later when she picked up a Hollywood paper and read where Hal Wallis had left Warners to head his own production company. That explained the cryptic remark. And when Mr. W. finally did come through for our Liza he did it in a big way. Not only by starring her in her first picture, but by backing Scotty all the way against the director who thought she was too green a pea for the job. At the end, I might add, this skeptical director, Johnny Farrow, turned into one of Lizabeth's best boosters.

beautiful babe with brains . . .

That's the surprising effect Lizabeth Scott has on people who get to know her. At first, maybe like John Farrow, they're all set for a young, frivolous, decorative but dumb female. Instead, they find, a level-headed, hard-working, very sharp young miss who knows her acting P's and Q's. There were forty-nine shooting days in "You Came Along" and Lizabeth worked forty-seven of them. Before that started she kibitzed on all the sets around Paramount, watching established stars like Joan Fontaine and Jennifer Jones do their stuff and putting down pointers in her canny brain. She's yet to have a holiday since she's arrived. But if you still insist Scotty's just a big, beautiful doll, listen—

She hasn't one formal gown. She's been out to Hollywood night clubs just twice, both times for publicity purposes—she just doesn't like night life. She doesn't use rouge, powder, or nail polish. She reads

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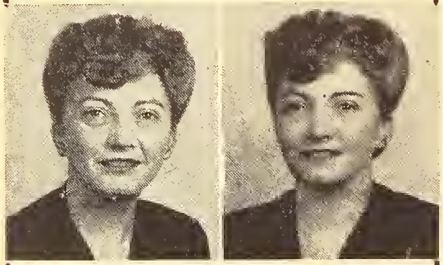

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deep-thinking writers like Emerson and Thomas Mann. She's learning to speak Russian in her spare hours. She's a 6 a.m. riser because she likes to walk alone in the early morning, so she's usually bedded down by ten. Result, Lizabeth doesn't know a soul in the Hollywood social swim, and doesn't care to. She plays the piano and falls musically for Delius' music. She doesn't own a car and isn't thinking of buying one soon. She swims at the Santa Monica public beach (and wow, what a tan she takes!), can't stand French heels, and although she's not embarrassingly tall at all, (five-foot-five) Lizabeth pads along on flatcars. Her closets are jammed with cotton blouses, checked gingham skirts, straw slippers, bandana scarves—gay, unglamorous rags—but even they can't go wrong on Liza. Her entire jewel box hoard adds up to a silver gremlin a Polish flyer earned for fifty-six missions and sent her, and a bangle with lucky charms for her two pictures and other milestones in her career.

chasing after handbags . . .

I'm not trying to deglamorize Lizabeth a whit. Nobody could really do that—not even Scotty, who states frankly that she "likes to be alone." That she's "serious," "pedantic," "disciplined." Well, those virtues never hurt a new Hollywood star, especially if she can take what comes next in precarious Hollywood with a sense of humor—and that's easy for her.

It's no joke being booted around from pillar to post and living out of your suitcases, which has been Scotty's fate for a year or more now. But to hear Lizabeth tell it, the whole thing twinkles like a comedy routine. Last fall, hopping off the train from New York, the porter tossed her bags in somebody else's car and off they rolled with every stitch she owned. That night the Beverly hotel who'd promised reservations backed down on her. No clothes and no bed is not a normal recipe for laughs, but Scotty turned the luggage chase into a merry treasure hunt, which took two whole days, and kept her mind off the housing situation.

movie lady . . .

Already, she's had two funny samples of what it means to be a Hollywood personality and has reacted with adult humor to both of them. Her cleaning woman, Dilly, told Lizabeth, "I usually charge seventy-five cents an hour, but seeing you're a movie lady, I'll make it a dollar." Lizabeth found, too, that being a Hollywood personality, she was expected to have a hobby. Well, she didn't have one to her name, but she fixed that. She went downtown to a glassware store and bought a wholesale load of blown glass animals—a regular glass menagerie—which she now places on a prominent front room table wherever she stops. The first thing she says now, when she gets herself interviewed, is "Have you seen my hobby? Look them over."

The other night Lizabeth set out on one of her solitary evenings at a movie. She whipped around the corner from her tiny temporary apartment in slacks, a wrap-around raincoat, slippers, and a bandana around her honey-hued hair. She wasn't hiding out, but the effect was the same. She looked about as much like a movie star as Rosie the Riveter.

She bought a ticket to see her favorite actress, Ingrid Bergman, in "The Bells of St Mary's" and handed it to the usher guy. "This way, please," he grinned. And then he said—what is it?—oh, yes.

He said, "Hubba! Hubba!"

So I guess I give up. Long live Lizabeth Scott, the Hubba-Hubba Girl! Only in my days, we had another name for it. We called it, "It."

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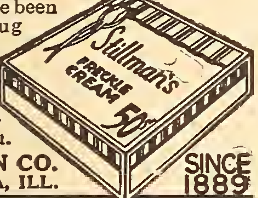

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DIVINE SWEDE

(Continued from page 59)

played in "Rage in Heaven" at M-G-M while Greta made "Ninotchka." Ingrid was lonely then, in a strange, bewildering land, away from her husband and baby, yet Garbo never once called to welcome her countrywoman, and though she passed Bergman many times on the studio lot, that icy lady didn't even smile. And it's typical Ingrid that, despite this snub, she still thinks Garbo is wonderful!

But Greta Garbo is no longer Hollywood News and Ingrid Bergman is—very definitely. Nominated for Academy Awards two years in a row, it's hard to see how Hollywood can duck making that a habit from now on. Ingrid has proved herself already a greater actress than Greta ever was, by handling a variety of roles like "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Gaslight," "Saratoga Trunk," "Spellbound," and "The Bells of St. Mary's"—and making them all shine as unforgettable Hollywood gems.

Yet, because she is Garbo's successor to Hollywood's most queenly crown and a fellow Swede, even born in the same city of Stockholm, the mystical, glacial Garbo legend—by force of Hollywood habit—sometimes swirls around her head. Nothing could be nuttier. Not only as stars, but as persons, Divine Swede Number I and II are as different as night and day.

Bergman is natural, human and unsophisticated—with a heart which doesn't beat for herself alone.

One late afternoon during the war, for instance, Ingrid stood on a storm-swept airfield in Chicago and fretted for a bunch of people she had never met. She was on a bond selling tour at the time, and as the local committee had got itself all mixed up, she had missed the train that was to take her to Indianapolis.

The only way to make it was to fly, but when she got to the airport to board the Army plane, the skies were gray and the order came through: "All Army planes are grounded."

Ingrid waited an hour at the field. The storm got worse instead of better. The grounding order still held. She was stuck there, but her thoughts were on the crowd at Indianapolis and how disappointed they'd be. She pestered the dispatcher every minute or so, and finally a man in civilian slacks and a leather jacket came up and tipped his hat.

"Understand you want to get to Indianapolis pretty bad, m'am," he said. "Well, I've got a single-motor private job here and I'll fly you, if you want to go."

flying high . . .

For all Ingrid knew, this unidentified birdman could barely fly a kite, and perhaps his crate was a box of paper and bailing wire. But she said, "I certainly do," hopped in and flew off through the storm that the U. S. Army considered too rough for its rugged planes and pilots!

Last year, before leaving Hollywood for her GI entertainment tour overseas, Ingrid Bergman took her shots, just like everyone else who joins the Army. She knew they'd make her temporarily woozy but she thought by the time the train arrived in New York, where she was to join up with Jack Benny, Martha Tilton and Larry Adler, the harmonica king, she'd be okay.

But the train was over air-conditioned, and she arrived in Manhattan in the midst of a sweltering scorcher. With the shot reactions, it all added up to a bad cold collapse which sent her to bed with a high fever. The doctors arrived and their ver-

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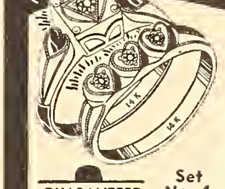

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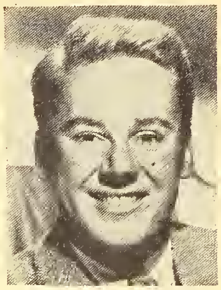

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dict was, "You'll have to cancel your overseas tour and return to Hollywood."

Jack Benny and the rest of the troupe called to tell her goodbye. "Don't worry," stated Ingrid, biting her thermometer grimly, "I'll meet you in Paris." They told her not to dare be so silly and went on across the Atlantic. Ingrid spent four days whipping her fever, then she announced to her head-wagging medical advisors, "I'm going to go now—and nobody's going to stop me!" So she wobbled out of bed, packed her bags and climbed into an Army C-54. And finally showed up, as she said she would, in Paris, a little shaky, but all in one piece, to make the eyes of Jack Benny and his gang pop out of their sockets.

She probably wouldn't have got by with that if her favorite physician and husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, had been there to hold her down, but as it was, she suffered no ill effects and got the thrill of her life, standing on swastika banners in Hitler's Nazi Stadium at Nuremberg and reciting Lincoln's Gettysburg speech while Larry Adler played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" for 40,000 U. S. soldiers.

a "natural" . . .

Ingrid Bergman would be the last to tell a story like that on herself, and she' be shocked to have it attributed to any personal heroics. And with Bergman it isn't that either. It's just that she does not consider herself any sort of a special person.

She never wears dark glasses to disguise herself. She doesn't work secretly on closed sets. She drives her own little old cream colored Studebaker coupe wherever she goes. She sends her most precious possession, daughter Pia, to Beverly Hills' public schools. She chews gum unashamedly, occasionally croons an ancient Hit Parade number like "Jingle-Jangle-Jingle," or "Don't Fence Me In." She has never been to a beauty operator; she doesn't even use cosmetics. She reads the comic strips and laughs out loud, and listens happily to a few radio screwballs like Bob Hope. She's never yet gone any place to be seen, but she'll go anywhere to enjoy herself or to get something she likes.

On one of her trips to New York, Ingrid checked into her hotel and was promptly called by a New York studio representative. He asked if there was anywhere he could take her, anything he could do. How about dinner?

"Oh, no thank you. I'm going over to Hamburger Heaven," said Ingrid.

The startled gentleman coughed. Did he hear right? The great Miss Bergman "Hamburger Heaven?" he repeated weakly

"I like the hamburgers," laughed Ingrid. And that's where she went. After that she tripped on by herself to Schrafft's for a gooey chocolate concoction she fancies. Schrafft's chain of unglamorous restaurants is one of her favorite New York eating places. One morning, eating a late breakfast there, Ingrid read her morning paper as she sipped her second cup of coffee (her favorite brew). Finally a waitress came up.

"If you're through, could you give the table to someone else?" she asked. "People are waiting to be served." Ingrid blushed and got right up with apologies The waitress had no idea who she was, but as she hurried out, the people taking her place thought they spotted something "Aren't you Ingrid Bergman?" asked a lady. Ingrid nodded. "Oh, pardon us," said the lady. "We'd never have bothered you if we'd known who it was."

"I hope you'll pardon *me*," came back Bergman, honestly contrite. "I'm sorry; didn't think." And she blushed again That's Bergman. No haughty person is ever troubled with blushing, but Ingrid colors like a ripe peach at the slightest embarrassing incident.

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Because she looks so little like Miss Movie Star, Ingrid Bergman can usually pass unnoticed. She strides around New York without much trouble from autograph mobs. When they do catch up to her, sometimes they can't keep up with her.

Ingrid walks like a man, with long strides that cover ground. That gives her an advantage when anything happens such as happened one night when she took in a Broadway play at a theater down on 44th Street near Eighth Avenue. There the Hollywood and Broadway wise crowd spotted her when she came out and she being Big Game, they started to swarm all over Ingrid. It was raining cats and dogs, and the besiegers guessed that Ingrid would be cornered under the marquee while she tried to hook a cab. They didn't know Ingrid!

Two hours in the stuffy theater had already made her resolve to walk back to her hotel. Rain? That only made it more interesting. It was a surprised bunch of autograph wolves who watched the tall Swedish beauty duck into the downpour and glide up Eighth Avenue. The couple or so who raced after her got a damp signature or two, but darned few of them, even though they braved a wetting, could catch up with the racing Ingrid.

cosmopolitan milkmaid . . .

Although her cream-and-butter complexion makes her look like a milkmaid right off the farm, Ingrid Bergman is at home in the world's cities, a well-traveled cosmopolite who can rattle on in English, Swedish, German and French. She was born and raised in an apartment house in Stockholm and has been all over Europe and more of America than most Americans. She practically commuted between Hollywood and Rochester, New York, when her husband was winding up his medical studies at the University of Rochester, and later between Hollywood and Palo Alto when he interned at Stanford University. During the war she bustled here and there in the United States and Canada on war effort appearances besides her overseas tours. She likes to travel and she travels easily. She was the dream girl of every U.S.O. and Treasury Department official, Hollywood Victory Committee escort and Chamber of Commerce chief, wherever she went. She was never late, never tired, always fresh as a daisy.

Mainly that's because Ingrid's every bit as disgustingly healthy as she looks. She can sleep like a babe on a train, plane or in a noisy Manhattan hotel, and she can stay up half the night and still roll out at dawn, chipper and cheery as a robin redbreast. Because she depends on no feminine beauty gear whatever and looks like a fashion plate in a few simple rags, she's the fastest star packer-and-unpacker ever to paste a Hollywood label on her luggage. Because she skips all usual feminine beauty routine, she can be ready to go as fast, or faster, than a man can.

A couple of winters ago, Ingrid traveled to Minnesota to make an OWI film on a Swedish farm. It was midwinter and she worked outdoors in the bitter cold of 18 below zero. One night the Swedish consul in Minneapolis planned a party for her, but that day the shooting rolled along until after sundown. They left the farm at eight o'clock and the city was two hours away. Ingrid called to explain her delay, which was okay with the consul and his guests. Still, when she arrived at her hotel the general idea was "Hurry."

At that point Bergman was bundled in heavy sweaters, wool slacks and socks, galoshes and a sheepskin. She had worked outdoors all day. She had to have a bath and change into evening clothes, groom herself from top to toes. A male member of the company stopping at the same hotel asked her how soon he should call.

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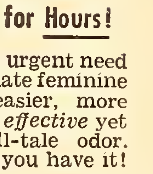

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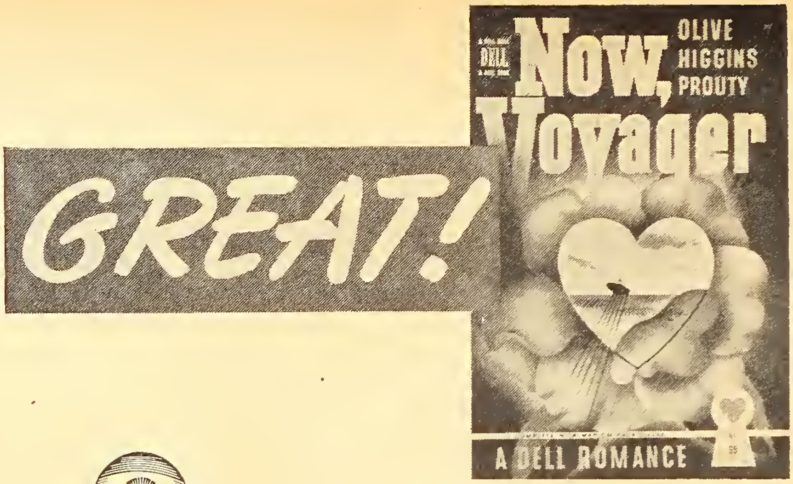

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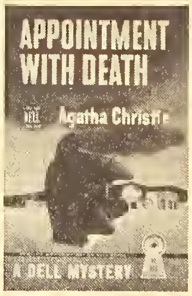

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By Agatha Christie

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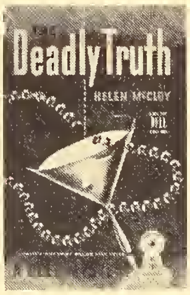

THE DEADLY TRUTH
By Helen McCloy

Mrs. Bethune's parties were always sensational, but her last one was positively sinister. Starting with "truth serum" cocktails, it ended with Mrs. Bethune herself strangled to death with her own emerald necklace.

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"In fifteen minutes," said Ingrid.

He took that with a grain of salt, knov
ing women, but also knowing Bergma
he rushed to his room and knocked hi
self out getting into his clothes. At fifte
minutes on the dot he rapped at her doo
breathless from the quick change.

Ingrid opened it. There she was, neat
a bandbox, her coat on her arm.

"Where have you been?" she aske
"I've been waiting five minutes."

Ingrid is just as smoothly efficient at hom
and home is where she'd rather be tha
anywhere, especially since she lives wi
her family in the first house they've eve
owned. Ingrid calls it "the barn." It's
mountain lodge type place, half stone an
half timber outside, with a vaulted ceilir
inside. It's simple and unpreter
tious, but comfortable, friendly and moc
ern, like its mistress. Mainly, it's just thre
bedrooms and one big living room, with r
cutie pie nook-and-cranny architectu
which distinguishes so many movie sta
dream homes. With maybe a humoro
crack at Hollywood's home fashions, I
grid and her husband have christene
various parts of the spacious main roor
The chairs and sofa by the big fireplac
for instance, are "the den." Where th
bookshelves stand is "the library." And
semi-circular window with another sma
table is "the breakfast nook."

When Ingrid started collecting Academ
Oscars, best actress plaques, cups, frame
citations and awards, her surgeon husba
kidded her. "We'll have to put up son
shelves and build a 'trophy room' here!

Ingrid developed the joke. "A wonde
ful idea," she agreed with a grin. "We
make it a half-and-half trophy room. Ha
from my picture prizes and half you
from your operations!" It's a standi
joke which still makes them chuckle—
picture Bergman's Oscars alongside bottl
surgical trophies—pieces of brain, excis
bones, and vermiform appendices!

Ingrid knew just what she wanted in
dream home, long before the Lindstron
deserted their little five-room apartme
in Beverly Hills. Luckily, she found it a
ready made, perfectly appointed in Swe
ish modern, the style she wanted.

the doctor comes first . . .

That's where the Lindstroms live, I
grid and Doctor Peter, Pia, "Tiny," t
pup, a nurse and a housekeeper. And it
the Lindstroms, as far as Ingrid is cor
cerned, not the Bergmans—because she
much more impressed with the work h
husband does than the work she do
He's a brain surgeon now, stationed
the Los Angeles General Hospital. He w
a dentist when Ingrid married him, but i
tent on being a surgeon. When, aft
"Intermezzo," Hollywood decided it ha
to have this Bergman beauty for keep
Dr. Lindstrom was almost through h
medical studies in Sweden. He change
his plans, so he could be with Ingri
and transferred to American schools. B
the education systems are different a
many of his credits didn't count over her
The switch set him back many months, b
he set about doing it the American wa
While finishing off his medico cours
Ingrid, as I said, was with him every o
set hour, and as Mrs. Peter Lindstror
She never permitted a photograph n
gave an interview about their home life.

When Ingrid went on location to Su
Valley for scenes in "Spellbound," Pet
went along and they skiied together in
setting reminiscent of their courting day
He's a strong, well-built six-foot-twoe
and an excellent athlete and skiier. So
Ingrid. Her skiing scenes in "Spellboun
weren't any double cutting the snow. The
were Ingrid herself.

There's another sentimental bond the
share in their daughter Pia. To make t

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American version of "Intermezzo" (which was originally Bergman's Swedish starring film), Ingrid had to come to Hollywood and leave her two-year-old daughter under Peter's care back in Stockholm. When Ingrid herself was only two her mother died and her photographer father undertook her own raising. Pia's name, as most everyone knows, is derived from initials, "P" for Peter, "I" for Ingrid, and "A" for Aron, her husband's middle name.

Today, Pia is seven and a miniature Ingrid Bergman, right down to the sage-honey hair, the peach bloom cheeks, the bright but placid nature. She goes to the Hawthorne school in Beverly Hills. Up until "The Bells of St. Mary's," Pia had never seen her famous maw on the screen, although she had often toddled on sets with her nurse for visits. It wasn't always clear to Pia just what Ingrid was doing but now she knows, although she's not too impressed. Her nurse took her to see "The Bells" at a Beverly Hills show and she piped "There's Mama," and that's about all. Much more exciting was the arrival of her dog, "Tiny."

He joined the Lindstrom household straight from the dog jail, the Los Angeles City Pound, of which he was probably the most forlorn, unaristocratic looking inmate. Ingrid decided it was time Pia had a dog pal, but Dr. Lindstrom was the one who dropped by the pound and picked him out, deliberately choosing the mutt because he looked so sad and woebegone. He paid $4 for the spotted, liver-colored "Tiny," distantly related to a Boston bull, and Pia was delighted. She named the pup "Tiny" and it stuck, along with Tiny himself. He's a firmly established member of the Bergman household now, although still sort of sad looking.

Ingrid's a good mother and home lover, and like all Swedish girls, she knows how to cook. But she's not the domestic type, always fussing with pots and pans or anything like that. Starting her career early and already an established actress when she was married, she has never had time to be a *hausfrau*. The housekeeper takes care of the house. But Ingrid does like to market for groceries, though, and poke around shops. On those excursions, if it's winter, a common Bergman costume is a mink coat and a bright scarf on her hair. If it's warm, she's almost invariably in a colorful peasant type skirt and gay blouse with flat heeled slippers.

from scarf to skirt . . .

Ingrid has a passion for colorful men's silk scarves. She sews them together to make skirts. Recently an editor of a fashion magazine came out to her house to take photographs and noticed the skirt she wore, "Where in the world did you buy that striking skirt?" she asked.

Ingrid said she didn't, she'd made it and told how. The fashion expert tried again. Who created that marvelous, natural, flattering coiffure? Ingrid laughed. She did, with a comb and brush, in about one minute flat. Er, groped the style whiz—what about beauty aids? There weren't any. Desperately she tried diet, body care, health regimens. Ingrid was strictly no copy. There just weren't any rules. She liked hot tubs, long walks and bran muffins and coffee for breakfast, but it wasn't very startling or glamorous.

Ingrid never diets, but she often skips lunch. She likes a big dinner, preferably at home, although she likes to dine out, too, in Hollywood, particularly at the Beachcomber, where the tropical rum drinks, Chinese and South Sea dishes fascinate her, partly because she thinks they're appropriate to a land washed by the Pacific Ocean. She's a true cosmopolite that way; she goes for the specialties of the land she's in.

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When she was in Minneapolis, which is just about the Swedish capital of America, Ingrid was asked out one night by some friends. They inquired if she wouldn't like to go to a local famous Swedish restaurant.

"Isn't there something different?" replied Ingrid. "I've been eating Swedish food all my life." There was. Minneapolis was also famed for its German rathskellers. So that's where they went to drink culmbacher beer and eat knackwurst and seven or eight other kinds of wursts.

There are three excellent Swedish cafes right in Hollywood but Bergman seldom enters them. This particular phase of her life is American and that's what she's specializing in right now. In five years she has practically lost her accent, although she's married to a Swede. It's because they agreed, years ago, to speak English at home. Pia doesn't speak Swedish at all. Ingrid thinks and speaks in American idiom, which has been greatly expanded by her set association with Bing who's ever scattering pithy slang nifties around. When she didn't understand Crosby's patter, Ingrid stopped him.

"Please," she'd say eagerly, "what is 'station-house?' "

Her fondness for American books, humor, art and music is genuine. Her first musical loves are German operas. But she's a Crosby fan too, also a Sinatra fan and especially a Paul Robeson fan. She likes dance music and loves to dance, especially if she's not on exhibition. Ingrid plays the piano well enough and sings in a light, small voice at home. The Swedish folk song she sang in "The Bells of St. Mary's" didn't bother her particularly, because it was on a comparatively private recording stage. But when she sang it over the air on the Hall of Fame program not long ago, Ingrid came away from the mike clutching her tummy and shaking like a leaf. "I never was so scared," she gasped.

Largely, however, Bergman has conquered the shyness that mantled her when she first came to Hollywood. It was never a Garbo hermit-recluse-mystery lady shyness. It was never anti-social. It was just the natural uncertainty of a foreigner plunged into public life in a pretty crazy world of make-believe. Her war tours did plenty to give her confidence before crowds and she found she liked them as much as the crowd likes her.

After the big chapel scene in "The Bells of St. Mary's," where scores of extras worked with her, Ingrid picked up the collection plate and calmly walked among the crowd on the set, extras, camera crew, set technicians, even visitors and front office big shots, collecting cash offerings which she promptly turned over to Father Devlin, the Catholic Church's technical advisor on the picture. It was her own idea and a complete surprise to everyone.

she does what she wants . . .

Ingrid would probably appear in public around Hollywood more than she does except that most of the pleasures of the movie set just don't interest her. She's not a part of the colony social swim, although at industry events, benefits, Academy dinners, Press Photographers' Balls and parties tossed by the profession, she's usually on hand and has a good time. But outside of a few close friends, like the Alfred Hitchcocks, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, Cary Grant and Jean Renoir, the French director, she has few intimates in Hollywood. For her fun she prefers long evenings of conversation at her own house. Dramatics, art, philosophy, books, practically never politics, are the subjects. She'll stay up as late as her guests can stay, drinking coffee, listening to music and chattering away. But she's always up by seven, and fresh as dew, whether she's had eight hours sleep or two. She doesn't play cards, chess or any game.

One day during a Canadian bond tour some months ago, Ingrid flew from Ottawa to Toronto in a troupe with Patsy Kelly and Barry Wood. The Canadian committee had arranged their schedule which called for Ingrid to visit two defense plants in the afternoon while Patsy entertained at a hospital. That night all were to appear at a giant rally.

But when they arrived in Toronto, Patsy fell ill, which meant that the boys in the hospital got no star. The thought of their disappointment stirred Ingrid. "I'll go there during my lunch hour," she volunteered. "I don't like lunch anyway."

But the time was limited and the hospital chief knew it. So that all the boys could get a glimpse of Bergman, he started hustling her through the wards and barely did Ingrid get "Hello" out of her mouth before he was at her elbow, saying, "Have to hurry along now."

After a couple of wards, Ingrid came out in the hall, almost in tears. Her escort asked her what was the matter.

"I won't do it," raged Bergman. "I can't treat those men rudely like that. It makes me ill."

They had a hurried huddle in the hall, with explanations, and the result was Ingrid went back and did it right, even though she only covered half the hospital. But she came back the next day, and spent three hours so no one was disappointed, posing at the end for pictures with the patients. The souvenirs they gave her—a knitted cap, an ash tray, a scarf—all made by the bed cases, are among her treasured mementos.

JUNE ISSUE

"Nancy With The Laughing Face" smiles out of our June issue—because we've a wonderful story about the Sinatras coming up. You'd better get to your newsstand early, though, on May 14!

Ingrid Bergman is not all sweetness and light, of course. I said she was human, which means, like everyone else, she has a temper. It usually flares brightest when she feels someone is imposing on her.

Once in New York a little boy came up to her in the lobby of her hotel looking very forlorn and wistful. "Please, Miss Bergman," he begged, "give me your autograph. I've waited a week to see you." Ingrid was touched. She has a strict rule about giving autographs in her hotel, because she thinks it's an imposition on the management and because it embarrasses her to cause a fuss. But she weakened for this boy and told him to leave his book at the desk, she'd sign it and he could pick it up later. After a while the bell boy brought up fifty autograph books. The kid had sensed a soft touch and spread the word around. That burnt Bergman up. She sent them all back. Nobody got an autograph.

It's hard for Ingrid Bergman to get along with Hollywood glamor. Acting is the thing she's interested in. She's hypercritical of herself and keeps a scrapbook of all reviewers' criticisms, good and bad. In fact, she so arranges the book that opposite every rave, there's a slam.

When she makes a picture she gets as wrapped up in all the parts as she does in her own. She collected pages of notes on Hemingway's novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls," starting the minute she was cast as Maria.
She packed them along to Sam Wood, th
director. Half didn't even concern her ov
part. Nineteen of her notes were abo
moods, feeling, lines of dialogue, etc. Sa
promptly accepted them. But a couple
lines she suggested puzzled him. The
were spoken by a character the mov
script didn't mention.

"But," he protested, "this character isr
even in the picture!"

"I know," replied Ingrid, "But the lin
express what Hemingway meant so we
that I think somebody *should* say them

Bergman is probably the best informe
person in the United States today on th
French saint, Joan of Arc. It's been h
lifelong dream, ever since she was a gi
to play the maid of Orleans. She's rea
every biography of Jeanne d'Arc, ever
source book and history of her era, fro
both sides, British and French. She h
collected stacks of notes on everything
clothes, customs, religious beliefs. Next fa
on Broadway, she hopes to make her drea
come true.

dream came true . . .

Maxwell Anderson has written a pla
about Joan, "The Girl from Lorraine," an
Ingrid has signed to do it. It will kee
her away from Hollywood seven month
It will pay her mere buttons compared
what she could make in the movies;
fact, it adds up, by conservative estimat
to a sacrifice of about $500,000.

That doesn't bother Bergman's head fo
a minute. She'd do it for nothing if
came down to that. Money has neve
meant much to her, although she's one
the highest paid actresses in the worl
Ingrid's still a lady who runs arour
with two or three bucks in her purs
Last year, crossing the Canadian border
her bond tour, she had to declare the mone
she carried. Ingrid wrote, "$1.35." That
what she had. Being Swedish and not raise
in wealth at all, she's thrifty by trainir
and instinct. She can't bear any waste—
foods, clothes, anything.

But real money is more or less a vagu
unreal commodity to the lady whose hea
is always in the clouds of her art. And th
is the essential difference between Ingr
Bergman and most Hollywood stars:

To most, making movies is a means
an end—either wealth or glamor or fam
Hollywood is a gold mine where you wor
hard, strike it rich and then buy a drean
Almost every star in Hollywood has a pla
to retire to a lazy, idyllic spot—to
ranch, a beach, a mountain, back home.

Ingrid Bergman's acting career is a
end in itself. It's her life, what she wa
made for. Her ambition is to have a lon
busy life spent creating things with othe
people. If you asked her, "When do yo
plan to retire?" she'd probably answe
"Never. Think of the parts I can do
70 that I can't play today."

It's safe to say that everyone who ha
seen the Divine Swede ardently hopes sh
gets her wish. That also goes for some wh
are just catching up with her.

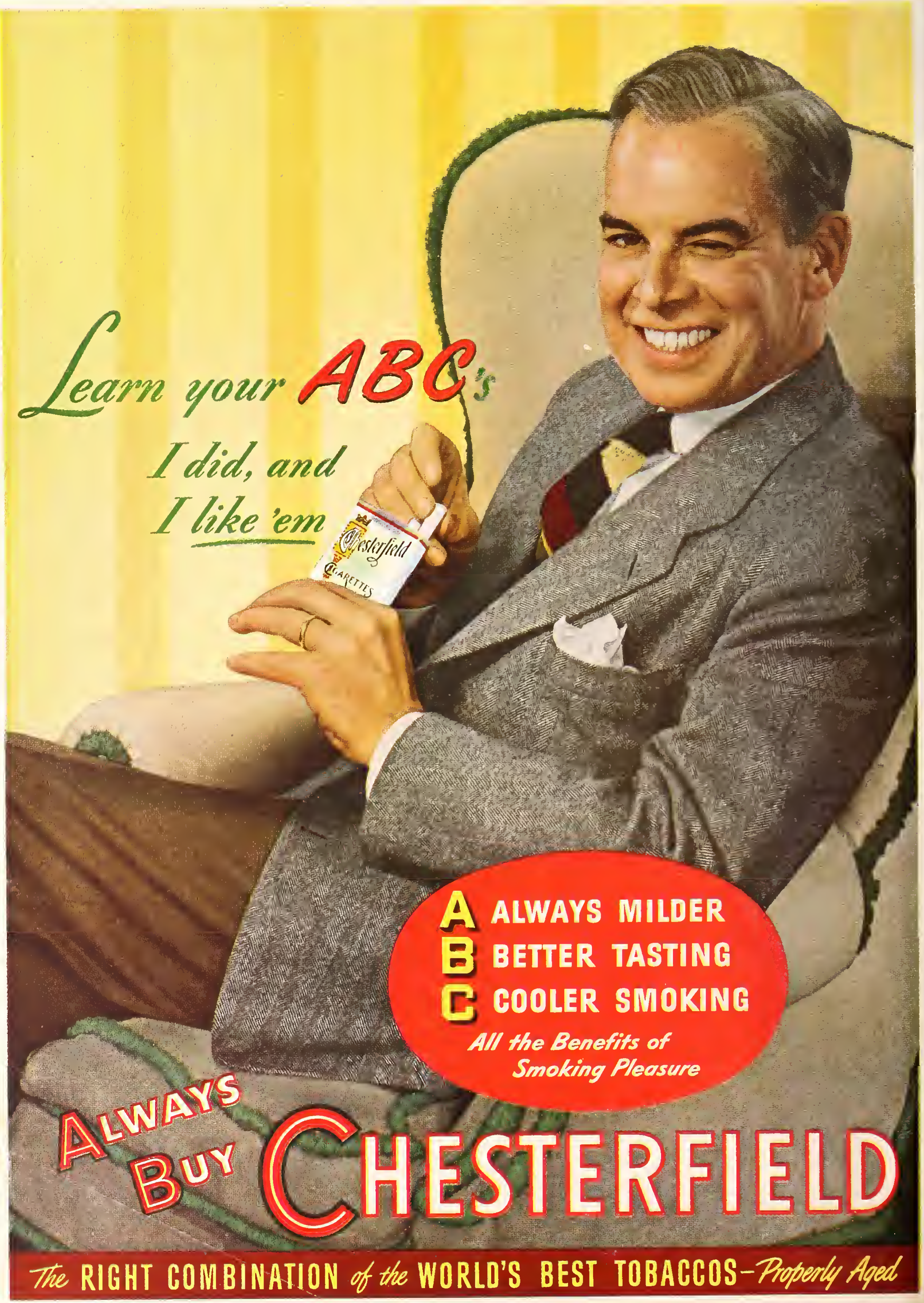
Ingrid saw "Spellbound" for the fir
time at the Army's Birmingham Hospit
near Hollywood. She sat in the audienc
with the GI patients to watch it and after
wards stepped up on the stage and signe
autographs for the soldiers. One patier
on crutches came up with a paper for he
to sign. "I liked your picture," he volun
teered. "I wish you lots of success."

"Thank you," smiled Ingrid.

As he swung away, another soldie
asked him, "What do you mean, 'success
You mean you don't know who Ingri
Bergman *is?*"

"Uh-uh," replied the first soldier. "I ju
came out of four years in a Jap priso
camp. I didn't see many pictures. Bu
I'll tell you what *I* think—that gal's gonr
go places!"

atural color photograph
PAUL HESSE—Hollywood



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MAY -1 1946

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★ ★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★ ★

There would be young Robert Shannon—handsome, sensitive, fighting his way in a hostile world. And Alison, Robert's sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroines! And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking a rogue as ever caroused across the screen!

★ ★ ★ ★

We'd see that first kiss of the lovers... and Robie's struggle against a friendless town ..and the feud of Grandpa Gow with his ghoulish in-laws!

★ ★ ★ ★

And we'd marvel at how perfectly each character has been cast, as though born to the role.

★ ★ ★ ★

There couldn't be a better "Dandie" Gow than Charles Coburn; a more splendid Robert than Tom Drake; a lovelier Alison than Beverly Tyler. This, by the way, is Beverly's first—and very impressive—featured role.

★ ★ ★ ★

Laurels would certainly go to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon; to screen play writers Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien; and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" on the screen. But since we're a columnist and not the novelist, we take our delight in typing out this sincere tribute and signing it

—Leo

modern screen

JUNE, 1946

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Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
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HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

by *Virginia Wilson*

MOVIE REVIEWS

Easy To Wed

■ There's some nice Technicolor scenery in "Easy To Wed," the nicest being Esther Williams in a bathing suit. Then there's a guy named Van Johnson whom you may have seen around from time to time. There is also the hilarious duo of Keenan Wynn and Lucille Ball, and if you want anything more you should be in a psychopathic ward. The beautiful Esther plays an heiress, Connie Allenbury, who is suing a newspaper for two million dollars. They have, she says gently, ruined her good name by claiming she was a husband stealer, and it will take that much dough to compensate.

Haggerty (Keenan Wynn), the managing editor of the paper, is desperate. So desperate that he re-hires an employee he fired the year before, because he thinks said employee is irresistible to women and can maybe get somewhere with Connie. Bill (Van Johnson) is quite willing to attempt it, for the trifling sum of fifty thousand bucks. Here's the scheme:—Bill is to marry some girl whom they can trust, then he'll go down to Mexico where Connie and her father are vacationing. He is to work on Connie, get her to come to his room alone, and the minute she enters, a photographer will snap her picture. Bill will produce evidence that he's married, and there is Connie—a husband stealer! That will wash up the lawsuit.

There are difficulties. The first one—where to find a girl they can trust—is solved by Haggerty, who nobly offers up his redheaded fiancée on the altar of business. The fiancée, Gladys (Lucille Ball), is not pleased with the nobility, but grudgingly agrees to go along on the deal. The second difficulty is that Connie turns out to be a very hep dame, who has been exposed to every wolfish approach imaginable, and thinks Bill is a fortune hunter. But he's a bright lad, and not easily discouraged. He finds that her father's passion is duck shooting, and in five days, Bill becomes a duck expert. So he gets asked to go hunting with them, and has a chance to get better acquainted with Connie. She is, he finds to his surprise, a swell girl. The kind you could fall in love with so easy.—*M-G-M*

Gladys (Lucille Ball) and Bill (Van Johnson) get married—to help a pal out of a tight spot!

THE STORY OF A MAN AFRAID TO LOVE!

The screen's boldest probing of human emotion!

MEET THAT GUILD GAL . . .
She Gives As Good As She Gets!

JOHN HODIAK · NANCY GUILD

in

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

with

LLOYD NOLAN
RICHARD CONTE

and

Josephine Hutchinson
Fritz Kortner · Margo Woode
Sheldon Leonard · Lou Nova

Directed by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Produced by **Anderson Lawler**

Screen Play by Howard Dimsdale and Joseph L. Mankiewicz · Adapted by Lee Strasberg
From a Story by Marvin Borowsky

20th CENTURY-FOX

Can *You* guess her Age?

DRESS BY CHAPMAN

It's Hard To Tell the age of anyone whose skin is so beautiful. For isn't it true that it's the appearance of your skin that "dates" you?

No matter how lovely your skin is today, take the advice of many beauty experts and make every effort to see that your skin retains the natural moisture which gives it that peach-bloom glow of youth.

Protect the natural moisture of your skin by guarding against the things which dry out the skin: Neglect of proper skin care and too much exposure to winter's blustery winds and summer's hot, drying sun.

Choose Your Creams Carefully. Not necessarily the most expensive but creams that will *do* something for your skin. Try the two creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. Contains "cholesterol" . . . a *special* ingredient that protects against loss of natural skin moisture. Also soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream. Especially prepared to remove make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings.

Both creams contain genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Skin cream —A wonderful make-up base that vanishes smoothly into the skin, leaving complexion satiny and daintily scented. Let it act as you sleep! This fine, lightly-textured skin cream contains "cholesterol". Helps keep skin soft and supple, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings, guards vital skin moisture. 60¢, plus tax.

Phillips'

MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS

Cleansing cream —A light, daintily-scented cleansing cream that tissues off easily. Liquefies as you smooth it on your skin. Leaves your complexion looking dewy-fresh and sparklingly clean. 60¢, plus tax.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

P. S.

Esther Williams had a birthday party with her family one night after work. Brother David gave her a pair of water-wings, her Dad gave her a miniature bathing suit and a request for a pinup picture, and Mom came forth with a china pig bank —a gentle hint to Esther to save her money . . . On location for the picture, Van noticed a group of curious kids mounted on horseback. "That's a nice horse you have there," he said to one little girl. She sneered back, "Ain't no horse—it's a mule." Then she looked closer at him. "You a stand-in?" she wanted to know. "Yes, for Van Johnson," said Van. "Humph," said the kid. "You don't look like him." . . . Keenan Wynn, back at work for the first time since his accident, was without a dressing room the first day. The cast and crew had installed a large doghouse in its place. A sign over the door read, "For those who hold up production."

THE GREEN YEARS

Veteran Charles Coburn heads the cast of "The Green Years" as old grandpa Gow, whose only virtues are his loving heart and the way he can explain his red nose by constant references to the poison darts aimed at him in the Zulu War! His son-in-law, "Poppa" Leckie (Hume Cronyn), continues to tolerate his wife's father: After all, how long can the old drunk live, and we mustn't forget that fat insurance policy, must we?

When young Robbie (Dean Stockwell), orphaned son of a deceased, disgraced Leckie daughter, comes to Scotland to live with them, poppa is beside himself. Here's another mouth to feed, he moans, and the boy comes without a cent to his name. Convinced that he must have the boy educated, however, he sends Robbie to the local Academy, where the sensitive youngster finds that his outlandish made-over clothes and frowned-upon religion make him the butt of all the class bullies. Painfully, but always with the warm guidance of the schoolmaster (Richard Hayden) to spur him on, Robbie succeeds in his studies to the extent that he finally becomes eligible to stand for the Marshall Exam, which, if he wins, will entitle him to five years' free tuition at medical school. But waste not, want not, Superintendent of Sanitation Leckie is still preaching, he's cared for the boy all this time, now it's *his* turn to go to the mines and contribute to the family.

There's not much heart-rest for Robbie Leckie (played, as an adult, by Tom Drake) in "The Green Years." Not when he's so hopelessly in love with wealthy Alyson Keith (Beverly Tyler). Not with his dream of medicine shattered, and his God, whom he's cherished this long time, seemingly deserting him. The only thing which keeps him going is the feeling, deep down, that even if God does seem temporarily out of happy solutions, Grandpa Gow isn't. Richard Hayden turns in a "Mr. Chips" portrayal that will keep you glowing for a long, long time.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

This picture brings forth a new star, Beverly Tyler, the 18-year-old girl who came to Hollywood from a choir loft in Scranton, Pa. On her days off, Beverly had her portrait painted. She posed on the stage of the auditorium of the Pasadena Regional Hospital, and gave the patients quite a few hours of easy staring . . .

It's the Comedy Hit of the Year!

Ring out with those roars! Let go with those laughs! Here comes the merriest, madcap merry-go-round that ever rolled you up and down the aisles!

Paramount presents

"THE WELL GROOMED BRIDE"

starring

Olivia DeHavilland

Ray Milland

Sonny Tufts

with

James Gleason · Constance Dowling · Percy Kilbride · Jean Heather

Produced by Fred Kohlmar · Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Screen Play by Claude Binyon and Robert Russell

'Ray Milland!

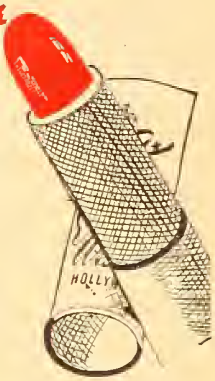
That Oscar winning Movie Man of the Year follows up his sensational "The Lost Weekend" performance with a new screen high in romantic hilarity! He's out for fun!

THE WESTMORES OF HOLLYWOOD BRING YOU

Seven Hollywood Reds LIPSTICK

A group of seven exciting, lipstick colors created in Hollywood for the Hollywood stars . . . and you. Ask for one of the Westmore Lipstick colors by name:—Red Signal, Garnet, Jarol, Pepper Red, Glorious Red, Deb and Strawberry Blond.

Westmore Lipsticks



THERE IS NO LIPSTICK LIKE A WESTMORE LIPSTICK . . . .

Created in Hollywood, style center of the world, by Perc Westmore, the country's foremost make-up authority! Designed to give you exactly the lustrous, flattering lips you want. You will be delighted with the creamy texture, staying quality, and true, vivid reds of Westmore Lipsticks . . . in a new, attractive METAL lipstick case.

Anne Baxter

Starring in

"SMOKY"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Perc Westmore, famous Hollywood make-up authority who, with his brother Wally Westmore, created the well known House of Westmore Cosmetics.

. . . and for a star-lovely complexion, use the new liquid cream foundation,

WESTMORE'S

Overglo

GOOD FOR YOUR COMPLEXION . . . GOOD FOR YOUR SKIN

in 7 flattering shades

Jessica Tandy was pregnant during the filming of the picture, three weeks befor the baby was born she received a wire from Lillian Hellman, who wanted her to do a lead role in "The Children's Hour" on Broadway. Jessica wired back, "Sorry, but in few weeks will have children's hour of my own" . . . Tom Drake spent his lunch hours, on the q.t., studying singing with coach Harriet Lee, and has finally received the welcome news that he will sing in his next film.

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA

Remember how you melted over the Bergman-Bogart romancing in "Casablanca?" Well, run see this Marx Brothers version of intrigue in North Africa—the melting process will be repeated, but this time with laughter.

Three managers of the swank Hotel Casablanca have been mysteriously murdered in the past six months, so the local police chief starts thundering, "Round up all suspects!" Out scurries his staff, and when one of them corners blond, beaming Harpo, he is no end pleased. "Come with me," he orders. Harpo won't. "Whatcha think ya doin'?" snarls the copper, "holdin' up the buildin'?" Harpo nods brightly. So the policeman grabs Harpo's arm, yanks him into a waiting police car—and the whole building collapses!

Well, to get back to the story. A manager is imported from out of town to take over the hotel, Ronald Kornblow (Groucho), who immediately succumbs to the rather obvious charms of the hotel's entertainer, Bea (Lisette Verea). Rusty (Chico), owner of the Yellow Camel Cab Company and chisler de luxe, however, is vaguely suspicious of the undulating Bea, and eavesdropping on her furtive tete-a-tetes with Count Pfefferman (Sig Rumann), he discovers that there is a large cache of Nazi treasure hidden in the hotel which Bea and the Count plan to escape with as soon as the troublesome Kornblow is made *kaput.* "Stay away from that woman, boss," pleads Rusty. "I can't," retorts Ronald, "I'm losing my head over her!" "Well, slap a hat on your neck and come out anyway!"

Yes, those are the gags that prevail, and for not quite two hours there, you really don't give a darn for Bergman-Bogart, you're so hysterical. Except that the Marx Brothers aren't as pretty.—*U. A.*

P. S.

Last spring, the Marx Brothers hired two noted writers to whip up the script of "A Night in Casablanca," then they hired a rehearsal hall and devoted long hours to acting out scenes, adding, discarding and revising . . . Trouble loomed when Warner Brothers sued Loew over the title rights to "Casablanca." It was solved when Loew contended that no one has exclusive rights to a geographical name, and he won. But not before the Marx Brothers got in their own two cents. "The Marxes have been calling themselves brothers long before the Warners. And if the Warners refuse to let us use Casablanca we propose to sue and restrain them from calling themselves brothers." Not content with that, Groucho reminded anybody who would listen that the Marx epics, "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races," were made long before Warners planned their film, "Night and Day."

HEARTBEAT

If you've been in Reform School like Arlette (Ginger Rogers), you can't get a job. So maybe you answer an ad, and find yourself in a school for pickpockets.

Now Presenting

"THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING NEW STAR!"

DANE CLARK IS WINNER OF "MOTION PICTURE HERALD'S" NATION-WIDE THEATRE POLL!

A DOUBLE CRIME
THAT WORKED

A DOUBLE-CROSS
THAT DIDN'T!...

IT'S WARNERS AGAIN FOR EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE! HERE'S A STORY CRAM-FULL OF BOTH SO DON'T MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF IT!

THE RUGGEDEST PAIR
IN PICTURES
PAIR-OFF!

DANE CLARK
ZACHARY SCOTT

THAT NEW GAL—BRINGING
A LUSCIOUS NEW 'SOMETHING' TO PICTURES!

JANIS PAIGE

IN

"HER KIND OF MAN"

DIRECTED BY FREDERICK de CORDOVA with FAYE EMERSON · GEORGE TOBIAS · HOWARD SMITH · HARRY LEWIS · PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB

Screen Play by Gordon Kahn and Leopold Atlas • Original Story by Charles Hoffman and James V. Kern

WARNEREMINDER: See 'SARATOGA TRUNK' yet? Be mighty sure to—or you'll be mighty sorry...

Let the Glamour of "Make-up" add a Garland of brightness to Your hair

Use Your Head . . . and make the most of your hair! It can be one of your loveliest features, as flattering to your complexion as the lipstick and dress shades you choose with such care . . . so color-*bright* that you're always at your best. And it's all so *easy*.

3 Minutes, at Home . . . does the trick! That's all the time it takes to use Marchand's wonderful *Make-Up* Hair Rinse. Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — it's absolutely harmless, as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much *more* for your hair!

Here's All You Do . . . After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. In seconds, all trace of soap film is gone! Your hair shines with new color, sparkles with dancing highlights, and is easier to manage, too.

For Every Shade of Hair . . . Yes, with Marchand's 12 smart Rinse shades, you can achieve a variety of interesting color effects. For example, you may highlight your natural hair color, or even tone down overbright hair. Sound interesting? Try it — after your next shampoo!

Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

The Professor (Basil Rathbone) is a very good teacher, but Arlette isn't a very good pupil. She gets her eye on a diamond stickpin and snitches it, but her victim makes her give it back. He also dreams up a little job of thieving for her to do for *him*, or else he'll call the police. He is an Ambassador (Adolph Menjou), and he suspects his wife of playing around with a handsome diplomat, Pierre des Roches (Jean Pierre Aumont). He takes Arlette, dressed in a just-bought, expensive gown, to the Embassy Ball. There she is to steal Pierre's watch and the Ambassador will see if his wife's picture is in it.

The picture is there all right, but Arlette, fascinated by Pierre's charm, takes it out before she gives the watch to the Ambassador. He is delighted that he has misjudged his wife, and tells Arlette to run along now, he's through with her. She can't tear herself away from Pierre, and eventually tells him all about herself, including that pickpocket school she has been going to. He is considerably disillusioned, but is sorry enough for her to find a solution. He will marry her to his worthless friend, Roland, who will do anything for money. That will give her identification papers, so she will be able to apply for jobs without mentioning the Reform School. This seems like a fine plan, only somehow by the time the wedding is scheduled, neither Pierre nor Arlette really wants her to marry Roland.

"Heartbeat" is not as heavily emotional as its title sounds. It's a light, gay romance that will pass your evening pleasantly.—*RKO*

P. S.

"Heartbeat" is Jean Pierre Aumont's first film since his distinguished discharge from the Free French Forces, which he left with two wounds and the Croix de Guerre . . . For the scene in which Basil Rathbone hauls off and slaps Ginger, the actress insisted upon doing her own screaming. Usually, a studio hires a professional "screamer" to emit the howls for $25 a day, but that wasn't for Ginger. She said she had her own brand of screeching, and she'd do it herself . . . Upholding his reputation as owner of the largest male wardrobe in Hollywood, Adolph Menjou contributed his own watch, worth $7000, as an important prop for the picture. The studio had the ticker insured and paid Menjou $5 daily rental, just to make everything legal.

THEIR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP

George Bernard Shaw sure hit it on the head when he cracked, "Youth is so precious, it's a shame to waste it on the young." Especially when the youth part takes place in the roaring twenties and the young are Emily Kimbrough (Diana Lynn) and Cornelia Skinner (Gail Russell).

This time the two zanies are frantically trying to locate a fake "uncle" whom they can pass off as their chaperone to the head of their school, thus wangling permission to attend the Harvard-Princeton game with their fiancés. Desperate, Emily, who isn't the shy type anyhow, sidles up to a likely looking gent at Pennsylvania Station and puts the question to him, point blank, and is bowled over when, just as simply, the man accepts! And not only does this Tony Minetti (Brian Donlevy) agree to join them, but he insists on throwing in an extra "uncle," Mr. Peanuts Schultz (William Demarest), to further the good work. There's no telling how intimate the group could have become if, on arriving at Princeton, Emily hadn't accidentally unpacked Uncle Minetti's bags—and discovered a fortune in smuggled hooch! Petrified, she ships Cornelia downstairs to entertain their waiting beaux, Avery Moore (James Brown) and Dr. Tom Newhall (Bill Edwards), and pours the giggle water down the drain.

There are many laughs and much fun in this one—but nothing to ever make your heart want to grow up!—*Para.*

P. S.

William Russell, who makes his debut as a director with this film, has been for years a talent coach at Paramount and has been responsible for the careers of many of the young kids on the lot, including his foursome in this picture, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell, Bill Edwards and Jim Brown. Many of Russell's "kids" insisted on doing bit parts and walk-ons in the new director's first picture, as a gesture of friendship. Mona Freeman suggested that she do a small part which kept her on the screen only a minute-and-a-half . . . On the first day they worked, Gail and Diana presented director Russell with a baseball bat hung with ribbons and advised him to swat them if they turned temperamental. They later gave him a "director's chair" on the back of which were painted two hearts, their autographs, and the title, "The Genius."

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

Amnesia has been kicked around considerably as a theme for pictures. However, with John Hodiak as a bewildered ex-Marine who doesn't know who he is, it gets a fancy doing over. Nancy Guild plays the debonair heroine who helps him find his past. You see, when a guy comes to in a South Pacific hospital and can't remember anything at all, it's a bit upsetting. The doctors and nurses call him George Taylor, but who is George Taylor?

George, if that's his name, is discharged from the Marines, and goes to a rundown Los Angeles hotel which was the address given in his identification papers. No one there remembers a George Taylor. He has a baggage check in his foot locker, and when he turns it in he is given a dusty old brief case. "Almost four years since that was checked," the clerk tells him. Inside it, George finds a .38 revolver and a letter signed by Larry Cravat. It says, "I deposited $5000 for you in the Second National Bank. Your pal, Larry."

When George goes to the bank to collect the money, he is met with stares, whispers and delay. He leaves without the money when he hears them calling the police. But at least he now has one clue to his past—Larry Cravat, if he can find him. In his search for this unknown Larry, he meets charming Christy (Nancy Guild), a night club singer who thinks he's a wolf. He is beaten up by a bartender, and questioned expertly by a racketeer. Everyone wants to know why he's interested in Larry Cravat. Christy is eventually convinced of his sincerity. She gets Phillips (Richard Conte), owner of the club where she works, to enlist a detective in the search for Larry. The detective has heard about him before. He suddenly had two million bucks dropped in his lap from Nazi sources and then disappeared. The police would like to know where he went. So would George Taylor. So would you, because by the time you've seen this much of the picture, it's really got you.

Richard Conte, as usual, walks off with the acting honors.—*20th-Fox*

P. S.

John Hodiak finished work in "Time For Two" at Metro at 3 a.m. one morning, and reported at Fox for his new role in "Some-

"TICKETS PLEASE!" What happens is hilarious... when Claudette makes friends of two handsome strangers! She boards their train without reservations . . . and winds up in a Pullman predicament!

JESSE L. LASKY and WALTER MacEWEN
present

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • JOHN WAYNE

in MERVYN LeROY'S production of

Without Reservations

with DON DeFORE · ANNE TRIOLA and Miss LOUELLA PARSONS

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY

Screen Play by ANDREW SOLT

RKO RADIO PICTURES

"Who said Give in to Periodic Pain!"

Not you? Why certainly not! It must have been an echo from grandmother's day because you, modern miss, *know* that the functional pain of menstruation is quickly relieved by taking Midol!

Yes, these famous tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve periodic pain, and do it *without opiates.* Millions of girls and women accept Midol because they have learned that it helps give them real comfort on "those days" in not one, but three ways: *Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue".*

It's so easy to be comfortable and carefree every day of the month. And, it's easy to have Midol handy, because drugstores everywhere carry it. Ask for Midol today!

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.
Write Dept. C-66, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St. New York 17, N.Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

where in the Night" at ten o'clock that morning . . . This is the first screen role for Nancy Guild, the blonde gal who was discovered by Hollywood when her picture appeared in a national magazine, wearing a GI hat. When Darryl Zanuck saw her screen test, made without any makeup except lipstick, he said, "There are only two things to do to that girl—leave her exactly as she is and put her in a picture immediately." A week later she was assigned the leading role in "Somewhere in the Night," opposite Hodiak.

THE BRIDE WORE BOOTS

Yoicks and tally-ho! This is one of the horsiest, most hilarious pictures to come out of Hollywood yet, with a stuffed horse leering from one side of our hero's desk and a definitely unstuffed one, Albert by name, falling madly in love with him!

Ever since he was a kid, Jeff Warren (Robert Cummings) has hated horses—he couldn't even bear merry-go-rounds or "Black Beauty," so why Albert should have conceived this violent passion for him is past all understanding. Especially since he, Jeff, is that celebrated authority on southern history who is about to be divorced by Sally (Barbara Stanwyck), who owns a stable and probably even takes a bath in her riding boots.

The whole business is so silly, anyway. Jeff doesn't object (well, not too strenuously) to having Lance Gale (Patric Knowles), who is obviously in love with Sally, hanging around all the time, so he can't understand Sally's objections to Mary Lou Medford's (Diana Lynn) attentions.

The reports about Jeff and Mary Lou are so incriminating that if it weren't for Uncle Tod's (the late Robert Benchley) maneuverings, ten-to-one Sally would have scratched herself out of the race and Mary Lou would've raced in the winnah. But Sally's a thoroughbred—and who ever heard of a thoroughbred settling for place or show?

We nominate Albert, the horse, for swoon boy of the century.—*Para.*

P. S.

The stuffed horse, "Black Prince," created confusion every time he appeared on the sound stage, when the 27 real horses hired for the film went into a wild uproar . . . Stable scenes were shot in the northern end of San Fernando Valley. On the particular day that the temperature hit 118 degrees, the hottest day of the year in that area, Bob Cummings had to do the exterior scene swathed in a well-padded Santa Claus costume . . . "The Bride Wore Boots" was the last film in which Robert Benchley worked before his untimely death . . . Albert, the horse who gives the picture its loudest laughs, is actually "Goldie," a trick horse said to have the highest equine I.Q. in the world.

SPECTER OF THE ROSE

There's an eerie kind of magic in "Specter of the Rose"—a magic that comes of ghosts who cannot rest, and hushed, yet still-tinkling music.

The world of the ballet is a small one, fiercely loyal and tightly shut against outsiders. That's why, when Andre Sanine (Ivan Kirov), acclaimed Nijinsky's successor, is suspected of having knifed his wife to death and retires to a hide-away with a "nervous breakdown," his friends do everything in their power to keep the police from questioning him. Among them is the crippled "Madame La Sylph" (Judith Anderson), who in the old days was a *premiere ballerina* and who now beats time with her gold handled cane for

CANCER

DOES NOT WAIT !

Surely you have at least nine persons in your family. Then accept this fact: One of those nine is doomed to die of cancer. And don't push that thought away, because that is not a threat—just a statement, a proven fact. ONE OUT OF EVERY NINE PERSONS ALIVE IN THE UNITED STATES TODAY WILL DIE OF CANCER. One of those nine is bound to be your mother, your father, your brother, sister, friend, a close relative—or yourself! For cancer respects no age, no race, no physique—CANCER DOES NOT WAIT. There is no uglier death. There is no more painful death. There is no illness more terrifying in the toll it takes in anguish for the patient, and grief for the waiting relatives—waiting, because after a certain stage in this disease there is no way out. There is no miracle, no cure, no begging off, no swap with God.

That's why the Memorial Cancer Center Fund has been established: To build a great hospital where doctors can be trained to understand, treat, but most important, *diagnose* cancer. CAUGHT IN TIME, CANCER IS CURABLE. Letting it go undiscovered for even one week may mean certain death. The hospital will provide for advanced patients who need the highly specialized nursing which alone can ease their torture. The hospital will have a special wing for the nearly 2000 children under five years of age who each year are stricken.

Let us repeat: These are not "scare statistics." If 164,000 people die each year of cancer, one of them will be someone dear to you. The Fund needs four million dollars to carry on its work. If you give as little as a dollar, a quarter, you may be giving a scientist the final push towards discovering a cure, you may be saving a loved one's life—or your own.

Frank Sinatra, who begs you to "pitch in to speed victory over one of man's worst enemies—cancer," James Melton, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Hildegarde and many other stage people are behind this drive—won't you join in and fight the good fight with them?

I'd like to get behind Frank Sinatra and all the other persons interested in this great cause. Here is my contribution of $.......... which I am sending to:

The Memorial Cancer Center Fund
444 East 68th Street
New York 21, N. Y.

Name ....
Street ....
City................ Zone.... State....

The motion picture to hold you on the keen knife edge of...
SUSPENSE
Fierce, violent love with murder as its motive!

"SUSPENSE!" An exciting, thrill-packed motion picture that dares probe the dark corners of a beautiful woman's heart. Every dramatic moment an experience in stark, gripping "SUSPENSE!"

"SUSPENSE" A KING BROTHERS PRODUCTION *starring* BELITA · BARRY SULLIVAN · BONITA GRANVILLE ALBERT DEKKER *with* EUGENE PALLETTE · Miguelito Valdes · Bobby Ramos & His Band · Produced by MAURICE and FRANKLIN KING · Directed by Frank Tuttle · Original Screenplay by Philip Yordan · Music by Daniele Amfitheatrof · *A MONOGRAM PICTURE*

"Naturally, RC tastes best!"

says **SUSAN HAYWARD**

See her in Walter Wanger's
"CANYON PASSAGE" in Technicolor

"THE TASTE-TEST CONVINCED ME. I tried leading colas in paper cups—found Royal Crown Cola tasted best!" Try it! Say, "R C for me!" That's the quick way to get a real quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test.

R C is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test

the young hopefuls who attend her dance school. And there's Max Polikoff (Michael Chekhov), fabulous, extravagant Max who, when he gets around to it, produces ballets with the money he wheedles out of rich old matrons and has just been fired by Billy Rose for leering at the Diamond Horseshoe showgirls. Max loves everybody, he loves La Sylph for the genius she once had, and shy, intense Haidi (Viola Essen), for the talent she shows. In fact, the only person whom he doesn't consider "adorable, vunder-full, exquisite," is Lionel Gans (Lionel Stander), a gravel-voiced cynic who marches about calf-eye'ing Haidi and reciting gruesome poetry. Inevitably, Andre and Haidi meet, fall hungrily in love, and marry. Their friends cluster about the newlyweds at the wedding feast, with the specter of Nina, the wife Andre may have killed in a burst of insanity, hovering over their heads.

There is terror and beauty and great faith in this picture. See it, if only to thrill to the wonderful dancing—and Michael Chekhov's and Judith Anderson's superb acting.—*Repub.*

P. S.

Some years ago, Ben Hecht, the cigar-chewing genius of the pen, saw the French ballet, "Spectre de la Rose." His imagination was caught up by the weird strangeness of the plot, and he made a subconscious note that some day he would write a story about it. Hecht has never been dazzled by the idea of making money from motion pictures. He claims that a good movie can be made quickly and cheaply. He talked about it to Herbert Yates, president of Republic Studios, who agreed to make it for Hecht simply because it was so refreshing NOT to be told, "This movie will make a million" . . . Everyone in the cast, mostly unknowns except for Judith Anderson, Michael Chekhov and Lionel Stander, was so enthusiastic about both the picture and Hecht himself, that they all crowded into a projection room when work was finished to see the daily rushes.

CLUNY BROWN

On a Sunday afternoon in London, 1939, Mr. Hilary Ames (Reginald Gardner) is busily calling up plumbers. His kitchen sink is stopped up, and he has forty people arriving for cocktails. None of the plumbers seem interested in working on Sunday afternoon, but when the doorbell rings, Ames thinks one of them must have relented. He proceeds on this theory with the man who enters, until he finds to his disgust that it's a Czech professor named Belinski (Charles Boyer) who has come to the wrong apartment. Belinski is not annoyed at being taken for a plumber. To the contrary, he borrows a fast five pounds and decides to stay for the party.

The doorbell rings again and this time it's a girl. Rather an attractive girl. Her opening line is "Well, shall we have a go at it?" which disconcerts Mr. Ames, until he discovers she has come about the sink. Her name is Cluny Brown (Jennifer Jones) and she isn't a plumber, but her uncle, who is, was busy, so she decided to try it herself. She fixes the sink and celebrates by having a couple of quick drinks with Ames and Belinski. Her uncle shows up, suspects the gentlemen of untoward designs, but admits it's probably Cluny's fault, as she doesn't know her place. He yanks her home, and tells her she is to go into service as a maid at a country home.

Cluny goes, under protest. The first night at dinner, she drops the roast in surprise at seeing Belinski, who turns up as the guest of Andrew (Peter Lawford), the son of the household. Her domestic career continues to be hazardous, but she

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CHARLES DRAKE • LOIS COLLIER

LISETTE VEREA • SIG RUMAN • DAN SEYMOUR • LEWIS RUSSELL

Released thru United Artists • DIRECTED BY ARCHIE MAYO acquires a beau. He is the village chemist (Richard Haydn) and Belinski thinks he's dull. Belinski is considerably surprised to find himself getting quite intense about the whole affair, but where Cluny's concerned anything can happen.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Boyer was so well liked by the entire "Cluny" company that every member of the crew asked him for an autographed photograph. Their tribute was summed up by a grip who said, "This sort of thing is rarer than an Academy Award." It could be that their affection for Boyer was enhanced when, without rehearsal, he executed a fast rhumba with Helen Walker. "Good thing it wasn't a waltz," said Boyer. "That might have given me trouble" . . . In this, her first film comedy, Jennifer Jones comes through with the authentic hairdo of Cluny, bangs across her forehead, and the "pony tail" sticking out in back . . . Peter Lawford, playing Andrew Carmel, is pleased when he wins Helen Walker. "That's better any day than Lassie," he said. Peter plays almost a real life role in the film, that of the only son of a British Lord and Lady.

HER KIND OF MAN

At one point in "Her Kind Of Man," a detective remarks about its heroine, "When a girl like that picks the guy she wants, she's his till he's salted away." That sums up the story of Georgia King (Janis Paige).

But that's getting ahead of the story. Let's go back to a New Year's Eve in a night club of a small city. The club is owned by Joe Marino (George Tobias), and its star attraction is the glamorous singer, Georgia King. Georgia's mind isn't on her work tonight. Steve (Zachary Scott) promised he'd be here, but he hasn't shown up. He is, as a matter of fact, in a crap game, and winning heavily. By the end of the game, he's made a lot of money but he has also made an enemy of a guy named Bender. Still, he's acquired a bodyguard, "Candy," so perhaps it evens up.

When Steve finally gets to the club, Georgia forgives him, as she always does. He asks her to marry him and go to New York. But just then Bender shows up. Steve shoots him, in self-defense, and has to hide out in Florida. Georgia goes to New York alone. She does all right there, too. Gets in a Broadway show, and soon has the famous columnist, Don Corwin (Dane Clark) head over heels in love with her. Not that she's interested—she's waiting for Steve to show up. But you can ride your luck too long, and Steve does just that, with disastrous consequences.—*War.*

P. S.

Dane Clark spent most of his time on the set watching the clock. During production he bought a home and three acres of land in Brentwood, and being master of the house, missed every minute he couldn't be supervising carpenters and plumbers . . . Zach Scott also had his mind on home one day. The preceding night he had gone home and found that an anonymous character had sprayed kerosene on all his fruit trees, flowers and the vegetable garden. The culprit has never been caught . . . Janis Paige devoted much of her spare time to the returning GIs during the shooting of the film. She sang for Army men and women just returned from a Japanese prison camp, the first entertainment they had had since their release from the Orient . . . Faye Emerson changed back to her natural brunette hair wore it in an up-do. Faye never lo at the daily rushes, so will see the scr effect of the new coiffure for the f time when she sees the completed film

RENEGADES

When a good woman falls for a man, there isn't much anybody can about it. Except write a picture and sh it in Technicolor, with Evelyn Keyes the good woman and Larry Parks as bad man. There is also a good man, pla by Willard Parker. He is a doctor in little Western town of Prairie Dog, b in the stagecoach days. His name is S Martin and he is in love with pretty H nah Brockway (Evelyn Keyes). Han is going off on a trip to the county sea buy her trousseau for their wedding. Sam had known whom she would meet that trip, he would never have let her g

It's on the way back that it happ The stagecoach is held up by the notori Dembrow brothers, but they in turn hijacked by a mysterious stranger v lets them escape. He returns the money the stagecoach passengers, and tells th his name is Ben Taylor (Larry Park They all acclaim him as a hero. Ben t Hannah he has moved to Prairie D where he lives with his mother, who is She recommends Sam as a doctor.

Sam is nice to Ben at first, but he s suspects the newcomer of a connection w the Dembrows. Eventually he learns t Ben is indeed a brother of the outlaws, though he himself has stayed on the side the law. It is worry over the other bro ers which has made his mother ill. Dembrows attack Hannah's father night soon after, in a search for some surance money. With a posse in hot p suit, they ride to Ben's house. The sh

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"Hey, Joe! Hide that Pepsi-Cola. She's supposed to act sad in this scene."

kills his mother, and Ben is arrested as one of the gang.

P. S.

Columbia had owned the story of "Renegades" for a long time, but held up starting production because they couldn't find a suitable leading man. Willard Parker, the six-and-a-half foot young giant who starred with Rosalind Russell in a movie before going into the service, was at last discharged from the combat engineers, and the picture started rolling . . . Evelyn Keyes' unique allergy to horses gave her little trouble, despite the fact that she had to ride a Palomino in several scenes. The studio doctor injected her with a serum that took care of the whole thing.

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH

Just recently, the Surgeon General's Office of the Army put on a campaign to educate civilians against using the term "shell shock." It's "battle fatigue" now, or, if you must be fancy, "war neurosis," but never, never shell shock. But maybe, because we're talking about a dog, they won't mind if we say you-know-what. We'd feel pretty silly talking about a hound's nerves, and as to the other, Bill may have been in battle, but what unhinged his brave collie heart certainly wasn't fatigue. Hatred maybe, or even love, but not fatigue. Bill wasn't the kind that got tired.

From the very moment he first remembered being alive, Bill has craved security and affection, ever since that hazy, long-ago day when some hunters captured his mother and four brothers and left him alone, terrified and exhausted, whimpering in the protection of the tall grass. It was Kathy (Elizabeth Taylor) sunny, sensitive Kathy, who stumbled on him and carried him, his blood staining her blue jeans crimson, to old Harry MacBain (Frank Morgan) for help. And help he does, so well, that in no time at all Bill is out on the meadows, learning the tricks of his new trade from Harry's old sheep dog, with Kathy ever poking about after him, bursting with fun and curiosity.

It's a good life the two youngsters are leading when suddenly, one day, as Bill is herding a flock of sheep across the road, a huge army truck appears, swerves sharply, then goes out of control. When the driver leaps down to inspect the damage, he comes on a huddled form under the wheels—Bill.

Gently, the soldiers lift the unconscious dog into the truck and speed him to the nearest vet, the roar of their engine drowning out the sound of a little girl's voice wailing through the fields.

Maybe it was Kathy's love, even though they were miles apart, that kept Bill going, but he soon recovers, and when the Army Veterinarian Center can find no trace of ownership, it is decided to send Bill to the San Carlos Dog Training Center where he graduates as a messenger dog. Replacements have been high on Attu Atoll, and gratefully, the men of Group Four accept Bill. He is put to the test almost immediately for, their ammunition gone, Bill is their last hope to get word to the Command Post. Jap bullets whining overhead, Bill drags himself to the Post, only to have the C.O. order him back immediately, there is no one else to lead the way. Desperately, the dog retraces the terrifying steps and then, his duty done, his nerve snaps and he becomes a wild, bare-fanged killer.

But through all the madness, the sound of Kathy's voice and the touch of her hand stay with him and as ever, love finds a way.—*M-G-M.*

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Sweet and Hot

By LEONARD FEATHER

■ This will be known as Feather-Sticks-His-Neck-Out Month in the Sweet and Hot department. Strictly for my own amazement, I was compiling a list of bests and favorites in the musical field the other day, and by the time I was through it occurred to me that if I passed the list along to you, it might at least prove interesting—provocative, even. So now, while I'm taking cover from the brickbats, here is my own private collection of favorites. The opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect the attitude of Editors Al Delacorte, Henry Malmgreen or any living person, present company excepted:

GREATEST BANDS: Duke Ellington, Woody Herman.
GREATEST JAZZ SINGERS: Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday.
GREATEST POPULAR SINGERS: Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey.
MOST BEAUTIFUL SINGER: Doris Day.
GREATEST PERSONALITY BANDLEADER: Lionel Hampton.
BEST DRESSED SINGER: Frances Wayne.
BEST DRESSED BANDLEADER: Duke Ellington.
BANDLEADERS BEST LIKED PERSONALLY: Louis Armstrong, Les Brown.
SINGERS BEST LIKED PERSONALLY: Frank Sinatra, Lena Horne.
MOST UNDERRATED BAND: Boyd Raeburn.
MOST UNDERRATED SINGER: Kay Starr.
MOST OVERRATED BAND: Guy Lombardo.
MOST OVERRATED SINGER: Vaughn Monroe.
BEST NEW SINGING BETS: Johnny Desmond, Lynne Stevens.
BEST GIRL MUSICIANS: Mary Lou Williams, Mary Osborne, Marge Hyams.
MOST VERSATILE BANDLEADER: Benny Carter.
BEST LOOKING BANDLEADER: Ina Ray Hutton.

I could go on like this for several pages, thinking up new kinds of bests and mosts, but I've probably started enough trouble already, so the rest can be saved for some future issue. "Best liked personally" in the above list means best liked as a person, among fellow musicians and showfolk, regardless of talent.

For the month's best popular selection I'd take Bill Finnegan's fine arrangement of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, played by Tex Beneke with the revived Glenn Miller Orchestra on Victor; and for hot jazz, Duke Ellington conducting the Metronome All-Star band for 1946 in *Metronome All Out*, also Victor, but a 12-incher.

Best Popular

FULL MOON AND EMPTY ARMS—Frank Sinatra (Columbia). There are umpteen other records of this, but Frank's is, of course, the most popular as well as one of the best musically. (*Continued on page 24*)

Jack Smith (at the lady's right) takes a busman's holiday at a CBS rehearsal with the Modernaires: Those 4 guys and a gal—Paula Stone.

catches BOB BABS with her boots off!

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Produced by Seton I. Miller
Screen Play by Dwight Mitchell Wiley

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FOR FANS

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HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Brand-new, re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for all your favorites—Frank Sinatra, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Alan Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION. Also, how to write good fan letters. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .... ☐

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and their movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see box on page 102 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

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FOR ROMANCE

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FOR THE FASHION WISE

✓ **DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—New-as-tomorrow ideas about dressing for dates. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. .... ☐

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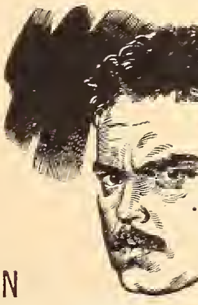

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Screenplay by ANTHONY VEILLER
AN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
(THE HAIG CORPORATION) *Released through* RKO RADIO PICTURES
Directed by
ORSON WELLES

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 20*)

One sure formula for song success seems to be this: You take a standard or classical melody, write some lyrics with *moon* in the title and stick your own name on as composer. That's what happened when something of Tschaikowsky's became famous as *Moon Love;* that's how it went when a Rachmaninoff concerto became *Full Moon and Empty Arms;* and that's the way it'll be, too, with—

IN THE MOON MIST—Les Brown (Columbia), Will Osborne (Black and White) —this is not the old Duke Ellington theme song *Moon Mist,* but a "new" number which turns out to be "adapted from a melody by Godard." Oh well, it's an easy way to make a living. But I find the story of the next item much more interesting—

THERE'S NO ONE BUT YOU—Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Kay Kyser (Columbia) —This might well be described as "adapted from a commercial by transcription." You see, this tune started life as one of those little jingles written for a singing commercial, transcribed and played for ages over New York stations. It was then called *The Prince George Hotel* and the lyrics simply sang the praises of that establishment. The tune was so pretty, though, that people began humming it anyway, and the young Englishman who has made a living writing clever commercials for these transcriptions, Ginger Croom-Johnson, decided to convert it into a Tin Pan Alley special; hence *There's No One But You* and a good Hal McIntyre platter.

BEST HOT JAZZ

A WOMAN'S GOT A RIGHT TO CHANGE HER MIND—Jimmy Jones (H.R.S.) In spite of that mouthful of a title, there isn't a word sung or spoken on this record, nor do you hear Jimmy Jones, who, fine pianist though he is, stays in the background while Duke Ellington's great baritone sax man, Harry Carney, takes the spotlight. It's a lovely tune wonderfully played, whether you agree with the title or not (I don't, but we won't go into that here!)

METRONOME ALL OUT—Metronome All-Star Band (Victor)—Duke Ellington led the band on this side in a tune which began life as part of the Ellington version of *Frankie and Johnny,* but wound up being something new on its own. The other side has Sy Oliver as conductor-composer for *Look Out.* I was at this session, and I never saw so many great musicians get together and produce such fine music with so little display of temperament. Tommy Dorsey, as usual, modestly refused to hog the trombone solo work, bowing to his colleagues in the trombone section that night (it was a midnight date). Said colleagues being Will Bradley, J. C. Higginbotham and Bill Harris, it was hard to make a choice for the solo spots. The sax section was even more amazing: Georgie Auld and Flip Phillips splitting the tenor work, Johnny Hodges and Herbie Fields on altos, Harry Carney's baritone, plus the clarinet of Tommy Dorsey's Buddy de Franco. With six top trumpet men, a fine rhythm section, an Red Norvo's vibes for good measure, th bunch spent a short while under the Ellington baton and wound up sounding mor like Duke's band than Duke's band itsel You'd never think, to listen to the wor derfully integrated results, that nobod knew until a few hours before the ses sion who was going to be in the ban and that some of the fellows had neve even met before!

TONSILLECTOMY—Boyd Raebur (Jewel)—All the Boyd Raeburn recor on Jewel are, to coin a phrase, out of th earth. Boyd is a persistent little man. In stead of giving up hope when his futuri tically styled band couldn't get any boo ings, he just settled in Hollywood ar gathered around him a bunch of mus cians who believed in modern music as h does. They'd work separately in the mov and radio studios for money, then con and rehearse with Boyd for kicks, ar make transcriptions, records and an occa sional one-night stand with him. Har James' new girl singer, Ginnie Powe came along too, to sing the vocal on *R Van Winkle.* The music was all written b a young character named George Hand who wears a beard and dark glasses b is a genuinely terrific composer. Anoth title in this series is *Yerxa,* described the "elegy movement from the jitterbu suite." (Ted Yerxa is a popular L.A. rad disc jockey.) Either you won't be ab to make head or tail of the Raebur Handy musical products, or you'll be nu about 'em.

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Irresistible RUBY RED Lipstick

a deep, rich red .... WHIP-TEXT to be s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r .... longer lasting!

DO YOU LOVE ME?—Ella Fitzgerald-Billy Kyle (Decca)—Back after a long, long siege in the Pacific, Billy Kyle is a civilian again. The popular ex-John Kirby pianist had only been home a few days when he formed this bright little trio, with guitarist Jimmy Shirley and former Ellington bass man Junior Raglin.

ONE MORE TOMORROW—Tex Beneke (Victor)—Sorry, but I won't refer to this as the Glenn Miller Orchestra. I have a funny feeling about using a dead man's name for top billing with a band, even when the idea is a sincere attempt to preserve his memory. Artie Malvin, who sings on *One More Tomorrow*, was part-composer, with Glenn, of another of the band's Victor releases, *I'm Headin' For California*.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

ROAD TO UTOPIA—Bing Crosby Album (Decca)—This album comes to a crossroad at one point and hits "The Road To Morocco" for one side, with Bob Hope joining the Bingle in the title song of that older opus. The other sides are all "Utopian products." I just heard that Barry Ulanov, whose book on Duke Ellington was such a hit, has signed to do a similar full-length book on Bing, despite the fact that his brother is planning a Crosby tome, too!

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

MILDRED BAILEY—Album, with Red Norvo and His Music (Crown)
FULL MOON AND EMPTY ARMS—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Gordon MacRae (Musicraft), Bob Eberle—Carmen Cavallero (Decca)
I'M IN LOVE WITH TWO SWEETHEARTS—Harry James (Columbia)
IN THE MOON MIST—Les Brown (Columbia), Will Osborne (Black and White)
COLE PORTER Show Hits Album—Allan Jones (Victor)
PRISONER OF LOVE—Perry Como (Victor), Billy Eckstine (National)
ST. LOUIS BLUES—Larry Adler—Johnny Kirby (Decca)
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT—Tex Beneke (Victor)
THERE'S NO ONE BUT YOU—Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Kay Kyser (Columbia)
WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO LOVE?—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic)

BEST HOT JAZZ

BARNEY BIGARD—Step Steps Up (Signature)
KING COLE TRIO—Sweet Georgia Brown (Capitol)
EDMOND HALL—Face (Continental)
BILL HARRIS—Characteristically B. H. (Keynote)
HELEN HUMES—Pleasing Man Blues (Aladdin)
JIMMY JONES—A Woman's Got a Right to Change Her Mind (H.R.S.)
BARNEY KESSEL—What Is This Thing Called Love? (Atomic)
METRONOME ALL-STAR BAND—Metronome All Out (Victor)
BOYD RAEBURN—Tonsillectomy (Jewel)
ART TATUM—Piano Solos (A.R.A.)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA—Who's Sorry Now?—Bing Crosby—Eddie Heywood (Decca)
CENTENNIAL SUMMER—All Through The Day—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Perry Como (Victor)
DO YOU LOVE ME?—I Didn't Mean a Word I Said—Jo Stafford (Capitol). Do You Love Me?—Ella Fitzgerald—Billy Kyle (Decca), Johnny Desmond (Victor)
GILDA—Put The Blame On Mame—Milt Herth—Jesters (Decca)
GIVE ME THE SIMPLE LIFE—Give Me The Simple Life—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
ONE MORE TOMORROW—One More Tomorrow—Tex Beneke (Victor)
THE OUTLAW—Now and Forever—Freddy Martin (Victor)
ROAD TO UTOPIA—Bing Crosby Album (Decca). Personality—Pearl Bailey (Columbia), Johnny Mercer (Capitol)
TOMORROW IS FOREVER—Tomorrow Is Forever—Martha Stewart (Victor)

ANNE BAXTER—STARRING IN
"SMOKY"
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION

A star lights your way to BEAUTY

Be shining as a star at your own table . . share the silvery beauty Anne Baxter and other Hollywood stars lavish on *their* tables. Ask your dealer to show you place settings in the Silver Service of the Stars . . in DEL MAR—inspired by a Hollywood wedding . . . or in SURF CLUB—the pattern that echoes the silvery sheen of the white California strand. Be the *first* in your set to set a table like the Hollywood stars!

1881
ROGERS*
by ONEIDA LTD.
SILVERSMITHS

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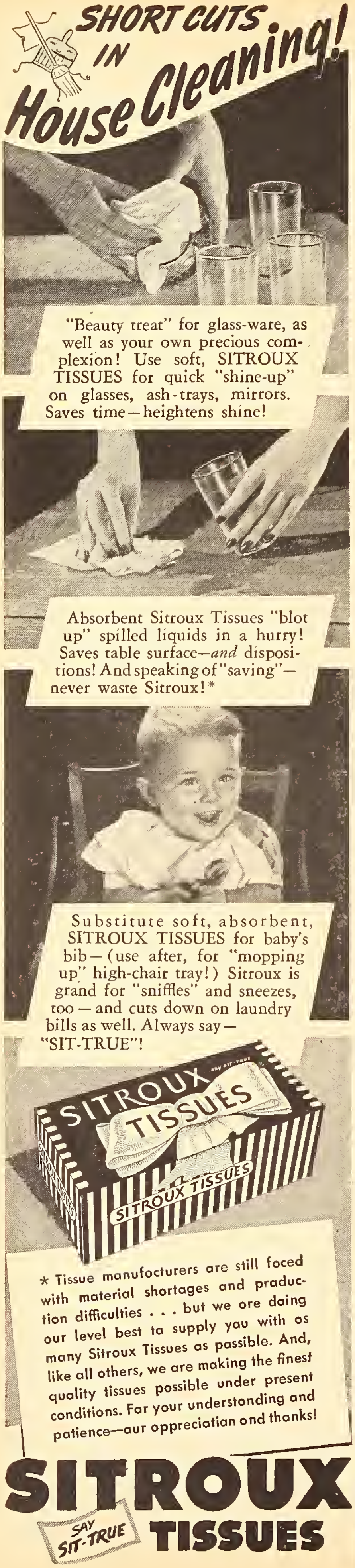

SHORT CUTS IN House Cleaning!

"Beauty treat" for glass-ware, as well as your own precious complexion! Use soft, SITROUX TISSUES for quick "shine-up" on glasses, ash-trays, mirrors. Saves time—heightens shine!

Absorbent Sitroux Tissues "blot up" spilled liquids in a hurry! Saves table surface—*and* dispositions! And speaking of "saving"—never waste Sitroux! *

Substitute soft, absorbent, SITROUX TISSUES for baby's bib—(use after, for "mopping up" high-chair tray!) Sitroux is grand for "sniffles" and sneezes, too—and cuts down on laundry bills as well. Always say—"SIT-TRUE"!

* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES
SAY SIT-TRUE

CO-ED

A girl's best friend is her girl friend—so how do you rate with Kate? And Mom and the kids? Don't *hoard* that charm of yours!

JEAN KINKEAD

At least half of our columns ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta about getting along with the guys, and it occurred to us that we've been by-passing the rest of the world. How about getting along with the gals and the family and people in general? You can't be really attractive, really well-balanced if you're purely and simply a man-trap. What's more, always a siren, never a bride. So, with one eye on that happily-ever-after stuff and the other eye on a more satisfactory Now, let's talk about you and your public.

The Women: If you want to attract the smoothest gals, you have to look pretty sharp yourself. Not that beauty is a must. But good-looking outfits are, shining hair and a well-assembled makeup job are, a good big smile is. Girls like to be seen with a swish dish almost as much as boys do, and they leave the slow drip strictly to herself. *And*, in addition to looking good, you've also got to be hep. Get yourself a slew of interests—music, dogs, a sport or two, poetry, airplanes. The more interested you are in the world, you know, the more interesting a character you'll be. Furthermore, if you want to rate with Kate, don't be boy-crazy. Don't be a prig. Don't be a Mrs. Milquetoast with melted vanilla ideas about everything from tennis to Dennis. Don't be a wicked witch, with a barb for a tongue and an ice cube for a heart. Nip cruel gossip in the bud, instead of passing it on with embellishments; play Cupid when you can instead of homewrecker; repeat the nice things you hear about people instead of the digs. Don't form a closed corporation with just one other girl. Sure, have one very best friend, for secrets and giggling and deep, deep discussions, but have lots of other buddies, too. 'Cause if you and Janie are always together, you'll wind up wearing twin clothes, talking the same jive, loving

(*Continued on page 103*)

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I've never had a date in my life, and from the look of things I never will. Isn't fifteen pretty old to be dateless? What do you suppose is the matter with me? M. T. Amenia, N. Y.

One of the most attractive gals we know never had a date until she was eighteen, so you see you have really nothing to be frantic about. Aside from the obvious things, like making yourself as gorgeous as you possibly can and getting yourself some small talk, best way we know to start dates rolling is to invite a guy and another couple over for a casual evening of fun. Maybe Sunday night supper and a round of darts. Or Friday night for movies (your treat) and hamburgers at your house. Or Saturday night to dance to the Hit Parade. Somehow, once you've broken the ice, dates just sort of happen. Try it and see.

My father saw me kissing my date good-night, and since then he hasn't let me go out at all. How can I convince him that I'm not the hussy he thinks I am? H. G., Athens, Ohio.

(*Continued on page 103*)

Just *One Cake* of Camay and Skin's Softer, Smoother!

It's captivating—the clearer, fresher, softer complexion that comes with your *first* cake of Camay! So tonight, change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

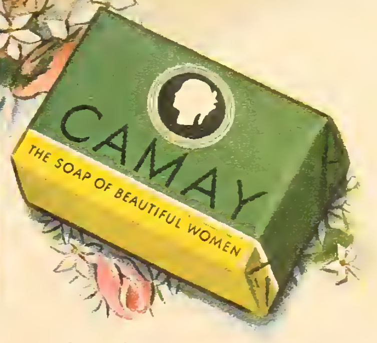
Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin.

MRS. CALDEMEYER'S STORY

Maryland Hayride: Off on a fun-filled hayride, under bright Baltimore skies, Muriel and Dan pair up. It's his hand, and heart, to "the loveliest girl of all"—to Muriel of the softly luminous complexion! "I thank Camay, and its mild care, for my skin's fresher glow," says Muriel. "My very *first* cake brought a new, clearer look."

Coming—a home for two! A Colonial—in Evansville—with wide terraces planned for buffets and barbecues. "I'll go to Evansville as Dan's bride—and to look the part, to keep my skin's sparkle, I'll stay with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." *Really mild—Camay cleanses without irritation.* Make *your* skin lovelier, too—full directions on every Camay wrapper!

MRS. DANIEL F. CALDEMEYER
the former Muriel Lunger of Evansville, Ind.
Bridal portrait painted by Bolegard



Please—be Camay-careful. Make each cake last, for precious materials go into soap.

the cushioned softness of Kotex*— the sanitary napkin made for lasting comfort

Comfort and confidence are always yours . . . with Kotex! For it's made to stay soft while wearing – made to hold its shape. Its extra comfort is only one of many special Kotex features that are all *very personally yours.*

To prevent revealing outlines, Kotex has flat, tapered ends that don't show. So, your secret's safe!

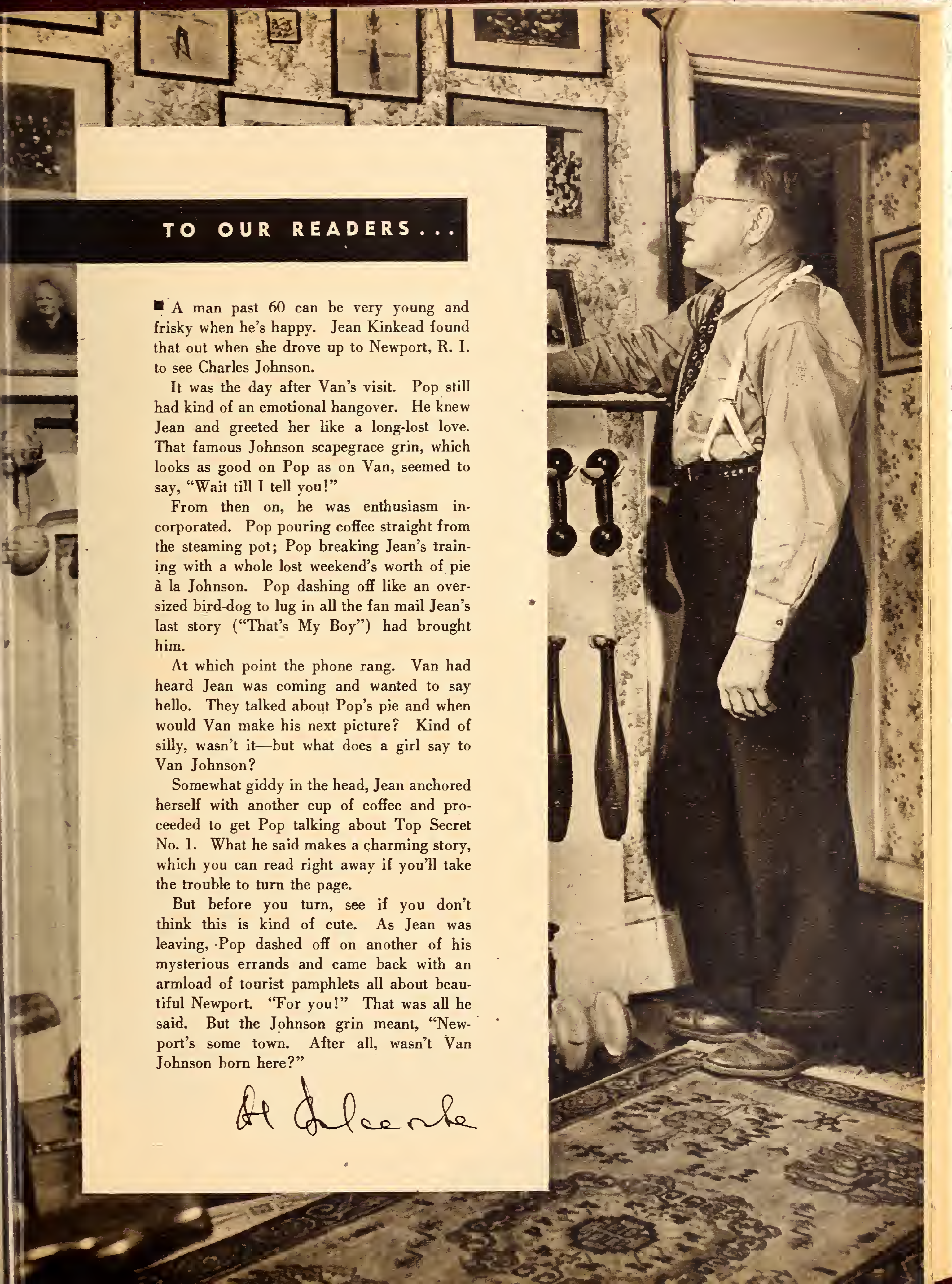
What's more, Kotex is made with an exclusive safety center— designed for plus-protection against accidents, against roping and twisting– against moist, chafing edges.

A deodorant in every Kotex napkin

As an extra safeguard for your daintiness, your poise, every Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. It's locked in so it can't shake out— a new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost! . . . And only Kotex provides 3 sizes for different women, different days — Regular in the blue box, Junior in the green box, and Super Kotex in the brown box.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



TO OUR READERS...

A man past 60 can be very young and frisky when he's happy. Jean Kinkead found that out when she drove up to Newport, R. I. to see Charles Johnson.

It was the day after Van's visit. Pop still had kind of an emotional hangover. He knew Jean and greeted her like a long-lost love. That famous Johnson scapegrace grin, which looks as good on Pop as on Van, seemed to say, "Wait till I tell you!"

From then on, he was enthusiasm incorporated. Pop pouring coffee straight from the steaming pot; Pop breaking Jean's training with a whole lost weekend's worth of pie à la Johnson. Pop dashing off like an oversized bird-dog to lug in all the fan mail Jean's last story ("That's My Boy") had brought him.

At which point the phone rang. Van had heard Jean was coming and wanted to say hello. They talked about Pop's pie and when would Van make his next picture? Kind of silly, wasn't it—but what does a girl say to Van Johnson?

Somewhat giddy in the head, Jean anchored herself with another cup of coffee and proceeded to get Pop talking about Top Secret No. 1. What he said makes a charming story, which you can read right away if you'll take the trouble to turn the page.

But before you turn, see if you don't think this is kind of cute. As Jean was leaving, Pop dashed off on another of his mysterious errands and came back with an armload of tourist pamphlets all about beautiful Newport. "For you!" That was all he said. But the Johnson grin meant, "Newport's some town. After all, wasn't Van Johnson born here?"

Al Delacorte

Van got a kick out of school chum Betty Cozzens asking for autograph. Felt thrilled when, recently, he got royal welcome at a N. Y. nitery that 5 years ago had barred him—for collecting signatures!

stranger in town

In the old days, the Johnson men had many friends only too willing to look out for their womanless household. Among them, Mrs. Betty Meikle Ottilge (at Charles J.'s right) and Mrs. Peter Speckman.

FOR VAN, VISITING HOME WAS LIKE BEING A LITTLE BOY AGAIN, WITH DAD AND THE OLD FRIENDS AND THE GOOD FEELING OF BEING LOVED

By Jean Kinkead

■ Van Johnson came home the other day. Maybe you read about it, maybe not. It didn't get very much publicity because Van didn't want it to. After four-and-a-half years, he was coming home to Newport to see his dad and the house he'd grown up in, the Opera House and Martellino's Drug Store; and if it was all the same with everyone, this once he'd skip the photographers and the press. If it was all the same with everyone, this once he'd just be a stranger in town. He slipped into the Union Station at Providence at 5:00 Saturday afternoon and slipped away again on Sunday afternoon, and there were no big parties, no brass bands; just a quiet dinner, some good talk and a lot of beloved, familiar faces. And if you think he didn't have a wonderful time, you're crazy.

Van had come East for a vacation. Five days in Nassau, a little while in Miami, a weekend at the Waldorf. He had dreamed the whole thing a hundred times while he was finishing his last picture—pre-living the swell tennis in Nassau, the long, lazy Florida days, the bright lights on Broadway. But

Van insists on comfortable clothes, wears a favorite item till it's battered and tattered. Lives in moccasins, even travels in 'em. Also dotes on that hound's-tooth topcoat he's carrying here.

During his New York trip Van (here with Kate Smith and two young admirers) became a member of Kate Smith's fan club. Is an ardent fan himself, raves on for hours about Spence Tracy

strangely enough, the part of the dream that really stirred him, that squeezed his heart till it hurt, was the visit home. He wrote his dad, "Gee, it will sure be fine," and Mr. Johnson, reading the words, thought in his big kid's language, "You're not kidding."

He cleaned the house till it shone, fixed Van's room the way it always was, with the comfortable disarray of stuff on the bureau. High school pictures, a couple of letters he wanted him to read, some new movie magazines. Then he got in bags and bags of fruit, bananas and oranges and apples, and put them in the big blue bowls Van used to like. He gathered an armful of pussy willows from the yard and put them around. After that there wasn't much to do except wait for the telegram that would say "when." At last it came, "The airport at 4:30 Saturday." Then later on the word that the plane had been grounded, and he'd be on the five o'clock train.

And after a while, Mr. Johnson was in his shiny Ford driving the thirty-odd miles to Providence, and then he was standing in the Union Station, back near the door where he'd said he'd be; a big, red-haired man without a hat, standing quietly with a waiting look in his eyes. Van misunderstood about the meeting place, as his dad had half-suspected he might, but eventually Mr. Johnson saw him at the other end of the station—big and tanned and grinning with his whole face. He caught sight of his dad, and he charged at him, wrapped him in a tremendous bear hug. Charlie Johnson gripped him hard around the arms, thinking in one confused, terribly happy second how strong he'd grown, how healthy he looked and how terrific that accident must have been to put a scar like that on his forehead. *(Continued on page 107)*

stranger in town

Van (dining with his No. 1 girl, Sonja Henie) never showed up at Esther Williams' wedding. Seems that his invitation got snowed under all that Johnson fan mail.

Margaret O'Brien and Van (at President's Birthday Ball), deny romance rumors, insist careers came first. Van's now in "Till the Clouds Roll By."

In New York, Van remained in one piece thanks to the iron rails at Grand Central Station. In Miami, he puffed with pride when Winston Churchill lunched with him.

JOYOUS JUNE, DECISIVE DOT AND EXCITABLE EVVIE—MEET THAT HILARIOUS HAVER TRIO WHOSE SECRET PASSWORD IS "GET THE LINENS!" • BY HELEN COLTON

3

three little sisters

It takes Junie (of "Wake Up and Dream") hours to dress for a date, but around the house she wears the same Sloppy Joe togs as blonde Dot and dark Evvie. Junie adores charm bracelets.

The girls hoot at the idea of having a decorator glamorize June's new Colonial-type home. They have such definite ideas that Ma (who answers to the name of "Junior"), is scared to buy a pot without first asking!

Bubbly June's inclined to swagger a bit in her walk, but Mom can stop her dead in her tracks by letting out a long, shrill wolf-whistle! Director Bruce Humberstone is the latest of June's many beaux.

■ On the set recently at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, June Haver has been one of the "Three Little Girls in Blue." But at home, a ten-minute scoot by car from the studio, Junie is one of three little sisters in rosy pink. That's the color of the lives the Three Little Havers—June, Dorothy, and Evelyn—have made for themselves by their team spirit.

Not that there's never been a cross word bandied around among them. Like any three young, attractive girls, they've had their bickerings and quarrels over clothes and dates. But underneath it, the Haver gals, like the Three Musketeers, are "One for all and all for one." And let the outsider who would try to split them beware, before he is sent scurrying!

When the three Haver gals were kids back in Rock Island, Illinois, June and Evvie's favorite game when Dot, the eldest, had a boy friend visiting, was "Let's sneak and peek." Dot, who'd been tricked before, would make sure her kid sisters were tucked in bed before it was time for her date to arrive. Mother would tactfully exit to the kitchen or be out for the evening. Junie and Evvie would stay awake, giggling with anticipation of their little game. When they

June's forever phoning Jimmy Dunn to see if St. Christopher, her collie dog with the wandering affections, is parking at his house. Seems Christie met Jimmy at a nearby golf course and promptly switched loyalties.

June feels extra close to her mom and grandma because they are so unusually young. Grandma, called "Mammo," was already a grandparent at 33. Mom (left) recently became an actors' agent.

Composing is another of June's accomplishments. Having written a piano concerto and other works, she got Dave Rose's advice on them, which started all that romance talk. But no—it was a professional tie-up!

A career girl despite all those rumored heartthrobs, June (here with Dick Haymes at a Screen Guild show rehearsal) had a radio program of her own at age 11 as star of an ice cream company's show.

heard the doorbell ring and knew that Dot's beau had come, they'd sneak out of bed, tiptoe to the living room door, lie down on the floor in their pajamas and peek at Dot and her friend. Their giggles would give them away and they'd be sent back to bed, with admonitions from Dot to "never do that again." After a while, they gave it up. It just got too dull when they realized that all Dot and her boy friends did was sit and talk!

Junie and Evvie were too young to provide any real competition for Dot's beaux, who called them "kid stuff." (Dot was born on July 16, 1921, and is five years older than June, born on June 10, 1926, who's fourteen months older than Evvie, born August 11, 1927.) But Dot recalls it was always Evvie who got the presents from her boy friends. One night a gang of her friends came over for the evening. Junie was in her room practicing her impersonations of Garbo, Hepburn, Helen Hayes and Zasu Pitts for a political rally where she'd be the mistress of ceremonies.

"Where's your little fat sister?" one of the gang asked Dot. (Evvie herself admits she was a fatty until a couple of years ago.)

"Someplace around the house."

"I got a little toy for her here. I'll go find her."

The boy stormed back into the living room a minute later. "Some family you are!" he exploded, "leaving your baby sister in there all alone to do the dinner dishes for all of you."

"What?" Dorothy said, rushing into the kitchen. There Evvie stood, surrounded by dirty pots, plates, spoons, with cocoa and sugar spilled on the stove.

"Making fudge. Have some?" Evvie murmured, proffering a syrupy finger for Dot to lick. Dot *wanted* to be mad for the tall tale (*Continued on page 68*)

three little sisters

Since he went away...

QUITE A TRIO, THE GALS

HE LEFT BEHIND: MOM, SIS, AND MARIT. BUT

A QUIET TRIO, SINCE JEROME COURTLAND WENT AWAY . . .

By Hank Jeffries

(Editor's Note: *Talk about mountains going to Mahomets! Talk about coincidences! Talk about* Modern Screen *being ever on the beam! Here we were moaning about Jerry Courtland's being so terribly far away for an interview, when an old writer pal of ours, Hank Jeffries, by name, scribbled us a "Having wonderful time, wish you were here" note—datelined* Yokohama! *Which, as good luck and* Modern Screen's *special good fairy would have it, is where Cojo is stationed! So here it is, a wonderful scoop by a first string reporter on one of our most favorite young actors.*)

■ It was Christmas Eve in Yokohama. The night was cool, with a bright crispness in the air—not like a night in Japan, really, but more like one back home. The barracks were strangely quiet, and there was none of the usual horseplay going on. Most of the men were writing letters. Suddenly a long, lanky boy who was lying on a cot in the corner, began to sing.

"I'm dreaming of a White Christmas
"Just like the ones I used to know."

His voice was clear and strong and unbelievably sweet. Gradually, the other men joined in, and through the still dark Japanese night, rose the strains of that typically American song.

The lean, dreamy-eyed boy who started it was Jerome Courtland and he was, at that moment, more homesick than he had ever been in his life. Yokohama was such a (*Continued on page 120*)

The first time Jerome (who was photographed in Japan by the author) saw himself on the screen, he was so disgusted that he shouted at himself, "Straighten up there! Shoulders back!"

The gals Cojo left behind him: Blonde Marit and Mom, wh once sang on the radio under the name of Mary Courtlan Cojo likes tall girls, else his 6'4" build makes him feel giraffis

Ever since his hiking and camping days back in Tennessee, Cojo has wanted to be a herpetologist. (Relax—that means a snake snarer!)

Jerome's mom (with youngest child Kurt, and Marit) once thought Cojo, who has a talent for cartooning, would be commercial artist.

B. sighed, "Now I haven't any excuse for coming in late from my new ranch!" when Hedda H. presented Barbara with her Gruen Award.

She's got no glamor, no gift of gab. Just that shiny,

little-girl look and a talent that's shooting her starward.

by hedda hopper

Barbara and fiancé Bill Williams (here at the Acad. Award dinner) are saving furiously. Each has a $40 per week budget, salts the rest away in annuities. They play to get married early in June.

After months of playing "walk-ons," Barbara (of "A Likely Story") won the annual Look Magazine award as 1945's most promising actress. Bob Hope presented her with a plaque to make it official.

watch barbara hale!

■ Four months ago, I picked Bill Williams as my Star of the Month. When I phoned and invited him to lunch, there was a brief silence before he answered. Finally he got it out.

"Could I bring my girl, Miss Hopper?"

I grinned to myself. This kid was a character. The new rave of the town's press, he sounded more like a hometown school boy who doesn't even drink a coke without his girl.

"In the first place," I said, "call me Hedda. In the second place, who's your girl?"

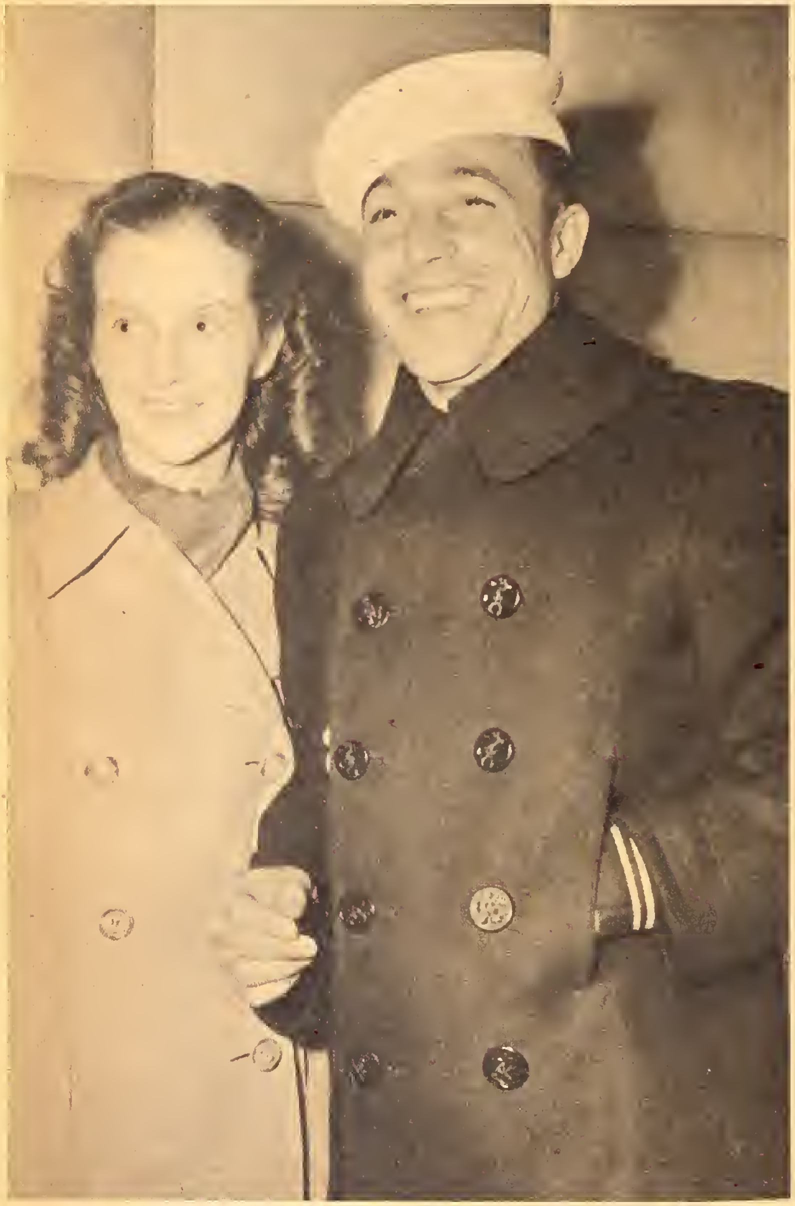
"Barbara Hale," he said quickly. "She's in the movies, too. You ought to be watching her instead of me." This was completely unlike an actor. So was the next sentence. "I don't mean to be rude, Miss Hop—Hedda, but we always go everywhere together. Would it be all right with you?"

I told him to bring her along. What I didn't tell him was that the average actor who is invited to lunch shows up with his whole frat chapter in tow.

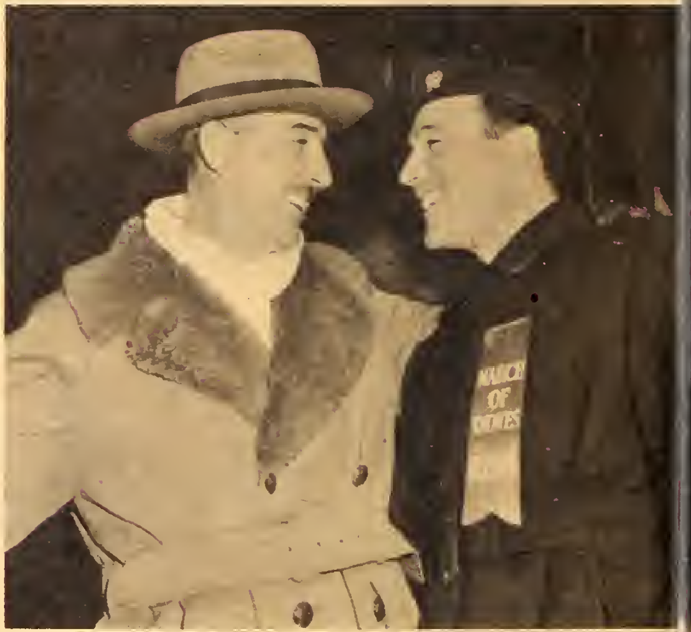
When Barbara arrived that day, I could see Bill's point. They belong together like the sea and the sky, except that with these two, there's no horizon, no divisible line to separate them. They sort of melt into each other, and seem like one person. They radiate a bloom of youth that makes this old girl wish she could see twenty again. Walking into the restaurant, hand in hand, they looked like something dreamed up by a 4-H club. There's that halo of health about them that makes me wish—oh well, on with the story.

I didn't learn much about Barbara that day. She kept talking about Bill, how good he was, how proud she was that I had chosen him for the watch award. But, on Bill's advice, plus (*Continued on page 131*)

flying irishman



On leave from boot camp last Christmas, Apprentice Seaman Gene Kelly visited Hollywood's Clover Club with wife Betsy. Now Betsy's in New York, understudying the leading role in a Broadway show, till Gene's a civilian.



Reunion in Chicago: When Gene (now a lieutenant, j.g.) appeared at March of Dimes campaign, m.c. turned out to be ex-Lt. Bob Brown, who'd worked with Gene in motion pic photography division!

When Gene was in New York last, he usually ate at the cheaper "hamburger joints" of his chorus boy days. Once a waitress timidly inquired if he were Gene Kelly, the dancer. "What?" snorted Kelly. "A sissy dancer? I should say not! *I'm* a sailor!"

By GEORGE FRAZIER

■ Last February, when Gene Kelly and Van Johnson were in Washington for the President's Birthday Ball, Gene realized that Van, who neither sings nor dances to any extent, would be at a decided disadvantage when it came to performing for the guests at the ball. Inasmuch as they are both extremely popular young actors and therefore natural rivals, you might have expected Gene to press his advantage. Instead, he whipped up a skit, which, far from spotlighting his own gifts, was designed to build up Van.

On this same trip Kelly made it a point to visit the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Maryland, and chat with the patients. As he was about to leave each ward he stopped and looked back. "There's a fellow coming up to see you," he told the patients. "His name's Van Johnson. You'll like him." Johnson made no secret of the fact that this thoughtfulness of Gene's on his behalf created inestimable good will among war-toughened men who might otherwise have resented the Johnson vogue.

In addition to being an irrepressible Boy Scout, Gene is probably the most abundantly talented entertainer in the world! Because of his many-sided talents, Gene is probably the most irreplaceable piece of property under contract to any motion picture studio. To fill his job with any adequacy at all would require five specialists. (*Continued on page 66*)

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND SWEARS HE'S JUST A

TIRED OLD TAP DANCER . . . AS HE PUSHES THROUGH

THE BOBBYSOCKERS AND SIGNS "GENE KELLY" FOR THE 100TH TIME!

Esther went jewelry mad in Mexico, bought so much that even Ben's king-size Valentine's Day jewel box overflows.

■ Esther Williams was just seventeen when she came home in triumph after her championship swimming sweep in the Nationals at Des Moines. Flushed with her victories and fired by the approaching realization of her ambition—to swim for the United States in the 1940 Olympics—she plunged into an all-out training campaign at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. She'd won three team spots and three berths of the big Olympic ship due to sail in May. Esther had done the impossible, as she'd vowed to do—reached world championship form in two years. She had nine months now to whet the edge of her racing form.

Then a bomb screamed down, burst in a bright, red flame—and shattered Esther Williams' swimming career to smithereens.

The bomb burst, not in Los Angeles, but in far-off Helsinki, Finland. It fell from a roaring Russian bomber *(Continued on page 86)*

Between acting and camp touring, E. squeezed in some non-pro dunking with her then fiancé, Sgt. Gage. Now Ben's spare time goes in building a bar out of wood he knocked out of an "extra" wall in their home.

ESTHER WILLIAMS

Life story

The Gage patio looks over the Hollywood hills and ocean, has a beat-up barbecue which Ben works overtime. A singing chef, he bellows so loud at his work Esther has to stuff her ears, plead "Please, darling, boom in the other direction."

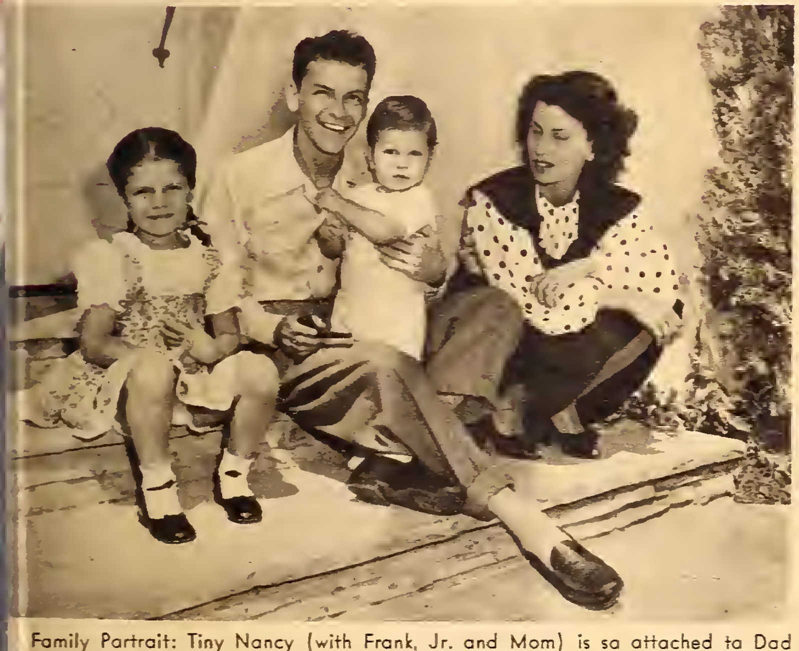
SHE WAS SCARED TILL GABLE STARTED KISSIN', SHE WAS SHY TILL THE MARQUEES BLAZED. THEN IT HAPPENED—THE MERMAID TURNED INTO A SIREN.

By Kirtley Baskette

The piglet helps her penny pinch, but it took a slew of pals to okay Esther's new rug. She had them drink a toast, then spill the champagne. When, later, no spots appeared, she bought the rug!

For Frankie, she takes the winter
And makes it summer—
Picture a tomboy in lace, that's . . .

nancy with the laughing face



Family Portrait: Tiny Nancy (with Frank, Jr. and Mom) is so attached to Dad that when he flew to Boston to play a benefit with Crosby, she wept buckets. Show was such a hit, Frank (of "Till The Clouds Roll By") and Bing plan a pic together.

By Ida Zeitlin

■ She came running in, her face lighting up as always when she sees her father. Frank scooped her into his arms. "Here's Nancy with the laughing face—"

"Hey, that's a cute song title," said Phil Silvers, who'd dropped in at Frank's with Jimmy Van Heusen. Jimmy was doodling at the piano. "Lemme write a lyric and run the pros out of town—"

He didn't mean it. Phil's that unique bird who *doesn't* want to write a lyric. All he wants is to be an employed actor. This lyric he wrote in spite of himself. Because Jimmy grinned up at him and went on doodling, and out of the music little Nancy's face laughed again, and words began forming inside Phil's dome. . . .

When it was finished, he sang it for big Nancy, who got all choked up and made the boys send it to Frank in New York. He read it and gulped and introduced it on his next broadcast. Maybe he sang it three times altogether before leaving with Phil and the rest of the gang for the ETO. No one expected the song to be commercial. The boys had written it for their buddy, Frank had put it on the air for Nancy, and now it could be retired to private life.

So they go overseas and the song's forgotten and comes time for Frank to do his request

(*Continued on page 110*)

[redacted]

Intime and on the beam

"Intime" (pronounced an-teem)—that's "cozy" in French. And Kurt Kreuger—that's charm in any language!

By Abigail Putnam

■ The telephone rang. It kept on ringing. A tousled blond head emerged from beneath a pillow, and a tanned arm reached for the instrument.

"Hello," Kurt said, without enthusiasm. It was pretty early in the morning.

"Give me the perfume counter, please," said a feminine voice at the other end.

Kurt didn't even do a double take. He was used to this. His telephone number was so similar to that of a big Los Angeles department store that it happened all the while. He was, he decided sourly, tired of it. He had been out till three this morning and being waked up at nine by some dizzy female who couldn't even dial straight didn't please him. He would teach her a lesson. He clicked the phone a couple of times and then said "This is the perfume counter," in a rather high voice.

"I wanted to know if you still have the LaRue cologne at $8.75 a bottle," the customer *(Continued on page 126)*

Courtly Kurt (now villaining in "The Dark Corner") has been going steadiest with ex-Powers girl Cathy Downs, new 20th Century-Fox starlet.

Recently Kurt answered a knock at his door, whereupon a girl dashed in, ran to the piano, played a song and kissed him before being chased. "That sort of thing happens all the time," puzzles Kurt, "I can't understand why!"

the power and the glory

THE GLORY OF HOMECOMING, THE POWER OF TYRONE'S LOVE—NO WONDER ANNABELLA MET THE BOAT, AND TY JUMPED SHIP!

By Fredda Dudley

■ The Marine lieutenant on the ship which was being towed into dock at Portland, Oregon, was a very glum chum, indeed. He had let his wife know on what boat he was returning from the South Pacific, and he had assured her—as he had been assured—that the vessel would put to port in San Francisco.

But now, in accordance with military custom the world over, the plans had been changed. The lieutenant was landing a thousand miles north of San Francisco, and he thought gloomily of the little woman standing on the wharf within the Golden Gate and being viewed by the hungry eyes of thousands of other returning servicemen—not one of whom was her eager husband.

Tyrone Power was leaning over the rail and taking a generally dim view of the homecoming he had so long anticipated, when his eye was caught by the sight of a gleaming head far below. In addition to her shining hair, this slender number had ample assets to inspire the wolf calls that began to ascend like midnight on the Yukon trail.

"Annabella!" he yelled.

"Oh, Tyrone . . . Tyrone," she called back. She pronounces his name Tear (as in dew from the eyes, which she had in quantities) and Own (as in Mine, all mine). *"Tear-own. Tear-own."*

Lieutenant Power scanned the dock and found a clear spot toward which he might leap. Then he looked at the yawning gap of tideland water *(Continued on page 99)*

Story swapping at the Stork: Civilians Romero and Power both have long service in the Marines to their credit, both are now movie making: Cesar in "Three Girls in Blue," Ty in "The Razor's Edge."

Mrs. P. used to visit Ty (here with an officer friend) at the El Centro Marine Corps Air Station, kept his interest in acting so bright he invested, along with Helen Hayes, in the American Repertory Theater.

It didn't matter
to the Dane Clarks if all they
had for dinner was a can
of beans—so long as they
had each other.

a can of beans—and you

Dane (in "A Stolen Life") vows the birdhouse is cozier tha their 4-room "mansion" which Clarks moved into befor roof was installed. They lived under tar paper for 2 week

Dane runs up huge phone bills raving to pals about new house furnishings. Margot gets just as excited, but not as extravagant. The Clarks haunt antique shops, will storage most of their buys till house is completed.

By Edward A. Herron

■ A white-haired old man met them at the door, nodded absent-mindedly and led the way into the parlor. A short, matronly woman came and stood beside the piano during the ceremony, fanning herself with a small handkerchief. She stopped the fluttering when the final words were said and the dark-haired boy looked at the red-haired girl for just a moment before folding her in his arms. "Honey," she heard him whisper, "it's forever. Forever and ever."

Dane Clark and Margot were married.

"You're not sorry, Red?" When she shook her head vigorously, smiling, he took hold of hands, intense. "It's going to be a tough go, honey, a fight from the opening bell, and maybe I shouldn't have asked you to—"

"It's too late to change my mind, Dane. And I don't want to. We've talked it over a hundred times. Besides we're going to miss the bus back to town. Come along, darling."

They ran across the hot, concrete street, dodging the swollen stream of traffic, waving wildly at the bus ripping along the edge of the stream. When they came to the brownstone front in Brooklyn hiding the one-room apartment that was to be Honeymoon Hotel. they went along a narrow hall, pitch dark save for the yellow light gleaming dimly at one end. Before the dark wooden door Dane fumbled for his key. He had it thrust out toward the door when suddenly he jammed it deep within his pocket again.

"Cripes, Red, this is no place for us. Let's get out of here."

A half hour later they were walking quickly toward the black gash cut in surrounding skyscrapers. There were tall trees, the sleepy chattering of birds, the faint, elusive touch of a breeze. They passed a policeman's horse clomping morosely (*Continued on page 122*)

DIANA'S A TEEN-DREAM WITH A STRING OF HEARTS LIKE A CHARM BRACELET, BUT MRS. LYNN REMEMBERS WHEN SHE PREFERRED BOOKS TO BOYS

by Cynthia Miller

Nobody's Sweetheart

Diana claimed Douglas Dick (of "The Searching Wind") tied his bow like an inside loop, bet him a car-polishing she'd do it prettier! Result: The sigh guy with the spry tie massaged her convertible!

"Our Hearts Were Growing Up" is more than the title of Diana's pic; she's *very* grown up with Henry Willson escorting her to the Academy Award dinner . . . grown up to a full five-feet, six-inches.

■ As the car turned up the hill, Diana looked at her watch for the third time in five minutes.

"Gosh, it's almost two-thirty, and one is absolute curfew. This is really going to be rough."

The young ensign at the wheel was apologetic. "I should have kept track of the time. It isn't up to a girl to do it."

"But we were having such fun. All those friends of yours were wonderful, and I loved sitting around singing those old songs. . . ." Diana stopped suddenly as she got a look at the Loehr house which was lighted up like the Carthay Circle at a premiere. She groaned. "You'd better just let me out and then duck. This looks like double trouble."

"Don't be a dope." The ensign stopped the car and gallantly came around to help her out. "I can always offer to make an honest woman of you." He grinned at her teasingly. (*Continued on page 82*)

That lazy jumping bean, Bob Mitchum, has two suits, two sons and two studios, but is strictly one of those one-woman guys—even if Dot can't cook!

The kids can take anything Bob dishes up! Big Jimmy's spots are the remains of chicken pox, while Chris still has a babyhood bare spot on his noggin. Dad's apron is a leftover from his Army days

Bob's career slept through eight "Hopalong Cassidy" horse operas, countless bit parts, comes fully awake in "Till the End of Time." David O. Selznick proudly owns half of his ex-extra's contract.

Bob was lying on the rug in front of the fire, fast asleep, when it happened. Not that he would have admitted he was asleep—he never does. He always claims he "just shut his eyes for a minute." He even thinks I believe it. Anyway, there *he* was, sleeping, and there *I* was, out in the kitchen frowning in despair at the cookbook he'd given me the week before. Why can't cookbooks say what they mean in plain English? Why all this double-talk about dripping and basting and things nobody ever heard of? I had a roast in the oven, and I was determined that for once it should taste like something besides used chewing gum. I was going to dream up some biscuits to go with it, too, I hoped, if only I could interpret that cookbook.

The radio was going but I wasn't paying any attention. We leave it on for hours without really listening. But suddenly the words clicked into place in my mind, because the commentator was talking about Bob.

"Academy Award nominations for best supporting male role include Robert Mitchum's performance in 'GI Joe!' "

I'll never forget those words, or the way they made me feel. Happiness bubbled through me—the crazy kind that catches at your throat and makes you want to laugh and cry all at once. I jumped up, knocking over the mixing bowl, and tore into the other room.

"Bob! Wake up! You're a great actor!"

Bob opened one languid eye and grinned at me. "Um-hum."

"You've been nominated for an Oscar! Did you hear it, you big dope?"

"Um-hum." He stretched lazily, ripping his shirt in the process. I can't keep that guy in shirts.

"Honey, don't you *care?* Oh, golly, I'm so excited I can

(*Continued on page 115*)

by

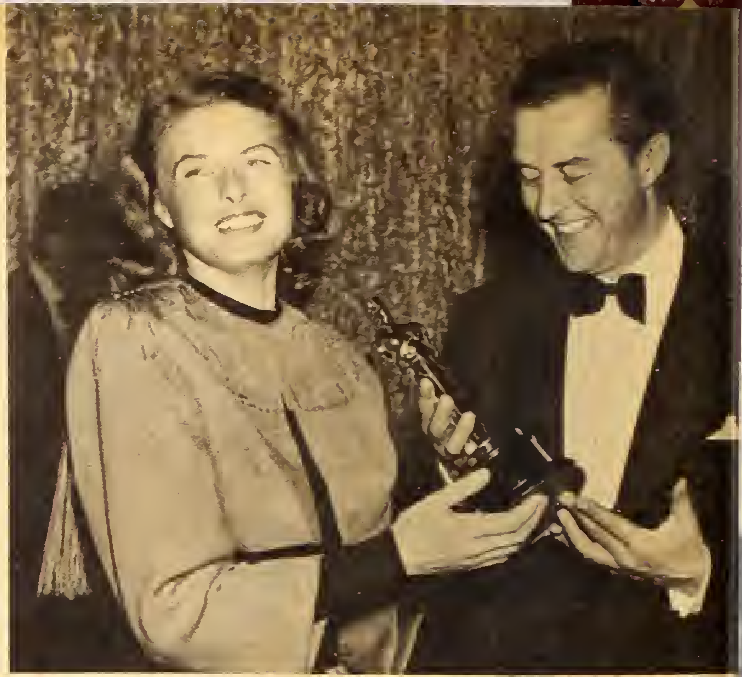
dorothy mitchum

as told to

virginia wilson

he's my guy

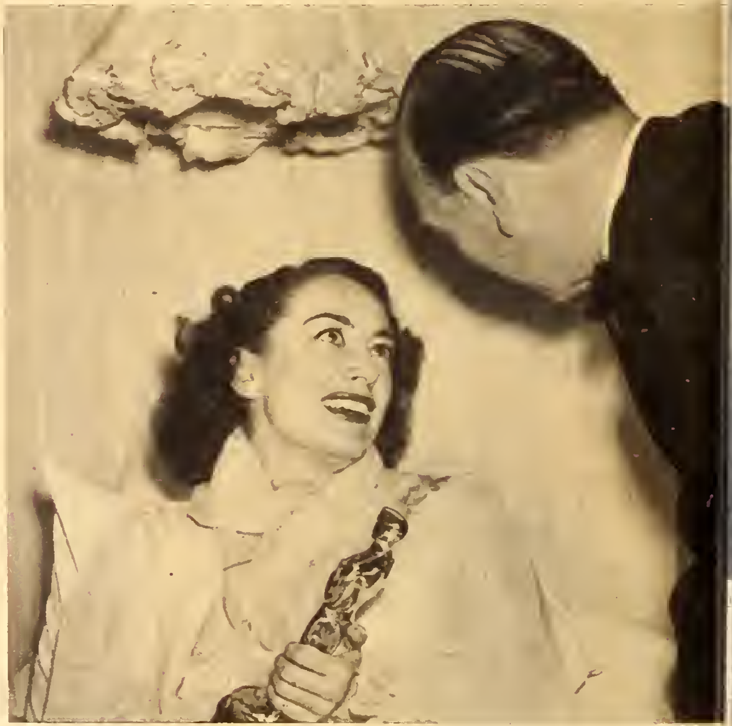
Lost: One weekend! Found: One Oscar! Academy Award Dinner bright with some tears and much laughter.



Attendees were treated to the newest in Academy Award dinners—scenes featuring the Oscar candidates flashed on a screen! Here Best Actor Ray Milland receives his prize from 1944 winner Ingrid Bergman.

June and Dick Powell joining the well wishers.

Runner-up Cornel Wilde and wife raved for Ray.



Best Actress Joan "Mildred Pierce" Crawford missed all the fun. Sat up in her sickbed to croak thanks to Director Mike Curtiz who acted as her stand-in at the great moment and then toted the Oscar to her.

The night of nights in Hollywood . . . The Academy Awards . . . and I've never seen so many smiles of happiness on every face . . . or so many tears in the eyes!

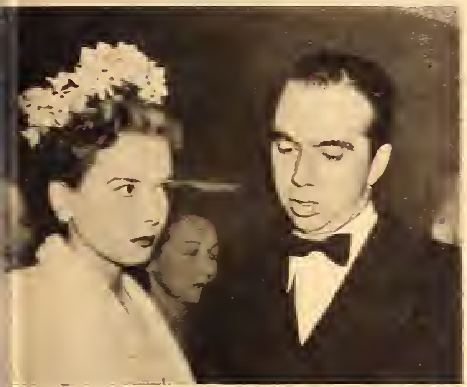
Does that sound ambiguous? It is only because as each winner was announced, Joan Crawford, Ray Milland, Anne Revere and particularly, James Dunn, there was so much real, heartfelt sentiment.

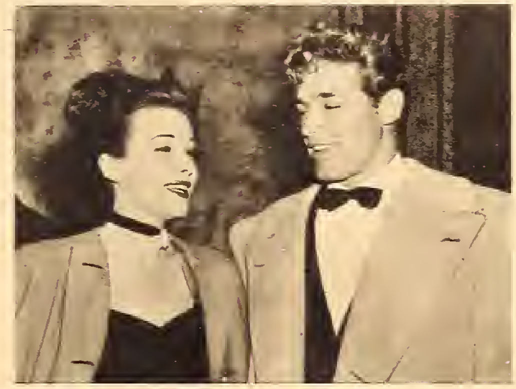
Don't let anybody tell you, and I have heard a few hints, that Ingrid Bergman took her loss hard. The truth is, that backstage, Ingrid grabbed hold of Charlie Brackett's (also a winner for scripting "Lost Weekend") arm and said with feeling too sincere to doubt, "I'm so glad—so *glad*, for Miss Crawford."

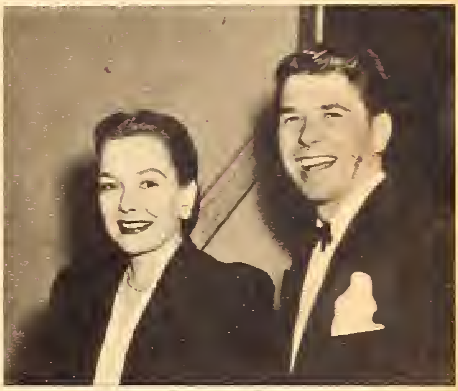
Joan, herself, was well dissolved in tears in bed at her home by this time for, as you know, she was suffering with the flu and running a temperature of 103. I talked with her on the telephone five minutes after we left the theater and she was so choked up with emotion she could hardly speak. "I just can't believe it, Louella," she said between sobs, "I just can't believe it!"

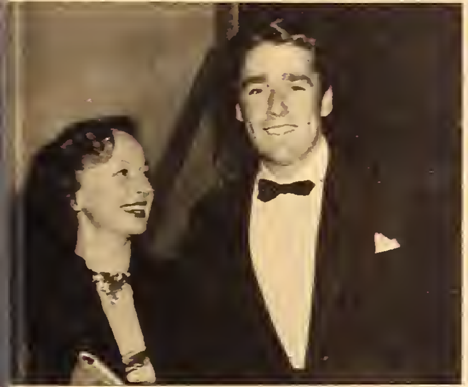
Then she laughed a little bit and said, "Flu or no flu, Dr. Branch has given permission for the photographers to come out here and take my picture with (*Continued on page 63*)

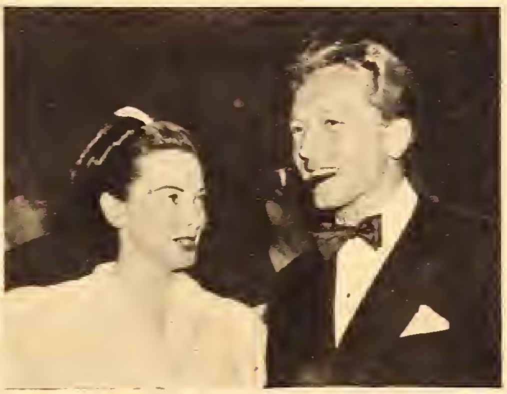
louella parsons' good news

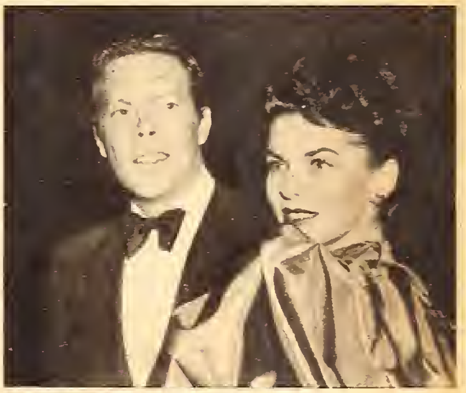

ive pair: Diana Lynn and beau, Henry Willson.

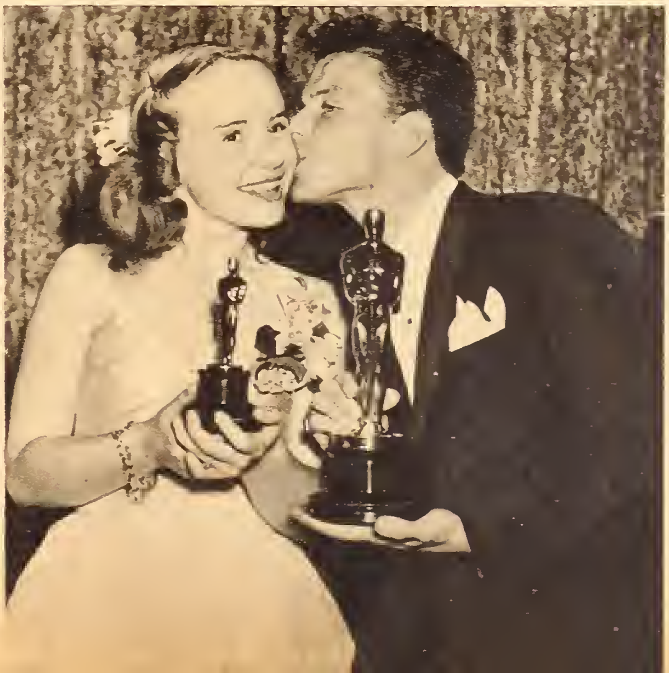

I beauty, I blonde: Cathy Downs and Guy Madison.


J. Wyman of "Weekend" and R. Reagan.


- Lawford squired daughter of Jerome Kern.


Larks K. Grayson and J. Johnston came to thrill.


Dick ("State Fair") Haymes and Mrs.


Special Awards for Peggy Ann Garner and Frankie S.

ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING...

While the scientists are rigging up the Pacific atoll experiments that will determine the energy content of the various types of atom bombs, the people of show business would like to learn the secret of another bundle of energy which goes by the name of Eddie Cantor—and goes at top speed. The nuclear reactions of Cantor 30 years ago bewildered Flo Ziegfeld, fifteen years ago baffled Sam Goldwyn, and today are a subject of equal perplexity to radio sponsors, motion picture theater managers, directors, newspapermen and everyone else who comes into direct contact with Little Popeye, Ida's husband. I've known him for sixteen years and still can't figure out what makes him tick, because his energy is unlimited, his zest for life is stepped-up with the years. I'm convinced that vitamins take Cantor!

Not long ago, I asked Eddie to take his radio show out for me to Halloran General Hospital, the great Army hospital on Staten Island. It required quite a bit of maneuvering on Cantor's part—it also cost him about $1,000 of his own money for telephone wires—but one day he called up and said that it was all set. "Where you calling from, Eddie?" I asked him. "Right here in Boston," he said casually. He had flown to Boston to try to salvage the musical show, "Nellie Bly," in which he had $150,000 of his own money. Throughout this time, despite the certain loss of that large chunk of currency, Cantor never was anything but genial and considerate. I commented on this and Cantor said: "When I was wiped out in 1929, I found out that money didn't mean a thing. I don't like to lose $150,000, but all I can do is my best to recoup—if that's not sufficient, well, that's a closed chapter."

He came in from Boston and the ill-fated "Nellie Bly" for the Halloran broadcast. We met in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria Towers at about two o'clock. Cantor was doing a buck-and-wing for some members of the radio cast. Seeing me, he switched to an Irish jig, halting that to sign some autographs for an elderly guest. A room clerk, a girl, introduced herself to me as a friend of my family, so I introduced her to Cantor. He promptly did a dance with her, sang some snatches of a song, signed the autograph. They called him to the phone. He told somebody in Boston to take a pencil while he dictated a change in dialogue in one scene, corrected some lighting cues.

It was time for us to start out in the Red Cross bus for Halloran. Out on the sidewalk, people were waiting for him and he got them laughing with rapid-fire jokes. He was signing autographs right up to the time the bus pulled down 50th Street, and from then until we reached the hospital, he talked authoritatively and interestingly on politics, the Jewish question as it related to Palestine, the wounded he'd entertained at a Navy hospital, the late FDR and a variety of other subjects.

By this time, we were on the electric ferry that slices past the Statue of Liberty, into the fairway leading to Staten Island. The salt air made me sleepy, but not Cantor. It merely served to wake him up. When I dozed off, he was getting a shipboard shoeshine while talking animatedly to a group of servicemen and civilians who had surrounded him. He was still talking and signing autographs when we berthed at Staten Island and started the last 15-minute drive to the giant hospital. At the hospital, Cantor rehearsed his entire show—songs and dialogue—and then after almost two solid hours of rehearsal, he turned to us and said happily: "Now we can go out to the wards and entertain some of the wounded who won't be able to get to the auditorium."

(Continued on page 63)

Ed Sullivan awards the MODERN SCREEN Plaque to famous comic, philanthropist and brilliant showman, Eddie Cantor.

HOSPITAL STAFF ASSISTANT—Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant. "It's desk work that is very, very human" she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers. Go to *your* local hospital and help.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely!

SHE USES POND'S!

Her beauty is gold and rose—aristocratic as an exquisite Venetian painting.

Her ring, seven diamonds set in platinum

Joyanne Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot

DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. DAVID THOMAS II, CHESTNUT HILL, PA., ENGAGED TO JOHN A. H. DALE

When she was just a little girl, Joy Thomas used to watch Jackie Dale play tennis, and ardently admired his skill.

Now, she's a tall, slim, golden girl happily wearing his beautiful ring. *Another* Pond's engaged girl with the soft-smooth witchery of an especially lovely complexion.

"I'm ever so keen about Pond's Cold Cream to keep my face looking nice and feeling soft and smooth to touch," Joy says. "Pond's is really a *grand* cream."

Joy uses Pond's Cold Cream like this: *Smooths* the silky, white cream generously over her face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Rinses with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her twice-over way—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for a *big* luxury size jar of Pond's today.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · The Countess de Petiteville

EVEN PARIS WAS EMBARRASSED!

The gay kind of romance most Americans *think* takes place in Paris . . . and in this case does!

ROBERT & RAYMOND HAKIM
present
GINGER ROGERS
in SAM WOOD'S
Heartbeat
JEAN PIERRE AUMONT
ADOLPHE MENJOU
Melville Cooper · Mikhail Rasumny · Mona Maris
Eduardo Ciannelli · Henry Stephenson
and
BASIL RATHBONE
Produced by Robert & Raymond Hakim
Directed by Sam Wood
Adaptation by Morrie Ryskind
Director of Photography, Joseph Valentine, A.S.C.

Released by
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Meet Jean Pierre Aumont — He's Ginger's new "Heartbeat" — Yours too!

ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING

(*Continued from page 60*)

The wards were a tumult of excitement when he arrived. Again autographs, personal jokes to the men, and then into a regular stage routine with Thelma Carpenter and Leonard Sues. By this time Cantor had been on his feet for three hours, but finally he was to get a chance to sit down, at dinner with General and Mrs. Ralph G. Devoe, and Lieut. Col. (Father) John M. Bellamy. From the dinner, we sped to the broadcast in the auditorium, but preceding the broadcast, Cantor put on a 30-minute warm up session. And late that night, when we got back to New York, Cantor suggested gaily: "Eddie, how's about going to some alley and bowling three games?"

Actually, he isn't the athletic type.

Once, at Palm Springs, California, we asked him to get up early, to go horseback riding and then play a few holes of golf.

"Listen, boys," said Cantor. "I have seen too many little guys go to a resort for a rest and drop dead, trying to get in shape over the weekend. Not me. My limit in exercise is gin rummy, with very light cards."

Anyone so successful as Cantor must have made enemies. His assured, dictatorial manner has enraged plenty of people. His dabbling in politics has enraged others, who don't believe that actors should have opinions on anything more profound than a bad review in Variety. First time Cantor and I ever hooked up, he was furious at something I'd written about an act in which he currently was appearing with Jessel. Cantor, always enthusiastic, was going to buy up the newspaper to gratify his yen to fire me. Down the years, he has aroused vivid grudges and indulged plenty of his own. His courage inevitably would lead into violent disputes, for he was courageous as a comedian, and courageous offstage.

His closest friend, I guess, is Georgie Jessel, of whose fantastic activities Cantor once remarked: "Georgie is wonderful. He has so many irons in the fire—that he puts out the fire." On one occasion, Jessel long-distance phoned Cantor from San Francisco. "Come here instantly, Eddie," pleaded Jessel. Cantor, fearing the worst, rushed from Beverly Hills to San Francisco. He dashed into Jessel's suite, certain that Georgie had knocked himself off. In the half-gloom, he saw Jessel in front of a fire with a beautiful Chinese girl. "Eddie," said Jessel, calmly, "can't you use her in your next Goldwyn picture?"

What qualities in Cantor have made him a tremendous commercial success, not only once, when he was a young man—but when he was older, broke, busted after the 1929 Goldman-Sachs debacle? Start off with his enormous talent, if you wish to appraise him, because he has talent to burn. Some comics are good in night clubs or on vaudeville stages—some may click in movies, or on radio. Consider that Cantor has clicked in every medium, and in addition, is probably the greatest "book" comic ever to appear on Broadway. Add to these assets his singing, and his dancing—and above all these things, throw in his courage and intelligence and you have an all-star lineup of assets.

Cantor undoubtedly has been spoiled. Anyone who zoomed from the east side of New York to international reputation might certainly be pardoned a bit of spoilation. The astounding thing is that he has rarely lost his head, or gone sour in his judgment.

His biggest mistake bankrupted him in 1929, but Wall Street brought down brainier financial men than Cantor in that appalling disaster.

His radio judgment of Mussolini, after meeting him in Rome, was in error, but not more faulty than the estimate written into history by some of the top statesmen of the world.

Cantor, however, wiped out all other errors in his correct estimate of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Close to the people himself, Cantor realized instantly that FDR was destined to be the people's champion.

So much for Cantor as a man of the world. Let's regard him professionally. Probably no other performer ever knew so much about selecting vaudeville dates as Cantor knew. Other performers on tour frequently found themselves washed out by spring floods, or flattened by Lent, or wrecked by Jewish holidays. Some failed to notice that they had been booked into a city in which the American Legion or Shriners destroyed show business for a week. Still other performers forgot to notice that they had been booked into Chicago during the home stay of the Cubs or White Sox.

Cantor never made mistakes like that. Perhaps he absorbed that vaude knowledge from William Morris or Abe Lastfogel, but his sagacity in booking personal appearances was legendary. He always had the best of it, because he made his breaks and he never butted his head against a stone wall. One week, I followed him into the Palace Theater, at Chicago. Cantor busted every record, and this curious thing developed: The manager of the theater told me that the box office never had handled so many large, old-style dollar and five dollar bills. Farmers and their wives who had learned to enjoy Cantor over the radio came to Chicago on a picnic when he was booked into the Palace, brought along Ma and the kids, and ate their lunches right in the theater.

In giving this third Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN Award to Eddie Cantor, as a recognition of long and honorable service, I've tried to express the overall picture of the energetic little comedy star, a composograph of a fine artist and a fine citizen. It is a recognition of the military ports and posts and hospitals he has played, a memorial from the little churches and synagogues which owe so much to his personal appearances—it is appreciation and amazement at the energy which distinguishes him.

While he was in New York, Cantor introduced me one night at Rabbi Birstein's annual benefit show for the Actors' Synagogue:

"Every time you see this fellow," said Cantor, "he is appearing at a benefit show for the wounded, or the sick, or the poor, regardless of race, color or religion. How he does it, at his age, I don't know." With that jibe, the considerably older Cantor ran offstage. Actually, I can use his tag-line as the tag-line of this tribute to Eddie Cantor, and I hope Ida and the daughters aren't listening—because "how he does it at his age, I don't know."

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 59*)

the Oscar. I want my picture taken so I'll always know how I looked on the happiest night of my life!"

Later, at the La Rue cafe, where Paramount was tossing a "victory" party, I ran smack into the other big winnah, Ray Milland. "I sure got you off the hot spot, Louella!" he called, clear across the room. And he sure had! Here's a little secret: I was so sure he was going to win that I had built my whole radio show around an interview with Ray weeks in advance!

Of course, the whole Paramount crowd was up in the air because not only had Ray given the "best male performance of 1945," but their picture, "The Lost Weekend," was the winning production of the year, Billy Wilder, who directed it, "the best director" and Wilder and his crony, Charles Brackett, "the best script writers."

But let's get back to other high spots, and one or two low moments, of the show itself.

Sometimes, Frankie Sinatra can irritate me a little. But the night of the Academy was NOT one of the times he peeved me.

Frankie pitched in and helped out every time he was called upon to pinch hit. And he was asked to pinch hit for nobody less than Bing Crosby, who most certainly SHOULD have been there and WASN'T!

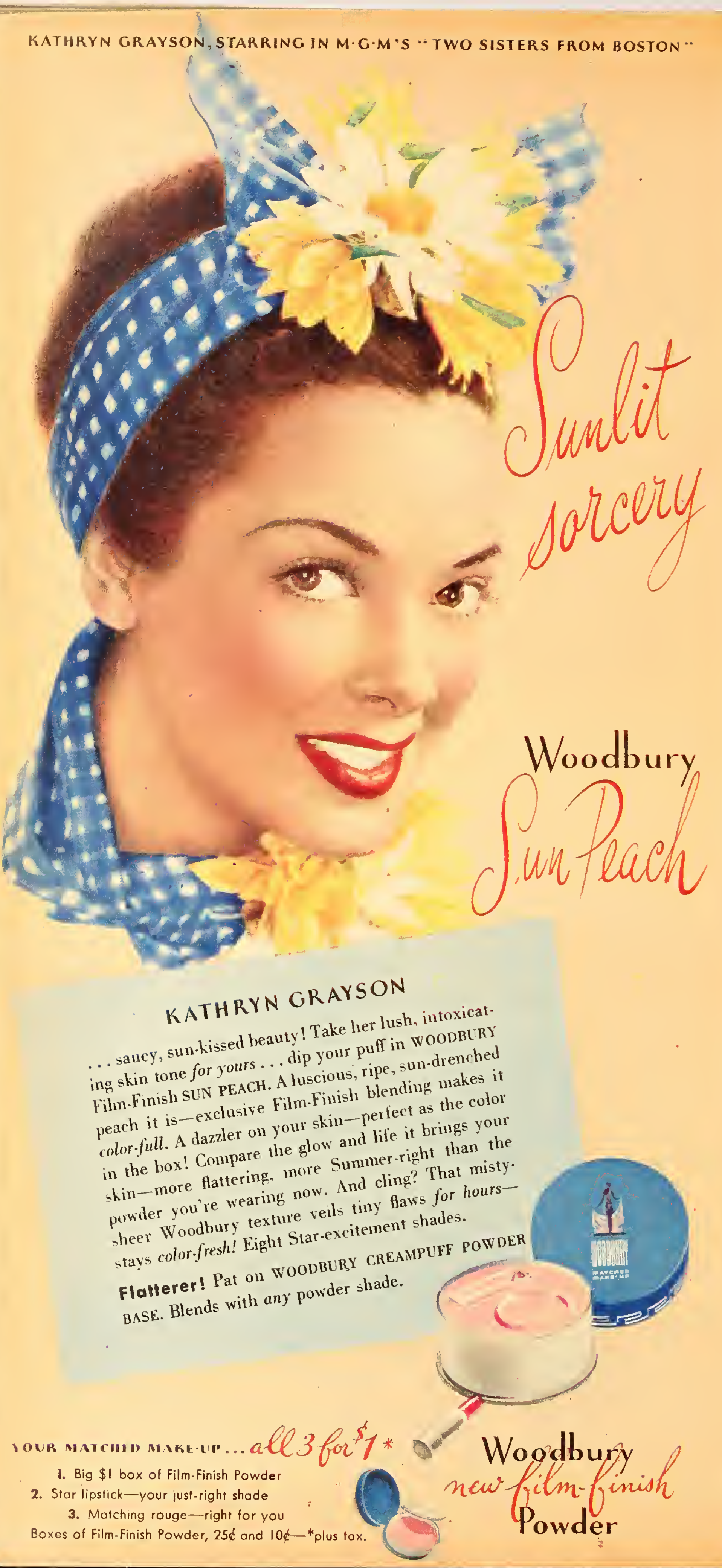
But when Bing didn't show up, Frankie was called on to do the honors. He did the numbers beautifully even though he had to read the words off a card put into his hand just before he stepped onto the stage.

And, oh, that Jimmy Dunn! I tell you there was a shout of happiness from everybody in the theater (have I mentioned that it was Grauman's Chinese?) when Ginger Rogers told the world that Jimmy had hit the comeback trail to win with his wonderful, moving performance in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." I was sitting close to Jimmy and the first thing he did, even before he started to run down to the stage, was to lean over and kiss his pretty wife and press her hand hard.

Anne Revere, who snagged the honors for "best supporting" actress for the mother in "National Velvet" was lovely in her formal black gown with the corsage of orchids.

The girl who really looked the most stunning, and just the way fans expect movie stars to look, was Kathryn Grayson in a form fitting white dress, a full length ermine coat, and her hair dressed beautifully with braids around her small head. Her jewelry was stunning—diamonds and emeralds—a bracelet, earrings and a clip.

Myrna Loy had one of the new short hair cuts—very short and feather waved like a


KATHRYN GRAYSON, STARRING IN M·G·M'S "TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON"

Sunlit sorcery

Woodbury *Sun Peach*

KATHRYN GRAYSON

. . . saucy, sun-kissed beauty! Take her lush, intoxicating skin tone *for yours* . . . dip your puff in WOODBURY Film-Finish SUN PEACH. A luscious, ripe, sun-drenched peach it is—exclusive Film-Finish blending makes it *color-full*. A dazzler on your skin—perfect as the color in the box! Compare the glow and life it brings your skin—more flattering, more Summer-right than the powder you're wearing now. And cling? That misty-sheer Woodbury texture veils tiny flaws *for hours*—stays *color-fresh!* Eight Star-excitement shades.

Flatterer! Pat on WOODBURY CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Blends with *any* powder shade.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP . . . *all 3 for $1**

1. Big $1 box of Film-Finish Powder
2. Star lipstick—your just-right shade
3. Matching rouge—right for you

Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢—*plus tax.

Woodbury *new film-finish* Powder

cap around her head. Dinah Shore's gown was a bouffant blue net, very ingenue-ish, but pretty on her.

Bob Hope got laughs, as usual, in the master of ceremonies spot and received a miniature Oscar for m.c'ing the Awards for seven years.

* * *

Judy Garland became very nervous and uncomfortable and went into the hospital three or four days before her doctor had scheduled her Caesarian operation.

I'll let you in on a little secret—both Judy and her husband, Vincente Minelli, had made several bets that they would be the parents of a boy. Now they deny it and say, "We wanted and expected a girl all along!"

Miss Liza Minelli made her debut at 7:58 a. m. March 10th. She has a great deal of black hair and light blue eyes. When she cries, Judy insists she is "singing" and when she kicks her feet in a mild temper her Ma says, "It's a dance step."

Certainly Liza has one of the prettiest nurseries in town—and so unusual. The entire color scheme is yellow—a soft yellow lighter than a singing canary.

One of the first gifts she received was a miniature contract, an exact replica of her mother's, from Louis B. Mayer, Judy's M-G-M boss—and it has been framed and hangs in the nursery. The contract is absolutely on the level and when Miss Liza is eighteen years old she can put it into immediate effect if she wants to be a movie actress.

* * *

While we are in the Stork Department—I sincerely believe that having a baby will smooth out all the marriage tangles between Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin.

It would be silly to deny that Ted and Betty haven't had a pretty stormy time during their first eight months of marriage. It all centers on the fact that Betty is an independent little girl who has worked hard and paddled her own canoe for years.

She was confused and unhappy when Ted, a business man—but not a movie business man, started giving her advice. But Betty is happy now that she's sure she is expecting a baby, and I think she and Ted really love one another.

* * *

Well, I sure found out when I asked my MODERN SCREEN friends, "Shall I continue to write about Hollywood parties?" Your letters came in by the basketsful. You readers don't think that party news is frivolous news and the consensus of opinion is, "Keep on telling us about Hollywood parties."

In just a moment or two, I will. But first, I want to ask another question. Is it the Van Johnsons, the Frank Sinatras and the June Allysons you want to hear most about or would you like to hear about Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne and Walter Pidgeon? Sometimes when you are as close to the picture as I am, it's difficult to know just who are your biggest favorites.

Please keep writing because I love your letters. Believe me, I try to answer as many as I can.

And now for some parties! There have certainly been some good ones.

Tennis is becoming increasingly popular in movietown and almost every Sunday afternoon you'll find a crowd of devotees at Irene Selznick's beautiful home. There's a lot of good natured rivalry, too, for top honors.

I stopped in one Sunday night when Irene had kept all the tennis players for dinner, and one by one other guests dropped in.

We were greeted by the unusual spectacle of Van Johnson, weary from so much tennis, stretched out on a divan with his shoes off, his trousers rolled up above his knees, and practically asleep in spite of the noise and gay greetings.

Jimmy Stewart had been playing all day, too—but he wasn't tired. He was sitting at the piano playing and composing his own numbers (very funny, too) as he went along. He had an admiring group around him and one of the most enthusiastic was Eddy Duchin, no mean key tickler himself.

Ingrid Bergman and her husband were there. She had just returned from Palm Springs and had a divine suntan. Ingrid's husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, is sort of a mystery man in Hollywood—but he is very nice, a clean-cut young Swede who works very hard, and brilliantly, I am told, in his profession of brain surgery.

The Constellation crowd, and by that I mean the movie folk who went with Howard Hughes on the initial trip of that airship, was given a cocktail party by Veronica Lake and her husband, Andre de Toth.

Several months ago Veronica announced to the world that she was setting forth on her campaign to become one of the best dressed women in Hollywood. She's certainly living up to that promise. Ronnie wore a silver lamé cocktail gown with a small, matching hat.

Betty Hensel came with Cary Grant and that romance, my pets, is more serious than ever. Cary seems crazy about her and you can't blame him—she's such a sweet girl.

Danny Kaye was in—and out—like a streak. This boy often comes to parties and other social events—but he seldom stays very long. But it's always good to see him, even for a little while.

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER

Only instead of bustin' out with buds, June's overflowing with five dollar bills this month. How come? Well, we want to hear about your star-gazing—whom you saw, what you said, what he said, and all those juicy details that we love to read—and publish! If you'll look at the other "I Saw It Happens" in this issue, you'll get an idea of what we want. Keep it short, type it out, and mail it off to our "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If we accept it, there'll be a five spot wending its way to you! But please—give us time to answer!

Want Kiss Appeal?

You have it—when your *skin* is silky and smooth.

But you're a "dry-skin girl"?

This new 1-Cream Beauty Treatment (with Jergens Face Cream) is wish-fulfilling help for dry-skin troubles.

It's simple, easy, to have this 1-Cream Beauty Treatment

Helps Banish Little "Squint Lines"

Just snatch "little" minutes every day . . . for smooth-skin treatments with this new Jergens Face Cream. So capable, you use Jergens Face Creams like 4 creams:

1. **for skillful Make-up Removal and Cleansing**
2. **for Softening**
3. **for an oh-so-fine Foundation**
4. **as a Night Cream—*super* help for dry skin; effective against dry-skin lines**

Added intelligence: Jergens Face Cream is a skin scientist's cream. By the makers of Jergens Lotion. Give this 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial. Like so many beauty-wise girls, have smooth enchantment . . . with Jergens Face Cream! 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax).

JERGENS FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin

FLYING IRISHMAN

(*Continued from page 43*)

Kelly is without a doubt the most accomplished male dancer in the world today. If he is inferior to the very top talent in the ballet field at their own specialties, he is plainly their master in the almost infinite variety of his type and the brilliance of his inventions. He is also wonderfully resourceful in dreaming up new dance ideas. His duet with his conscience in "Cover Girl" and the dance he did with animated cartoons in "Anchors Aweigh" were magnificent pieces of inspiration. In his own specialty, which is taps, Kelly is just about as close to perfection as they come.

boosting the competition . . .

With the possible exception of Frank Sinatra, he is the only actor in Hollywood who is as popular with adult movie-goers as he is with bobby-soxers. In person, Gene is a plain and pleasant guy. His even disposition is ruffled only by occasional brooding over the hardly noticeable thinning of his black hair. In an aggressive and ruthless profession, Gene is outstanding for his complete unselfishness and loyalty.

Although he has written a baseball story in which he and Frank Sinatra will play a Keystone comedy combination with the Brooklyn Dodgers, he went out of his way a few weeks ago to help sell a baseball script which a friend of his had prepared for Crosby and Hope, a pair who most certainly come under the head of competition.

As a member of the U. S. Navy, Gene did a fine job in a position for which he was thoroughly qualified. In February, when he had sufficient points to get out, he refused to accept his discharge. "I got some work to finish here," he told his commanding officer, and went on with the job of making a motion picture about submarines which would provide Washington with some much-needed information. His attitude toward his service assignments was one of unquestioning, uncomplaining loyalty. Speaking about this not long ago, a Navy man remarked, "When he went in, they were pushing him around. He stuck it out, though, and didn't make a single squawk. He earned the respect of everyone from enlisted men to admirals." Kelly, who entered the Navy as a gob and was promoted to lieutenant (j.g.), gave his full energies to his work. Probably the clearest proof of this is that he did not even take time out to practice his dancing. "I'm like a fighter out of condition," he remarked one day shortly before he was released.

At this point an admiring listener suggested that with talent such as his, Gene had nothing to worry about. "After all," he pointed out, "Astaire's retired and there's no one coming up who can give you any competition." Kelly shook his head. "I don't know about that," he said. "Some of these kids are sensational."

Someone then mentioned a young dancer whom, as everyone knew, Gene had helped only to have him steal one of the Kelly routines. "What about him?" Gene was asked. "Dynamite!" he replied, without a trace of resentment. "Please believe me, that kid's dynamite."

Although he manages to remain unembittered toward people who have treated him ruthlessly, Kelly can become blisteringly articulate when he sees others being pushed around. During the filming of "Cover Girl," a director who wanted to make an impression on Rita Hayworth by demonstrating his authority, singled out Phil Silvers and called him down in front of the rest of the cast. Although the situation in no way concerned him, Kelly interrupted the director and gave him a verbal lashing. A refusal to be anything but what he is, is probably his biggest charm.

A few months ago an irresponsible item in a gossip column predicted that Kelly and his wife were about to separate. It was completely off the beam, of course. To say the least, the Kellys are still very happy after five years of marriage.

love wears a false face . . .

They met for the first time while he was dance director at the Diamond Horseshoe cabaret in N. Y. Gene happened to be sitting around the Horseshoe unshaven and in old clothes one afternoon, when a pretty redhead named Betsy Blair came in looking for a job as a dancer. Allowing her to assume that he was either the janitor or a stagehand, he suggested that she drop around in the evening and speak to the dance director. That night they started going together. Betsy, who has been understudying Julie Haydon's role in "The Glass Menagerie," is an uncommonly good young actress, but has no burning theatrical ambition. At the moment she is learning Russian, a language that, al-

(*Continued on page 68*)

How to REMOVE DANDRUFF completely

FITCH'S DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO is the *only* shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application has the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. Enjoy lustrous, dandruff-free hair! Ask for an economical bottle of Fitch's at your drug counter, or have professional applications at your beauty shop.

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day. Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is not sticky or greasy yet it gives your hair that well-groomed look.

1

APPLY FITCH'S to the hair and scalp before water is added. Massage well, so shampoo reaches each part of scalp.

2

ADD WATER gradually, removing the cleansing lather as it forms. Then continue to add water until no more lather forms.

3

RINSE THOROUGHLY with clear water. Since Fitch's is completely soluble, no after-rinse is required. Set hair and dry.

4

FINISHED HAIRSTYLE is soft and lovely. No trace of dandruff or dull soap film left to cloud its natural, sparkling highlights.

LISTEN TO "FITCH BANDWAGON"

starring **Cass Daley**, "Wild Woman of Song," and famous Hollywood guests every Sunday over NBC network at 7:30 p. m. E. S. T.

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on the lawn in back of their apartment on Second Avenue, strung up blue lights, connected the radio outdoors for dancing, and went shopping for goodies. "This time," June promised Ev solemnly, "I'll invite a boy for you to have all to yourself. I'm inviting three boys all for myself. Don't worry, I won't take your date away from you."

True to her word, June invited Ev's current crush from Central Junior High School. True to her word, she didn't take him away from Ev. He just wandered to Junie by himself while Ev sat in a corner with Junie's three cast-offs!

Ev didn't talk to Junie for a couple of days. Then they made up and everything was swell until the next time one of Ev's boy friends wandered over to Junie.

Ev says she's getting over that habit of not talking for days when she's mad. "I'm getting to be more like Junie," she admits. "She gets miffed, goes out of the room, and a minute later, she's back, smiling. She's forgotten what it was about."

Junie has always had a passion for birthday parties. When she was 7 or 8, she threw parties for herself every three or four months, mostly to get presents, she confesses now. "It's my birthday tomorrow, I'm having a party after school," she'd tell friends, and invite them to come. Mrs. Haver got pretty used to Junie, Ev, and Dorothy trooping in after school with a bunch of kids and Junie announcing: "Can we have some ice cream and cake? I'm having a birthday party today."

"What, another one?" Mrs. Haver would sigh, rushing out to buy nickel Dixie cups. They'd all sit around while Junie opened her presents, mostly toy watches from the five-and-ten cent store, or little glass toys filled with hard candies.

Pretty soon Junie would decide she wanted to practice her piano playing. She wished the kids would leave. "Let's play hide-and-seek," she'd suggest. That was Ev and Dot's cue. The three sisters would run outside and get all of the kids out. Then they'd run back in and bolt the door so the kids would have to go home.

kill or cure . . .

Junie also loved to play doctor, mostly at Ev's expense. Mrs. Haver was in an auto accident and Junie had seen the doctor giving her a hypodermic with a long needle. One day Dot came upon June with a long hatpin ready to jab into Ev's chubby little arm. "What are you doing?" Dot demanded, grabbing the hatpin. "Ev's sick. I'm *healing* her," Junie protested.

Another time, Mrs. Haver heard Junie saying to Ev in the next room: "Just a little lower, Ev, a little lower." And Ev would answer, "Okay, how's this?" "No, lower, Ev." Attracted by this queer dialogue, Mrs. Haver opened the door. Evvie was bent over, her head down, and Junie had a hammer poised over her skull ready to bash it in—for just what healing purpose, neither of them could remember.

"Evvie was always so obliging," Junie laughs.

It was probably the memory of obliging little Ev that kept Junie from getting annoyed with her recently when Ev took June's gray convertible and tried to drive it without ever having had a lesson. She ran it into a tree, got scared, and ran home, sending Mrs. Haver out to drive it back to the house.

Like all sisters, the Havers have pet names for each other, except Dot, who was too grown up to have a nickname. Evvie's is "Trimmytone," her childhood pronunciation for mercurochrome. Junie's is "Pencil Box."

Once, at the start of a school term, Mrs. Haver sent Junie to the corner drugstore to buy pencil boxes for the three girls. For Ev and Dot, she bought 50¢ boxes,

"Away with Fingertip Monotony...

Let your nail polish interpret every mood . . . every occasion!" SAYS
MRS. JESSE SPALDING III
(the former Vivi Gould Fairchild)
of New York and Palm Beach

Evening Enchantment

For after-dark allure, Vivi gives her fingertips a more sophisticated, formal look by *covering them completely* in Dura-Gloss PINK LADY. And she uses the Quick Trick method—applies 2 coats of polish—for crystal lustre and sheen.

Costumes by McMullen
Jewels by Trifari

Outdoor Freshness

To harmonize with her gardening costume, Vivi wears Dura-Gloss NUTMEG, applied to *show both moons and tips*—for a casual, outdoor effect. And she uses the Double Quick Trick because it makes quick polish changes so simple and easy.

Town Sophisticate

Changing to Dura-Gloss RED PLUM to accent her vivid red hat, Vivi complements the sleek lines of her suit with a smooth, tailored manicure—*moons exposed, tips covered*. And applying her polish the Quick Trick way, gives her nails a jewel-like gleam.

It's charged with excitement . . .

DURA-GLOSS **Fingertip Allure**

NEWEST STRATEGY OF ALLURE!

So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique

1. Quick Trick

For crystal-like lustre and sheen, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply *one* coat of Dura-Coat—*two* coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick

When time is short, use this easy method for sparkling fingertip beauty: Apply *one* coat of Dura-Coat—*one* coat of polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

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each with one drawer. But for herself, she got a super-dooper scrumptious affair with about six drawers, a compass, a map, pencil sharpener, pen, pencils, pen points, pen wiper, erasers. She brought her purchases home to show to her mother.

"What did you get for Dorothy?" Mrs. Haver asked.

"This one."

"How much did it cost?"

"Fifty cents."

"And how about for Evvie?"

"Here, this one."

"And what did that cost?"

"Fifty cents, too."

"And what's that BIG pencil box there? Who's that for?" Junie played it dumb, knowing Mom would reprimand her for spending $1.50 on a pencil box for herself when the other girls only had 50¢ ones. "Pencil box? *What* pencil box?"

Junie finally had to confess. But since then, whenever Junie gets coy, or tries to get out of something, all the family has to do is to say, "Hello, pencil box." It always makes Junie grin.

the closet was bare . . .

The family S.O.S., whenever anyone needs help, is "Get the linens." June explains it:

"If anyone used to come here, and say, 'Gee, I'd like some ice cream,' and we didn't have any ice cream in the house, I'd yell to Dot or Ev, 'Get the linens.'"

They picked up the phrase when Mrs. Haver's mother, Grandma Hansen, was ill and they were all over at their grandmother's house helping Mother take care of her. When the night nurse came, she said to Mrs. Haver: "I think your mother should have a change of linen."

"Marie, get the linens," Mrs. Hansen said.

Knowing full well that everything was at the laundry and there wasn't a single clean sheet or pillow case left in the house, Mrs. Haver just went and sat in the linen closet and looked at the bare shelves. At last she had to come out and tell the truth.

Not long after they moved to California, June had a date with the captain of the football team at Beverly Hills High, to ride the roller coaster at the Fun Pier in Venice. He came to their four-room apartment at 9548 Olympic Boulevard, where they were then living, took one look at the thin coat June was wearing, and said: "Gonna be too cold in that coat way out on the pier. You'd better get a fur wrap."

It must be that boys around here *expect* their dates to own fur wraps, Junie thought. She was so far removed from owning a fur coat that even the gabardine coat she wore on dates was Dorothy's.

"Okay, just a minute," June told him. She went into the bathroom, sat down on the edge of the bathtub, and called, "Mother, get the linens." A few moments later June left with her date, a fifteen-year-old wrapped like a *grande dame* in Mom's black persian lamb coat!

Everybody was scurrying around like mad to "Get the linens" when Dot's husband, Bill Flynn, came home last August after two years overseas. This time, "Get the linens" really meant *linens*, as well as food for Bill's breakfast.

It was the night they moved into their big white colonial house in Cheviot Hills, which Junie had to get court permission to buy for $25,000 since she's still a minor. A telegram came from Bill, saying he was pulling into Union Station around midnight and could they meet him there?

They'd just come from the Olympic Boulevard apartment where everything, including linens, was furnished. So there had never been any need for them to buy linens of their own. Stores weren't even selling more than one sheet and one pillow case at a time to a customer. By waiting in line, Mom and Dot had managed to pick up a couple of sheets and pillow cases. Till they could buy more, the three girls and Mom would bunk together in two double beds. The next day June had off from work, and the four of them were planning a big shopping spree. They'd had dinner out, so even the larder was bare.

"Gee," Junie said to Dot, who had married Bill on September 30, 1943, "this is practically your second honeymoon. And here we have no coffee, no milk, no eggs for Bill's breakfast, and no linens!"

The irony of it struck them and the three gals collapsed into shrieks of laughter. "Mother, get the linens," they chorused, "and this time we *do* mean linens."

Junie decided that if no other bed in that house had linens that night, at least Dot's and Bill's would. She pulled off the sheet from her own bed and made up Dot's bed, romantically dousing it with sachet powder. If Dot and Bill were overwhelmed by the odor of sachet that night, they were too polite ever to tell Junie about it.

They were still without food for Bill's breakfast. And he had to leave the house at 6 a.m. to get to Fort MacArthur to be discharged.

After picking him up at the station and dropping him off at the house, Junie and Mom went shopping for food. By now it was 2 a.m.! They drove first to a drive-in, but even a beautiful blonde and a cute brunette couldn't convince the manager that he ought to change the rules and sell eggs to the public.

June and her mother drove on. Every restaurant was dark. In desperation, they pulled up to a policeman.

"Where can we buy some eggs and coffee now?" Junie asked.

"For my son-in-law's breakfast. He's just in from Europe," Mrs. Haver added, for purposes of persuasion.

Convinced that they weren't kidding, he led them to an all-night restaurant run by his mother and got them the precious eggs and some coffee. Then he directed them to an all-night doughnut shop.

The next morning, due to Junie's frantic middle-of-the-night wanderings, Dot fed Bill a breakfast of eggs, doughnuts, and coffee.

On May 26, 1942 June was signed to a contract at Twentieth whose talent scout, Ivan Kahn, had seen her play Lucybelle Lee, a southern siren, in "Ever Since Eve" at Beverly Hills High School just two months earlier. Six months later, her option was dropped. They said she looked too young to play ingenues and too old to play children.

Encouraged by Dorothy, June decided she'd prove to them that she could play ingenues and sophisticated young ladies, too. Dot made several sketches of June's face with different sophisticated "up" hairdos, and they picked one they liked. Next, June had to get a slinky dress, but she had no money. Dot, who was working as a secretary, took $150 from her Christmas savings account and they went shopping. Who made the most sophisticated clothes in town? they asked each other. Adrian. So they went to his Beverly Drive shop and picked out the slinkiest, most siren-ish gown in the place—a long sleeved white crepe cut low in the front, encrusted with rhinestones. June took Dot's sketch to a beauty shop and ordered them to do her hair "just the way it looks here." They also bought a pair of platform shoes.

After the studio executives got a look at June's new screen test, which she wrote herself, she was signed again. A while later, she was given the part of Cri-Cri in "Home in Indiana."

Dot has been June's stand-in for the past couple of years, and Ev has been her secretary since she got out of Beverly Hills High in June, 1944. Ev answers personal letters from kids they knew in Rock Island and Cincinnati, where they lived before they moved to Hollywood, and also addresses envelopes. June autographs her own pictures, and Dot usually sees that the mail gets to the post office.

On the set, whenever June finishes a scene, she looks over at Dot. If she's scowling, June knows she hasn't done so well. If she's smiling, June knows the take had Dot's approval. Every day, they see the previous day's rushes together, and afterwards they have a gabfest about how June looked and where she might have improved herself.

When Junie has a day off between pictures, the three Havers frequently go shopping together. June always knows exactly what she wants and is the quickest buyer of them all. If she particularly likes something, like a play shoe, she gets six or seven pairs in different colors.

Although Mrs. Haver used to dress Junie and Evvie alike when they were kids, their tastes in clothes are entirely different now. June likes all her clothes in pastels or black. She's said to have the largest collection of pastel slacks in the movie colony. The sisters practically never squabble over clothes nowadays because their clothes don't fit each other. Ev is the tallest of the three and Junie the slimmest. However, they can, and do, change off belts, berets, costume jewelry, gloves, and other accessories. Junie doesn't mind anyone borrowing her stuff if only it's left in the same apple-pie order in which they find it. Extremely neat and systematic, she hates open drawers and doors.

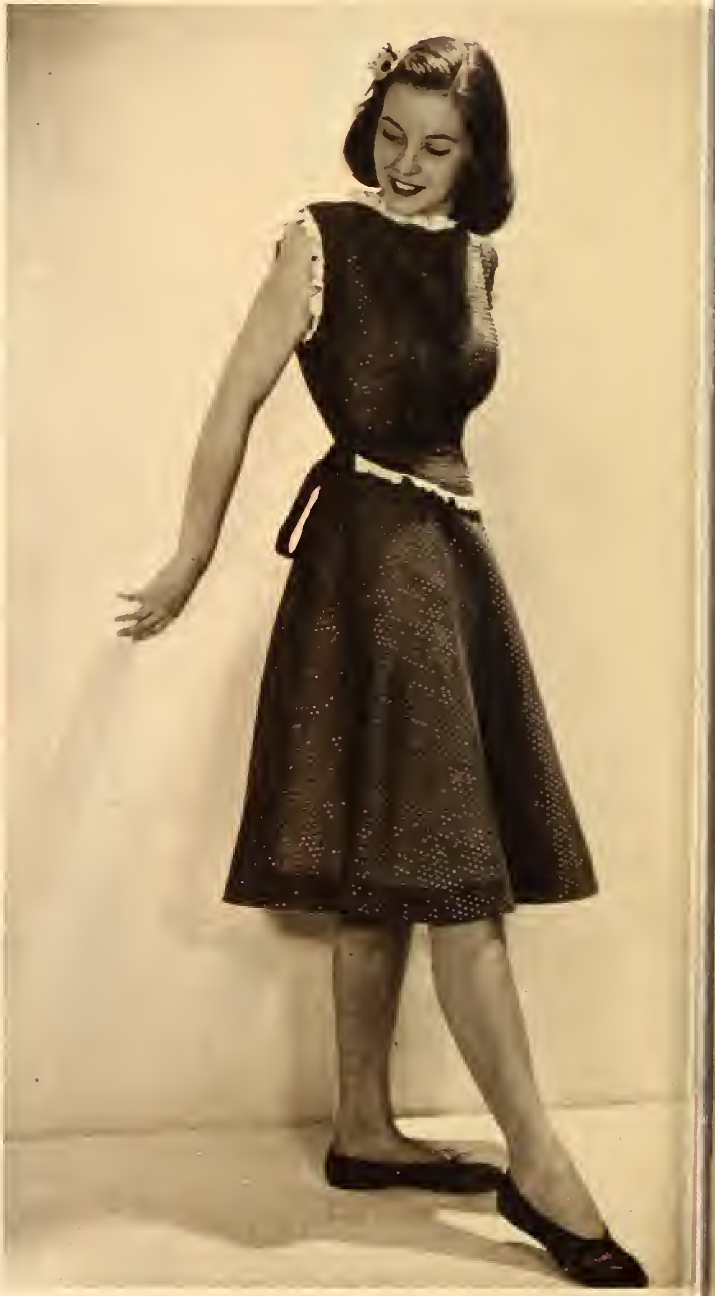
But June rarely has occasion to get miffed at her sisters. They are so much alike in so many ways and such good pals that they fit perfectly the dictionary definition of a "trio"—three united!

Forget that old tradition that the bride's going-away suit has to be beige or a pastel, and try this luscious melon-colored tropical worsted by Junior Deb. Its lines are soft as soft can be; the sleeves are gracefully ballooned, with the very new dropped shoulder line. The fabric will wear forever, for it's a Walther tropical wool. Wear it as we show it here, with lime gloves, add a lime hat or lime-colored flowers in your hair. For real sophistication, wear a black hat, the sleeves pushed up, with long black gloves, and sport your most fragile black sandals.

To find out where to buy this suit, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN'S Fashion pages, send a self-addressed envelope to: Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Modern Screen *Fashions*

VICTORIAN COTTONS

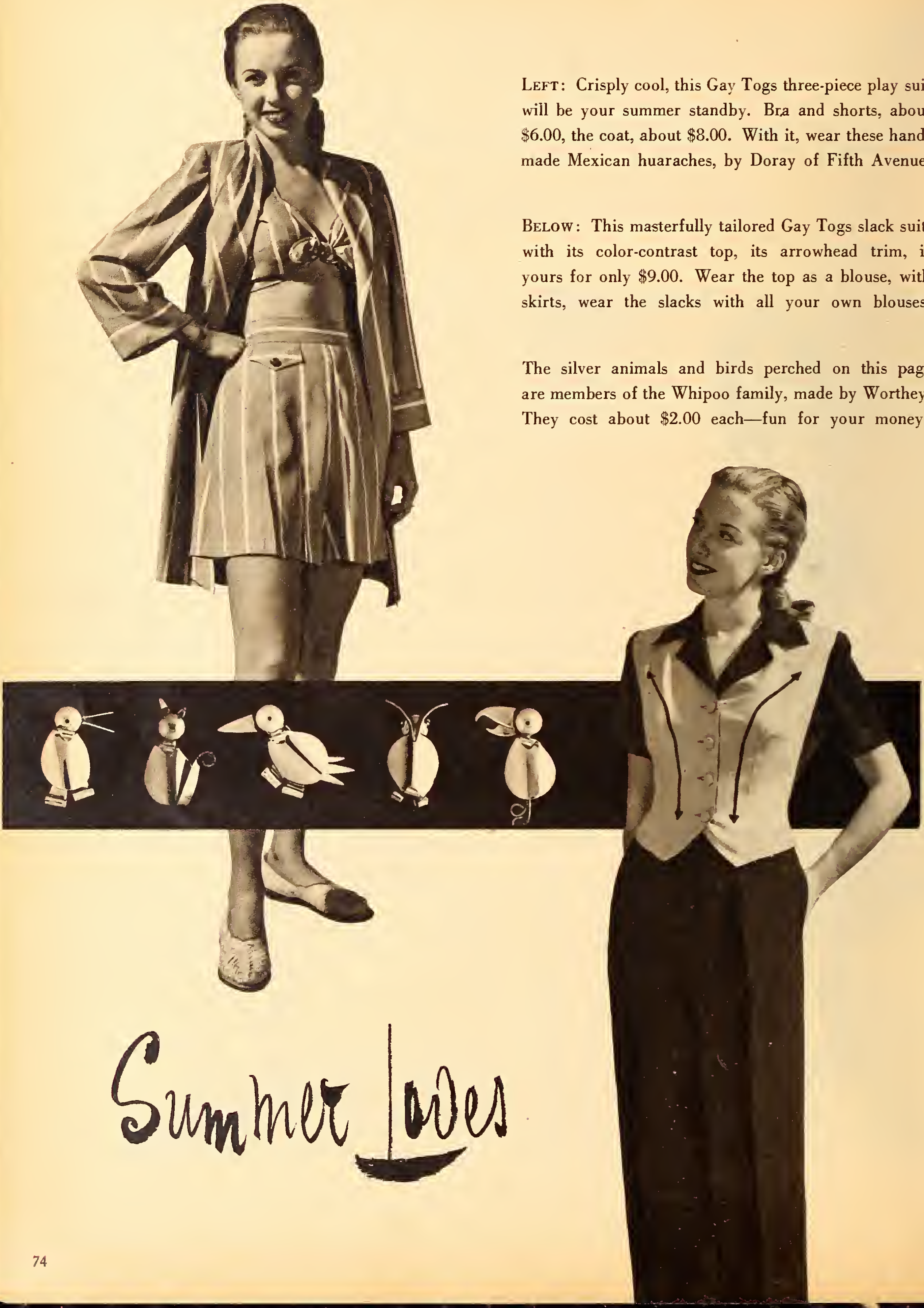


LEFT: Airy dotted swiss makes this enchantingly prim little number, with its white ruffles outlining neck and armholes, and that new dropped waistline look. A big, *big* bow ties it at the back. Under $11.00.

CENTER: Feminine and fragile is the way you will look in this bare-shouldered plaid cotton. It is fitted as can be, and the skirt is very full. Shoestring bows that you tie yourself hold it up, and it's under $11.00.

RIGHT: This striped seersucker is something right out of a fairy tale, with its double puffed sleeves, its beruffled skirt. All these wonderful dresses are by that brilliant designer, Dorris Varnum, of Jonathan Logan.

Straight out of Godey's Lady's book
are these story-book dresses with their ruffles,
full skirts and romantic bows.



Left: Crisply cool, this Gay Togs three-piece play suit will be your summer standby. Bra and shorts, about $6.00, the coat, about $8.00. With it, wear these handmade Mexican huaraches, by Doray of Fifth Avenue.

Below: This masterfully tailored Gay Togs slack suit, with its color-contrast top, its arrowhead trim, is yours for only $9.00. Wear the top as a blouse, with skirts, wear the slacks with all your own blouses.

The silver animals and birds perched on this page are members of the Whipoo family, made by Worthey. They cost about $2.00 each—fun for your money!

Summer Loves

Bachelors . . . but not for long! Nothing like American women. No colors like Revlon "American originals" to idealize American beauty!

Greatest catch of the season!

Revlon's new color

"Bachelors' Carnation"

NAIL ENAMEL LIPSTICK FACE POWDER

A capricious carmine with a tender passion!

"Toast of the town" packages!
"Bachelor's Carnation" Match Box Set 1.75,
Face Powder 1.00, *plus tax*

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"A *'Lee'* CREATION
CREATES A SWIMSATION"

DESIGNED TO MAKE YOU
LOOK AND FEEL BETTER,
FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING—

AT ALL SMART STORES
NAME OF NEAREST ONE ON REQUEST

Worn by ANDREA KING,
featured in "THE MAN I LOVE,"
a Warner Bros. picture

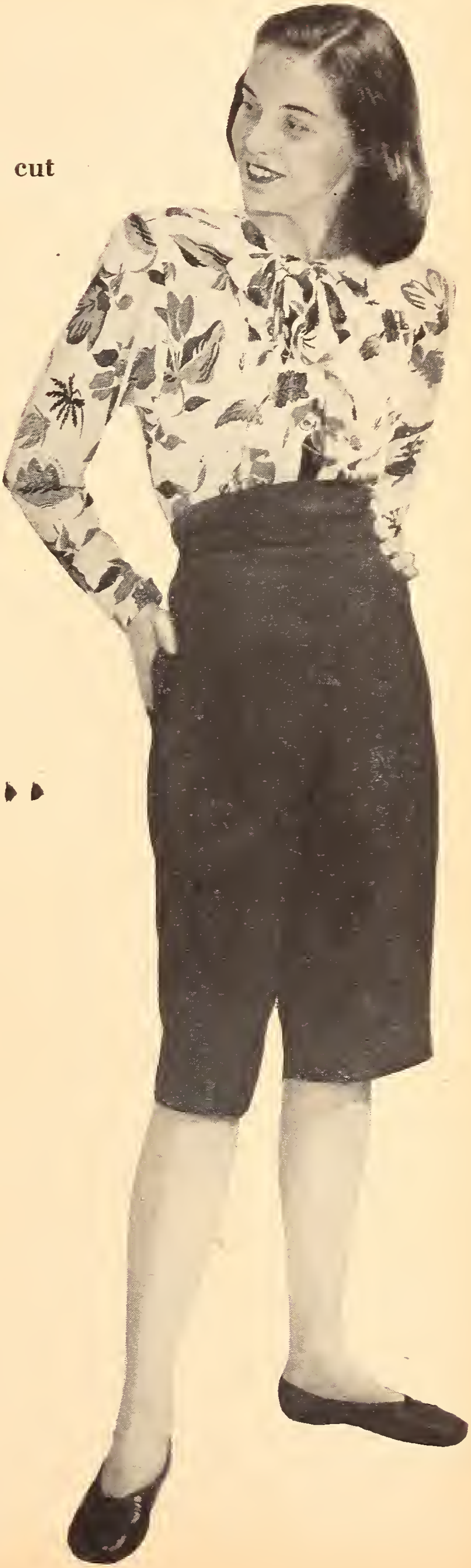
LEE
SWIMPLAY-SUITS

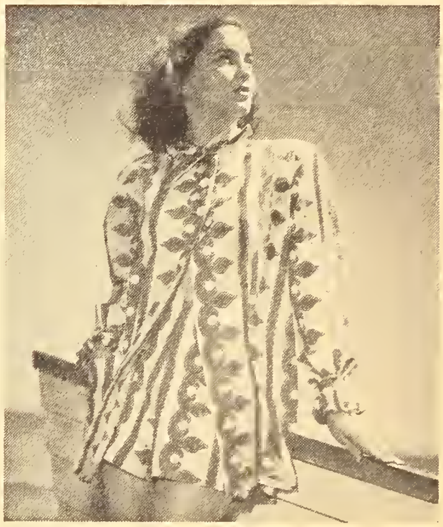
1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

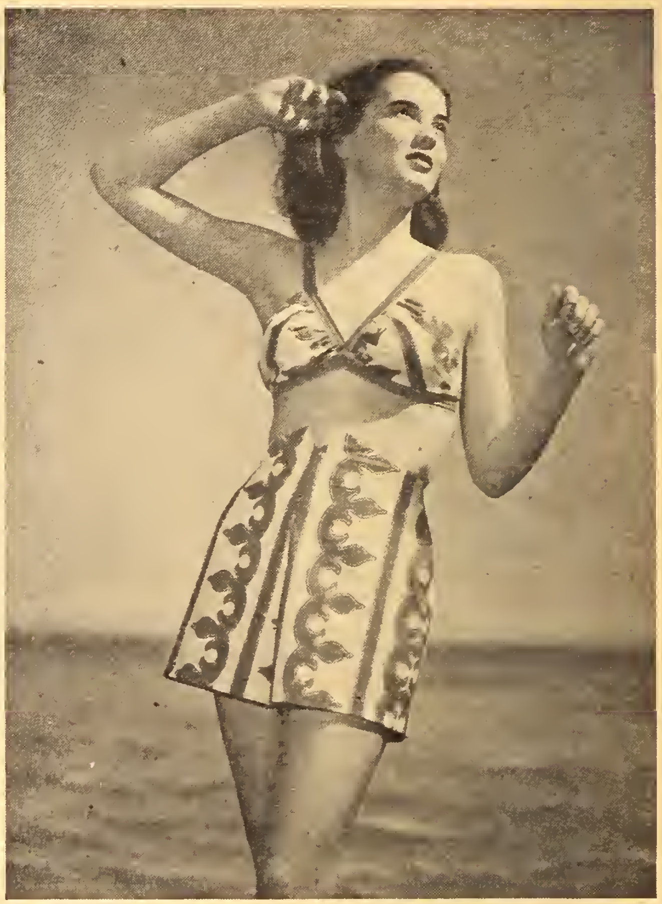
The matador look is the news in play clothes. Black trousers, cut off just below the knee, borrowed from the bull fighter by Frances Sider. Wear them if your hips are slim, your legs lovely. We like them with a print blouse, as shown here, or

the matador look . . .

with your best ruffled and bow-tied white shirt. With the print shirt, ballet slippers are just right, but if you want to be really terrific, wear high wedgies with your white blouse outfit. The price for all this chic: about twenty dollars.







vacation sensations

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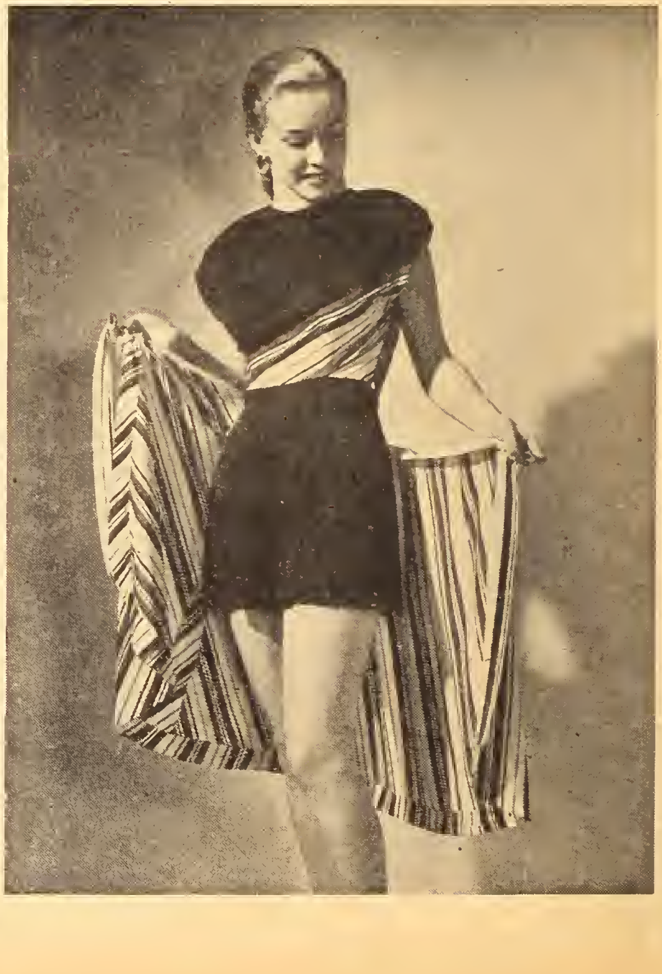
play clothes, designed by

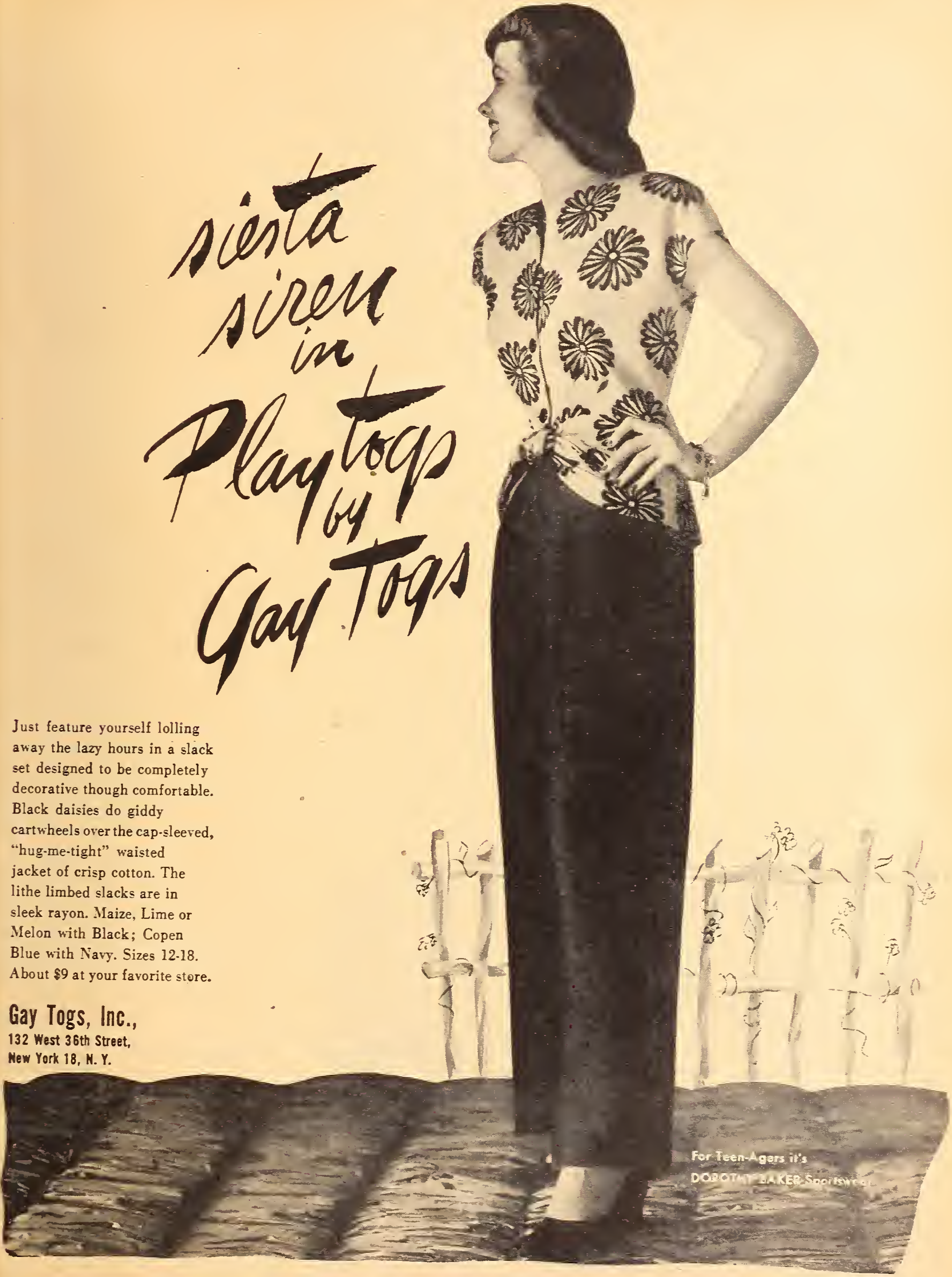
Frances Sider.

Beautifully cut bra and shorts, made of Everfast printed cotton. Note the V-top of the bra repeated in the V-top of the shorts. That's styling! About $11.00.

To top the bra and shorts, there's a young Victorian coat, with a bow neck, loose full sleeves, and elegantly ruffled cuffs. It's made of the same print, and it's under $11.00.

For packing, for freshness, for fun, there's nothing like rayon jersey. This two-piece play suit is a lovely date dress when its side-wrapped and tied skirt is on. About $20.00.

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FUN IN THE SUN

Interchangeables are your best bet for Summer vacation clothes—watch for five- or six-piece outfits in a single fabric, or in coordinated colors, that will give you lots of attractive combinations. We've seen a set made up of a two-piece bra-top bathing suit, a one-piece romper play suit, a ruffled bare-midriff top, ruffled shorts to match and a separate skirt, all in printed cotton. No end to these possibilities!

Bare shoulders, bare midriffs are everywhere, from two-piece swim-or-play suits, to your very dressy evening cottons. One-strap bathing suits are new, as are also those luscious Grecian-draped dresses that leave one shoulder bare. Lots and lots of evening dresses show bare midriffs, either in two-piece styling, or peek-a-boo midriffs with skirts that button on to the tops, leaving just a bit of you showing.

Shorts go to all lengths, from very short ones, if your legs are beautiful, to the longish, boy's type of short, and from there to the clam-digger or pedal-pusher slack. They're wearing those just-below-the-knee pants a little tighter, showing them in black with dressy white blouses, and calling them bullfighter trousers. They look very new, if they're your type, but they're definitely not easy to wear.

Beach coats run the gamut from modern to Victorian, but they have one thing in common: They're very short, and very covered up on top, and they give you that appealing, leggy look. Yours can be fitted, with a shirt-type collar and sleeve, and a set-in belt, but we like the loose ones, with a bow at the neck, and full sleeves, like the one we picture from Frances Sider, in Everfast cotton.

The big news in bathing suits is that there is some elasticized fabric around the market, so that some manufacturers will be delivering a few of those wonderful, stretchable suits. Otherwise, the story is still cotton and jersey, and the fashions still are bare as bare can be. The diaper suits are not so much in evidence as the newer bloomer-type pants, and there are lots of suits with brief pants and tiny separate flared skirts to wear after your swim.

FADS AND FANCIES

Edith Head of Paramount writes us the latest about gadgets being worn in Hollywood. You don't have to be a star or a starlet to follow these trends, so see which of these ideas you can adopt for your own wardrobe needs!

You learned to braid in kindergarten, and here's where you put that knowledge to good use! Joan Caulfield shows off the new braid influence with her soft chemise dress of grey linen which she wears with a braided bandeau and belt of yellow, grey and lime.

Remember the arm bands that men used to wear to keep their shirt sleeves up? Well, next time you wear a plain white long-sleeved blouse, braid narrow ribbons in three bright colors, and wear 'em around your arm. Watch people sit up and take notice!

Gail Russell, whose favorite color is white, is wearing wide braids of scarlet, chartreuse and black around the waists of her white dresses, and she wears matching braids of narrower ribbon in her hair. She says she loves the gypsy look of bright colors on white.

Barbara Stanwyck adopts the braided mode to her own sophisticated style by wearing a belt of braided copper, silver and gold beading around the waist of a simple white dinner dress. With it she combines a stunning trio of braided cuff bracelets.

Braided belts of bright ribbon make a gay outfit of your white hirt and black shorts. Braid just the part that goes around your waist, and eave the ends that tie hanging free, to give that bold pirate air.

If the drawstring on your last year's pouch handbag has given way, make drawstrings of braided ribbon to match each of your braid-trimmed outfits. It's easy to lace the braid into your bag, so don't forget to change!

If you have an evening gown ou want to dress up, how about a braided coronet of velvet ribbon in black and two shades that match your own? Wear it like a real crown, mack on top of your head. It looks regal and glamorous, and that's the way you want to look in your evening gown!

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BRASSIERES
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NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

(Continued from page 55)

"Laugh while you can," Diana said grimly. "It won't be for long. Wait till the reception committee gets you."

She was so right. As they walked up the front steps, the door was thrown open. Mrs. and Mrs. Loehr stood there accusingly, clutching their bathrobes.

"Young man." Mr. Loehr never raises his voice, but his tone was effective. "Didn't I say to you as you started out that Dolly was to be back by one?"

"Yes, sir." The ensign's young face was worried. "It was all my fault."

"No, it was mine!" Diana insisted.

"No, really, sir, it was mine. But it will never happen again."

"It certainly won't," Mrs. Loehr told him coldly, "because you're never going to take our daughter out again. Good night!"

curfew shall not ring . . .

That put an end to the conversation. Diana went off to bed and wept bitter tears of embarrassment. How *could* they have made such a scene in front of that nice boy over a little thing like an hour?

There was a knock at the door and her mother slipped in. "Dolly, are you awake?"

"Yes, mother."

"I thought I heard you crying. Look, dear, your father and I didn't mean to be so cross, but we were terribly worried about you. I kept imagining you in an auto accident. . . ." Her voice broke, and Diana reached over and patted her hand.

"I'm really sorry, mother. When I saw how late it was, I should have called up to say we'd be delayed. I'm not very bright."

Mrs. Loehr blew her nose. "We'll forget about it, as long as it doesn't happen again. You know, I expect your father and I looked awfully funny, standing there in bathrobes, and me with my hair every which way. No wonder your little ensign looked scared to death."

That was a couple of years ago, and now the curfew in the Loehr household has been changed to two o'clock, when Diana isn't working on a picture. There are occasions, too, when even that isn't unalterable. Like the night Henry Willson was co-host at a party with his boss, Mr. Selznick. Henry is one of Diana's special guys these days, besides being a top executive for anyone his age.

"Mrs. Loehr, I just can't leave the party in order to get Diana home by two tonight," he explained. "Would it be fatal if it was an hour or so later, this once?"

"Oh, I guess not, as long as we know the reason." Pretty Mrs. Loehr smiled at him. "I don't want to be too much of a stern parent."

She tries very hard to be reasonable, without being "easy," but it's hard to tell just where to draw the line, when you have a lovely nineteen-year-old daughter. It has been especially hard for Mrs. Loehr, because Diana grew up all of a sudden. Until she was sixteen, she didn't evince the slightest interest in boys. She loathed parties, and wouldn't go to them if she could think of any excuse to wiggle out. Mrs. Loehr was worried about it.

"I think it's time Dolly started going out with boys," she told her husband. "The other girls her age do."

"She's got plenty of time." To Mr. Loehr Dolly was still a child.

But that afternoon when Diana got home from the private school she attended, her mother called her into the living room. "Dolly, you're going to give a party."

"Give a party!" Diana looked as if she had just been sentenced to Alcatraz.

"Certainly. It's time you started going out, and the way to start is to give a party yourself for all the crowd you know. Boys, too," Mrs. Loehr added firmly.

Diana protested vehemently. "It'll be a washout. I hate being a hostess. I don't even know *how*."

"It's time you learned. This will be a very informal affair. In fact, I think we'll make it a kitchen party."

"What's that?" Diana asked skeptically.

"I'll have salad and ice cream ready, but we'll let the guests fix their own hamburgers. Won't that be fun?"

"No," said Diana under her breath. But as it turned out, she was wrong. It *was* fun. Having to cook the main course themselves put everyone in a friendly mood. The boys kidded Diana, and she toasted rolls busily, and forgot that she hated parties. After that, somehow, boys kept showing up at the house with increasing regularity. By the time Diana was seventeen, she was really getting too much of a whirl to suit her family.

"You can't go out so much and still get your school work and practicing done, even when you're not making a picture." Mrs. Loehr was reproving. "There's such a thing as being *too* popular, Dolly."

Diana smiled angelically. "Who started all this, anyway? There I was, minding my own business, and who was it said I should be going out with boys?"

"There ought to be a happy medium." But Mrs. Loehr had lost the argument and she knew it.

For about a year, Diana was very busy being the belle of the ball. Of every ball. The war was still on, and there was a constant stream of Army captains, Naval lieutenants, and just plain GIs, through the Loehr household. "A different date every night," was Diana's slogan and she was just the girl that could do it.

change of heart . . .

"I suppose we shouldn't mind," Mrs. Loehr said to her husband, watching Diana go down the steps with a completely new Air Force major. "There's safety in numbers."

"In that case, we're probably the safest parents on record. I never can remember these fellows' names, though."

"They don't last long enough for it to matter. You know Dolly."

But next day, Diana seemed to react a bit differently. She rushed to the phone every time it rang, and came away with a disappointed expression which she hastily erased when she saw her mother watching. At five o'clock, Mrs. Loehr said casually, "Who's your date with tonight, dear?"

"I think I'll stay home tonight, Mother I'm sort of tired of going out."

Her mother stared, but made no comment. Sometimes silence was golden. At five-thirty, a boy delivered a box of flowers. They were delicate, apricot colored roses and Diana read the accompanying card with a gleam in her eye.

"I guess maybe I will go out tonight after all. I mean, you never can tell how long the Major might be around."

"Who?"

"The man I dated last night. Didn't you think he was dreamy, Mother?"

"Oh, very dreamy." Mrs. Loehr resolved to take a good close look at him tonight

He was definitely the type a 17-year-old dreams about. Tall and just good looking enough, with the casual manner affected by the Air Force, and a couple of rosy ribbons to disprove it. He was very polite to Mr. and Mrs. Loehr, in an absent minded

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way. Obviously, he was interested in Diana to the exclusion of everything else. Mrs. Loehr felt a queer little tug at her heart when she saw the way he looked at her daughter. She sighed with relief when Diana said they were to pick up Mona Freeman and a lieutenant for a double date. Somehow, that turned the whole thing into just another of Diana's evenings. Probably they'd all go to a movie and have cokes and hamburgers on the way home. And maybe in a few days he would be sent away. She told her husband that, hopefully.

"Seems like a nice young man. Why do you want to send him off in a hurry to get killed?"

"I don't!" Mrs. Loehr was indignant. "I just don't want Dolly getting serious about anyone at her age."

As usual, Mrs. Loehr didn't go to sleep until Dolly got home. It was twelve-thirty (curfew was earlier when Dolly was seventeen) and the girl walked upstairs as if she was floating on a pink cloud. Her blue eyes were enormous with excitement. She saw her mother in the upper hall.

"Oh Mother. We've been to a *night club*. It was wonderful!"

Mrs. Loehr's breath came out in a long exclamation. She didn't know what she'd expected, but it wasn't this. However, night clubs had never entered the picture before. Surely 17-year-old girls didn't go to night clubs! She said so, firmly.

"Oh, but Mother, we wanted to because Ciro's has the best rumba band. None of the hotels where we usually go has a band that can play a really smooth rumba."

"What's the matter with a fox trot? Do you *have* to rumba?"

"Oh yes, everyone does and you know how much I love to dance."

Then Mrs. Loehr decided the escort was probably not as important to Diana as his dancing. Mrs. Loehr told herself to remember her husband's words, "By tomorrow night it will be someone else."

But by tomorrow night it was still the same. And the next night. And the next.

"I thought you liked going out with different boys every night, Dolly," her mother said at breakfast one day the next week.

"She's slipping," Mr. Loehr observed from behind his newspaper. "Can't get them any more."

"Oh, I got bored, seeing different people all the while. Having to adjust my personality to a new man every date. I think if you meet someone you like, it's nicer to sort of stick to them. If you know what I mean."

Mrs. Loehr was afraid she did. By the time Diana's eighteenth birthday came along, her mother was definitely worried. The officer wanted Diana to marry him—she was sure of that.

Then with the suddenness of wartime, he was gone. Diana missed him, but she was evidently not broken hearted.

"He certainly was the rumba prince of all time," she said regretfully. "But I met a man who's awful good at the samba."

ticket collector . . .

Of course even at seventeen, Diana had other interests besides men. One was learning to drive.

Diana never drove a car until she was seventeen. She didn't have the early urge some children do to get their hands on a wheel. Her mother usually drove her to the studio, but a little over a year ago Mrs. Loehr had a serious illness. One of the things that worried her was that she wouldn't be able to drive Diana around.

"Well, for heaven sakes," her daughter said with some spirit, "You must think I'm a dope. I can certainly learn to drive."

She learned very fast indeed, but she has gotten three tickets in the last year. Every one of them for the same thing.

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Somebody ahead of her puts his brakes on in a hurry and Diana runs smack into his rear bumper. Diana explained the first ticket to her father easily enough.

"After all, Dad, I've only been driving such a little while."

"She's really a very *good* driver," Mrs. Loehr put in. No more was said about the matter. Came ticket number two.

"What's this one for?" Mr. Loehr demanded.

Diana looked appealing. "Somebody ahead of me stopped all of a sudden."

"You'd better learn to slam on your own brakes," Mr. Loehr said darkly.

When ticket number three arrived, there was a minor crisis in the Loehr family. After that, Diana went back and took a couple more driving lessons.

She's always had her career in pictures, her music, her passion for clothes, and her love of reading as balancing factors. She did and does, read everything omnivorously. Books, magazines, plays. When she was a little girl, Mrs. Loehr was very busy giving music lessons, for she was one of the best known teachers in the city. When Diana would get home from school, she was supposed to practice her piano for an hour, then go and play outdoors. In an ordinary home, it's easy enough for Mother to tell when little Gertie is or is not practicing the piano. But in the Loehr household, there were always lessons going on, with their attendant sound. Diana could, and frequently did, skip part of her practicing without her Mother knowing it.

two men to a heart . . .

Of course, after Diana got into pictures there was much less time for reading or anything else, but for several years she did keep up her music industriously. Then at sixteen she developed this interest in boys and the music suffered. Mrs. Loehr worried. She'd had a tremendous ambition for Dolly to be a concert pianist. One day a friend came to her.

"Mrs. Loehr, I know Diana pretty well. She really loves music, but when you keep nagging at her about it, you just antagonize her. Don't mention it for awhile. She'll come back to it."

The advice was good and Mrs. Loehr took it. She's glad that she did. Diana is back at work on her music now and as interested in it as ever. Pictures, of course, are all-important in her life. Now that Diana is a star, with a very definite career, her mother wonders sometimes how that's going to mix with marriage when it comes.

Right now there are two leading contenders for Diana's heart. One is young Loren Tindall, actor, musician, ballet enthusiast. The other is Henry Willson, the above mentioned Selznick executive. They are a complete contrast. Loren is volatile, temperamental, and a little mad, in a fascinating sort of way. Henry is suave and balanced and dependable. He has known Diana for some time and when she first began to mention Loren Tindall frequently, he decided to find out what it was all about.

"I'd like to meet this Tindall guy, Diana. How about introducing us?"

Diana agreed and Henry thought he was a wonderful chap. Diana was completely baffled. The next time Henry called her for a date, she said, "I hear you and Loren are very buddy-buddy."

"Why not? We're both so fond of you."

Diana was in one of what her mother calls her "Scarlett O'Hara" moods. "Maybe I'll bring him along on our date."

"Fine!" Henry said heartily.

Diana slapped the phone down with a bang. This was really ridiculous! Still, it might be interesting. She wore her most devastating dress—a cream colored sheer wool that made her look very femme fatale

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in a demure sort of way. The three of them went to dinner, and Henry and Loren, instead of battling, talked to each other all the while and left Diana biting her rose colored nails.

At Christmas time, came the episode of the cocktail ring, which hit all the columns from coast to coast, to the Loehr family's dismay. What actually happened was this. One day the phone rang, and Mrs. Loehr answered. It was Loren Tindall.

"Mrs. Loehr, I wanted to tell you about the Christmas present I just bought Diana."

"What is it, Loren?"

"It's a jeweled cocktail ring, I think she's going to be crazy about it."

"Oh, but Loren!" Mrs. Loehr was really disturbed. "That's awfully sweet of you, but we couldn't let Dolly accept such a valuable present. Especially a ring."

"But I've already bought it," Loren protested. "I want to give Diana something really nice."

"Why don't you exchange it and get her a pretty lapel pin, or earrings. Couldn't you do that?"

Loren was annoyed, and didn't try to conceal it. He went to Diana, and she was very unhappy over the situation. She knew how Loren felt, and she would have loved to have that ring. But she saw the force of her mother's argument.

"I'm afraid she's right, Loren," she said reluctantly. "It's just not the thing to do."

Dolly was a sensible girl, who could be depended on to do the right thing at the right time. It was this conclusion that led to Mrs. Loehr's letting Diana go to New York alone in February. Several stars were going to Washington to appear for the March of Dimes campaign. Diana was asked to be one of them. The studio representative would accompany them to Washington. Afterward, the other stars were going on to New York, for a few days of theater and fun.

Her mother hesitated. Wasn't nineteen too young for a girl like Diana to stay in New York unchaperoned?

"Alexis Smith is going," Diana said calmly without much hope. She was so sure her mother wouldn't let her go. "We could room together."

"I think that would be very nice," Mrs. Loehr said briskly. "When do you start?"

Diana's lovely mouth fell open. She couldn't *believe* it! Then she let out a warwhoop completely unsuited to the dignified age of nineteen, and screamed happily, "I'm going to New York by myself!"

While Diana was in New York, Henry, by an odd coincidence, had to attend to some business there. He called Mrs. Loehr before he left and explained.

He didn't want her to think he was trying to put anything over. He really did have business in New York, but of course he wanted to see Diana, too.

Mrs. Loehr laughed "Don't apologize, Henry. I'm sure she wants to see you, too."

So Henry was around to take Diana to the theater and the Stork Club and El Morocco, and it was all very gay. And very harmless, as Mrs. Loehr knew it would be. Because she's sure now that Diana isn't really in love with anyone yet. Not the way she wants love to be. And since Diana's a smart girl, she'll go along awhile, working hard at her career, having fun with the people she likes best, but not marrying anyone. Not until she's *really* sure. And when the right guy comes along, no one will be happier about it than Diana's mother.

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Stranger in Town (*Van Johnson*) ☐
Three Little Sisters (*June Haver*) ☐
Since He Went Away (*Jerome Courtland*) ☐
Watch Barbara Hale! by Hedda Hopper ☐
Esther Williams' Life Story (*Conclusion*) ☐
Flying Irishman (*Gene Kelly*) ☐
Nancy With the Laughing Face (*Frank Sinatra*) ☐
Intime and On the Beam (*Kurt Kreuger*) ☐
The Power and the Glory (*Tyrone Power*) ☐
A Can of Beans and You (*Dane Clark*) ☐
He's My Guy (*Bob Mitchum*) ☐
Nobody's Sweetheart (*Diana Lynn*) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐
Ed Sullivan Speaking ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? ....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference ....

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ESTHER WILLIAMS

(*Continued from page 45*)

and the blast was felt 'round the globe. It portended many dark and bloody events for an anxious world, but for Esther, wrapped up in athletics, it wiped out the goal of her young life. And Esther Williams always had to have a goal.

The Olympic Games were cancelled. That meant four years at least before another chance at the world crown. But even in four years Esther would be too old. The fire inside her, the will to win, flickered for want of fuel. And there were a couple of other dampers that turned her competitive flame to soggy ashes. One was physical, the other psychological.

She was swimming in the ocean one day and running back up on the beach, she felt a searing pain in her foot. Blood poured from the wound a hidden piece of jagged glass had cut. Luckily, no tendons were severed, but her sole was laid wide open. She had to stop swimming; for a while she couldn't even walk. That took off some of the edge. The other experience was even more deadly, because it was disillusioning to a girl of Esther Williams' forthright, trusting honesty.

Her LAAC coach came up to her one day and remarked casually, "Oh, by the way, I had a wire from the AAU. They're interested in your joining an exhibition team for a South American tour."

Esther's heart bounced back into stride. She didn't ask to see the wire; she took it for granted she'd be asked, all right. But time went on and there was no further word. One day she picked up the paper and read where the South American troupe had sailed. Esther was dismayed. She rushed down to the club. "Oh," said her coach, "they decided you weren't quite good enough." That baffled Esther. Not good enough? She was the national champ. "They thought you weren't a versatile enough swimmer," explained the coach. Not versatile? Esther had placed in three winning events. She squelched her disappointment, and worked to prepare for the Indoor Nationals in Florida that April. But her heart wasn't really in it. She didn't know that her coach had taken it on herself to discourage the South American trip because she wanted the team intact for the Florida meet. But Esther was no fool, and it didn't make sense to her that a girl who had placed sixth at Des Moines sailed with the exhibition team.

The payoff came when the South American tour boat docked in Florida. Off poured Esther's lucky colleagues, tanned, laughing over a swell pack of memories, trained sharp as tacks from the constant winter outdoor swimming. Esther looked at them enviously. Then one of the boys on the team she knew spied her.

she wuz robbed . . .

"Hey, Williams," he called, "what happened to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why didn't you join us?"

"I wasn't asked. I wasn't good enough."

"Are you kidding?" he choked. "Say, we held off sailing two weeks waiting for you, and then the wire came saying you couldn't go!"

Esther's world dropped away from her feet. She was hurt to her very depths. Naive, maybe, certainly straightforward and frank, she had never been deceived before. Whether her coach was justified or not was beside the point. She felt cheated. She stalked in and confronted her mentor.

"Yes," the coach admitted. "They wanted you. But I didn't think it would be good

Gail Russell, starring in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up", a Paramount picture.

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for you, Esther. You wouldn't be in condition for the Florida Nationals."

"Don't you think myself or my mother ought to be the judge of what's good for me?" Esther came back, white faced.

"You'll have to trust me where your swimming is concerned, Esther."

But Esther Williams couldn't—not after that. She couldn't trust anyone and the organized, commercial side of championship swimming hit her tummy and sickened her all at once. She was through with competitive swimming right there. The National meet had to be held, but Esther didn't want to win. Her apathy spread to the LAAC team. She didn't win a race in Florida. Nobody on the Los Angeles team did. The South American tour kids swept every event. Esther traveled back to California. The first thing she did when she got home was to quit the LAAC team. She hung up her suit out in the garage at home.

to swim or not to swim . . .

That was the background of an important decision Esther would soon have to make—whether to keep herself "simon-pure" in the cradle of amateur sport, or turn professional, or give up entirely the swimming she loved. But first she took a job. Money was still scarce around the Williams house on Orchard Street and Esther needed a stake to start U.S.C. with next term, which was then her plan. She walked into a swank Los Angeles women's store, Magnin's, and asked for a job modelling clothes. One look at her face and figure and she was hired.

At first she was a regular stock model, standing by to display a dress a customer fancied. She learned to wear clothes expertly—something she had never really been interested in before. She caught on quickly to all the little artifices of the trade: When to smile, how to walk, what to stress, how to impress. Her natural sunny charm and beauty started her right up. But Fate interrupted. It was a telephone call one day right while she was changing from one dress to another. The voice on the wire was imperious.

"This Esther Williams?" said Billy Rose brusquely. "I want you to try out for my San Francisco Aquacade show. Be over at the Ambassador Hotel pool in fifteen minutes to swim for me."

That was three o'clock in the afternoon. Esther still had two hours of work ahead of her.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rose," she said, politely, "but I have a job. I can't walk away from it."

"Listen," said Billy. "This is the star's part I'm talking about. The same thing in the San Francisco Fair that my wife, Eleanor Holm, did in the New York Fair. And I have to catch a plane at five."

"I'm sorry," repeated Esther.

"What time you get off?" Esther said five o'clock. "Okay, then," growled Billy. "I'll wait."

At five-fifteen Esther was in the water of the familiar pool where she had swum so many exhibitions. It felt good to be back in the water again. She didn't exactly know whether she wanted to be a star of any Acquacade or anything, but it was fun again to show what she could do and she was only human.

"Swim four laps free style" he was saying, "now four laps backstroke—uh-huh" and "now four laps breast stroke." He puffed away at a big black cigar.

Esther popped out of the water, grinning. "What's next?" she asked.

"You're not tired?" Esther shook her head. She was never tired—not when she was interested. "My gosh!" heaved Rose, mopping his hair. "I'm tired just watching you!" Then he came to the point. "You're okay. Forty a week."

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"I get forty-five now," replied Esther coolly. Besides, she didn't really think then she wanted to swim in Billy Rose's Acquacade. That was show business. She was no entertainer. In the water or out. She swam fast, not fancy. She still had no idea she was any kind of a feminine dream dish, in spite of the sport page photos. She liked her modelling job.

"Fifty," said Billy Rose.

"I'll let you know," said Esther, and that's what she meant.

There were flocks of wires from San Francisco after that. Each one went up ten or twenty dollars. Magnin's matched some of them because they liked Esther. But soon it got into show business money. "$125 a week." That seemed like all the money in the world to Esther Williams. She was very tempted. After all, she was doing her job to pile up an educational stake. She could pile it up pretty fast at that rate. But like all amateurs, Esther didn't like the idea of swimming for money. Whenever a dilemma like that arose, there was only one place for Esther Williams to take it. She went into a huddle with Mama.

"I don't see any point to your going on with your amateur standing," Bula Williams advised Esther. "In fact, I think you might enjoy topping off your swimming career by making some money with your talent. After all," she smiled, "you can't eat medals."

As usual, Esther thought all these things herself. She just wanted the family okay. She wired Bill Rose her "yes" at last.

The family saw Esther off on the train to San Francisco. She left two weeks before the Acquacade was to open on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. She felt a little wobbly. Esther wasn't used to being scared much of anything, but this time she felt uncertain. She'd been on lots of trips before, but always with a gang of athletes her age, and always with a definite job to do. This time she was going it alone—by choice—and what she was going to do was a mystery, really, to her. She was like a puppy who strays out of his own yard for the first time—eager but nervous.

"Don't you want me to go up there with you, Esther?" her mother offered. "Maybe you'd feel more at home."

Esther's lips tightened. "No, Mommie," she said. "I'm eighteen. I'm a woman. It's my party from now on, thanks just the same." She knew what whether she loved or loathed her new life it was her problem and she had to face it. But the locomotive's whistle was lonely in the night.

the first day . . .

Her first day as a paid swimmer was the tip-off. Esther knew right away she wasn't going to like this, but her usual courage rallied. In fact, the experiences of Esther Williams' first encounters with show business had a great deal to do with her becoming Hollywood's prize "No" girl and putting off a career which was right for her for over a year.

She knew she was on the spot when she walked out on the rim of the public pool in San Francisco where Billy Rose was putting the show together. It was lined with dozens of girl swimmers, most of whom had made water ballet their specialty. Every one had bid keenly for the very star spot Esther had captured, almost against her will. She could feel their resentment, imagined she could hear cutting remarks and titters as they sized her up and asked, "Migosh, what has *she* got?" Her bathing suit was a plain racing rig. She pulled on her rubber cap and waited, thinking that it certainly was a laugh that all eyes were on her—the star—and she didn't know beans about what she was supposed to do.

"Well," she reasoned to herself, "they hired me knowing I'm no ballet beauty. I'm a racer. That's what I'll have to show them—speed."

Billy Rose used a public address system to direct the troupe. "All right, Miss Williams," his voice boomed out.

Esther dived in and split the water. She shot the length of the pool and back again, and if a stop-watch had been on her then she thinks she probably would have busted a world's record wide open. Every eye was on her and that made her arms dig in more savagely. She'd show 'em. The water boiled behind her. When she pulled her body out she was greeted by an aching silence.

racing fans! . . .

Then Billy Rose's voice came over the speaker. "Miss Williams." There was a pause, and the words came slow and sharp with sarcasm. "I'm sure," he said, "you can swim very fast. Yes—very fast. But . . ." and then he waited for the effect with a showman's timing, "we just aren't interested in that type of swimming. This is a show, not a race."

The girls lining the pool giggled. Esther's face burned, right through her wet cheeks.

"First of all," barked Billy, "take off that bathing cap." Esther took it off.

"That's better," said Billy, "but not much. My wife, Eleanor, always wears a bow in the water. You might try it. Now, I see we've got to teach you how to swim. That looked like amateur night in Dixie!"

Esther flared inside, but outside she tried to keep calm. Still, her voice trembled with anger as she tried to make her reply level.

"All right, Mr. Rose," she shouted back so everyone could hear. "You're paying me for this, so I'll learn to swim any way you want me to. I'll guarantee complete satisfaction." And although Esther's tone was defiant because she had been hurt, that's just what she meant. She'd deliver. She was even more determined to now that they'd made fun of her.

So she kept in the pool every day and every night learning to swim the way they wanted. She mastered it, of course, and with her beauty, her trim body and her untiring swimming power, Esther Williams more than measured up to what Billy Rose had bargained for and more than earned her salary as star of the pack-'em-in show. But Esther was never happy.

It was nice enough when the colored spots were on, the music playing and the rhythmic water performance in full flow. That was doing something and it was a life saver to Esther. Because the rest of the deal was pretty grim. The tiny dressing room with the forlorn light bulb dangling down before the cracked mirror. The musty, damp smell of wet suits and makeup and backstage cigar smoke. The perpetually wet hair, the sputtery gas heater. Four shows a day, every day. It got monotonous. But she got used to that.

But the rough and tumble, often vulgar show business world, Esther never got used to that. The salty wisecracks of the backstage hands. The nice, fresh college kids she saw, recruited from athletics like herself, turning tough and brittle and wise.

"That will never happen to me—never!" swore Esther.

Naturally, this decision only added to her loneliness. Esther's resolve to go it alone when she left Los Angeles was all very well. She thought then, she'd make lots of new friends at once as she always had. But she didn't click with these characters, and vice-versa.

This depressed state of mind was directly responsible for two of Esther Williams' major decisions while she starred in Billy Rose's Aquacade in San Francisco. It made her say "Yes" to marriage, and "No" to Hollywood. The offers arrived in

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She was in her tiny dressing room one evening when Jack Cummings of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (who later on was to produce her first starring picture, "Bathing Beauty," "Easy to Wed" and her latest, "Fiesta") came backstage.

"Metro," bubbled Cummings, "has been looking everywhere for a girl to star in a big swimming picture—and you're it!" Esther just stared. "Yes," he went on, "M-G-M's crazy about you. Several execs have seen you at the Aquacade and I'm getting the picture together and you're my choice, too. You're a mighty lucky girl. You'll be a star overnight. You'll have everything you want. . . ."

ya-ta-ta ya-ta-ta . . .

He rattled on, talking a blue streak. Esther didn't have a chance to say a word.

"Now, let's see—the script's being written now and the scenes designed. You'll finish here in September. Then you'll come right down to Hollywood and out to M-G-M for color tests and fittings—and . . ."

Esther let him carry on. She couldn't have stopped him anyway. When he ran out of breath, she said:

"But I'm not interested in pictures."

Jack Cummings did what they call in Hollywood a "double-take"—and a real one. He looked like someone had suddenly knifed him.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"I mean 'no,'" explained Esther. "I've found out what show business is like—and I don't like it."

Jack Cummings made a few remarks and then walked out, stunned. He just didn't get it. After he got back to Hollywood he came to and a barrage of studio offers started peppering Esther. But they didn't understand: Esther Williams meant what she said. But she was lonely, too. So when Leonard Kovner came to San Francisco and said, "Let's get married," that made sense to Esther.

She'd known Leonard and gone with him for a year or more, down home. He was a young medical student making up his pre-med credits at Los Angeles City College when Esther was there. They both planned to go on to USC and Leonard did. Leonard was going to be a doctor and that was a goal Esther admired. She could see herself part of a useful and real future with Dr. Kovner. She thought she was in love.

Anyway, Leonard's weekend visits came oftener and oftener and one day they went to a preacher. Esther's family wasn't there. They didn't get along with Leonard and he didn't like them. That was a wedge and an unnatural one that could never have allowed any marriage of Esther Williams to win out in the long run. But she was resolved to make her marriage a success. And that was another reason why she kept shying from Hollywood, in spite of the wires and phone calls and the visits of Johnny Hyde, the agent who took on the "Get Esther Williams Into Pictures" campaign. Johnny was persuasive and aggressive and he never gave up. She began her series of "No's" that lasted a year after the Aquacade closed.

husband's helper . . .

When that happened, Esther breathed a sigh of relief and moved back down to Los Angeles. The Kovners found a funny little apartment in the city and Esther found her old job waiting for her at Magnin's. Leonard entered USC and Esther went to work. She was glad to do this, because it helped her husband toward his medical goal, and because she had always liked modeling. Soon she was head model and trusted with staging fashion shows and exhibits all over the town.

There's not much doubt that Esther Williams could have gone right to the top as a fashion expert. Magnin's had their eye on her as a prospective buyer. She was happy in her job and she forgot swimming. She had no idea anything was going to happen that hot August day which would change her life and let Fate catch up with her, right over her own objections.

Johnny Hyde had kept calling up regularly, once a month or oftener. And when he said, "Haven't changed your mind yet, have you?" Esther would answer honestly, "No. It's still no. I'm just not interested."

Well, this day was sweltering and the customers were staying away in droves. Sitting around the store, idle and a little bored, Esther heard the phone ring. "I'll get it," she said, hopping up, glad for anything to bust the monotony.

"Hello, Esther, this is Johnny Hyde."

"I asked you not to call me at work, Johnny."

"I know—but, look. Louis B. Mayer's in town and he'd like to meet you. He's an awfully nice man. Wouldn't you like to meet him and say hello?"

"Yes," said Esther. "Of course, I'd like to meet Mr. Mayer, but . . ."

"But what?"

Esther fell back on the best argument she could think of. "But I've got a job. I'm not off until five." Johnny said five was fine. A car and chauffeur would call. Maybe that did it with Esther. She was only human; she couldn't resist the tempting vision of a big, shiny limousine drawing up especially for her. She weakened. "Okay," she said, "I'll be ready."

Then she let the rest of the girls in on the news. That was just the thing to brighten up a dull day. "Boy, will we send you off in style!" they said. Esther was dressed, undressed and dressed again with stock merchandise until she felt like a window dummy—but everybody, even the floor boss, had the time of her life. By five, Williams was really a dish that she could approve of in the mirror. The whole crew hung out the window and waved her off with cheers as the chauffeur pulled away from the curb. "I won't sign any contract or anything, no matter what," Esther assured herself. But little did she know Mr. Mayer.

she didn't say no . . .

He's an ace diplomat and the first thing he did was put Esther at her ease. His aide, Sam Katz, was with him. They told Esther, "Miss Williams, we're not boogie men. We aren't out to ruin your life or anything. We just think you have ability and we'd like to put you in pictures—that's all. Now, what's wrong with that?"

Esther wanted them to know where she stood, too. It sort of embarrassed her to get all this attention and keep saying "No." They must think she was a swell headed little brat, or else a sharp bargainer. So she said,

"Please—I'm not trying to be hard to get. I'm really not at all. It's just that I don't think I have any talent. I can swim, sure, but I can't act. I'm not very pretty, I'm—I'm—" she fumbled for the right phrase, "well, I'm just like everybody else!"

Mr. Mayer smiled. "That's just what we want," he told her, "believe me." Then he answered every doubt she brought up.

". . . Soon as you find out how awful I am, I'll be out again in six months . . ."

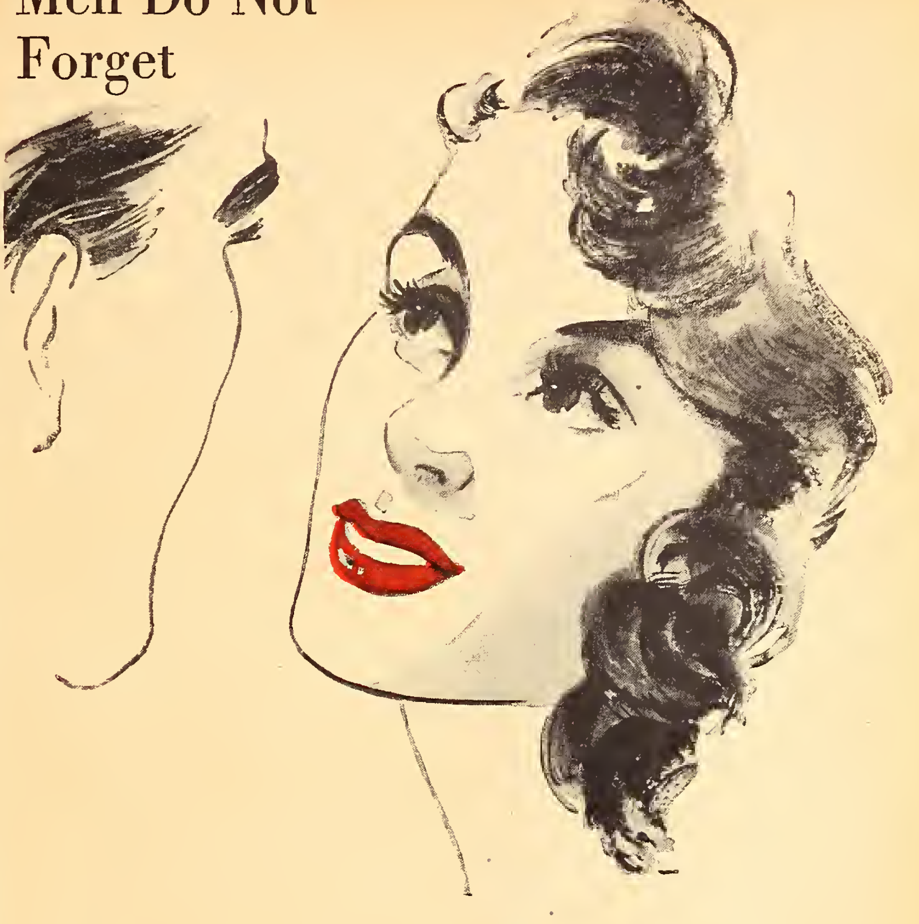
"You'll have yearly options."

". . . I'll never pass a screen test. . . ."

"There won't be any screen test. We'll sign you right now." And all prepared and perfect the contract slid magically out of L. B. Mayer's desk drawer. Esther found herself signing.

So Esther was in pictures at last. Her mother approved, but she wasn't impressed. Nobody in the Williams house was. It made

Men Do Not Forget



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little difference in Esther's home life, either.

She started from scratch. Lillian Burns, M-G-M's drama coach, grabbed her at ten o'clock in the morning for an hour. From there she hustled over to the dance school. A half hour of ballet, another half hour of ballroom. After lunch, back to Miss Burns, and then on to an hour of diction and voice culture, another hour of walking with books on her head, sessions with makeup and wardrobe. And at the day's end, an hour of singing lessons.

In what spare moments there were she sat quietly on sets and watched. Everybody was swell to her. She had free run of the lot, authority to run off a picture in a projection booth. She didn't have to go to "command" parties, meet visiting Elks, pay any mind whatever to anything she didn't want to. And she swam every day, too.

Esther had been letting her swimming slip at Magnin's. There hadn't been time. But now swimming was a big item on her Star-Is-Born schedule. A good pool is one thing M-G-M doesn't own—so she had free access to all the glamorous ponds around Beverly Hills and Hollywood. While she was paddling luxuriously at the Beverly Hills' Hotel crystal pool one afternoon, Esther got her first studio scare and biggest thrill all wrapped up in one.

It was just two months after she'd started on her M-G-M training program and Esther hadn't yet shaken a guilty feeling that she was getting paid for producing absolutely nothing.

So when they called her to the telephone at the pool and L.B. Mayer's private secretary said Mr. Mayer would like to see her in his office right away, Esther thought, "Well, they've come to their senses at last. They know I'm no good and they're going to end this foolishness. I'm fired."

She was fully resigned to that sad fact when she walked into the sanctum sanctorum at M-G-M. Esther was wearing slacks and a sport blouse. Her hair was wet and shapeless. Her makeup was washed off and her nose gleaming.

When she walked in the inner office, she couldn't have looked less glamorous. And she couldn't have guessed worse.

"We have something in mind for you," L.B. was saying. "But first, there's a young man outside I want you to meet."

just a nice young man . . .

He got up from his desk, smiling, walked out of the office and when he came back Esther felt her spine turn to solid ice and then prickle like a cactus stick. Mr. Mayer was leading in Clark Gable!

Esther still wonders how she managed to shake Clark's hand. Van Johnson wouldn't have thrilled her or Bob Taylor or anyone else. But Gable—he was just in tune with her age bracket to be the idol of her girlhood and of course he still was.

And she actually heard Mr. Mayer saying, "Mr. Gable would like to make a screen test with you." All she could think of was "Oh, I've never been so unattractive. I'm such a mess. This is awful!" (Clark Gable told her later he found her so refreshing!) She tried to say something. But all she could squeak out was:

"A test? But, why?"

"I think you two might be good in a picture sometime," explained Mr. Mayer. "And I think a test with Clark will be good for you. Give you confidence."

Esther thought, "Confidence? If you only knew how that guy gives me the shakes and shivers!" But she had self-control enough to keep quiet and play dumb.

It was some screen test. Clark picked a love scene from one of his current pictures. Esther studied the lines until she could say them almost without thinking. But Clark read his lines off sheets on a table, and when he'd miss one, he'd just go into a clinch, like a boxer. That raised the average. After each smack Esther would gulp and carry on. She tottered off the test stage in a daze, and even later, when she ran the film so much that it got frayed at the edges, she couldn't study herself with any concentration. All she could see was Clark Gable kissing her.

But the studio tagged it a big success and from then on Esther plunged into a series of tests. She was always the girl partner for every new young man M-G-M tried out.

One day she was summoned into casting. "You're scheduled for a test with Mickey Rooney," they told her.

"But," she said now, "Mickey already has a contract." She didn't get it. She was always making a test with somebody else, but also *for* somebody else.

"This time the test's for you."

She made that test in a bathing suit. Ten other girls tested, too. So she was still in a race, of a sort. Six months after she first put her signature on the M-G-M contract, Esther had her first part in a picture, "Andy Hardy's Double Life."

mama knows best . . .

Frankly, the only scene where Esther felt at home was the scene under water where she and Mickey pull off a submarine kiss. Before the preview she told her mother, "Now, Mama, you've got to look at this objectively. Don't soft soap me (as if she didn't know better than that). If I haven't a spark of talent I want you to tell me—promise?" Bula Williams promised.

They sat in separate seats. After the picture they met outside. A first look at yourself on film is a pretty horrible experience anyway. But to hypersensitive Esther Williams it was slow death.

"Well, Mommy?"

Mrs. Williams took a long time answering and Esther's tummy sank and sank.

"That's not my girl," said Mrs. Williams, letting her have it. "That's not Esther. Honey, you were trying to do a job so hard you couldn't think of anything else. That works in swimming, but not in acting."

After that she burned up for experience. She wanted to be in every picture made at M-G-M. Just as an extra, a walk-on, anything. She pestered everyone at the studio, big and little—directors, producers, executives, even assistant directors. If she could only learn by doing, it would help.

"Listen," they told her. "We know better. Our plans are too big for you. Your next picture is going to be 'Bathing Beauty'—and you're going to be the star!"

"Oh, no!" protested Esther. Now that she was inside a studio and knew what talent movies demanded, she was horrified at actually doing the thing she had obviously been signed for in the first place.

Esther's campaign to land another part paid off just once before she was thrust, as she thought, like a lamb to the lions, in "Bathing Beauty." She talked herself into a tiny bit in "A Guy Named Joe." She danced with Van Johnson in a scene, had four or five pages of dialogue, and then put in more months of hard licks until at last "Bathing Beauty" rolled around.

She asked the same question of her favorite critic after the preview of "Bathing Beauty"—"Well, Mom?"

"It's a wonderful, beautiful picture," her Mama told her after the show. "You've gained confidence. And there's one scene at the end of the picture where your real humor, warmth and sincerity come through, Esther That scene proves to me that you can be an actress if you want to."

And so Esther went on, always wondering, "Why are they putting me in another picture? Why are they wasting their money?" It wasn't until she'd finished "Easy to Wed" and it was previewed that her question, "Well, Mom?" brought final confidence to Esther Williams. After that

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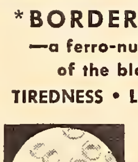

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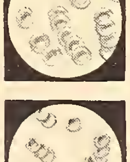

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one, Bula Williams sent a wire to Esther in New York.

She wired simply, "My Esther is on the screen at last."

It was the greatest accolade Esther ever got or ever will get.

At the time when the world was discovering Esther Williams, when she was basking in the first full rays of fame, Esther, true to form, courageously faced up to her private life and did what she knew had to be done. In 1944, just before "Bathing Beauty" opened in New York, Esther separated from her husband, Leonard Kovner.

It was the worst time she could have picked, if she had been picking it with publicity consequences in mind.

to thine own self be true . . .

But Esther's marriage had been wrong from the start and she had given it four long years that weren't happy ones for her. Instead of being false to herself and keeping it alive, she showed again the stuff she was made of by braving divorce.

When the break came, she didn't know Cupid was lying in wait right around the corner. Esther had never heard of one Sergeant Ben Gage when she cut the badly tangled knot of her marriage to Leonard Kovner. But only a few weeks after her divorce he walked right into her life—and Big Ben has never left.

They met at a benefit party at Earl Carroll's. All Hollywood had turned out and Esther was peddling cigarettes for sweet charity. She was dressed formal because this particular affair—the Jewish Old Age Benefit—is quite an event in Movieland. But although Esther glittered glamorously she was as low inside as a snake in a swamp. The hangover of her wrecked marriage depressed her.

This tall guy with the golden crinkles in his hair had loomed on Esther's horizon off and on all night, and somehow she couldn't get him out of her mind, even though they hadn't even said "Hello." Esther had to grin to herself, and as she was looking right at this man he grinned right back. So she wiped hers off and said "Cigarettes?" to a passing party.

Then when her chore was over and she'd turned in her cigarette tray and the proceeds, she started out to get her car and go home and drown her sorrows in a soft pillow. And then — nuts — the Heavens started bucketing down and her car *would* be miles away in the maze of the dripping parking lot.

That's when the voice behind her said, "Having trouble, little girl?"

"Little Girl"—Esther's heart did that double-time routine again, because she knew who it was before she turned around.

"Am I having trouble?" sighed Esther. "I am. My car, I . . ."

"I'll get it for you," said the tree-top tall sergeant. He brought the buggy 'round and Esther drove him across the street to his car and that was all.

Esther's romance with Ben Gage was on the cautious side at the start. She wasn't letting the big soldier sweep her off her feet because that had happened the first time and it hadn't worked. And this time, too, she was going to be dead certain that anybody who came a-courtin' knew her family, and liked them, and vice-versa, because Esther knew by now she could never be happy in any stand-offish domestic relationship with her folks. They were too dear to her. And so when Ben Gage called, Esther came right out with:

"Would you like to come to Mama's house for dinner?"

"Would I!" said the Sergeant. "After this army chow? Look—can she cook?"

"If she can't, I can," laughed Esther, "but she taught me how."

Well, that night Ben and Bula Williams

got along like a couple of country cousins. In fact they talked and jabbered away so long and exclusively that Esther finally gave up and went to sleep on the couch!

All the summer that followed that spring of 1944, while Esther made "Thrill of a Romance" on an M-G-M set, a real life romance of the same name progressed in her private life, unspectacularly but solidly. It was quite a spell before Esther could trust her feelings for Ben. She'd been hurt, but Ben passed all the tests—Esther's own and Mama's too—with flying colors, and then Esther began to let out the strings of her heart.

And to tuck up a long and fairly familiar Hollywood love story—well—Esther Williams turned into Mrs. Ben Gage in a candlelit church in Westwood last November, with bridesmaids and ushers and rice and tears and double rings—all the trimmings of a girl's dreams.

Privately Esther Williams couldn't be happier than she is with her husband, Ben, in the little redwood house they've set up housekeeping in—high on a mesa with a view sweeping the Pacific Ocean.

When Christmas rolled around this past year, Esther was down in Mexico in "Fiesta" and Ben flew down to see her. It was the first Christmas Esther had ever spent away from home and in a foreign land, to boot. But she thought with Ben there they could make it real.

a southern christmas . . .

So they tramped off to a little side alley market in Puebla and picked up all the Yuletide decorations and trinkets they could find. They even dug up a tree and lugged all the Santa Claus loot back to the hotel room. Esther explained in her limping Spanish to the Mexican cook just how she wanted everything fixed—how you made cranberry sauce and chestnut dressing and how you roasted a turkey, Norte America style. The picture crew was invited, and on Christmas Day thirty people made with cheer and feasting, sang carols and everything.

It was okay—but, darn it, it just wasn't real. Both Ben and Esther tried hard but they finally had to confess to each other that Christmas just wasn't Christmas away from the folks. The only thing to do, they decided, was to hold back the calendar and do it right when they got home.

So they set about their Christmas shopping. They cleaned out the Mexican shops with presents for every member of both families and Esther had to come back to the United States with practically no wardrobe at all because every bag was crammed with gifts. The minute she got home she started things going. It was February by then but what she was up to was a family Christmas dinner.

So Esther tied on her kitchen apron and went to work. Soon the family started trouping in until the walls of her honeymoon cottage bulged to busting.

She was there with her family, not one of whom was the least impressed with the fact that she was a Hollywood star. What counted with them was that she was still Sister Essie and that she could get up a family Christmas Day like this with a Christmas dinner like this.

Because Esther had cooked the whole dinner herself and if her cheeks glowed with a shiny flush, it was not all because of the hot kitchen. But because of a couple of compliments from a couple of people who counted.

It was her Dad who said, "Esther, I wouldn't care if you were the greatest actress in the world if you couldn't cook!"

And it was Ben who cracked proudly, "That's no actress—that's my wife!"

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HE ADMIRES YOUR HAIR

(Continued from page 67)

the hair, itself, is soft, gleaming, healthy, alive. Helmut said that when he was, over seven years ago, coming over on the boat as an Austrian refugee, one of the first characteristics he noted about the American girl was her free-flowing, well-brushed, sparkling hair. So do live up to the American tradition by always having your hair at its best. Wield that brush every night. Shampoo regularly. And protect your hair from the searing summer sun, unless you think the boys might like a crisped straw effect! To help you out here, a firm known for its fine hair-beauty aids, has concocted "protecsun" which is a very helpful oil product that does such a good job of warding off the sun's burning rays that you can even use it as a sun lotion!

Helmut wanted to be quoted as most definitely "not favoring any particular shade of hair." Of course, it would be awkward for MODERN SCREEN to print that he liked brunettes on the very day that he had a date with a blonde! But there is even more wisdom in his statement. That all-important "he" in your life will admire the color of your hair . . . as long as that color is looking its very best. Not drab, not dingy, not dull. So, be you blonde, brunette or redhead, it behooves you to finish off your shampoo with a special rinse. There is a large selection of shades from which to choose. Just dissolve a package of the rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of soap film vanishes. Your hair gleams with dancing highlights . . . no matter what the color.

Men like your hair clean. So let's squelch, once and forever, the persistent rumor that it's harmful to wash your hair often. *It isn't* so. Look closely at your film pet the next time you are at the movies. Doesn't her hair look soft and clean and shimmering? And you should know by this time that those movie girls have their hair washed anywhere from twice a week to once every day.

Your hair doesn't require a daily dunking, because it escapes the close inspection of the camera's eye. The frequency of your own washings, therefore, depends on whether you live in dusty city or clean country, whether you're addicted to hats or love to go bare-headed. Also, hair that is heavy and oily catches more dirt than fine, dry hair, and blond ringlets show soil quicker than dark hair.

Summing up what we learned from Helmut, we find that our men like us girls with individually styled hair . . . and with clean, clean hair; But Mr. Dantine has one more message for you: He feels very strongly about the unattractiveness and bad taste of hair combing in public. It's absolutely shattering to any illusions of feminine daintiness. So let's all try to have the men in our lives admire both our pretty curls and our pretty manners!

GLAMOROUSLY YOURS

"Glamor For The Teens" is back and M.S. has it! Jean Kinkead has re-glamorized our most-requested teen chart and crammed it full of up-to-date info, frankly designed to make you young-'uns purtier than ever. See Super Coupon, page 22.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

(Continued from page 51)

below. Then he jumped.

Some character on the boat yelled "Geronimo!", which is the paratrooper's cry.

If Ty had been a baseball and Annabella a right fielder, she would have caught him just before the fence. As it was, she was in his arms before he had quite caught his balance, which was unimportant, as her kiss sent him spinning anyway.

A mighty roar of approval went up from the men on the ship. "Kiss her for me, Ty," somebody shouted. "Best scene you've ever played," someone else kidded.

As soon as Ty could get through the red tape, he and Annabella rushed to the airport where the soon-to-be Mister Power made his first postwar purchase: A pair of airline tickets for Los Angeles.

During the war, while Annabella had appeared in New York in "Jacobowsky And The Colonel," then had gone to France to appear in U.S.O. shows for troops, and while Ty had been working for Uncle Sugar in the Marine Corps, Ty's sister, Anne Hardenberg, had occupied the Powers' Brentwood house with her small daughter, Neeltje. (Don't try to pronounce it; just call her Pixie, as the family does.)

overseas yens . . .

Pixie was three-and-one-half-years old and garrulous for her age. Said Mrs. Hardenberg to her daughter, "This is your Uncle Ty and your Aunt Annabella."

Pixie fixed a long look on her Uncle Tyrone. Having never heard the old saw about the pot calling the kettle black, she observed, "That name's too hard for me."

Also waiting at the house, in addition to Mrs. Hardenberg and Pixie, was Tyrone's mother. "Darling!" she said, taking her son into her arms and bursting into the tears that mothers must shed in gladness. After a few moments she backed away and studied the hard-sinewed, tanned man with the steady dark eyes. Almost accusingly she said, "But you look *wonderful!*"

This sort of thing went on for several days. Ty was interested in very little food other than milk and green salads. If Pixie had been a little older she could have earned her college money simply by following her Uncle Ty around and returning his empty milk bottles.

"If atabrine turned you yellow, it seems to me that the amount of lettuce you've been eating is going to turn you green," observed Annabella. "Isn't there something else you'd like to eat?

Ty's answer was prompt. "Caviar," he said, rolling his eyes.

It took Annabella several days to find a small cache of prewar, cold water, small-size caviar. Then she and Tyrone sat before their bar, perched on high stools, ate crackers spread with the precious stuff . . . and drank milk. That is, Tyrone did. Annabella shuddered, sipping her red wine.

Eyes twinkling, voice soft, Annabella said after a bit, "Aside from certain peculiar eating habits, you are a very nice husband, but I must say that at times you present a problem."

"Only one?" asked the head of the house.

"At the moment—one. The property next door has been sold."

"Oh. To anyone we know?" asked Ty.

"To the operators of a girls' school," said Annabella.

Ty clutched the bar to prevent himself from falling off the stool. "No!" he yelled.

Annabella only nodded, spread another cracker with caviar and handed it to her husband to placate him.

All of which will explain Mr. Power's

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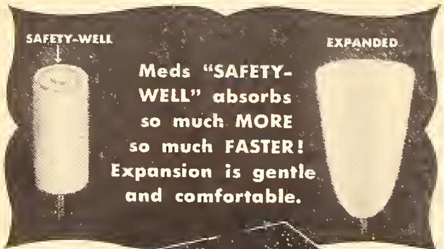
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next activity: He and the gardener spent days reinforcing the hedge around the Power property, and planting thick new bushes in any portions of the greenery which might have worn thin.

In addition to his horticulture, Ty had other business to attend to; there was the accumulation of income tax to be paid, there was insurance to be brought up to date, and there was work to be done on the script of "The Razor's Edge."

One afternoon he asked Annabella to look up some receipts for him, and when he returned to the library, he found her glancing through a stack of yellow envelopes. Smiling up at him, she said, "These are all the cables you sent when you were away. I'm going to keep them always."

operation incomplete . . .

Vividly, for a moment, he remembered Guam. When the telegraph office had been opened there he had flown up once a week—on routine flight, of course—and had cabled Annabella, wherever she was. Through the heat, the soggy weather, the homesickness, he had planned his brief communications, making every word count.

Remembering the circumstances surrounding the sending of the cables—these many months and thousands of miles later—Ty rested his hand on his wife's shoulder and smiled into her eyes. The Powers are not prodigal conversationalists; an exchanged glance, a smile, a phrase, suffice to convey their thoughts. Annabella said softly, "They were nice messages."

And Tyrone said, "To a nice girl."

After Christmas Ty and Annabella went to New York where they were wined and dined and gala-ed.

After having seen dozens of plays and having checked up on the brightest New York spots, Ty and Annabella scooted off to Mont Tremblant for some skiing. Annabella had never been in eastern Canada before and she was overpowered by the scenery, the charm of the Inn, and the fun of a snow outing.

Ty had learned the proper stance, had grown accustomed enough to alpenstocks to keep from knitting the nearby shrubbery with them, and had learned a fairly decent "Stem Christy." However, he was still several winters away from a slalom race. On a distant slope he caught occasional glimpses of Annabella unscrambling herself; he always managed—on his own slope—to get the snow brushed off his back before she straightened to see how he was getting along.

On the third night Annabella said dismally, "I don't think I am ever going to learn to ski. I have no balance; I have no assurance; I have no grace. Ten percent of the time I spend in picking myself up. Now you . . . you are *good*."

Ty grinned at her. "My percentage is better," he admitted. "I'm now about fifty-fifty. Fifty percent on my feet and fifty percent on my fanny. There's no doubt about it—I'm *good!*"

When they were in Montreal the telephone rang in their hotel suite one night and a jovial voice said, "Hi, Ty—read in the paper that you and Annabella were in town. This is Marion McKeen!"

You could have heard Ty's jubilant shout all the way to Klondike. Mr. McKeen had taught Ty to fly in the bygone days when Mac was running a flying school at Clover Field, near Los Angeles. A fast resumé revealed the fact that Mr. McKeen and his wife now owned and operated Ski Hills Inn, near Montreal.

"Come on up and spend as much time with us as you can," he urged.

That was all the Powers needed. They moved to Ski Hills Inn for a few additional days of skiing (still on a fifty-fifty basis) and they spent the rest of their time reminiscing about Ty's early flight experiences.

"Remember that guy who used to take off like a harpooned goose?" Mac asked. "Well, he spent two years flying The Hump. Gosh, I NEVER thought that character was going to learn to fly. I used to say to him, 'Watch Power take off . . . see how much of the runway he uses. You never see *him* hang a plane on its props.'"

Afterward, Annabella said, "Mac really thinks a lot of you, Tyrone."

And Tyrone answered, "That makes it mutual. There is one of the swellest guys in the world."

Back in Los Angeles, Ty reported to the studio. His secretary, Bill Gallagher, was out of service, newly-married, and eager to get back to work. Said Bill, "I'm sure glad to see you back, Ty. Gosh—how my stamp collection has languished! Now that your fan mail is coming in from everywhere in the world again, I'll be able to fill volumes with rare specimens."

Ty had planned to buy a car, but when he investigated the used car market his sales resistance became stratospheric. The prices were immense. And the delay in getting a new car would be great unless he wanted to pay a premium; having just come from service, where black market operations were looked upon askance, Ty simply decided to continue to use his sister's car until 1947 or 1948 if necessary. His sister had joined her husband in Honolulu, so she wrote that she would appreciate Ty's taking care of the bus.

Someone at the studio said, "What about your motorcycle? Wouldn't that do?"

Answered Ty, "I've now been through the motorcycling phase of my career. After getting back from the Pacific in one piece, I don't want to make one of those oddity notices in a newspaper by entwining a civilian telephone pole."

At the time he sold his motorcycle, he had also given away his two dogs. Naturally, the people who had taken them had grown fond of the mutts and didn't want to give them up. Not that Ty would expect them to, of course.

He returned to the house late one afternoon, grinning. "Where have you been?" his wife wanted to know.

"Down to the city pound. They don't have a dog there who is strictly my type, but I'll go down again in a week or so."

20th century sport . . .

This hound, when he is added to the Power household, will have to wait a bit before he is taught tricks, because Ty is deeply engrossed in another hobby at present. Better sit down for this one, because it will jar you: The motion picture colony—at least the 20th Century-Fox division—has taken up croquet.

The game is not, however, the mild-mannered tourney played by children at garden parties. This game is played with an English set, imported by Mr. Zanuck, including striped and peaked caps which the players wear. The English wickets are tall and narrow—allowing barely enough room for the ball to pass through—so the players have to be accurate shots.

At Palm Springs one Sunday, Tyrone, Mr. Zanuck, Clifton Webb, Gene Markey and Henry Hathaway played for seven hours, taking time out only for luncheon. So far Tyrone and Mr. Zanuck, playing as a team, have licked all contenders. In describing the games to Annabella, Ty produced a nice pun: "In our games, every stroke is made with mallet aforethought," he said.

Answered Annabella, "No wonder you win. You've got all the Power on your side."

No matter on whose side Power is, it is apparent that everyone from Mr. Zanuck to the only picture fan in Trembling Leaf, Maine, is on the side of Power—and is glad to have him back in picture business.

Martha O'Driscoll
Universal Star now playing in "House of Dracula," at your favorite theatre.

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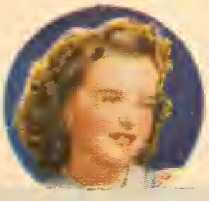

The new Charm Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and 5c and 10c Stores.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

A welcome back is in order for RICHARD WARING, who scored as Bette Davis' brother in "Mr. Skeffington." He was set for the picture, "Corn is Green," when the Army stepped in, forcing him to relinquish the role of Morgan Evans which he had created on the stage, to John Dall. Born in England, on May 27, 1911, he's 6' tall, 155 lbs., blue eyes and brown hair. Write to him at Berg-Allenberg, 121 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Another Britisher, rising fast in American popularity, is dynamic JAMES MASON, who was born May 15, 1909. He has brown eyes and black hair, is 6' tall, 160 lbs., and married to Pam Kellino. Pix include "Seventh Veil," "Hotel Reserve," and "Man in Grey." Will be in the U. S. come October, and intends to gorge on Hershey Bars which he loves. Address: Gainsborough Films, 142-150 Wardour St., London, Eng.

Of English descent, but Hawaiian-born, is LESLIE VINCENT, who was Nicholas in "Pursuit to Algiers." He's in his early twenties, 6' tall, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. Unmarried . . . and at Universal Pictures. Fan club: Leona Rosenthal, 1285 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, New York.

B.T., IOWA: MAY I HAVE DATA ON STARTING A FAN CLUB OF MY OWN . . . AND ALSO ADDRESSES OF SOME NEW CLUBS? . . . Anyone wanting a club of their own, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope for info. New clubs: SCOTT ELLIOTT (Lenny in "Kiss and Tell"): Doris Berman, 797 Empire Avenue, Far Rockaway, N. Y., JOHN HEATH: Edythe Rojan, 40-05 12th St., L. I. C., DANNY KAYE: Virginia Vickery, Box 219, Madison Sq. P. O. N. Y. and RORY CALHOUN: Leila Leibowitz, 1105 Boynton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

I look forward to your questions, so send them along to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. And please don't forget that SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE.

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

Ask him for a second chance, even though you'll have to swallow your pride to do that. Tell him that while you're proving to him that he's mistaken about you, that you'll have your dates at home with him present as a chaperone. He certainly can't refuse you dates on that basis, and once you've re-established his good faith in you, he'll be glad enough to let you go your way and have the living room in peace again.

I am twenty years old and most of the boys I've just started to go with like to stop for a drink or two after the movies. They kid me because I don't touch the stuff. Do you think they'll drop me for a more sophisticated gal? E. K., Red Lion, Penna.

The guys worth bothering about won't. It's funny, but we think most lads sort of like a non-drinking gal. It gets them thinking in terms of pedestals and purity and stuff, which is how they like to think of girls.

Some girls have to fight off the wolves, but they give me no trouble at all. Darn it! How can I get out of the sister act and into something more romantic? S. K., Taos, New Mexico.

Dollars to doughnuts you're a perfectly wonderful sport. You'll sit in the rumble seat when the other babes are afraid they'll muss their hair, you open all doors for yourself, grin when you've all but broken your leg falling off your bike. You're just too good an egg for your own good. Begin to let the boys wait on you a bit. Take their arm crossing the street, fumble with your door key so that they can come to your rescue, ask their advice about gardening and dogs and outdoor things. Without sacrificing any of your particular brand of wholesome charm, you can make yourself subtly more feminine, more of a clinging vine. And wait'll you see what fun it is!

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

the same guy, and you'll drive everyone crazy. Including yourselves, in due time.

The Family: Home, whether we realize it or not, is just about the best proving ground for charm that there is. If you can woo your pop, captivate your mom and keep your small brother entranced, sister, you're going to be a Success. If your family just tolerates you in a tight-lipped, clenched-fist way, it's time you did something about it. As a starter, how about looking better around the house? Take a few seconds to comb your hair and climb into a new face before dinner. Glamor up slightly when your mom and dad are entertaining, by way of making them ever so proud of you. Having perked up your exterior, work on your interior. You're a charmer with your pals, but with the family aren't you a bit of a rain-in-the-face? Try laughing at your dad's jokes, occasionally telling mom when you think she looks swoony. Without turning into a sweetness and light job and getting them terrified over what ails you, spread some of your good humor around the

(Continued on page 106)

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

Great natural dignity and an infallible style sense make Mrs. Vanderbilt's handsomeness unforgettable. For a quick complexion "re-styling," she has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "It makes my skin feel softer . . . look brighter and clearer," she says.

1-Minute Mask
"so quick...
so easy
...so refreshing!"

Mrs. Vanderbilt has a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times weekly.

Make your complexion look clearer . . . more radiant . . . smoother!

Mask your face with a satiny white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream, covering everything but your eyes. One minute later—tissue off! "Keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens particles of chapped skin and imbedded dirt. It *dissolves* them!

After the Mask, your skin looks brighter, finer-textured, even *lighter!* It feels fresher and softer—all "smoothed-up" for a perfect make-up job!

"Delightful powder base!"

Mrs. Vanderbilt finds "Pond's Vanishing Cream a delightful powder base, too!" Smooth on a light film—and leave it on. Keeps make-up fresh for hours!

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

A TRIP TO THE "TROPICS"

WHERE YOU'LL FIND NATIVES LIKE BEY, LAWFORD, DRAKE, DeHAVEN, PAYNE, AND BERGMAN HAVING A MARVELOUS TIME! • BY NANCY WOOD

■ If the movie star patrons of the Beverly Hills Tropics could be persuaded to show up for dinner wearing sarongs and carrying baskets of pineapples and bananas on their beautiful heads, the South Sea Island illusion would be perfect! "People go for atmosphere," declares Harry M. Sugarman, and "Sugie," Tropics owner, sees that they get it.

The Pago-Pago effect is created by a palm-shadowed patio, drinks with terrific names like "Missionary's Downfall," "Untamed" and "Lapu-Lapu," and, of course, bamboo walls wherever you look. Lighting is dim and from softly burning hurricane lamps—this flatters women's faces, says the astute Sugie. He plans, however, to have one room done over with mirrors, elegance and lots of lights —"For the girls who want a swank background for their mink coats!"

Confidante of a smart half of the darlings of the cinema, Sugie gets Hollywood vital statistics on his own special grapevine. He is often the first to know of an engagement, marriage or divorce. Shirley Temple and Jack Agar spent a good part of their time at the Tropics during their courtship.

Walls of the Tropics are historic with pictures of twosomes in loving poses dating back so far that customers are frequently somewhat embarrassed when they come in with their current better halves. Sugie maintains this art work adds interest to the restaurant.

Sugie gives ladies much good advice along with key rings inscribed "Stolen from Sugie!" Here Rosemary Ames gets his opinion on a new script.

Don't you feel like you ought to be chewing betel nuts when you see all that bamboo? Here's friendly Sugie with movie star friends.

You gather that Sugie is a personality! His picture decorates the menus, the walls, the wine list and the paper place mats used during the acute laundry shortage. Then Jack Oakie cracked, "This is the first time I ever went to a restaurant and almost ordered the manager!"

The cuisine runs largely to very good Chinese and American dishes. We're giving you several recipes of the kind that makes the Tropics a favorite eating place.

CHICKEN FRICASSÉE

- 1 stewing chicken (5 lbs.) cut up
- 3 cups water, or just to cover chicken
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 3 stalks celery and leaves, chopped
- 2 diced carrots
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 tablespoon vinegar, optional
- 3 tablespoons fat
- ¼ cup flour
- ½ cup rich milk

Sprinkle pieces of chicken with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown in hot fat in skillet. (Use any fat from chicken for frying.) Remove to kettle and just cover with water. Add onion, celery, carrots, salt and vinegar. Cover and cook over low heat for 1½ to 2 hours, or until tender. Remove chicken from broth and keep hot. Skim any excess fat from broth. Heat 3 tablespoons of this or other fat in pan. Stir in flour. Add broth from chicken gradually, stirring smooth. Add rich milk and, if broth has cooked down a lot, enough water to make medium thick gravy. Cook, stirring constantly until gravy bubbles gently. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over chicken in serving dish. Garnish with finely chopped parsley. Serve hot with baking powder biscuits or noodles. Serves 6.

CHINESE ROAST PORK

- 4 teaspoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons honey
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons catsup
- 3 tablespoons chicken bouillon
- 2 lbs. fresh pork butt or shoulder

Mix thoroughly all ingredients except pork. Cut pork lengthwise in 3 pieces, add to soy mixture and let it soak 45 minutes, turning it now and then so all sides of meat are exposed to sauce. Place pork on rack in roasting pan and add a little water to keep any sauce that drips off from smoking. Roast 1¼ hours in a moderate oven (350° F.), turning occasionally. Baste with remaining soy mixture. When done, slice pork and serve immediately with hot mustard. Serves 6.

STRAWBERRY CREAM PIE

- 1 can (15 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 2 eggs, yolks and whites separated
- 1 cup sliced strawberries
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 (9-inch) crumb crust

Blend together sweetened condensed milk and lemon juice. Stir until mixture thickens. Add slightly beaten egg yolks and strawberries. Pour into baked pie shell or crumb crust. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until just stiff and shiny and adding sugar gradually. Bake in moderate oven 350° F.) until brown. Chill before serving.

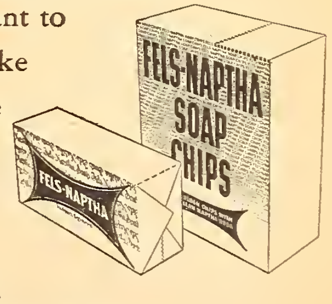
To make Crumb Crust: Roll enough graham crackers to crumbs to make 1 cup. Add ¼ cup melted butter. Blend. Pat on bottom and sides of pie pan.

We *could* be wrong!

A great many women agree that Fels-Naptha is an extra fine laundry soap. They tell us it makes washing easier. That it turns out whiter, sweeter-smelling clothes. That it's the best laundry soap they ever used.

Naturally, we think Fels-Naptha Soap should be used in every home—but we *could* be wrong.

You might find that the Fels combination of good mild soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha doesn't give you the extra washing help other women have discovered. You might want to tell us why. But before you make up your mind—won't you give Fels-Naptha Soap a trial?



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Works wonders when you work or play hardest. *Really protects up to 3 days.* Will not irritate your skin . . . or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

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house. Assume a few responsibilities. F'rinstance, if you're earning some money, chip in occasionally on the buying of party groceries, of which you and your chums are the star devourers. Take on voluntarily the chore of dishes or of getting breakfast, of darning socks or mowing the lawn. Take charge of your own room, your own clothes, your own life. Enjoy your family. Now and then take the younger kids to the beach, to the zoo, to the local cokery. Get to know them, give them a hand with their pint-sized dilemmas, act as an interpreter between them and your parents. Set aside a Saturday once in a while to go somewhere with your pop. Get his ideas on things, and see him as a guy instead of simply as a father. Talk things over with your mother. Listen to her advice and have heart-to-heart discussions when your views don't mesh. Profit by her wisdom and experience, and let her profit by your bright new ideas on fashion, makeup, entertainment and such.

People in General: What do the people who don't know you intimately think about you? Your teachers, the storekeepers, all your various acquaintances around town? Appearance, again, is one of the first things they judge you by, so when you're out in the wide world, be sure that your slip doesn't show, that your stockings aren't run and that whatever you have on is clean. Consideration is as attractive a quality as we can think of, and terribly pleasing to the people you run into casually in a day. If you practise it, you don't rehash last night's movie when Teacher is trying to tell you about atomic energy, you don't wax boisterous on a crowded bus, or walk four abreast when you're downtown. You don't take over a booth at Joe's by the hour when there are people waiting to sit down, or whisper in the movies, or giggle at the soda jerk with the foreign accent. You're very sure you're not guilty of B.O. or halitosis, either of which can annoy dozens of people in a day. If you're anxious to be well thought of by your acquaintances, you'll pay your bills promptly, follow through when you undertake a job, be friendly without being gushy and interested without being curious. Is being nice worth it? Try it—we kind of think you'll think so!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As I was enroute home from the Pacific, I had occasion to stop at Oceanside, California, as the first leg of my journey from the Marianas home. It was the day before Christmas, and two buddies and I were stretching our sea legs, walking around town. They stopped to look in a store window, and I walked on ahead, spying Henry Fonda about to cross the street. "There goes Henry Fonda!" I exclaimed. My buddies stared at the dungaree-clad figure carrying bundles, and shook their heads at me. "You're crazy," they said. "It is so," I insisted. "I'll bet you $10." Just then a lady passed by, smiled at me, and said, "You're right! I'm Mrs. Henry Fonda. Pay the man!" And she stood by, smiling mischievously while they paid off.

Jack Watson, CSKU
St. Albans' Hospital, N. Y.

STRANGER IN TOWN

(Continued from page 33)

"Let's get out of here, Dad," was the first thing Van said, and they were just about to duck out through the side door when someone spied him. It was kind of a stampede after that with dozens of high voices shrieking "Van Johnson!" and youngsters yanking buttons off that famous black and white checked sports coat.

Afterwards, driving south through the cool New England evening, Van's dad said wonderingly, "You don't get mad when those kids pull you apart. I sure would." And Van said,

"Yeah—you big softie. Like heck you would." The two men kind of looked at each other in the flickering dusk, and then Van laughed and his dad laughed. Then it was just like old times, driving along. Like coming home from a baseball game or something. The talk was easy and warm.

"Had a phone call from a kid in Fall River today," Charlie Johnson told him.

"Your public?"

"Gosh, no. Yours. I get a couple of calls a day about you. And *mail!* Sixty-two letters one day last week."

"Hey, pretty sharp stuff. Hope you answer 'em all." A second of shocked silence, then they both burst out laughing. Van's dad is possibly the world's worst correspondent. He and Van have kind of a gentlemen's agreement about it. They phone or wire, but almost never write.

old haunts, good memories . . .

There was no discussion about where they'd have dinner. The Ford practically took them there automatically. It was MacComber's in Tiverton, of course, for wonderful food and a look at Vic, the proprietress, who is one of the Johnsons' favorite people. They drove in the back way and went into the kitchen, and there were all the good, remembered smells.

"How about a good, thick slice of ham?" Vic asked him, and he grinned at her because she hadn't forgotten. Ham and potatoes and a tossed green salad. Milk and hot rolls and fresh butter. His favorite food.

"Gee, Vic," he said, and he took off his jacket and rocked back in his chair. "'Sgood to be home, you know?"

It was nine o'clock before they'd finished eating and talking. There was so much to say. Vic wanted to know if the stars were *really* that beautiful, and Van said most of 'em were even better. And she wanted to know who were the nicest ones. That kind of stopped Van because he likes so many. Keenan Wynn and June Allyson and Bob Walker, Irene Dunne, and of course, his idol, Spencer Tracy.

"How about this guy, Sinatra?" That was Van's dad, who is strictly a Johnson fan himself.

"There couldn't be a nicer gent," Van said. "No kidding, he's swell." (So now Sinatra's got a new praise agent, Charles Johnson. Anyone Van's sold on is tops. "That Sinatra's a right guy," he'll tell you, "Van likes him.") And of course, Vic wanted to know about his love life. She'd seen his picture with Sonja Henie. They looked cute together. Van had an answer for that.

"Vic, I want to marry a good cook. Preferably a whiz at the Swedish stuff." Vic said she guessed she was born too soon, and they all laughed at that; and pretty soon they said goodnight, and the Johnsons started home. When they came into Newport, Van said, "How about driving along Thames Street sort of slowly?" Thames Street was the Great White Way of his childhood.

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"Oh, Thames Street," his dad's voice was gently scoffing. After Hollywood and Vine, Broadway and Forty-Second Street—Thames Street. "How does it look, Red?"

"Funny, it packs the same old kick," Van told him quietly, and he almost broke his neck rubbernecking at Rugen's and Waldron's, at Christie's and the Chinese Restaurant. They took it twice around Market Square and Van looked at what was playing at the movies, and then they went home.

They didn't talk much going into the house. Mr. Johnson was busy wondering how it would look to Van after all the places he'd seen, and Van was busy swallowing the golf ball in his throat, because it looked so darned dear and good and solid, and there were so many memories in every corner of the place. Then Charlie switched on the dining room light and said, "Like my new floor?" And Van said, "Hey, yeah!" and gave his dad another hug for no particular reason.

worry wart . . .

They got started on a box of chocolates and talked a while about Russia and the British loan, about Nashes vs. Fords, and about how each other looked. Van thought his father looked fine. Fit and strong and without a single gray hair. Mr. Johnson thought Van looked strapping and well, but he didn't like that scar on his forehead.

"It's practically gone," Van told him. "You ain't seen nothing. Why, I don't even have to wear very heavy grease paint to hide it for photographs any more."

"I still don't like it."

"Worry wart."

They sat and sat, discussing at length the state of the nation, the waterfront property Van wants to buy in Newport, his proposed trip to England for his next picture, and the state of the nation all over again. Finally, yawning in each other's faces, they went to bed.

Van's dad is an early bird. He's up and at 'em at seven o'clock most days, seven-fifteen the latest—and Sunday's no exception. Van would just as soon stay in bed, usually, but this Sunday was different. He sat up on his elbow, getting his bearings for a minute, and his dad appeared with a tall glass of orange juice.

"How do you like your eggs?" he asked him, and Van said,

"You should slave over a hot stove, Mr. J., and me with four bits in my pocket? Let's have breakfast at Martellino's." They got dressed then, conversing in shouts from one room to the other, just the way they always had.

"What's all this stuff in my dresser?"

"Presents from fans. I told you about them."

"Hey, nice ties."

"Yeah, I've been wearing 'em."

"Ever see the sweater Keenan Wynn sent me?" That was Van's father again. Van sauntered into his room in a white shirt and gray slacks, tieing his black knitted tie.

"Let's see it." The sweater is a good-looking heavy maroon job.

"Nice sweater," Charlie said.

"Nice guy."

Charlie showed off the plaid bathrobe MODERN SCREEN gave him last year, dragged out some old snapshots of himself in a baseball suit and of Van, aged three, with a Buster Brown haircut, got Van to give him his exact statistics. (He's six-feet-three, weighs two hundred pounds.) They laughed about the great big charcoal drawing Van, aged twelve, had done on his closet door. And presently it was nine o'clock, and they went down to the drugstore, pretty sure that no one much would be there because it was right between church services. But people noticed him crossing the street, and cars honked, and busses stopped. They sat down in Martellino's and half of Newport crowded in. Martellino's thereafter became a shrine for the bobby-soxers. "What did he eat?" they wanted to know, and "Exactly word for word what did he say?" And they all take turns sitting on Van Johnson's chair.

Strolling home again, Van and his father saw lots of people they knew, and now and then Van would remember some other names and ask what had become of them.

"How's Mrs. Applegren?" he asked once. She was a dear friend of his little Swedish grandmother whom he'd adored. His father told him that she hadn't been too well.

"Supposing," Van said, "I pick up a flower and take it over to her." The next day, her daughter called Van's dad and told him that Van's call had done more for her than a visit from a New York specialist.

local boy makes good . . .

Back on their own Ayrault Street there were other old friends to see. The Speckmans next door whom Van has known all his life, and their children and grandchildren. He let the three little boys climb all over him, and when he was going, he gave their mom—Rita McCarthy, who had been one of his early gals—a big kiss goodbye. There were more visits after that. To the Meikles across the street and the Ottilges. To Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. Irish and the Sullivans in Middletowne and lots of others. And everywhere it was the same.

"You look wonderful, Van, and you're just the same, aren't you?"

Whereupon his father would say something like, "No, he's changed, all right. He hangs up his clothes now. He's gotten neat." And they'd all laugh and wham Van on the back.

It was around noon time when the phone rang, and the bad news came. Van had to go back to New York. There was to be a press conference that evening for Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra and Van, and M-G-M had been trying to catch him all morning to tell him about it. He'd have to get the very next train.

His dad helped him pack, and then they picked up two of the Cutter youngsters and drove into Providence. There was time for a cup of coffee, and once again there was a crush of fans. Van signed autograph after autograph, and once he said, "Times like this I'm sure glad my name's not Margaret O'Brien," and then he went on scrawling "Van," "Van," "Van." And finally he was on the train platform and the train was moving. "I had a swell time, Dad," he called, and his dad nodded, and they stood waving and looking for a long while.

nothing sacred . . .

Home again. The old house seemed awfully empty, awfully still. Mr. Johnson wandered around a while flicking imaginary dust off the tables, pulling shades up and down. He fixed himself a bite to eat and then sat down and went to work on his account books. It was about seven o'clock when Van called.

"Hi, Dad—"

"Van? Where are you?"

"On the 30th floor of the Waldorf. Gee, you ought to see the lights out of my window."

"Better than Thames Street?"

"Are you kidding!"

There were a series of clicks on the line, and Mr. Johnson said, "Operator?" A small feminine voice said,

"Yes, sir—"

"Are you listening in, operator?"

"Sometimes we do, sir, when *he's* on the line."

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Traveling around the countryside near my home, I can see the farmers busy in the fields. It gives me deep satisfaction that many of these crops in the form of prepared baby foods will help to feed America's babies! Mrs Dan Gerber

Hello, Mom ... Time to eat?

Every mother knows that newly waked look just before feeding time! Yes, eating can be the greatest pleasure your baby knows. You can be sure baby will enjoy every spoonful of Gerber's. For Gerber's Baby Foods are made to taste *extra* good, with smooth, uniform texture just right for easy digestion. The selected vegetables and fruits are first carefully washed in pure, artesian water, then cooked the Gerber way *by steam* ... to retain precious minerals and vitamins. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label!

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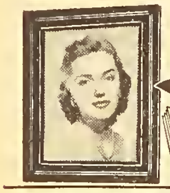

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Van and his father roared with laughter. Then Van said, "I've got to go now, Dad, but I wanted to tell you how swell it was. Gee, really. Every bit of it."

"Pretty strenuous, though—"

Van chuckled. "Yeah."

"Lots of night life."

"Just enough."

"Come again, Red."

"Sure thing, Dad."

And that was the end of Van's visit home. But after he called, the house wasn't lonely any more. Mr. Johnson remembered that Van was as close as his telephone, as close as his neighborhood movie. He could see him and hear him any old time. At peace with the world, he finished up his books and walked downtown.

Folks crowded around him. "How's the boy? Have a good visit?" And Charlie Johnson said, "Wonderful, wonderful. Couldn't have been finer." Then he was embarrassed because he sounded doting. He shoved all the words back into his heart where they belonged and changed the subject.

"Anyone want to shoot a little golf next Sunday?"

NANCY WITH THE LAUGHING FACE

(*Continued from page 47*)

numbers. "What'll it be, fellas?"

Twenty thousand guys yell: "Nancy with the Laughing Face—"

Frank looks at Phil and Phil looks at Frank and they're both thinking: "Wise guy! You put 'em up to this—" But it wasn't a rib. The Armed Forces Radio Service had taken the song off the air and recorded it on V-discs. It was No. 1 on the Stars and Stripes Hit Parade.

Those guys are America, Frank figured. If they like it, so will the folks back home. That's why he took it out of retirement, plugged it, recorded it, had it published.

Little Nancy doesn't say much about the song. Ask her if she likes it, and the most you'll get is a shy smile. Offer to play the record and she'll shake her head—

"No, let's play the other side—" It's Brahms' Lullaby.

She never sings it herself and rarely asks Frank to sing it. When he does it on the air, she listens gravely, her face quiet and withdrawn as if she'd pulled down a curtain and were hiding behind it. Only she can't hide the shine in her brown eyes. Not quite six, Nancy's a woman of delicate sensibilities. She knows that in some lovely way, the song's just between herself and her daddy.

doll baby . . .

Frank adores her with the special tenderness men keep for their daughters. Let anything go wrong with her, and he's lost. One day she had a severe nosebleed, and the doctor said to keep her on her back. He carried her to a couch in the living room, covered her up and spent the day with her. He read, he conversed, he sang, he played records, he colored pictures in her drawing book and would have turned himself inside out with pleasure to keep her nose from bleeding again.

Nancy's sure Frank wanted their first child to be a boy. He didn't say so and she never asked him, but you can feel those things. She remembers the day she lectured herself about it. Frank was working with Harry James in Los Angeles, but The Horn's salary was being attached in some legal action, and for four weeks there hadn't been any dough. The Sinatras had taken a small apartment with two boys in the band, and Nancy was trying 57 ways to make hamburger taste different.

One morning she woke with a still, small sigh. "I'd give anything for a ham sandwich and a piece of apple pie—"

That worried Frank. He'd heard about prospective mothers who got a yen for pickles and how their husbands ran miles to get just the kind of pickle they craved. What Nancy wanted was simple, except there wasn't a dime in the house. He managed, though—found some empty coke bottles and turned them in for cash.

On the dinette table, after the boys had left for rehearsal, she found a ham sandwich in wax paper, and a piece of apple pie under a paper napkin marked, "with love, for Nancy—"

"The least you can do after that," she told herself "is to give him a son—"

proud poppa . . .

Well, she gave him a daughter first and now he shudders to think that she could have been anything but exactly what she is. The day she was born, he came shouldering his way through the hospital door with a pail and shovel, a teddy bear and a huge doll. Nancy laughed out loud and Frank grinned back. Sure, he knew the kid couldn't play with 'em yet, but you can't come empty-handed to see your own daughter. Then they took him to the nursery, and when he came back, Nancy saw that look on his face for the first time.

Pretty soon it was mutual. On the whole, little Nancy's not a demonstrative child, but you'd never guess it to see her hurl herself at her daddy and kiss wherever her face happens to reach—his ear, his eyelash or the back of his coat. Not long ago, Frank had to go to New York. He and little Nancy said their goodbyes in the morning because she'd be at school when the plane left and, in the Sinatra family, you don't ditch school except for an emergency. . . .

But the plane was delayed. Frank kept looking at his watch. "I could have seen Nancy." You'd have thought he was going for five months instead of five days. "Maybe I can still see her. Maybe there's time to run out and catch her at school—"

Instead, they phoned the house and asked big Nancy's sister, Tina, to pick her niece up at school and drive out to the airport. As the car pulled up, Frank grabbed little Nancy and ran for the plane. By the time the others caught up with them, father and daughter were under the belly of the big Constellation, engrossed in the landing gear—

"See those wheels, honey? Well, you know when a bird takes flight, how he tucks his feet under him? Same way with this bird—the wheels are its feet—"

First thing Frank packs for a trip are the family pictures. He has them in leather folders of all sizes—big ones for long trips and graduating on down. First thing to go up on his theater dressing table are young Frank and the two Nancys. The longer he's been away, the more he talks about them—and *to* them—

There's another sign by which you can tell that Frank's getting to be a pretty lonesome guy—"Let's go get some spaghetti," he says.

You go get some spaghetti, he eats it, even seems to enjoy it, then pushes the plate away with an air of gloom. "Nancy still tops them all—"

That means it's high time for Frank to be going home.

They've never had a nurse for the youngsters, and that's deliberate. Both feel you lose half the joy of children unless you stay close to them. Big Nancy looks after them herself. Unless he's broadcasting, or away on business, Frank never misses their bedtime. Little Nancy says her prayers and snuggles under the covers with Gooch—a once respectable doll who's now a disgrace, but Nancy loves her. Daddy sings her a lullaby. Then she asks for a story. Mother's a little stricter than Daddy. She's more likely to say no story, it's time to sleep, you've got to be up early in the morning. Daddy's more likely to read her a story.

Once in a blue moon he's got to discipline her and it kills him. The only trouble they ever have with Nancy is at meal times. She can't sit still long enough to eat. Big Nancy doesn't bother Frank much with behavior problems, that's her department. But when he's around and sees things for himself, he can't ignore them—

"All right," he says, "you'll have to stay home next time I go to town—" I won't say it hurts one more than the other. They're both crushed. But for good or bad, he's never broken his word to her.

happy birthday . . .

She had a birthday while he was making "Anchors Aweigh," and her gift was to be a lawn swing. On the morning of the great day, it still hadn't come. Phone calls zipped back and forth. The shop finally came clean—the swing was still in the warehouse, they'd deliver it tomorrow. But the birthday was *today*. Sorry, tomorrow was the best they could do.

Never tell Frank a thing can't be done, it's like giving him the hotfoot. He had to work till five. A pal met him at the studio gate in his station wagon.

Luckily, they made the warehouse just before closing time, got the swing lashed to the roof of the car, hauled it home and set it up on the lawn before Nancy went to bed. If it hadn't come, they could have explained it to her. Of course she'd have been disappointed, but she's a reasonable child,

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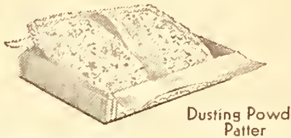

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unspoiled and—according to several accounts—unspoilable. But for Frank, that wasn't the point. The point was you don't break faith with a kid who trusts you.

When he's not working and she's home from school, the chances are you'll find them in the tool shop. Frank's a frustrated handyman. All the minor repair jobs round the house have to be saved for him. Nancy's his assistant. "Hand me a screwdriver, honey—"

"What size, daddy?"

"Middle-size—"

"Like the mamma bear? Does that mean it's a mamma screwdriver?"

They've been known to spend whole Saturday afternoons companionably cleaning fireside brass. They never seem to run out of conversation. With the present and past taken care of, they turn to the future—

"When the little guy grows up, we're going to get a lot of work done around here, the three of us—"

"What'll Brother do, Daddy?"

"Oh, the heavy jobs, I guess. We'll let him jack up the car—"

She giggles, but just the same she wishes Brother'd hurry a little with his growing up, because look at all the fun he's missing. Brother's her darling, and she's the light of his life. She superintends his bathing and feeding, and he paces the floor till she gets back from school. Last Christmas she asked Santa Claus for a sister "just as cute as Brother, only with blue eyes like Daddy's." There she takes after her mother. Big Nancy didn't care whether they came up boys or girls, so long as they were blue-eyed. So she's got two brown-eyed children.

story book daughter . . .

Frank's the typical father. You can't talk to him ten minutes before little Nancy pops into the conversation. The baby too, but there's less to tell about a two-year-old. Nancy, with pigtails and dreaming eyes, looks like a story book child. The boy he roughs up, tumbles him, throws him around. No sissy stuff for his son, no baby talk, seldom even the diminutive Frankie. "Hey! Frank!" he yells, and the little fellow yells back: "Hi!"

At a year old he was about to be taken to the barber's for his first haircut—

"Nothing doing!" said Frank. "My dad gave me my first haircut. I'm giving my kid his."

So he climbed into coveralls, stuck his son between his knees and, with big Nancy holding the small hands out of harm's way, did a pretty good job.

"But if you'd asked him to cut little Nancy's hair," says her mother, "he'd have turned white—"

That's different. Little girls should be handled gently, especially little girls like Miss Sinatra, who have nothing of the tomboy in their makeup. She's the feminine type—very fastidious about her person and belongings, which is how Frank likes his women. He loves buying clothes for her—starchy little pinafores with hair ribbons and socks to match.

But the giving's far from one-sided. She presents him with her best horses and cows. "Here's what I drew for you, Daddy—" On Valentine's Day she made him a beautiful heart with I LOVE YOU, DADDY inside, and don't think he'd take a couple of gold mines for that.

Not long ago she heard talk about a party because Mother and Daddy'd been married seven years. So she took her bank to Aunt Tina. "I want to buy them a present for a surprise—" They decided that she and Brother should go halves.

Nancy has her own charming way of presenting things. She's a little shy and terribly happy and keeps the thing hidden behind her back till she's close up to you.

Then she says, "I have something for you," and hands it over.

That day she and Brother came down the stairs hand in hand. Her eyes blazed with excitement; he was unperturbed. Mother and Daddy waited at the foot of the stairs where Aunt Tina had planted them. On the bottom step, Nancy's other hand came out from behind her back. "We have something for you," and she gave Mother the package with the jeweled Juliet cap.

"For you," echoed Brother, smiling like a Della Robbia angel and hanging on to Daddy's cuff links for dear life.

Sister had to pry the box gently out of his fist. As she did so, she sent a swift upward glance toward her parents. "Don't mind him," she murmured. "He's too little to understand."

Unless you're both a fervent music lover and a parent, you won't understand what it means to Frank that his children should care about music. He didn't have to wait long to find out. At a year, little Nancy was almost too sensitive to melody. If he sang something sad like "I'll Never Smile Again," she'd start whimpering. If he stopped in the middle and changed to a happy song, she'd break into gurgles with the tears still wet on her cheeks.

musical moppet . . .

One day she told Mother she'd like to take piano lessons. On Daddy's calendar that day is ringed in red.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

Big Nancy couldn't help laughing. He sounded as if he were treading on holy ground.

"The way it generally happens. One of her little friends is taking lessons, so she wants them, too—"

She was five then. Now she plays well enough to accompany Brother, who has quite a repertoire, including the Brahms "Lullaby." The lyrics don't fall too trippingly from his tongue, since he's only now beginning to put sentences together, but he hums in perfect pitch. Meantime, Frank sees visions. He's crazy about the harp as an instrument. He thinks that for poetry and grace, few things are lovelier than a girl at a harp. He hopes maybe Nancy will study the harp next.

But that's as may be. What really matters to Frank is that her ears and heart should be open to music. Once he went down to Palm Springs for a few days. Other men, off to Palm Springs for a few days, chuck a toothbrush, shaving kit, slacks into a suitcase and that's it. Frank lugs an automatic record-player along. In his room one night he listened to a Mozart Concerto, while a friend read a book. Presently the other guy looked up. Frank's eyes were fixed on little Nancy's picture, and his pal could have sworn that they weren't dry. He dropped his own hastily. Quite a while after the concert ended, Frank broke the silence. . . .

"Music like that," he said. "If you don't love it, it's like being shut out of a whole beautiful world—it's like fairyland, and you can't go in—" He brushed his hand across his forehead. "I'm sure glad little Nancy's going to love it—"

The fact that her father's in the limelight means nothing to her. This is something that Frank and big Nancy haven't left to chance. Children easily get a distorted sense of values—

"If they do, it'll be our fault, not theirs," the Sinatras agreed.

So they've tried to provide the normal healthy American background. There's been no radical change for little Nancy. She's moved to another house, but Mother still buttons her, sees that she eats, puts her to bed, lends a hand in the kitchen as she always did. Frank spends as much time with his kids as any man who has

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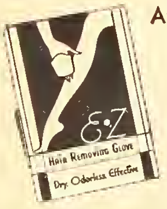

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to work for a living—probably more than most, not because he *has* more time, but because he *makes* it. Their home is gay and friendly. You'll get no formal invitations to dinner, but theirs is probably the openest door in Hollywood, and Nancy the readiest hostess.

It's a cliché in Hollywood that, if you make five thousand a week and I make a measly grand, we don't get invited to the same parties. That may sound like a joke to you, but in filmdom's statelier circles, it's an ironclad law. The Sinatras don't move in stately circles, they just walk around plain like you and me. The people who come to their house are people they like—song pluggers, relatives, movie stars, buddies from back in Jersey or a garage mechanic Frank made friends with—as he made friends with Simon in New York.

Simon's a taxi driver in his middle fifties with a grown son. Whenever the Voice comes to town, Simon drops his regular route and totes Frank around. There's a bond between them. There's something in Simon's mental and spiritual makeup that appeals to Frank, and the other way round. Frank doesn't write letters, he's too restless for that, but when he gets a letter from Simon, he sits himself down and answers his friend's letter.

that's my pop! . . .

Children absorb their atmosphere. In little Nancy's home, there's no atmosphere of hero worship. Ask, "What's your name?" and she'll say: "Nancy." The Sinatra's not important. She knows her daddy sings and makes records, she knows he makes movies and at first she didn't like it at all—

"Oh, my poor daddy!" she wept when they tried to stuff the medicine down his throat in "Higher and Higher."

"Honey," whispered Mother. "If you carry on like this, I'll have to take you home—"

"Yes, I *want* to go home, but I want my daddy to come with me—"

Now she's grown up and knows it's all make-believe. So she goes to see "Anchors Aweigh," and never stops talking about how Gene Kelly danced with the mouse. Daddy? Uh-huh. Daddy was in it, too—

Frank and Nancy worry less than they used to. Their daughter's own good sense seems to keep her on an even keel. Once an admirer swooped down with:

"Gee, is Frank Sinatra really your father? Boy, I wish he were mine—"

"Why? don't you have your own daddy?"

"Oh sure—"

"Well, aren't you glad you've got your own daddy? I'm glad I've got mine—"

There's one story which seems to me to hold the essence of the feeling between Frank and his little girl—

It happened later in the evening of that same wedding anniversary. Friends had come in to help celebrate, and of course, there was music. As a rule, little Nancy sleeps soundly in her quiet room. But she'd probably been overstimulated by the presentation ceremonies and what not. In any case, she suddenly appeared on the landing in robe and pajamas, her eyes very bright and her cheeks very pink. . . .

"I want to hear the music—"

Nancy let Frank handle it. Maybe the child training books wouldn't have approved. Maybe he should have taken her straight to bed, covered her up, turned out the light and said goodnight, darling, go to sleep. Well, he didn't. He carried her off to a side room where you could hear the music faintly, wrapped her up warm, found one of her favorite stories and read till the tense little body relaxed and the head drooped contentedly against his shoulder. . . .

When I hear him sing "Nancy with the Laughing Face," that's the picture I see.

HE'S MY GUY

(Continued from page 57)

hardly believe it!"

Bob stretched again, looking brawny and solid and—let's face it—pretty pleased with himself. Because of course, he *was* excited. He loves to seem very cynical and casual, but don't let that fool you.

The telephone started ringing like mad then. Most of Hollywood seemed to have been listening to that broadcast, and wanted to tell us how pleased they were. Cars started driving up to the Mitchum door, and before long the room was filled with laughter and congratulations. All of a sudden somebody said, "Hey, I smell something burning."

"Oh, gosh! The roast!" I headed for the kitchen, and my face must have been something to see. Clouds of smoke were pouring from the oven. The roast was definitely a thing of the past.

"Probably wouldn't have been any good anyway," Bob said helpfully. He had ambled out after me to see what the damage was.

"It would, too! This one was going to be different."

"Never mind. I didn't marry you for your cooking. I married you for your money, remember?"

"I remember. The Girl Reserves Club."

embezzled love . . .

We laughed, the way we do over things that go a long way back. Bob and I have a lot of jokes like that because we've known each other ever since we were kids in school. The Girl Reserves was a high school organization which was unfortunate enough to have me for its treasurer.

Bob, broke as usual, would come up to me. "Hey, Dot, lend me a buck and I'll take you to the movies tonight."

"I haven't got a buck. I just bought a sweater."

"How about the Girl Reserves dough?" He'd raise a quizzical eyebrow.

That eyebrow always got me. I would embezzle a dollar from the treasury, substituting an I.O.U. The winter that Bob started to drink beer, I got so far in debt that I had to go to work at Woolworth's after school hours to pay it back.

"I hope you appreciate what I do for you," I used to tell him resignedly. "I go into debt, I steal, I work sixteen hours a day. . . ."

"I know, you're giving me the best years of your life." He was kidding me, but I knew how he felt underneath the wisecracks. It's sort of hard to explain to other people the way things are with Bob and me. The way they've always been. I'll never know why Bob fell in love with me. I was just a scrawny kid with dark, smooth hair that was always falling in my eyes. I would have expected him to pick a flashy blonde number. Of course, I adored him from the time I was fourteen, and I used to follow him around with my heart on my sleeve. We've always fought a lot over silly little things, but never over big ones. Oh, I don't mean fought, either, but argued. Still, I never really try to change Bob—not that it would do any good. He has the rugged independence of an Army mule. And I love him the way he is.

Just the way Bob loves me even if I can't cook. He knows quite a bit about cooking himself, picked up in all the years he was batting around on his own. For a while he struggled with the awesome task of imparting this knowledge to me. The trouble is, I'm not quite bright where pots and pans are concerned. He'd

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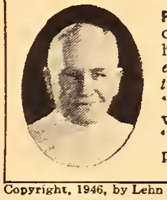

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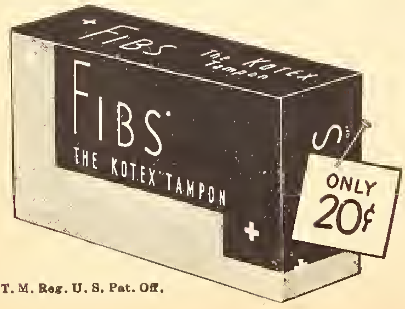

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

get me started on some comparatively simple operation like making scrambled eggs, and would go off to the bathroom to shave.

"Bo-b!" I'd wail like a terrified banshee. "They've all gone funny. What do I do now?"

So he bought me a cookbook and now I struggle along with that. It hasn't improved the meals much, but it gives him more time for other things. "Other things" are apt to be Jimmy and Chris. They follow him around all the while, and he's pretty crazy about them. Jimmy is the original "personality kid." We're resigned to his becoming an actor eventually—it seems inevitable, since he's been a ham practically from birth. When he was seven months old, he used to imitate all of Bob's facial expressions. Bob was doing a character part in a Little Theater at the time—an old man called "Uncle Wolfie." He used to practice the part at home, sometimes. He'd pull his hair down over his eyes, and waggle his jaw, and really gag it up. Pretty soon, Jimmy began doing the Uncle Wolfie routine. He didn't have any hair to pull over his eyes, but he'd waggle his jaw and make with the gestures, and he had it down so pat it used to throw our friends into convulsions.

the family streak . . .

By the time he was a year old, he was a husky little fellow. Other kids that age might be saying "Mama" and "Papa" and creeping around the floor. Not our James. He'd wake up in the morning at seven o'clock and start chinning himself on the bars of his crib. He'd yell "Come on, folks, let's go! Orange juice, eggs, coming up! *Let's go!*"

Jimmy has decided now that he wants to act in Westerns. His only experience with horses has been the pony at the Fair, and he even had trouble with that the first time. The attendant had fastened him on, the way they do, but somehow the belt came unfastened. Bob and I were outside, looking on, and all of a sudden we saw Jimmy slide off the pony's back. He set up a yell you could have heard in Chicago, and my heart jumped right up into my throat. We rushed over and found him sitting on the ground, obviously unhurt but scared half out of his wits. I was all for taking him right home, with kisses and sympathy, but Bob was smarter. He brushed me aside, hoisted Jimmy right back on, saw that the belt was properly fastened, and said "Ride 'em, cowboy!" The tears magically stopped, and Jimmy finished his ride successfully. Now he's convinced that he could replace Roy Rogers without Trigger ever knowing the difference.

Jimmy has gotten a mad passion for answering the telephone. The minute it rings, he jumps for it, in spite of my protests. Sometimes he says, "He's not here!" and hangs up, regardless of whom or what is wanted. If Bob yells, "Was that for me?" Jimmy looks at him reprovingly and says "S-sh-sh! I just told them you weren't here." Other times, he carries on long conversation with the person at the other end. Jimmy's part of it doesn't usually make much sense, but he has a fine time. Then he'll suddenly say, "So long!" and hang up.

Jimmy wasn't very happy at first about our moving to the new house we've just bought. "I've got a lot of pals here," he grumbled. "How do I know there'll be a good bunch over there?" But now that we're all moved and settled, he likes it. He even has acquired a girl friend, who is, he insists, named Chlorine. We've never been able to discover what her name actually is. The other day, Jimmy came up to Bob and said "Gotta buy Chlorine an ice cream cone. Can I have a dime?"

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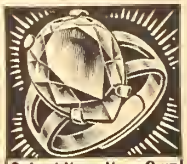

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"What, again?" Bob gave him a parental frown. "I think Chlorine's a gold digger. She's always wanting something. Why don't you get a gal who will love you for yourself alone, the way I did?"

I admit there are occasions when he makes me pretty mad. Take his casual attitude about my clothes, for instance. I really want his advice about what to wear, and what colors are becoming, because he has very good taste. But do I get it? A few days before Louella Parsons' party for Modern Screen, I said, "Bob, honey, what will I wear to the party?"

clothes casual . . .

He never even glanced up from Li'l Abner, which he lo-o-ves. "Why don't you wear what you have on?" he mumbled. "Looks very nice."

What I had on was one of Bob's old shirts which had ripped seven million times and couldn't be mended any more.

"*Look* at me!" I said furiously. "Be sensible, will you? Everyone will be all dressed up and I want to be a credit to you."

"Listen, darling, you're a credit to me, and it's got nothing to do with what you wear. You're my gal, and fancy clothes aren't concerned in the deal. Do you love me less because I only have two suits?"

He had a point there, because he really does only have two suits. He alternates them. Says no one could ever steal them because everyone in Hollywood knows them so well by now that they'd say, "There goes Mitchum's number one suit." All of which had nothing to do with what I should wear to the party. He was evading the issue, as usual. I told him so.

"Shall I wear my blue dress or my black one, or that old grey number with the. . . ."

"The blue one," Bob said absently. "I hate black." He went back to the comics. But when the night of the party came around, *he* was the one in a dither. Should he wear civilian clothes, or uniform? He was out of the Army, but *just* out. Maybe they would expect him to be in uniform. So he wore his GI outfit, and I wore my blue dress which I loathe because it makes me look fat.

Jimmy is a lot more help to my ego about clothes than his father. He notices everything I wear. He came bouncing in the other night as I finished dressing, and surveyed me.

"Gee, father's going to like the way you look tonight," he told me. "Wait till I get a flower for your hair." He was back in a minute with a scarlet blossom. By the time I had it tucked into my hair, his admiring stare had given me all the self-confidence in the world. Sometimes I sit around and wish I was terribly beautiful, with pale blonde hair and enormous violet eyes. Other times, like that night, I feel fine just the way I am.

Bob does have an endearing habit of buying me coats every now and then. Just happens to like coats. He came home the other night, lugging an enormous box and beaming.

"Present for you, baby. Guess what?"

I wouldn't have had any trouble guessing, because coats are the only thing he thinks of buying. But I made a couple of wild guesses first, to enhance the suspense. Then I said, veddy demure, "A coat?"

He looked faintly surprised. "Yeah. How did you guess?" He unwrapped it slowly, folding the paper the way he always does. When I saw the coat, I was so thrilled I couldn't talk for a minute. It was divine, cloud-soft grey wool, with beautiful wide shoulders and a full skirt. I felt like the glamor girl of all time when I tried it on.

"Bob, it's *heaven*. But we can't afford it."

"I know. But if I bought you some-

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thing I *could* afford, I wouldn't get any kick out of it."

That's Mitchum and I love him. Kissed him twice to tell him so. And it's true about our not having much money these days. The new house took all we had.

parlor, bedroom, bath . . .

Now we have a house, and the next problem is where to get money for furniture. So far we have managed to borrow the necessities. A couple of rooms are still completely empty, but they're fine for the kids to play in. They're such destructive youngsters that they wreck the living room if we let them play there. They break everything up, including themselves.

Some of Bob's Army pals have brought them war souvenirs. "I don't know if we ought to let them play with those things," I said doubtfully one day. "They might hurt themselves."

"Sure, they'll hurt themselves. That's how they'll learn. It's the only way anybody'll learn anything—through experience." Very, very hard-boiled, he was.

A couple of days later, he went out in the garden and found little Chris standing there, quietly watching blood pour from a cut in his hand. Jimmy was there, too, saying, "It was an accident, father. The edge of that helmet cut him. It was an accident. Please don't spank me."

Bob got the first aid kit and fixed Chris' hand up, but when he got through, his own hand was shaking like a leaf. "The kid never cried, or anything," he said. "Poor little monkey, that iodine must have hurt like hell, too."

"Well, that's the way they learn—by experience," I said. He gave me a dirty look and didn't speak to me for two hours. Men are wonderful.

Chris is no exhibitionist, like Jimmy. He's a lot smaller, of course, and he's quiet and sort of dreamy. He worships Bob, but he's too young to do the things with him that Jimmy does, and so he doesn't feel as close to him, which bothers the baby of the family. The other night he came into my bedroom, his eyes shining.

"You know where I've been, Mother?" His voice was important. "I've been sitting out on the terrace with Daddy. Talking." Obviously it was the most exciting thing that had happened in some time.

Chris is still so little that I hug and kiss him a lot, but I don't kiss Jimmy much because it embarrasses him. He's terrified of being thought a sissy. His school is several block from home, but he has a fit if we drive him over.

"Do you want the other boys to laugh at me?" he asks darkly. "Do you want me to be disgraced?"

Maybe one reason why the kids are so close to us, emotionally, is because we've always lived, before, in such tiny houses or apartments, all crowded in together. We've never had much privacy. Bob used to think it was funny to whistle at me and make with the wolf calls when I was getting dressed. Then Jimmy started to imitate him. Somehow, Chris got the idea that whistles were a necessary accompaniment to dressing, and for a long while wouldn't get into his clothes without them.

one-woman man . . .

Of course, now we have loads of room. I do think this new house is going to be fun. Bob has a lot of ideas about how he wants to decorate it, eventually.

"People are too conservative," he snorts. "There's no reason why you shouldn't have a room with one orange wall and one purple one, if you want to."

"But I *don't* want to. It sounds awful. You'd get tired of it in a hurry, too, Bob. You know how easily you get tired of things."

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"I don't get tired of you, baby. One-woman Mitchum, they call me."

That's what happens in all our arguments. Just as I'm winning, he confuses the issue with something like that. And I love it.

Bob likes to think of himself as a handy guy around the house. I'll never forget the episode of the bookcase, in the Palm Avenue house. The bookcase was there when we rented the place, but we didn't have any books to put in it, or any money to buy them.

camouflage division . . .

"The damn thing gives me the creeps, sitting there empty," Bob said. "Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have ivy trail down over it, to hide the shelves?"

"It would be wonderful!"

"I'll fix a thing to put on top, to plant the ivy in. Something that will fit between those decorations on the ends." He got a yardstick and started measuring the bookcase in a business-like manner. The next couple of nights, he hammered happily away down in the cellar. Came the third night, and he emerged triumphantly with an enormous, clumsy affair of wood. He lugged it over to the bookcase.

"That's fine," I said politely. "Only isn't it sort of big?"

"You need it big." He hoisted it up to the top. There was a pause. The box he had built was a good four inches too long for the space involved. I wanted to laugh, but he looked so like a small boy who has lost his last candy bar that I changed my mind.

"You can soon fix it, honey. And it will look really lovely when we get the ivy in it."

It did, too. The ivy made a kind of screen, trailing graceful greenery over the emptiness. One day, someone told Bob it would grow faster if he put some Vitamin B in it. He dumped in three times as much as they'd told him to. The next morning when he walked out into the living room, he let out a yell.

"Hey, Dottie! There're ants three feet long out here climbing up the bookcase. They're stompin' around all over the place!"

I tore out and found that for once he wasn't exaggerating. At least, not much. There was a horrible black path of ants from the outside door right straight over to the bookcase and up the side of it, to the ivy container.

"That Vitamin B is some stuff," Bob said admiringly. "Why, those ants'll be big as 'possums by tomorrow."

"They won't *be* here by tomorrow," I said firmly. "You go right down to the drug store and get some ant poison."

"Seems kinda too bad," Bob remarked. "They're sure having a heck of a time for themselves."

my guy forever . . .

One thing I guess you'll have gathered from all this: Life is never dull at the Mitchums. Bob has a way of making things seem exciting whether they are or not. You never know what is going to happen next. He's been making "Till The End Of Time," and he has a good part in it. He contrasts very neatly with Guy Madison, who is big and beautiful and quiet. Bob is big, but he's not beautiful, and he's about as quiet as a Mexican jumping bean. He's happy with the picture, and with being an actor—for the moment. But honestly, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if one fine morning he woke up and announced that he had decided to try being a short order cook or a stevedore or a lion tamer. Unpredictable is the word for Mitchum. And if that ever happens, I'll go right along, because what he wants is what I want. He's my guy.

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SINCE HE WENT AWAY

(Continued from page 39)

long way from Hollywood. Such a long way from his mother, and his chubby little step-brother, Kurt. Such a long way from fifteen-year-old Marit, who was terrific because she liked all the things he liked—riding and shooting and hiking and bicycling. He thought about the way she had looked the last time they went bicycling before he went away. She had on a yellow sweater and a plaid skirt. Her pale blond hair was whipped by the wind, and her blue eyes were alight with gaiety.

"Aren't you tired, Marit?" he had asked curiously. It had been a very long ride, and after all, girls were supposed to be the weaker sex.

Marit laughed. "Have you ever known me to be tired, Cojo?"

He thought about it. "Once," he produced triumphantly. "After I had been teaching you judo."

"I wasn't just tired, I was black and blue for a week. Are you going to use judo on the Japs, Cojo?"

"They'd probably be quite a lot better at it than I am. I'll use a gun."

Here he was in Japan and he'd had no chance to use a gun or judo, either. The war was over. Of course it was still dangerous to walk the streets alone at night, or so they were told. Japs might knife you in the back. Cojo had promptly bought a set of brass knuckles, and started walking the streets alone at night, but nothing happened. It was a dull life.

holy night . . .

And now it was Christmas Eve. Cojo got to his feet and started for the door. He suddenly remembered the USO troop of "Kiss And Tell" that was quartered down the street. Probably they'd be pretty lonely tonight, too.

Most of them were out by the time he got there. But one of the girls was just starting down the steps.

"Where you goin', honey?" Cojo asked in his soft Tennessee drawl.

"Hi, Cojo. I'm going to church. There's a little Episcopal Church over here that has a Christmas Eve service and I thought it would be sorta nice to go."

"That's for me," Cojo said, and swung into step beside her. This was the thing he had been subconsciously looking for—something that would be like home. The church was small and crowded and they were a little late. A hymn was already being played by the creaky, old organ, as they knelt in a swift, silent prayer. Somehow, during the short service, in the quiet music and the white flowers on the altar, Cojo found that his loneliness had vanished. Tomorrow was Christmas, but maybe by next Christmas he'd be home. And in the meantime he would be thinking of them and they of him.

Of course, they *were* thinking of him back in Hollywood. When his mother, Mary Wordeman, woke on Christmas morning, her first thought was of Cojo so far away. She cried for a moment and hoped he'd gotten the packages they'd sent. The food, and the drawing materials he'd wanted so much. Marit Cohu in her home several miles from the Wordeman's house, was missing Cojo so much it hurt. But she lost some of her depression when the time came to open presents. There under the tree was a flat square box labeled hugely "From Cojo." Marit stopped breathing for a moment. Then she rushed over and opened the package, and stared in delight at a shimmering string of pearls. The card said, "I sent one like this to

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Joanne too. Hope they're okay. Cojo."

Joanne is Cojo's sister. She's the same age as Marit, and likes the same sports. When she came to visit Hollywood (she doesn't live with Mrs. Wordeman), the three of them were inseparable. They can scarcely wait till they all get together again. Marit has been taking jumping lessons at the riding school, so she'll be ahead of the others on that. But Cojo will be a better shot. He practices all the while in Yokohama.

He finds plenty of ways to keep himself busy over there. For one thing, he's in charge of getting all the movies for the Officers' Club. He goes down in a truck and picks up the film, and when it's shown he acts as projectionist. "Kiss and Tell," by the way, has been shown in Tokyo, and all the Jap kids refer to Cojo as "the soldier who knows Shirley Temple."

purloined pontoons . . .

He loves to build things. He and one of his buddies built a boat. It was a little complicated, getting the parts for it. Cojo has the use of a jeep occasionally, and they drove along the Tokyo waterfront, looking for abandoned boats. When they found one, they would remove any useable parts and add them to their collection. They bought a motor cheap, and hopped it up within an inch of its life. But that left them broke and they still had no pontoons. One day, Cojo saw a Jap driving along the street with an old cart. In the cart was a brand new set of pontoons. He stopped his jeep and went over to the driver, looking very official.

"Who do those belong to?" he demanded.

"The Japanese navy, please." The little man bowed and smiled in the usual oily manner.

"Well, now they belong to the U. S. Army. Confiscated." Cojo knew he was taking a chance, but pontoons were tough to get. He removed them to his jeep, while the Jap shrugged. What did it matter? There wasn't any Japanese navy any more, anyway. A couple of days later, Cojo and his friend launched their boat on the grey, chilly waters of Tokyo Bay. The small craft vibrated madly, but she skimmed the surface faster than they had believed possible.

"Hey, get us! We're pretty good boat builders," Cojo said complacently.

"We're terrific," his buddy agreed. "This baby'll be airborne in another minute."

There was a sudden, ominous rending sound. The boat stopped so quickly that they both fell flat on the deck. Water swirled merrily in through a large hole.

"We've hit something," Cojo deduced.

"Oh, you figured that out already?" The friend was bitter. "What do we do now?"

"Swim, I guess." It wasn't so far to shore. Cojo looked regretfully at his heavy boots. He'd have to lose those, and they were his best pair. His friend was saying something. It sounded profane. "What did you say, bud?" Cojo asked.

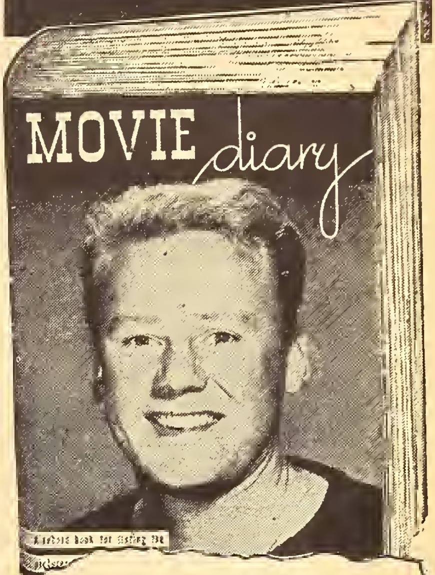
"I said I couldn't swim. I said I'd probably drown here in this damned Jap bay."

Cojo did a hasty double take. He swims so well himself it hadn't occurred to him that other people might not be so expert. "Guess we'd better yell for help," he said.

They yelled for five minutes, and the boat continued to fill with water, and they had to bail like mad. Finally a patrol boat came along and pulled them on board, where they were lectured severely. They were too busy shivering to listen, but neither of them even got the sniffles.

It's the Eighth Army to which Cojo is attached in Japan, and for some reason he couldn't get any Eighth Army insignia over there. He wrote his mother about it, plaintively. Thought maybe she could find some around Hollywood, where you

How Much Do You Know About Your FAVORITE STARS?



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can find almost anything. The night she got the letter, Mrs. Wordeman was going to a party in honor of General Eichelberger, who was, as it happened, the head of the Eighth Army in Japan. Mary Wordeman went up to the General determinedly. She's a very attractive woman, with quantities of Southern charm. She turned it all on now.

"General," she said, in her pretty drawl, "I wonder if you could tell me where I could get some Eighth Army insignia for my son?"

The General smiled genially. "What's his name? Is he in the Army?"

"His name's Jerome Courtland, but we call him Cojo," Mary confided. "He's in your Army in Yokohama."

"He is, eh?" The General took a card from his pocket. On it he wrote, "With fondest regards for Cojo," and signed it with a quick flourish. "There," he said, extending it to Mary. "Send him that, and tell him to take it to my headquarters. They'll give him all the insignia he wants."

Mary sent the card to Cojo who wrote back, thanking her politely. "That was very nice of you and the General," he concluded, "but I can't quite picture myself strolling into the headquarters of the whole Eighth Army to ask for a spare shoulder patch!"

Cojo, like every other soldier stuck in the Army of Occupation, wants to get home. Home to Marit and Joanne, and to swimming and riding and all the sports he loves. Home to his mother and stepfather and Kurt. Home to pictures—if they still want him. He isn't at all sure they will, when they see how grownup he is these days.

"If they don't, I'll find something else," he says. "I don't care, as long as it's a job, and I'm home."

We care, Cojo. We want you back in pictures, where you belong, and we have our fingers crossed that it will be sooner than you think.

A CAN OF BEANS AND YOU

(*Continued from page 53*)

under the bright glare of a street lamp. Then, when they came to the open space where the park path curved inward from the street, Dane turned quickly and scooped Red into his arms. He held her close and kissed her tenderly. As though carrying her across the threshold of a new life, he stepped into the shadows lining the graveled pathway.

"Welcome home, Red."

When Dane Clark first met Margot back in 1941, there was an explosion. It was as though two firecrackers had been tossed casually upon the same lighted match. Dane was rehearsing a radio play, one of those that came with maddening infrequency in those days, just often enough to keep away the worst pangs of hunger. He was an actor without enough work, and there was a gnawing, restless feeling within him, a feeling of frustration. The boy was on fire with ambition, and things weren't coming out the way he'd planned. He was burning, hopping mad from breakfast to midnight.

It didn't help matters any when this strange redhead came into the radio studio, her eyes upon him critically, seeming to sparkle derisively when he became nervous and stumbled over a line. When time was called from rehearsal to rest, he went and sat beside her, his jaw thrust out belligerently.

"Well, what did you think of it?"

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"Yeah, yeah. You ate it up, had me throwing lines around like they were butterballs. So let's have it."

She stood up, small, pert, with laughter dancing in her eyes. "Mister, you asked for it. In your own words—you stink."

That did it! Something about that look in her eyes, the challenge in her voice, the loneliness in his own heart. It was as easy as that. Dane was in love—and flat broke.

The whole thing was hopeless, and the hopelessness only served to fan his stubborn love. The girl's parents were wealthy. Like Dane, Margot had a college education, but, unlike him, she'd studied music, she'd traveled. From a worldly point of view, he just wasn't in her league.

She knew when Dane was pulling in his belt an extra notch, and she wasn't fooled when he took her to dinner and sat there himself with just a cup of coffee.

She'd notice the faint smear of the chocolate bar on his lips. "Take this and finish it for me, Dane. I really can't eat another bite."

He hesitated, looking hungrily at the white meat of the chicken. "Well," he said dubiously, "seems a shame to waste it. Maybe—"

love on the dole . . .

They started off married life in the one-room-hole-in-the-wall in Brooklyn where Red gallantly plunged into the task of making a home while Dane haunted the streets, trying to pick up radio jobs. She began to believe in the dream of success even more firmly than Dane himself. He came dragging home one afternoon, tossing his coat on the daybed.

"No luck, Red. Couldn't even get a nibble."

She looked at the clock. "It's still three hours before the day is over. Go uptown and try some more."

"But, Red!"

"Go on, honey, get along."

He snapped back his shoulders, picked up his coat and stormed out of the room. He landed a part. That night they blew themselves to a sixty-cent dinner.

That was a start, and the figures in the bank book began to creep slowly away from the twenties and thirties into the three hundreds and four hundreds. Dane waited until they hit five hundred dollars, then he disappeared downtown. When he came back he took hold of Margot's hands.

"Let's see your fingers."

Ten beautiful white, tapering fingers, one of them marred by a tarnished two dollar wedding ring. Tentatively, he picked up the ringed finger while he fumbled in his pocket. Margot pursed her lips in amazement when he slipped a breathtaking diamond down to nestle beside the plain wedding band.

"I've been meaning to get that engagement ring a long time, Red. Like it?"

"Like it? It's wonderful! Oh, Dane, it's marvellous." Then she turned and cried a little on his shoulder.

But that night when she went to hunt for the bank book, she couldn't find it. Dane had hidden it securely. He didn't want to be around when Margot found out the heart-warming balance had evaporated down to twelve dollars.

That was New York. And during those first dismal months in Hollywood, New York looked good. But Margot became ill. There were splitting headaches; she lost weight she could ill afford to lose; and even in the brilliant sunshine of California, her cheeks paled. There was plenty for Dane to worry about beside the slow progress he was making out at the studios. There were no melancholy scenes, for Margot would never permit that.

She read the radio shows he wrote to augment their income, and she kept him at it a lot of times when he felt like kick-

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ing the typewriter. He's no slouch at this writing business. There are thirty radio shows to his credit. But there wouldn't have been thirteen if Margot hadn't kept egging him on.

Then Dane crashed the gate at Warner Brothers, crashed right into "Action in the North Atlantic," scored a haymaker in "Destination Tokyo," and had the crowd on its feet in "Hollywood Canteen."

life's little stings . . .

Just when life was at its sweetest, they were evicted. They were used to moving, but apartments were getting harder and harder to find. The big squeeze was on. After a week of furious searching, Dane came rushing home to Margot.

"I've got a place. Grab your coat!"

The car went shooting over hills and down into dales. Every minute took them further from Hollywood. At last, Dane turned into a seedy path, chugged through a line of eucalyptus trees, and opened the door grandly for Margot.

"We're home, honey."

Margot leaned weakly against the door, trying to recover from the sight that met her wide-opened eyes. Someone had built a two-room house in two hours and then thrown a "For Rent" sign down by the roadside. The floors sagged when you walked on them, and there was clear daylight showing at the top and bottom of each door—both of them. Just to add a "homey" touch, the builder had cached a loaded beehive right smack against the wall of the house. There was a pleasant buzz about the place—inside and out.

Next time they moved for keeps. They bought a couple of acres out in the Pacific Palisades, and in the middle of the land was a forty-year-old stone house.

Margot loves the place, loves to roam about the rolling hills, loves the peace and quiet of the evenings when she plays the piano while Dane sits in a big chair, a book unopened on his lap.

One of the few separations of their married life came just before Dane started to work on his latest picture at Warners'—"A Very Rich Man," with Sidney Greenstreet, Don McGuire and Martha Vickers. He was scheduled for a personal appearance stint back in New York. Never for a moment did he forget he must bring back some little gift for Margot. And, as usual, he let it go until the last minute.

He went dashing into Saks', staring around uncertainly at the merchandise displayed in the long, gleaming showcases. No dresses—she was too good at making her own. He'd just bought her a sweater the previous month—couldn't overdo the sweater angle. He turned around and saw the salesgirls whispering one to the other; saw elevator doors opening and a gradually increasing crowd of people coming a bit closer to his elbows.

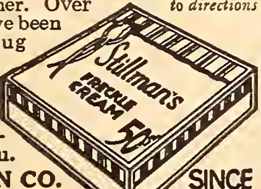
there's a limit . . .

He began to perspire a little, and his mind went blank. Stabbing a desperate finger at a showcase of handbags, he pointed to the smallest in the lot and blurted out, "I'll take that one."

"Certainly, Mr. Clark. And what nice taste you have!" The three dozen salesgirls all nodded in agreement. Unconsciously, Dane nodded with them, swelling with the wisdom of his choice. He fingered the lone twenty dollar bill in his wallet. "How much is it, please?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars."

He didn't faint, and he managed to gulp back the gasp that came to his lips, but with thirty-six pairs of eyes watching the millionaire from Hollywood, what could he do? He blinked and said weakly, "Send it up to my hotel." Then he dove outside for a breath of fresh air.



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He needed more fresh air when Margot, after exclaiming in delight over the beauty of the bag, found out the cost.

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars! SEND IT BACK!"

"But, Red—"

"Tell them it's the wrong color. Tell them the house burned down and we're leaving for China. Tell them anything—only SEND IT BACK."

deep hurt . . .

It was winter in California, but there was lots of sunshine, and the days were warm, although at night a deep chill came in the air when cool breezes swept in from the ocean. The day before Christmas the contractor's men working on the house remodelling pulled out all the doors and windows, and they didn't get any of them back by quitting time. Margot didn't care too much, for they planned to eat dinner in town.

She noticed the way the car came up the hill slower than usual. She saw the way Dane walked with his head downcast, his hands deep within his pockets. And his arms were too tight about her while he held her close in his "hello" kiss.

Margot walked with him to the pile of lumber before the house. "What is it, Dane?" she asked quietly.

He pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket and held it out to her.

A well-known columnist had written a blistering attack on Dane, torn him to pieces. The gist of the article was "Who does this guy Clark think he is?"

It hurt. It hurt worse than Dane likes to admit even now. At that moment, with the fierce impact of those words jabbing into him like sharp spears, he was ready to call it quits.

Margot pulled his hand between her own. It was pitch dark, and the breeze was strong from the ocean, but with his arm tight about her, Margot didn't mind. Finally she lifted her head to Dane's.

"Let's look at this," she said evenly. "Have you done any of the things the columnist accuses you of doing?"

"No. Of course not."

"Then forget it."

journey's end . . .

For another hour they talked, and that night they decided that while they would never change inwardly, they would change their attitude toward other people. It would no longer be Dane Clark against the world but Dane Clark *with* the world.

There's no counting the hours when two people in love sit alone in the darkness and great decisions are being made. But characteristically, Dane suddenly stood up, kissed Margot soundly, then sang out in true masculine style, "Let's eat!"

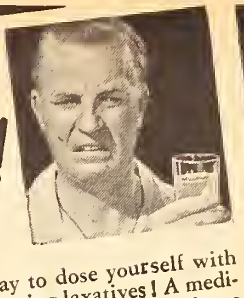
Into the house with no windows, no doors, and a can of beans sitting forlornly on the shelf above the stove.

A can of beans on Christmas Eve.

But Dane Clark was never happier than at that moment when he was pushing an opener into the can of beans. He had success in his work. He had a home of his own. And he had a woman who was a part of his innermost self—Margot. What more could a man want?

JULY ISSUE

If you like parties as much as we do, you'll want to hurry to your newsstand on June 14 for your July MODERN SCREEN. Hedda Hopper's having a party on our pages, and you're invited!



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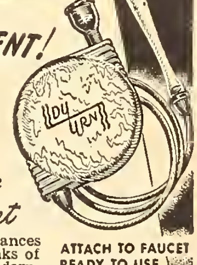

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INTIME AND ON THE BEAM

(Continued from page 49)

inquired.

"Certainly, madam." Kurt made his voice sound just right for a perfume counter. "We have it in all five colors."

"Colors!" The voice sounded startled. "I didn't know perfume came in colors."

"Oh, yes, madam. It's the very latest thing, and we're the only store that has it. Black, emerald, pink, blue and natural. Which would you like?"

"Well—uh—I guess I'd better take the natural." The voice was baffled now.

"Madam," said Kurt firmly, "if you will permit me to say so, you sound to me like a type who could be daring. I advise you to try the black."

"Do you really think so?" A pleased note crept in. "All right, then. One bottle of the black."

"If you'll just give me your name and address, I'll see that it's sent right out."

A moment later, Kurt was burrowing happily in the pillow again, while a sedate matron began what promised to be a long wait for a bottle of black cologne.

mata hari duet . . .

Oh, he's a pixie type, that Kreuger! He loves to play jokes, and he gets wildly enthusiastic about things, and he has more fun out of life than any six people you could mention. Even when he isn't working, he's the busiest guy in all Hollywood, although he couldn't for the life of him tell you what he does. He starts out with a leisurely breakfast in the morning, and then he reads *all* the newspapers. Later, he goes for his singing lesson. Kurt has no intention of becoming an opera star, much less another Frank Sinatra, but he has a good voice and he thinks he should learn the right things to do with it. He comes home in time for a swim before lunch. In the afternoon, of course, he has a wild tussle on the outside porch upstairs with his two police dogs. He's had one four years, and the other, which he refers to as "the little one" (it's the size of a horse!) for a year-and-a-half.

They are, of course, a little awesome to visitors who aren't used to them. One Sunday afternoon, Kurt was sitting out by the swimming pool minding his own business, absorbed in a book, when he became aware that he was being watched. He raised his eyes and found that beyond the low hedge at the side of the pool were a couple of teen-agers. Obviously fans, and obviously drooling at the sight of the handsome Mr. Kreuger in swimming shorts and suntan. Kurt didn't have the least idea how they'd gotten there, or what to do about them. He decided in favor of ignoring the whole thing, and went on reading his book. He was alone and couldn't properly invite them in. For two solid hours he read, swam in the pool, listened to the radio and had his usual Sunday afternoon nap. For two solid hours the girls stood there like wide-eyed statues. Came five o'clock and Kurt let the dogs out for their afternoon run. The two mammoth creatures bounded out, and the girls took one look, let out a yell you could hear clear to the Brown Derby, and started home at a fast clip. The next day Kurt got a plaintive note.

"We didn't mind when you didn't talk to us, or even look at us," it said. "But when you set your dogs on us, it was too much!" There was, however, a postscript. "We'll forgive you if you'll let us come again next Sunday."

Kurt thought it was rather funny, and very sweet. He has a philosophical sense of humor which is a big help to him in

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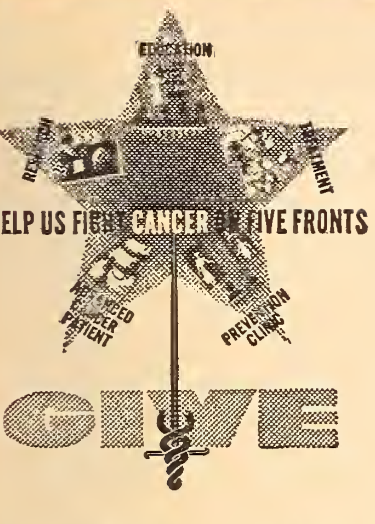

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Hollywood, where it's always the unexpected that happens. It has carried him through some tough spots. There was, for instance, the first time he came to Hollywood. He had done some summer stock, and he had every intention of getting into pictures. So he started looking around for a house. At last he located the ideal place—it's the same one he has now, only without the swimming pool, which is a recent acquisition. He paid a reasonable price for it, but it was still a lot of money for a young man without a job. And somehow, no one in pictures seemed impressed by Kurt's offer to work for them. After a few months of getting absolutely nowhere, he decided to leave Hollywood.

"I told you so," said one of the omnipresent I-told-you-so friends. "You should never have bought that house."

"Buying that house was the best thing I've ever done. I most definitely will come back to Hollywood later on, and I want to be sure of having a place to live."

The friend laughed. "When are you coming back?"

"I don't know when. But I'll be back. I feel it here inside me."

He was right, of course. He did come back. By then, he'd had Broadway experience, and he knew more about the way to approach Hollywood. He began with small parts, but they have been getting bigger all the while. "Hotel Berlin," "Paris Underground," "The Spider," and now "The Dark Corner." He free lanced till last June. Then his agent phoned.

"Fox wants to sign you to a contract."

Kurt's cautious Swiss business sense asserted itself. "But they do not pay as much when you have the contract as when you free lance. Is that not so?"

"They're going to pay *you* as much," said his agent grimly, "and don't ask me why. You're the luckiest so-and-so I ever met."

Last month, the friend who had told him he was a fool to buy the house, came around. He was hunting desperately for a place to live.

"Listen, Kurt, I've been thrown out of more hotels in the last month than you ever heard of. And there isn't a house in Hollywood for rent. I'll give you three times what you paid for your place if you'll sell it to me."

Kurt grinned. He coined a phrase. He said "He laughs best who laughs last," and kept the house.

crystal gazing . . .

It's just as well that he can be philosophical about misfortunes. Sometimes they gang up on him. Take that day last February. It all started with the morning mail. Kurt opened one letter and found in it a horoscope for his birth date, July twenty-third. He remembered that someone at a dinner party had mentioned horoscopes and he had said he thought it would be fun to have his. So here it was, all new and shiny. Casually Kurt looked up the prediction for that day.

"Be careful," it said. "Misfortune awaits you."

"That," Kurt told the horoscope severely, "is no way to start. You are not getting in good with me, and besides, you are quite wrong. This is going to be a very good day." He tossed the horoscope in the wastebasket.

Came five o'clock, he had a cocktail date at the home of some friends. They gave particularly elaborate cocktail parties, and it was something to look forward to. Later, he was to have dinner with pretty Cathy Downs, who was his adored of the moment.

Kurt arrived at the cocktail date looking tall, blond and terrific in a green tweed jacket, grey flannels and his usual wonderful suntan. He noted with approval the presence of several beautiful girls, and

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that
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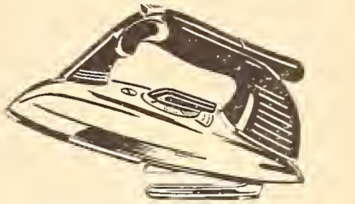

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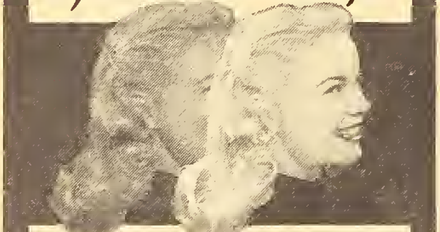

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with even more approval the fact that the hostess was serving canapes which were gastronomic delights. There was caviar with onion on dark bread. There was wonderful smoked salmon with pumpernickel. There were—and here Kurt's mouth began to water—shrimps with a special sauce which were a specialty of the house. Kurt had a couple of Martinis, accompanied by these various delicacies. He talked to the pretty girls. He was having a fine time, and thought fleetingly about what silly things horoscopes were. A young starlet came over to him, and smiled fetchingly. She was carrying a dish of shrimps.

"More of these, Kurt? Here, I'll fix one for you."

"Oh, yes, please. They are delightful."

shrimps à la ptomaine . . .

He opened his mouth wide, and the starlet obligingly popped a shrimp into it. She fluttered her lashes at him, and he told her how charming she was. This routine went on for some time, during which Kurt consumed innumerable shrimps. Then he began to have a slightly uneasy feeling in his stomach. He said polite, if hasty, good-byes, and went out to his car. All the way home he felt worse and worse. He staggered into his house at last and took a look at himself in the mirror. His face was green instead of tan. His lips were puffed up to twice their usual size, and his eyes were almost shut. He called up his doctor, and informed him that he was dying, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

"You're probably allergic to shrimp in anything but small quantities," the doctor said. "Lots of people are."

"But what happens now? A beautiful young lady is coming to dinner. I am to take her to a large party. What shall I do?"

The doctor told him what to do. It was all very complicated, but Kurt did it. Cathy arrived for dinner and had to eat it alone. Then she played records for two hours—also alone. By the end of that time, Kurt looked almost normal and felt fine. They went to the party. It was a good party. When the party was over, he drove Cathy home, and then started for his own place. He was driving his Buick convertible happily along the Boulevard when a car popped out from a side street. It disregarded the Stop sign completely, and whizzed slam into Kurt's convertible. Trying to escape this juggernaut, he whirled the steering wheel desperately to the right. His car smashed through a road sign and hit a telegraph pole which cracked, and hung, swaying ominously above the roof. Kurt took a deep breath. He put his hand to his head and felt blood there, but found that the cut wasn't deep. He climbed out of the wrecked car, and said a quick, sincere prayer of thanks to God that it was no worse, and he was still alive.

Meanwhile, the people from the other car swarmed over the road. The driver was very loud and very profane. He made nasty remarks about playboys in dinner jackets at four a.m., disregarding the fact that it was he who had run into Kurt. A couple of cops came along and looked over the situation. They listened to the other man's remarks and were not impressed.

"Looks as if this guy in the convertible was going along minding his own business when you ducked out of the side street and hit him," one of them said. "But you'll both have to come to the station with us."

The other driver went into a long and inaccurate description of Kurt's ancestry. Kurt kept his mouth shut, which was quite a feat under the circumstances. They all went to the police station, and both drivers were put through the routine sobriety tests. They had to say "Around the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran." They had to say it fast. Kurt

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said it so fast it made them dizzy. Then they had to walk a straight line. Kurt laughed so much he couldn't do it, but he passed all the other tests, and was declared cold sober, dinner jacket and all. The police surgeon took a few stitches in the cut, and Kurt called a taxi and went home. As soon as he got in the house, he went over to the wastebasket and got out the horoscope. He put it on his bureau in a silver frame, and bowed three times. Then he went to bed.

Though Kurt is cheerful almost always, he almost lost his sense of humor over the servant problem. He wanted a combination cook-housekeeper, to live in. But there were difficulties. His place was hard to get to, way up the mountain. Or they'd be afraid to stay there alone evenings. Or they didn't like the dogs. Finally Kurt decided to put an ad in the paper. He left it to the girl in charge of the classified ad section to decide what to say.

"Just make it sound alluring," he urged.

The ad appeared. It said, "Bachelor picture star needs housekeeper. Pleasant surroundings."

the perfect job . . .

The phone began to ring the minute the paper hit the streets. It became a perennial alarm clock. Everybody wanted that job. Kurt weeded out as many as he could over the phone. Then he started to interview the rest. They turned up in silver foxes and perfume. They waved false eyelashes at him hopefully, while they explained that they couldn't maybe cook very much but they were wonderful at mixing cocktails. One prospect, an efficient type, had Kurt almost sold, until she began to talk about what a wonderful time they would have giving parties, and she was sure her friends and his would get along fine. Kurt had to tell her that he'd had in mind a more formal, less cozy arrangement and she left in a huff. He finally did get an ideal housekeeper—a motherly soul, who calls him "Mr. Krueger, honey," and retires to her bedroom to weep for hours if he doesn't eat enough of her delicacies.

Kurt has not always been happy about his roles in pictures. He is, for instance, far from boastful about "The Spider." He plays a murderer in it, but that isn't what bothers him. It's the lack of motivation for the crimes he commits.

"All the way through this picture, I kill people," he says mournfully, "and why? Nobody knows. So I must be a homicidal maniac, and that I do not like."

His new picture, "The Dark Corner," is much more glamorous and exciting. Clifton Webb is in it, and Mark Stevens and Lucille Ball. Kurt plays a villain, but a romantic villain in handsomely tailored evening clothes, who has a fine time making expert love to the heroine for her money. It's a very de luxe picture, with orchestras playing soft music and sets that appeal to Kurt's love of beauty, and he's justly proud of it.

He is an odd combination of pride and humbleness, this Swiss ski instructor who has conquered Hollywood. On his last trip to New York, he played gin rummy on the train with a well-known Hungarian writer. The writer called him a few days after they got to New York.

"Kurt, how would you like to be in a Broadway play again?"

"I think I would like it very much," Kurt said seriously, "if I could do it."

"Come down to the Theater Guild, then. They'd like you for the part of the priest in the Ethel Barrymore play, 'Embezzled Heaven.' "

Kurt was dazed. Play on Broadway with Ethel Barrymore! But was he good enough for the Theater Guild, and could he play a priest? Suddenly that humility that overtakes him now and then came to

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KILLS Athlete's Foot organisms ON CONTACT

the fore in a rush.

"That is very nice of you, but I couldn't possibly do it," he said hurriedly. "My studio commitments are such that I couldn't leave Hollywood for any length of time."

Afterward he was angry with himself. He told himself sternly that he was a good actor, and had no business getting fits of self-doubt that might interfere with his career, but by then it was too late.

Kurt has a vivid imagination and responds very quickly to any situation which holds a hint of drama. Like the night at Mocambo when he was sitting happily with a good looking singer named Marina Koshetz. A blonde walked by and smiled at Kurt. He's a little near-sighted, so he thought it was someone he knew and smiled back. That did it. The girl came right over and, making with the big, blue eyes, said "Mr. Kreuger, you don't know me." Mr. Kreuger belatedly agreed with her. She nodded to a table a little way off, and said "Do you think that man over there is handsome, Mr. Kreuger?"

Kurt peered at the man. He was a little embarrassed, and said politely, "Why yes, very handsome."

turn on the tears . . .

"*I* don't," the blonde remarked. "But I think *you're* handsome, Mr. Kreuger. And I made a bet with that man that I could get you to dance with me. I bet him fifty dollars." The big, blue eyes suddenly filled with tears, and the voice grew husky as she added in a whisper, "I can't afford to lose fifty dollars, Mr. Kreuger."

Kurt, who dramatizes everything, immediately saw in the blonde the innocent victim of a Hollywood wolf who would probably offer to settle for the poor girl's virtue instead of the fifty bucks. Sir Galahad Kreuger to the rescue! He said, "I will dance with you. But a few steps only, since I cannot leave my charming companion sitting here alone for long—"Marina, will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," said Marina sweetly, if with a slightly cynical lift of her eyebrows. "Fifty dollars is a lot of money."

The blonde danced well, but cheek to cheek. After five steps, Kurt said "There, that is all. You have won your bet." He attempted to let go. He had become conscious by now that the girlish innocence had a strong reek of bourbon. But the blonde held on. The blue eyes, seen at close range, had a slightly glazed look. "I'm not going to let you go," she announced loudly. "I think you're too handsome to let go."

Kurt began to get panicky. People were staring. Over the blonde's plump shoulder he could see Marina, and her eyebrows were now definitely raised. She was enjoying herself hugely.

clinging vine . . .

"Let go!" he said firmly, but the blonde continued to hold him with a grip of iron. Blast the woman! How was he to get loose? He had visions of himself with this albatross hung round his neck forever. Suddenly he remembered the very open-toed sandals she was wearing. Deliberately, and hard, he stepped on her toe. The blonde stepped back with a howl of anguish. Kurt bowed gracefully from the waist and returned to his table.

"Never, never will I get into such a predicament again," he informed the amused Marina. "From now on I shall stay out of all dramatic situations."

He won't, of course. He'll go right on living life to its fullest, because that's the way he likes it, and he's quite willing to take the good and bad together. He won't miss a thing and that's one reason why he'll get places. That zest for life is part of the Kreuger personality, and it's doing fine at the box office. So why change?

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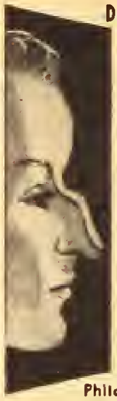

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WATCH BARBARA HALE!

(*Continued from page 41*)

my own intuition, I began to case this girl's career. I went over to RKO and had them run off a few of her pictures for me. I saw "West of the Pecos," "First Man Into Tokyo" and "Lady Luck." And I said to myself, Hedda, here we go again.

Bill Dozier, assistant head of production at RKO, told me he was so excited about both Barbara and Bill that he was co-starring them in "A Likely Story" and having the script tailored to suit them.

"They're working out on the valley ranch today," he said. "Why don't you run out and watch Barbara work?"

I never need a push when I'm on anyone's trail, so I hopped in my car and made the long drive out to the valley where RKO has its ranch. Most studios have these ranches which relieve their cramped Hollywood quarters by serving as a sort of back lot, filled with buildings, city streets and village dirt roads.

The cameras were grinding at the end of the street, and I spied Barbara, in a checked suit and hat, looking perfectly beautiful, and what's more, cool. I sat down on a curbstone and watched her work. It was a simple scene; she was to run out of a bank door, hail a taxi and climb in. They shot it eight times. Every time Barbara was perfect, every time something or somebody else went wrong. The take finally completed, she spotted Hopper, who by this time was melting and running down the gutter.

"Hi," she called and ran—ran, mind you—across the street.

I mopped my brow with my handkerchief. "Aren't you hot?"

"Nope," she said, and smiled with that wonderful row of ivories—no caps.

"Aren't you tired?"

"Nope."

"Well, if I can possibly live another hour, I'd like to talk to you."

We walked to her dressing room, a small packing case on the edge of the potato patch. She slipped on a pair of faded blue jeans and a raucous plaid shirt.

"Been thinking about these clothes all day," she said.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Walla Walla, Washington, my brother, Staff Sgt. Bernie Radebaugh, was repairing his Flying Fortress when he heard a soldier in back of him say, "Hey, sarge, want a coke?" When Bernie turned around, a corporal was standing there. Finally Bernie stammered, "Aren't you Alan Ladd?" To his amazement the corporal answered, "Yes, I am." They had cokes and cigarettes together, and later, my brother met Sue Carol Ladd. Bernie wrote home and told me all about it. I'm writing this for my brother because he was shot down over Germany in 1944. I don't suppose Mr. Ladd remembers that incident, but if he does, I'm sure he'd like to know how much it meant to my brother.

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"Don't you like to dress up?"

"Oh, I love to. But I like to wear beat-up clothes too." She grinned.

I was all set to talk, when Bill Williams pounded on the door.

"Hey, Barby—the Academy Award shindig is on tonight! Aren't we going?"

"Good night!" gasped the little woman. "I forgot all about it!"

Then she remembered that she had nothing to wear, and Bill punctuated her memory by howling that he didn't have a tux. They had two hours to buy clothes and get ready. I offered to get myself out of there and chat with Barbara the next morning over breakfast.

Barbara chose for our breakfast spot an unpretentious cafe. Over a cracked cup of coffee, she beamed at me from under a lilting hat and a stunning suit. I pointed to the lid.

"Hats?" I said.

"Well, yes. I like the look of them, but I definitely don't like the feel of them. They make me nervous."

"Ex-tomboy?" I offered.

tree tops . . .

"Yes, but a mixed up kind. I used to climb into the highest tree, or jump over garage roofs—but you see, I always took my doll with me."

That was back in Rockford, Illinois, where Barbara grew up. She apologizes for a normal childhood, wishes she could spout a Cinderella tale, but there isn't anything exciting. Just Mom and Dad and her sister Juanita and the small brown house and the Rockford kids. But her childhood brought out to me the sensitivity and the vigor and the humor within her that today make Barbara an actress destined for the top.

There was the fight with a small girl named Elizabeth who shoved Miss Hale into a briar bush. Barbara came out with fists flying and beat the living tar out of Lizzie. There were the closet sojourns. Whenever Barbara was hurt inside, she hid in a closet, or any handy attic or basement and wept quietly to herself. On her third day of school, she was reprimanded by the teacher for being late. She immediately disappeared, and the resulting neighborhood posse found her that night, in a nearby attic, crying. Her first and last whipping occurred when she threw a tantrum after her dad refused to allow her to accompany him downtown. Pop unearthed a fat razor strap and strong-armed his daughter. Winded, he looked for his wife, finally found her in the bedroom closet, her face wet with tears.

With a mind of her own, Barbara was brought up to take care of herself. The first time a boy tried to kiss her, she whacked him in the posterior with one of her muddy boots. She shot a little ahead of her own parents sometimes. Like the forbidden hill episode. Having acquired a shiny pair of roller skates for Christmas, Barbara cast bright brown eyes at the steep hill outside the Hale curbing. She was handed a flat refusal, and the day she stood poised for the takeoff and heard her mother screaming, "Stop!", Barbara merely went her way, but in a stooping position, gathering switches as she went.

"I handed them to Mom when I got back up the hill," says Barbara, "so of course, she never spanked me."

As much as she hated Sunday clothes, she rebelled furiously at any item that wasn't pretty, at least at the start.

"That mud brown sweater," says Barbara wrinkling her nose in acute distaste, "was unfortunately the color that doesn't show soil. Mom believed in getting things big enough for me, and at the age of two, when the thing came into my life, it was big enough to serve as a coat. I wore it until I was thirteen, and it ruined hun-

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dreds of days out of my life. I think it's time people knew about it."

Despite the sweater, Barbara attracted men at an early age. From the time she was six until ten, a nameless small gentleman followed her around, stood leaning for hours against a tree on the Hale lawn. Mrs. Hale felt sorry for him.

"Let's ask him in, dear," she'd say. "He'll get pneumonia standing out there."

Barbara shrugged her shoulders. "Mister X," as the family called him, was eventually invited inside. He seated himself stiffly in a straight chair and stared at Barbara, who coldly stared back. Mrs. Hale kept up a running fire of conversation, but found to her amazement that the boy wouldn't open his trap, and neither would Barbara. An hour later, Mrs Hale pushed him gently out the front door and went, exhausted, to bed.

When Barbara was eleven, a new character appeared on the scene. He telephoned her hundreds of times but never gave his name. At the slightest hint of a holiday, he rang the doorbell, left a two-bit gift on the porch and ran hellbent for leather before anyone could catch a glimpse of him.

School brought Barbara an inferiority complex. It was mostly her hair, naturally curly, which stuck out in Medusa-like swatches. Barbara considered herself an ugly pug, and found that art offered the only shell into which she could crawl. She grabbed at it gratefully, and as years went on, developed a fine talent. There was a teacher, Vera Smith, who taught art to the senior year of the town's high school. She noticed Barbara's talent, and she also noticed the way the girl hung back. Miss Smith was a psychologist as well a good woman. One day she held up one of Barbara's sketches.

"I want the class to notice this," she said. "If any one of you had the skill or the feeling, one or the other, that Barbara Hale has put into this work, I would have nothing further to teach you." Barbara left class that day with a small swagger in her walk.

It was a good thing, too, because it prepared her for art school in Chicago, where she necessarily had to live alone.

dots and dashes . . .

She started out at the YWCA, where the dishwater routine was broken for Barbara only by a boy from Rockford who lived at the YM four blocks away. They rigged up a Morse code by means of pulling the chain on a lamp in their respective windows. This system, slightly slow, served to arrange dinner dates, or signal that there was a fire in the neighborhood. Barbara and Ralph shared a deep passion for fires, big or little, and the faraway sound of a siren brought them both to their lamps, signalling frantically as to the meeting place to chase and view the blaze.

But it was lonely, with only an occasional weekend trip to Rockford, when there was enough money. Then, one day, into the classroom, at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, walked Susie. Barbara, in her sad lavender sweater and purple skirt, her hair still sticking out like the working end of a mop, looked up and gasped. Susie Simons was pretty, well-groomed, dressed in excellent taste, and was a most self-assured young lady.

"That girl," Barbara said half aloud, "is going to be my friend."

Susie never had a chance. Barbara attacked swiftly.

"Let's have lunch," she said.

"All right," Susie smiled.

A fast friendship developed and in a few months they were sharing an apartment together.

The apartment was on a street where the neighborhood kids played baseball

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WEE WALKER Shoes
FOR Wee WALKERS

until darkness brought blessed silence. It was a one-room job with a hot plate and a basin clamped to the wall masquerading as a kitchen. A vent led into the apartment upstairs, whose tenant chain-smoked Turkish tobacco and all but asphyxiated the two girls. The walls were bare of plaster, the one window led out to the street on the ground floor—a setup for a long succession of peeping Toms. A dilapidated daybed opened into two halves, one hard as granite, the other mushy as vegetable compound. Even the fluttering clothes line stretched across the room did not deter a character named Hoolihan, who often walked through their apartment to get to his own, and who occasionally raided their ice box or requested that they change their radio program.

coax me . . .

Those days were fun for Barbara. When funds dribbled to a low, the two girls sat on the tiny balcony, ostensibly to acquire a tan, but actually to wait for dinner invitations from the boys in the fraternity house across the street. They often sat out until twilight came, freezing slightly, but hanging on doggedly. They squirmed while the boys they knew talked up to them from the street level.

"Are you hungry?" would eventually happen, and Susie and Barbara got off the balcony and dressed for dinner before the boys had time to decide on a tie.

Funds ran so low, in fact, that Barbara took up modelling during the summer. The work was so pleasant that, came the fall term, she decided to model during the day and attend art school at night. Clerking in the college shop of Marshall Field's department store added a bit more money, and Barbara figured she was all set.

But something was going on behind her back. Corrinne and Al Seaman, owners of the model's bureau for which Barbara worked, had sent her photograph to an RKO executive.

During the year of art school and living with the tasteful Susie, and her work as a model, Barbara had suddenly found what to do with her hair, with the heavy eyebrows that clouded her face, with lipstick. The RKO executive looked at the photograph and whistled. Two weeks later, a knock came on Barbara's door. She opened it to find a strange man standing there.

"I'm a talent scout from RKO studios," he said. "If you're Barbara Hale, I'd like to offer you a contract."

Life for Barbara went into a whirl. There were phone calls to Mom and Dad, long talks with Susie, one long sleepless night, and her mind was made up.

"I'll be back in six months," she told her mother, and meant it. But within two weeks of her arrival she was working in front of the cameras in "Gildersleeve's Bad Day." That was her tryout. From that she progressed to a fat part in "Higher and Higher" with Frank Sinatra.

At this point, you'd think Barbara Hale would be bubbling. She was, on the outside. But Miss Hale was not pleased with herself. She was miserably homesick. Living at the Studio Club, she was surrounded by hopeful movie starlets who talked her language, but she missed Mom and Dad and Susie and Juanita and the two kids.

Then she met Bill Williams. She was feeling low, but she gave him a bright smile. Bill saw behind the smile.

"How about a cup of coffee?" he said.

She found herself spilling out to him all the mixed up emotions pent up inside her for so long. Bill was kind and understanding, and Barbara suddenly saw his shoulder as the wailing wall for all her fears. Bill was fun, too. He'd drive up to the Studio Club in that old jaloppy of his, and they'd set off for a movie. Barbara would invariably dress to her teeth. Also like clockwork, Bill's jaloppy would decide to play dead, and if Barbara thought she wouldn't be asked to push, she was sadly mistaken.

Barbara wrote home. "I've found a buddy, mom. I know I'm not in love because I wouldn't marry him on a bet."

That changed, too. Bill kept on suggesting coffee at the right times, and he kept on being fun. Finally, he gave her a ring given him by his mother when he was a baby. He had it enlarged for Barbara and she wears it on her right hand.

"Are you going to marry Bill?" I asked.

"Probably some day," she said. "But I won't say anything definite." But you have to be all of two years old to see that these kids are in love and happy with each other.

Tackling Barbara's studio friends, I found out that, along with all her other God-given gifts, she doesn't have to worry about putting on weight. She has a love for animals and children that adds up to almost a complex. Walking with her, friends turn to say something, discover Barbara isn't there, find her a block back chucking a baby under the chin. She asks friends to stop their cars so that she can get out and pat a stray dog. Referring to her niece and nephew, she says "my kids." She has bought a house in the Valley, and currently rattling around in it are three beds, a kitchen table and four chairs. She plans a French Provincial house, if there is ever time to do anything about it, and will start at midnight to whip up a lampshade that she's thought up during a rehearsal.

I talked to Hank Potter, director of "Mr. Lucky," who is currently at the helm of "A Likely Story."

"Barbara is going to be a big name in this town," he told me. "What I really can't get over, Hedda, is the way the girl does love scenes. She's had practically no film experience, not even with a short kiss, yet she has been doing every love scene beautifully, always on the first take."

I smiled, naturally. "Don't you think, Hank," I said, "that the fact that she's doing the love scenes with Bill might have something to do with it?"

He laughed and admitted my point. "But damn it, Hedda, this kid is good. Extraordinarily good."

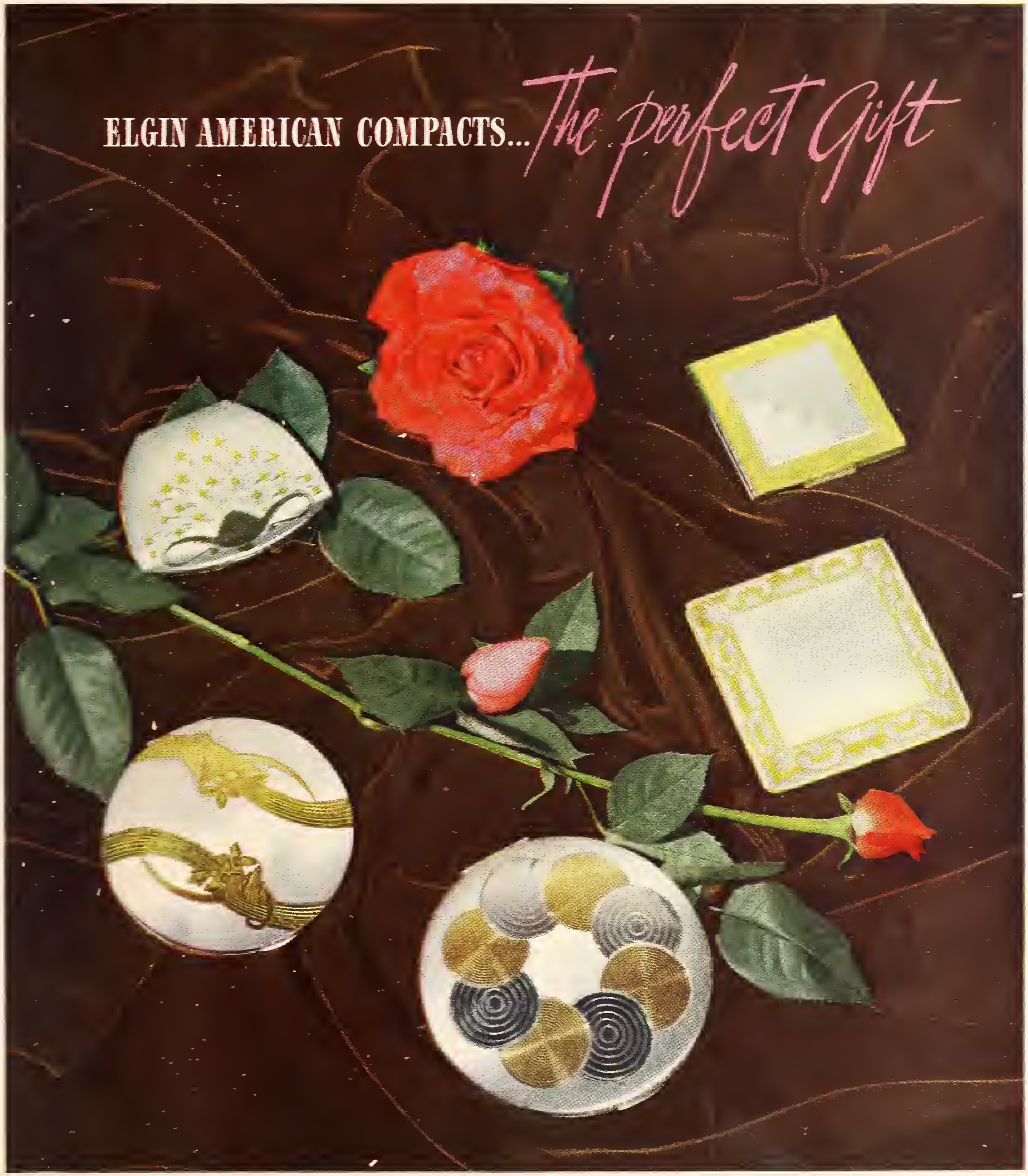
"I'm not arguing with you, Hank," I said.

And I'm not. I wouldn't argue with anybody about Barbara Hale. She's all everybody says she is.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I am a Wave, and while on leave, my four aunts took me to the Walton Roof in Philadelphia. During the floor show, the m.c. announced over the microphone why I was there, and concluded, "When the show is over, you're going to have a dance with Gene Kelly." Mr. Kelly, also in a Navy uniform, must have been even more surprised than I, for he was a dinner guest, too. At the end of the show I claimed my dance. Gene was a more wonderful ballroom dancer than I could have imagined. Afterwards, he escorted me back to my table, chatted with my aunts, and parted with the friendliest of good wishes—a real shipmate!

Shirley Rosenberg, Amm 3/c
Whiting Field, Florida



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How to grow a Model

by **ONE WHO IS**

1. LOVELY LILA KILNER has been admired by millions—she's a famous fashion model.

New York neighbors know her as Mrs. William Husted, a model mother. Lila recently took time out from her career to start a family. But now her daughter, Paige, is almost 2 and Lila's lovely complexion is again brightening the pages of magazines.

Lila *should* know how to grow an American beauty—she's one herself! Paige's complexion is "babied" with Ivory Soap care, just like Mom's! "Of course our beauty routine includes Ivory," Lila says. "Purity and baby-mildness mean a lot in complexion soap."

2. OFF TO A GOOD START—here's an early picture of Paige, at 10 months.

"You could call it a page from an Ivory family album," Lila says. "First time I bathed her I used Ivory—I know more doctors advise it than any other soap! Its pure, mild lather is grand for tender baby skin."

3. LILA HAS A 24-HOUR-A-DAY JOB . . . Marketing, housekeeping and modeling keep Lila busy. But no matter how she hustles, she's never careless about her complexion.

"You can't be careless, either," she says, "if you want *that Ivory Look!*"

4. DO YOU WANT TO BE SOMEBODY'S PINUP? Then try Paige and Lila's beauty secret! Change to regular, gentle Ivory care—and see how much softer, smoother, lovelier your complexion can be.

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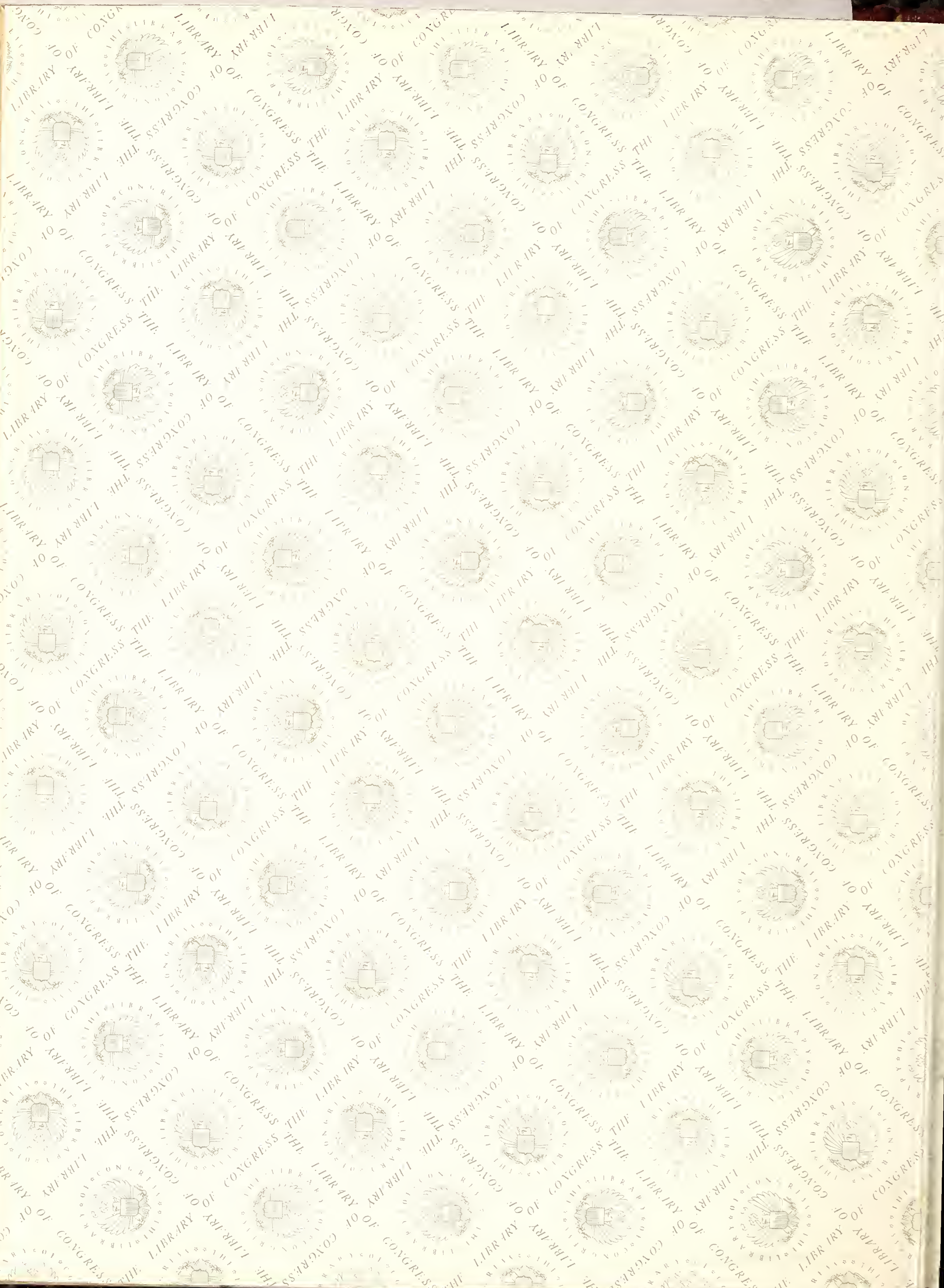

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